Conservation by Subterfuge

Robert W. Sawyer and the Birth of the Oregon State Parks

BY THOMAS R. COX

THE 1920s were years of accomplishment for conservationists. As Donald C. Swain has put it, contrary "to widely held opinion, the national conservation program did not deteriorate in the 1920s. It expanded and matured." The key to this growth during a period in which strong presidential support was absent was, Swain argues, "organizational continuity and above-average personnel." Capable, idealistic, young men, attracted into federal conservation agencies by leaders such as Gifford Pinchot of the Forest Service and Stephen T. Mather of the National Park Service, benefited from systems of merit promotion to rise within the bureaucracy and keep conservation ideas from the Progressive era strong within the federal government in spite of the decline of the Progressive movement itself.[1]

But not all conservation work during the twenties resulted from the activities of federal agencies and their minions. Significant progress was being made at state and local levels as well. During the decade state parks enjoyed an unprecedented period of growth and became accepted throughout the North and West. Though Mather and other national figures played an important role in encouraging this development, the growth of state parks was primarily the result of the work of leaders whose concern for parks and whose influence sprang from local, not federal, sources. Indeed, conservation leaders at local levels sometimes found themselves arrayed in opposition to the very federal personnel who kept the movement alive within the national government. An intricate interplay between federal and local forces took place, but throughout the decade the primary force responsible for the rise of state parks came from within the individual states rather than from without. Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the state of Oregon.[2]

This paper is intended to demonstrate the primacy of local leaders in bringing about the birth of Oregon's system of parks. It will also suggest, by implication at least, that the very success of the federal conservation agencies which Swain has chronicled sprang in part from support at the state and local levels of American society, support that provided an important element of strength when conservationists met apathy or opposition from Congress or from the President.[3]

In the fall of 1927, officials of the National Conference on State Parks dispatched Charles G. Sauers, a long-time leader in the development of Indiana's parks, to the West Coast to proselytize for the growing state parks movement. During his trip Sauers urged leaders in Oregon to create a department of conservation, the primary function of which would be to develop a system of parks within the state, but which would also concern itself with other aspects of the management and protection of natural resources. In proposing such an agency, Sauers not only drew upon his own experience in the Indiana Department of Conservation, but also reflected the policy of the National Conference on State Parks. Ever since its

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[1] Donald C. Swain, *Federal Conservation Policy, 1921-1933* (Berkeley, 1963), 5-6, 128, 166, 169-70 (quotations are on pp. 170, 166).

[2] On the growth of the movement for state parks, see Freeman Tilden, *The State Parks: Their Meaning in American Life* (New York, 1962), 3-16, and Beatrice Ward Nelson, *State Recreation: Parks, Forests and Game Preserves* (Washington, D.C., 1928), 3-6.

[3] Swain notes the rise in public interest in scenery preservation during the twenties, but he credits it largely to the work of Stephen T. Mather and his supporters at the national level. Swain, *Federal Conservation Policy*, 123-43. On the attitudes of the presidents toward conservation during the twenties, see *ibid.*, 160-66.

creation in 1921 as a result of Mather's efforts, the Conference had favored establishing a department of conservation as a vital step in creating a state park system.[4]

Sauers' proposal seemed logical. It would result in centralization and rationalization of Oregon's management of its natural resources, control of which had hitherto been fragmented. Moreover, it seemed reasonable to expect that a department specifically charged with responsibility for building a system of parks would do so with greater vigor and dispatch than would the Oregon Highway Commission, which was then directing the effort seemingly only because the first of Oregon's existing handful of tiny parks had been donations that fronted on highways.[5]

Sauers could point to the experience of other states in support of his idea. Of those states with the most impressive holdings in parks, all had such departments. In addition, as the number of state parks throughout the country increased, more and more states were adopting agencies of the sort he proposed. Earlier in 1927 California had created a department of natural resources and, within it, a division of parks under the direction of a state park commission. That same year New York, like California a pioneer in the acquisition of state parks, also moved in the direction Sauers advocated.[6]

INTEREST in protecting Oregon's scenery was widespread, as earlier efforts in its defense demonstrated, and when Sauers approached civic leaders in Portland, he quickly won support. Some of those who had allied themselves with Governor Ben W. Olcott in an abortive parks movement six years earlier rallied behind Sauers. But he met implacable opposition from the Oregon Highway Commission. Henry B. Van Duzer, vice-president and general manager of Portland's largest lumber company and chairman of the highway commission, summed up the attitude of the three commissioners when he wrote of Sauers' "fool idea of organizing a Park Comm[ission]."[7]

The highway commission's opposition did not spring from any hostility to conservation or parks. The commission had already taken steps to acquire new park sites and to preserve roadside beauty. The motives of the highway commissioners were mixed. On the one hand, they desired to preserve natural beauty because they wished to keep the state, as the *Oregonian* had once put it, "the most livable in the Union." On the other hand, the commissioners recognized that scenic beauty was an asset that would attract tourists to the state and that automobiles were the means of transportation which more and more tourists would use. The preservation of roadside beauty thus seemed a necessity if tourism were to flourish. These dual concerns led the commission to acquire not only scenic sites for use as parks, but also strips of timberland along major highways so that travelers would find them pleasant to drive on.[8]

State Highway Commissioner Robert W. Sawyer had been the prime mover behind this activity. Won to the preservationist cause by Mather and Madison Grant when the two visited Oregon in 1919, Sawyer had staunchly supported Governor Olcott's crusade to save Oregon's scenery, had led efforts to preserve strips of timber on both sides of The Dalles–California highway and around Dillon Falls on the Deschutes River, and had been influential in obtaining the donation of park sites to the city of Bend and to the state. An avid outdoorsman, Sawyer brought an infectious lov
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[4] Beatrice Ward to R. A. Klein, Aug. 27, 1927, C. G. Sauers to J. C. Ainsworth, Nov. 5, 1927, Oregon State Highway Department, General Files, Salem, File No. 112-9C (hereafter cited HD with appropriate file number); Herbert Evison, ed., *State Park Anthology* (Washington, D.C., 1930), 195; Chester H. Armstrong, comp., *History of the Oregon State Parks* (Salem, 1965), 14; Robert Shankland, *Steve Mather of the National Parks* (New York, 1951), 184-200; Tilden, *State Parks*, 3-5; Nelson, *State Recreation*, 5-7, 16-17. Sauers was chief of the Division of Lands and Waters, Indiana Department of Conservation.

[5] On Oregon's first state parks, see Armstrong, *History*, 1-6, 15-16, 185-86, *et passim*, and W. A. Langille, "Sodaville Mineral Springs, Oregon's First Dedicated Public Park, May 4, 1871" (mimeographed; Salem, n.d.). Langille's work is one of several histories of individual parks that he wrote while employed by the Oregon State Highway Department as a historian.

[6] Nelson, *State Recreation*, 5, 7-8, *et passim;* C. Raymond Clar, *California Government and Forestry from Spanish Days until the Creation of the Department of Natural Resources in 1927* (Sacramento, 1959), 517-20, 601-603; New York State Conservation Department, *Report*, No. 17 (Albany, 1928), 17-18, 35, 67-68.

[7] Lawrence Rakestraw, "Before McNary: The Northwestern Conservationist, 1889-1913," *PNQ*, Vol. 51 (1960), 49-56; Thomas R. Cox, "The Crusade to Save Oregon's Scenery," *PHR*, Vol. 37 (1968), 179-99; John D. Scott, *We Climb High: A Chronicle of the Mazamas, 1894-1964* (Portland, 1969), 1-34; C. J. Buck to Klein, Oct. 21, 1927, HD, File No. 112-9C; Herbert Cuthbert to H. B. Van Duzer, Nov. 7, 1927, and Outdoor Recreation Committee, Portland Chamber of Commerce, minutes of meeting, Oct. 25, 1927, Oregon State Highway Commission, Papers of Commissioner R. W. Sawyer, University of Oregon Library, Eugene, Box 3 (hereafter cited PCS with appropriate box number); Van Duzer to Sawyer [Nov. 8 or 9, 1927], PCS, Box 1. See also Sawyer to Van Duzer, Nov. 11, 1927, PCS, Box 3, and *Four L Lumber News*, Vol. 12 (December 1931), 2.

[8] Portland *Oregonian*, Jan. 26, 1921; Armstrong, *History*, 1-6. See also John B. Rae, *The Road and the Car in American Life* (Cambridge, Mass., 1971), 71-72, 137-44.

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infectious love of nature with him when he became a member of the Oregon Highway Commission in July 1927. Van Duzer caught this enthusiasm and soon joined Sawyer as a champion of saving the state's scenic beauty. During Sawyer's first six months of service, the commission acquired more than twice as many sites for parks and scenery protection as it had in all the preceding years combined. In 1928, Sawyer's first full year on the commission, the number of sites acquired was even greater.[9]

Sawyer brought more than his love of nature to the highway commission. Educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard, trained in the law, and editor of the Bend *Bulletin* (which was rapidly becoming one of Oregon's outstanding smaller newspapers), Sawyer was an informed and articulate commissioner who, for the next quarter century, was to be one of the state's most influential figures. Moreover, he was a perceptive judge of the political scene, and he sensed that the nascent parks movement of the state would encounter serious problems if it were placed in a separately funded department of conservation.[10]

An uncertain economy and high taxes had been factors in Walter Pierce's victory over Ben Olcott in the gubernatorial election of 1922, but, in spite of tax reforms pushed through by Pierce, much discontent remained. Watchdogs of the public purse made passage of new or increased state appropriations uncertain, especially when such expenditures did not appear to be essential. The highway commission, however, was not dependent on appropriations from the legislature. A few years earlier, Oregon had pioneered the policy of earmarking gasoline taxes and automobile license fees for use by the highway commission, rather than putting them into the state's general fund. Authors of these taxes had intended to ensure good roads, not parks; but as long as the parks remained under the highway commission's jurisdiction, funds for them seemed assured.[11]

In spite of widespread public support for Governor Olcott's earlier proposals for scenery preservation, only limited legislative support, and no funds, had been forthcoming. This experience forewarned Sawyer of the uncertainty of aid from the legislature. In addition, he feared that publicity attendant upon legislative struggles over appropriations for parks would result in owners of potential sites learning what was planned and raising the prices they asked for their land. Sawyer preferred to have parks remain under the highway commission where funds for the purchase and management of parks were assured and secrecy more likely.[12]

OLCOTT's program was not alone in encountering legislative and financial problems. Park programs in Washington, Texas, and other states faced similar difficulties. Much of the discussion at the annual meetings of the National Conference on State Parks centered on these concerns. But, although Sawyer himself was a delegate to the Conference in 1928, there is no evidence that, when he opposed Sauers' proposal in 1927, he had knowledge of actions in behalf of parks beyond those taken on the West Coast. His understanding of conditions in Oregon, rather than the experience of other states, was responsible for his belief that the creation of a conservation agency which would have to turn publicly each biennium to the legislature for funds might well bring to a halt development of parks in the state.[13]

Sawyer was not content merely to oppose the

1926, March 16, 1927, April 3, 1928; Portland *Oregonian*, Feb. 24, 1924; Sawyer to Madison Grant, Nov. 25, 1919, R. W. Sawyer Papers, University of Oregon Library, Eugene, Box 28 (hereafter cited SP with appropriate box number); Sawyer to Samuel H. Boardman, March 18, 1924, SP, Box 8; Sawyer to C. W. Wanzer, Jan. 7, Sept. 30, 1926, SP, Box 84; Sawyer to Horace Albright, Feb. 6, 1953, SP, Box 1; Grant to Ben W. Olcott, Sept. 27, 1920, Ben W. Olcott Papers, University of Oregon Library, Eugene, Vol. III; Oregon State Highway Commission, "State Park Land Acquisitions prior to 1930" (mimeographed; [Salem], n.d.).

[10] For biographical sketches of Sawyer, see Bend *Bulletin*, Oct. 1, 1953, and *Oregon Voter*, Vol. 62 (July 19, 1930), 14-20. See also Sawyer to C. C. Chapman, July 8, 1930, PCS, Box 1.

[11] Gerald Schwartz, "Walter M. Pierce and the Tradition of Progressive Reform: A Study of Eastern Oregon's Great Democrat," Ph.D. dissertation (Washington State University, 1969), 58-65, 71-75, 85-86; Isaac L. Patterson, *Message to the Thirty-fifth Legislative Assembly* (Salem, 1929), 1-4, 22-23; John Chynoweth Burnham, "The Gasoline Tax and the Automobile Revolution," *MVHR*, Vol. 48 (1961), 435-59; Hugh Myron Hoyt, Jr., "The Good Roads Movement in Oregon, 1900-1920," Ph.D. dissertation (University of Oregon, 1966). In his first message to the legislature, Pierce denounced both the spending of money to encourage tourism and the amount being spent by the Highway Commission. The sentiments were widely shared. See Walter M. Pierce, *Regular Message to the Thirty-second Legislative Assembly* (Salem, 1923), 5, 7.

[12] Sawyer to Van Duzer, Aug. 24, Nov. 10, 1927, PCS, Box 3.

[13] Evison, *State Park Anthology*, 88; Nelson, *State Recreation*, 258-61, 276-78, 420-22; National Conference on State Parks, *Proceedings of the Fourth National Conference on State Parks* [Washington, D.C., 1924], 28, 34-43, 81-83, 103-104; Washington State Parks Committee, *Washington State Parks: A Recreational Resource* (n.p., n.d.); Washington Natural Parks Association, *State Parks of Washington* (Seattle, 1923); Sawyer to Van Duzer, May 3, 1928, Van Duzer to Sawyer, May 7, 1928, Mather to members of Oregon State Editorial Association, June 28, 1928, Sawyer to Mather, July 13, 1928, Ward to Sawyer, July 20, 1928, PCS, Box 3; Sawyer to I. L. Patterson, May 18, 1928, PCS, Box 2.

establishment of a department of conservation. He had plans of his own. Before Sauers arrived in Oregon, Sawyer had suggested that the highway commission hire a superintendent of parks. Sawyer argued that neither the commission, which underwent frequent changes of membership, nor the division engineers of the highway department could provide the continuing, systematic direction essential if the state's park system were to be securely established.[14]

Division engineers had been under instructions to search out potential roadside park sites ever since 1921, but few acquisitions had resulted. Among the division engineers, only Charles W. Wanzer appears to have actively sought out park sites. As Sawyer observed, the engineers were busy with problems of construction, engineering, and maintenance. Consequently, they gave little time to parks, and progress was slow.[15]

Nor could the highway commission be depended upon. Shortly before Sawyer's appointment to the commission, the Grange in northeastern Oregon had sought termination of spending, small though it was, on a tree-planting program which Samuel H. Boardman had been carrying out for the commission along stretches of highway in arid eastern Oregon. Over the protests of Boardman, who later served as superintendent of Oregon's state parks, the commission had meekly ordered a halt to the planting. Roy A. Klein, state highway engineer and commission secretary, explained that the results did not justify the expense.[16]

Clearly, neither the division engineers nor the commission itself was an adequate instrument for aggressive action in behalf of scenic beauty. Progress might be made if a dedicated champion of scenery happened to be in the ranks of either body; but without such a champion, the parks program would surely suffer. Sawyer believed that only an official specifically charged with developing and administering parks could bring about substantial progress over the long run.

Sawyer's proposal that someone be chosen to oversee Oregon's parks was not entirely new. In 1921, at the height of Governor Olcott's efforts to save the state's scenic beauty, Charles H. Cheney had suggested that a parks bureau be established under the highway commission and that he be hired to head it.[17]

At the time, Portland was a center of interest in parks. The city had recently acquired a number of sites for city parks, including outstanding ones at Crown Point and Multnomah Falls, miles east of the city in the Columbia Gorge. As a consultant to the Portland Planning Commission, Cheney had been a key figure in this activity. John C. Ainsworth, a banker and leading citizen of Portland, noted that within two months, Cheney had obtained for the city gifts of property worth $60,000. Cheney suggested that the state hire him to do the same sort of thing for it. A parks bureau, he estimated, could operate for a year and a half on $16,800 and, under proper leadership, could bring in gifts worth far more than that. The highway commission shelved Cheney's proposal, but it may not have been without effect. Shortly thereafter, N. J. Drew, a highway department employee, was signing himself as "temporarily in charge of parks."[18]

AT FIRST Van Duzer was unenthusiastic about Sawyer's proposal for hiring a parks superintendent. He seems to have believed that the existing advisory committee on roadside planting and parks could accomplish much the same good at little, if any, cost. The advisory committee had

[14] Sawyer to Van Duzer, Aug. 24, 1927, PCS, Box 1; Sawyer to Chapman, July 8, 1930, PCS, Box 7; Sawyer to Boardman, Feb. 13, 1952, SP, Box 8; Sawyer to Albright, Feb. 6, 1953, SP, Box 1.

[15] Oregon State Highway Commission, minutes of meeting, June 13, 1921, Oregon State Highway Department, Highway Commission Minutes Books, Salem, VI, 1034 (hereafter cited HCM with appropriate date, volume, and page numbers); Oregon State Parks Commission, Oregon State Planning Commission, and National Parks Service, *A Study of Parks, Parkways and Recreation Areas of Oregon* (n.p., 1938), I, 39-51; Samuel H. Boardman, "Owyhee: A Recreation Area of Promise" (mimeographed; [Salem], 1952), 1; Sawyer to Van Duzer, Aug. 24, 1927, PCS, Box 1. See also Wanser correspondence, various dates, PCS, Box 3, and SP, Box 84.

[16] Boardman to Klein, April 26, 1925, Klein to Boardman, Oct. 27, 1927, Boardman to Wanzer, Nov. 12, 1927, HD, File No. 112-9C; Boardman to Sawyer, Oct. 22, 1927, PCS, Box 1; G. L. Hoffman to Julius Meyer, April 10, 1933, State Parks Records, Oregon State Highway Department, Parks and Recreation Division, Salem, Boardman File, 1941-43 (hereafter cited PRD). Sawyer had the program reinstituted when he became a commissioner. See HCM, March 27, 1928, XII, 2316.

[17] HCM, Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 20, 1920, VI, 1044, 1052, 1071; C. H. Cheney to Klein, July 16, 1921, Cheney to R. A. Booth, Aug. 31, 1921, Ainsworth to Booth, Sept. 15, 1921, HD, File No. 151.

[18] Portland *Oregonian*, Feb. 4, 1911, Aug. 17, 1919; Samuel Christopher Lancaster, *The Columbia, America's Great Highway through the Cascade Mountains to the Sea* (Portland, 1915), 118; Fred Lockley, *History of the Columbia River Valley from The Dalles to the Sea* (Chicago, 1928), I, 630, 832; Ainsworth to Booth, May 25, 1921, Cheney to Klein, July 16, 1921, Cheney to Booth, Aug. 31, 1921, HD, File No. 151. Failing to win a position with the state, Cheney soon left for California, where he was active in planning development in Palos Verdes. Earlier he had done similar work in Kansas City. See Cheney to J. B. Yeon, Feb. 12, 1923, Cheney to Klein, Feb. 21, 1923, HD, File No. 151. For the

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been in existence since 1924, but, after an initial burst of activity, had grown moribund. At Van Duzer's suggestion, three new members were now added to the committee. Encouraged by this interest from the chairman of the commission it was to advise and invigorated by the new members, the advisory committee was soon actively at work once more.[19]

The creation of the advisory committee had first been suggested to the highway commission by A. L. Peck of Oregon Agricultural College. Once established, the advisory committee operated quite independently of the highway commission. Essentially, it was an extralegal body whose members served indefinite terms and were free to determine the scope of their own activity.

Sawyer was not convinced that the advisory committee represented an effective body for solving parks problems. He did work through the committee, however, with John C. Merriam of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, in urging the establishment of a large scientific and scenic park in the John Day Fossil Beds. Sawyer sought to obtain for the highway commission "some control over the advisory parks committee" by formally specifying the number of members and the length of their terms. "At present, with unlimited terms," Sawyer told Van Duzer, "the situation seems to me to be unsatisfactory."[20]

The disagreement between Sawyer and Van Duzer over the efficacy of the advisory board was minor. On the other hand, the two were in hearty accord in their opposition to the proposal to establish a separate department of conservation. Efforts in that direction, they agreed, should be headed off. Indeed, Van Duzer may well have considered strengthening the advisory board as a means of undermining support for Sauers' proposal.[21]

Sawyer and Van Duzer strove to squelch the drive for a separate agency, whether a department of conservation or a parks bureau, without publicly confronting the champions of the idea. Such a confrontation might well have resulted in undue publicity for the highway commission's use of gasoline tax receipts and other funds for parks.

When Van Duzer learned that the Portland Chamber of Commerce had formed a committee to push for a parks department, he quietly contacted Herbert Cuthbert, secretary of the committee, to explain both the progress that had already been made by the highway commission and his fears of the consequences of Sauers' approach to parks development. Cuthbert agreed to try to head off precipitate action. He relayed to the chamber of commerce committee Van Duzer's wish that nothing be done before conferring with the highway commission or its chairman. He then arranged to have a subcommittee appointed to meet with Van Duzer.[22] The subcommittee, he assured Van Duzer, was

> composed of five of the most level headed business men we have on our committee. They are all solid men with sound judgment and you need not be afraid in discussing the matters we discussed over the phone, with them.[23]

When Sawyer was informed of the creation of the subcommittee, he applauded the action and added, in reference to Sauers' efforts, "any movement toward that end I should like to see changed about to make it an adjunct of the work we are doing." He observed that a volunteer citizens' group, similar to the Washington Natural Parks Association, might be useful in raising funds and in generating other types of support. Unlike a separate agency for parks, such a body would not threaten either the control of the highway commission or its ability to work quietly out of the limelight in acquiring parks with funds earmarked for the commission's use.[24]

highway commission's response to Cheney's proposal, see HCM, Sept. 1, 20, 1921, VI, 1052, 1071. See also N. J. Drew to Natural Parks Association of Washington, March 6, 1922, Drew to Herbert Nunn, Feb. 14, 1922, HD, File No. 151.

[19] Undated typescript account, Washington State Conservation Society Papers, VI-12, Manuscripts Collection, University of Washington Libraries; Van Duzer to Sawyer, Dec. 13, 1927, PCS, Box 3; Sawyer to Boardman, May 18, 1939, Feb. 13, 1952, SP, Box 8; Portland *Oregonian*, Dec. 24, 25, 1924, June 21, 1925; Armstrong, *History*, 6-11, 14, 33; Oregon State Highway Commission, *Sixth Biennial Report* (Salem, 1924), 85-86; Advisory Committee, reports of meetings, March 26-27, 1926, May 11-12, Aug. 3, 1928, Klein to Raymond H. Torrey, June 28, 1926, HD, File No. 112-9C. Officially called the Advisory Committee on Roadside Planting until August 1928, when it became the Highway Parks and Recreation Committee, the group was referred to, even in its own minutes, by various titles. Commissioner William Duby referred to it as "the Parks Board, so-called." See Advisory Committee on Roadside Planting, reports of meetings, various dates, and Duby to Highway Department, June 28, 1926, HD, File No. 112-9C.

[20] Sawyer to Van Duzer, July 27, 1928, PCS, Box 3; Advisory Committee, report of meeting, Aug. 3, 1928, HD, File No. 112-9C. Additional correspondence regarding Sawyer's work for a park in the fossil beds is in PCS and SP, *passim*.

[21] Sawyer to Van Duzer, Nov. 10, 1927, Van Duzer to Sawyer, Nov. 11, 1927, PCS, Box 1.

[22] Outdoor Recreation Committee, Portland Chamber of Commerce, minutes of meeting, Oct. 25, 1927, PCS, Box 1; C. J. Buck to Klein, Oct. 21, 1927, HD, File No. 112-9C. Van Duzer's influence with the chamber of commerce stemmed partially from the fact that he was a former president of the organization.

[23] Herbert Cuthbert to Van Duzer, Nov. 7, 1927, PCS, Box 1.

[24] Sawyer to Van Duzer, Nov. 10, 1927, PCS, Box 1. Sawyer doubted that such an organization would prove viable in Oregon, but John C. Merriam pushed the idea with enthusiasm, and Sawyer cooperated. See Merriam to

When C. G. Thomsen, superintendent of Crater Lake National Park, tried to enlist in the movement for creating a separate agency for state parks, Cuthbert dissuaded him. He wrote to Thomsen, "I was amazed to find how much this [highway] commission had accomplished in a quiet way along these lines." Cuthbert believed that Sauers' proposal would result in duplication of effort. It would be better to lend support to the highway commission, he told the superintendent, for "they have quite a lot of authority and sufficient resources . . . to accomplish anything that is not on too large a scale." Indeed, even Sauers rallied behind the highway commission. When Van Duzer and Roy A. Klein made the commission's approach and record clear to him, Sauers, the representative of the National Conference on State Parks, withdrew his suggestion for a department of conservation and agreed to do all he could to aid the commission in its work.[25]

SAUERS' conversion was an important victory, but security for the highway commission's parks program had not yet been guaranteed. Sawyer turned to Governor Isaac L. Patterson, himself a supporter of the parks program, in the hope of ensuring the continued acquisition and development of park sites. Sawyer and his fellow commissioners were under constant pressure to extend and improve the state's network of highways. Future commissions, Sawyer knew, were apt to be less conscious of scenic and recreational values than the one on which he served. It seemed likely that they would respond to pressures for highway construction by putting nearly all available funds to that use and sharply curtailing expenditures on parks.

Sawyer urged Patterson to avert such an eventuality by proposing to the legislature that it direct the highway commission to spend "annually for as long as necessary at least $100,000 for the acquisition of parks, timbered strips along the highways and other recreational and scenic areas." Legally, such a directive was not needed, since the highway commission already had authority to make such expenditures, but it would both strengthen the hand of the present commission and ensure that future commissions would continue the parks program.[26]

In putting forward such a proposal, Sawyer was abandoning the position that one should avoid making expenditures on parks a public issue. The reasons for this change are not clear. Perhaps he felt emboldened by the presence in Salem of a governor who supported the commission's program, or perhaps he had been inspired to take more vigorous action while he was attending the annual meeting of the National Conference on State Parks three months earlier. Whatever the reason, the change was momentary and without effect. Patterson recognized what Sawyer had noted earlier: that substantial progress was being made, progress that might be threatened or destroyed by submitting the program for scrutiny to the cost-conscious legislature and, through it, to the public. Patterson took no action on Sawyer's proposal. Indeed, when he addressed the legislature, he emphasized the necessity of cutting back on nonessential programs.[27]

Patterson soon came forward with a parks proposal of his own, however. On May 22, 1929, he met with the highway commission. There was, he observed, "considerable interest among the people of the state on the subject of parks." He noted that William Gladstone Steel, who had led the earlier movement to have Crater Lake set aside as a national park, had proposed in a letter published in an Oregon newspaper that a state parks commission be established. The idea had evoked much favorable comment, especially among members of a civic group in Astoria with whom Patterson had just met. He assured the commission of his own interest in preserving roadside beauty and announced his intention of appointing the highway commissioners, together with former commission chairmen William C. Duby and R. A. Booth, to serve as a parks commission.[28]

The commission Patterson appointed was a proven group. Highway commissioners Sawyer, Van Duzer, and Charles E. Gates were daily

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Sawyer, Aug. 19, 1928, PCS, Box 2; Sawyer to Van Duzer, July 6, Aug. 28, 1928, and Van Duzer to Sawyer, July 7, 1928, PCS, Box 3.

[25] Cuthbert to Thomsen, Feb. 3, 1928, PCS, Box 1; Van Duzer to Sawyer, Nov. 5, 1927, PCS, Box 3; Klein to Highway Commission, Nov. 10, 1927, PCS, Box 2. Beatrice Ward Nelson, the executive secretary of the National Conference on State Parks, remained skeptical of the efficacy of Oregon's approach. See Nelson, *State Recreation*, 8.

[26] Sawyer to Patterson, Oct. 3, 1928, PCS, Box 2.

[27] Patterson to Sawyer, Oct. 9, 1928, PCS, Box 3; Patterson, *Message to the Thirty-fifth Legislative Assembly*. See also Advisory Committee, report of meeting, Aug. 3, 1928, HD, File No. 112-9C.

[28] Patterson to Sawyer, July 6, 1929, PCS, Box 2; Sawyer to H. B. Glaisyer, June 20, 1952, Glaisyer to Sawyer, Aug. 8, 1952, SP, Box 28; HCM, May 22, 1929, XII, 2514; Samuel H. Boardman, "Oregon's State Parks and Roadside Timber Program," *Commonwealth Review*, Vol. 21 (1939), 140; Oregon, Secretary of State, *Oregon Blue Book, 1929-1930* (Salem, 1929), 12; Armstrong, *History*, 10-11, 33.

[29] Booth to Olcott, Aug. 23, 1920, Olcott Papers. Vol. III; Boardman to C. H. Reynolds, Feb. 13, 1952, PRD,

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[30] Klein to E. D. M
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demonstrating their interest in parks, while Booth had been a key figure in Ben Olcott's crusade to save Oregon's scenery, and Duby had been the commissioner who was most interested in roadside beauty during the years just prior to Sawyer's appointment. Indeed, when Sawyer was named to replace Duby on the commission, he had praised Duby's contributions to the highway system and scenery preservation and expressed the hope that he would be able to do as well.[29]

It is not clear how Sawyer and Van Duzer felt about Patterson appointing a parks commission. Sawyer, at least, may have welcomed it. The commission was not to be an independently funded agency of the sort Sauers had proposed, but a body that was to advise the highway commission on parks matters. As such it supplanted the old advisory committee with which Sawyer had not been wholly satisfied.

Patterson himself may not have expected much from the new group. Due to the overlap of membership between the highway and parks commissions, it was in effect a body established to give itself advice. The Oregon State Parks Commission met on July 24, 1929, and formally adopted the policies and guidelines already being informally pursued by the highway commission. It never met again. Except for providing a parks commission letterhead, this unpaid and powerless commission accomplished little if anything that the highway commission could not have done alone. But perhaps Governor Patterson was not unhappy with the results. By appointing the commission, he had demonstrated that he stood on the side of the angels on a popular issue, helped to squelch such proposals as Sauers and Steel had put forward, and did both without undermining the highway commission's program of acquiring park sites and roadside timberlands or calling attention to the source of the funds being used.[30]

WHILE Patterson was creating his parks commission, Sawyer renewed his efforts to win Van Duzer and Gates over to the idea of appointing a parks superintendent. Some time during the summer of 1929 he gained their grudging approval. The first application for the position was dated July 23, just one day before the lone meeting of the parks commission. Other applications quickly followed. Van Duzer and Gates seem to have conceived of the position as temporary and limited in scope. Rather than hire Mark H. Astrup, a well-qualified candidate heartily recommended by A. L. Peck (the driving force behind the old advisory committee), or one of the others who applied for the position, the commission decided to find someone among those already employed by the highway department.[31] Roy Klein explained to Astrup:

> the Commission has . . . decided to limit the work for the present to securing timber lands alongside the highway, as that is the most pressing need, particularly in places where logging operations are in progress. Therefore, to meet the present situation, we have decided to appoint one of our engineering employees to handle this work who has a knowledge of timber and land values and whose job it will be for the next few months to handle this work.[32]

Next spring, Klein added,

> the Commission may consider the actual development of the park areas, in which case we will probably then desire to employ a man who has had training and experience in landscape work and park development.[33]

Neither Klein nor the commissioners seem to have suspected that the temporary appointment of "one of our engineering employees" marked the beginning of what was to be a twenty-one-year tenure in office for Oregon's first state parks superintendent.[34]

The commissioners selected Samuel H. Boardman, then working on one of the department's road crews, to fill the position they had created. At first, Boardman carried the title of parks engineer, a term perhaps chosen because it both sounded utilitarian enough to stave off critics of unnecessary expenditures and indicated the rather limited range of activities that he was expected to pursue. But Boardman's enthusiasm for the preservation of natural beauty was too great for him to restrict narrowly the scope of his work. As planned, he did at first turn his attention to saving roadside timber, but he soon began to give as much attention to acquiring scenic park sites as

Boardman Files, 1950-51; Armstrong, *History*, 15; Sawyer to Bernard Mainwaring, July 16, 1927, PCS, Box 3.

[30] Klein to E. D. Merrill, Sept. 4, 1929, Ray Conway to Klein, Aug. 28, 1929, HD, File No. 112-9C; Oregon State Parks Commission, minutes of meeting, July 24, 1929, PRD, Boardman Files; Glaisyer to Sawyer, Aug. 8, 1952, SP, Box 28; C. E. Greider, "The Park, Parkway, and Recreation Area Study," *Commonwealth Review*, Vol. 20 (1938), 532. That Patterson's interest in parks was genuine is made clear by correspondence in PCS, Box 3. Until his death in late 1929, Patterson took an active interest in the highway commission's parks work.

[31] Jean Ewen to Klein, July 23, 1929, William Maskell to Klein, July 27, 1929, A. L. Olmsted to Klein, July 31, 1929, Mark Astrup to Klein, Aug. 3, 1929, HD, File No. 112-9C.

[32] Klein to Astrup, Aug. 9, 1929, PRD, Main Office Files.

[33] *Ibid.*

[34] Klein to A. L. Peck, Aug. 9, 1929, and Klein to Ewen, Aug. 9, 1929, HD, File No. 112-9C. Years later Astrup did become parks superintendent, serving in that position from January 1961 until July 1962. Armstrong, *History*, 76; personal interview with David G. Talbot, June 18, 1969; Oakridge *Telegram*, Dec. 3, 1968.

he did to preserving timber along the highways. As Boardman warmed to his new job, he began to take up so much time at commission meetings that Sawyer, for all his support, was forced to suggest that Boardman submit the bulk of his information in written reports.[35]

Van Duzer did not complain. Boardman's dedication and ability won his admiration. Within three months of Boardman's appointment, Van Duzer wrote to Sawyer, "I don't know how it appeals to you but it seems to me that he was a particularly fortunate suggestion." Sawyer reminded Boardman years later that it was "only after you were appointed to the position . . . with your personality and superb performance that Van became enthusiastic" over the idea of having a parks superintendent.[36]

Those same characteristics in Boardman that impressed Van Duzer had their impact on commissioners who followed him. Continued growth of the parks program resulted. The position that Sawyer had pushed to have created and the man who filled it combined to provide the continuity and security for the program that Sawyer had been seeking. It is well that they did. Governor Patterson died in December 1929, and Sawyer was soon removed from the commission following a dispute with the new governor, A. W. Norblad, over road-building priorities. Suddenly, Sawyer was in no position to ensure the continued acquisition and development of state parks.[37]

SAWYER'S removal marked a turning point in the history of Oregon's parks. Initiative no longer came from the highway commission, but from the parks superintendent. In a letter to Sawyer in 1952, Boardman recalled that,

> after you left, I don't remember of a commission asking me for a park. They all had to be brought to the commission and then a fight to get the commission to accept them.[38]

Boardman proved himself adept at marshaling support for these battles, but resistance to his projects continued to arise, so much so that eventually, in frustration, he came to advocate the very separation of parks and highways against which Sawyer and Van Duzer had fought.[39]

Boardman was not alone. Others, including John Yeon, an influential former commissioner and supporter of parks, came forward with proposals for a separate parks commission. Sawyer objected on the same grounds on which he had opposed Sauers' suggested department of conservation. Funds were assured if parks remained under the highway commission. In addition, Sawyer reminded Boardman, there were ma hidden benefits in association with the highw department. For example, highway departme equipment and crews were available for use the parks; independence would inevitably me greater cost for maintenance and improvements

But gradually other supporters of Orego parks began to recognize the benefits of havi the state parks yoked with the highway depa ment. Indeed, the idea that highway departmer ought to concern themselves with roadsi beauty was spreading. During the 1930s the were repeated efforts to put Washington's par under its highway department. Similarly, in 19 the Public Roads Administration of the Unit States established a landscape department to courage roadside beautification. By 1947 fo states were employing landscape architects their roadsides. When the federal governme established the interstate highway system in 19 the authorizing legislation included requireme based on recognition of the connection betwe highways and scenery. The connection was ma even more explicit in the Highway Beautificati Act of 1965. Oregon's pairing of parks with hig ways no longer seemed so strange to those w sought the preservation of scenic assets.[41]

Opposition to funding parks with gasoli taxes and other road funds was not lacking, ho ever. By the 1960s critics of taxes and champio of highway construction had come to realize th the method being used to finance Oregon's par

[35] Apparently Klein was the one who first suggest Boardman for the job in spite of friction between the t resulting from Klein's part in the earlier cancelation Boardman's roadside tree-planting project. Sawyer to Gla yer, Aug. 12, 1952, SP, Box 28; Boardman to R. H. Baldo Aug. 4, 1936, PRD, Boardman File, 1936-38; Van Duzer Sawyer, n.d., PCS, Box 1; Sawyer to Van Duzer, Aug. 1929, PCS, Box 3.

[36] Van Duzer to Sawyer, Oct. 24, 1929, PCS, Box 3; Saw to Boardman, Feb. 13, 1952, SP, Box 8. See also Sawyer Boardman, May 18, 1939, SP, Box 8, and Sawyer to Albrig Feb. 6, 1953, SP, Box 1.

[37] Sawyer, undated memorandum; Boardman to Sawy June 2, 1930, PCS, Box 3; Van Duzer to Sawyer, July 1930, PCS, Box 4; Sawyer to Chapman, July 8, 1930, PC Box 1. For reactions to Sawyer's ouster, see folder of ne paper clippings, SP, Box 48.

[38] Boardman to Sawyer, Feb. 19, 1952, SP, Box 8.

[39] Boardman to Sawyer, Aug. 16, 1944, Feb. 19, 1952, S Box 8; Samuel H. Boardman, "Oregon's Waysides of t Future," *Oregon Journal* (Portland), Dec. 3, 1943. Boardman to Douglas McKay, March 3, 1950, PR Boardman Files, 1950-51.

[40] John B. Yeon to Committee on Roadside Preservatio Portland Chamber of Commerce, Dec. 15, 1932, HD, F No. 112-9C; Sawyer to Boardman, May 8, 1952, SP, Box 8.

[41] Undated typescript account, Washington State Conse vation Society Papers, Manuscripts Collection, VI-12, U versity of Washington Libraries; Roy Bedichek, *Adventu with a Texas Naturalist*, rev. ed. (Austin, 1961), 17-

ran counter to what they desired. In 1968 a proposal on the Oregon ballot to increase gasoline taxes one cent per gallon and to use the proceeds to protect the state's beaches brought the critics into the open. Through highway users associations and other groups (apparently often financed by oil companies), they insisted that it was against public policy, or even unconstitutional, to use gasoline taxes for anything other than for building and maintaining roads. It was not, of course, for the state constitution specifically gave the highway commission the power to spend these funds on parks; but with tax-conscious citizens the arguments of the highway users associations carried weight.[42]

A frontal assault on the financial defenses of Oregon's parks, defenses which Sawyer and Van Duzer had preserved when they subverted the proposal of Sauers and the National Conference on State Parks in the late twenties, seemed imminent. By this time, however, Oregonians had become so aroused by environmental deterioration and the parks system built by Boardman and his successors had won such admiration that there was widespread public and legislative support for state parks. Although the proposal for added taxes for beach protection failed to pass, no serious effort followed to withdraw from parks use funds from gasoline taxes. At last the people of Oregon seemed to accept the need for the parks system which Robert W. Sawyer had sought to protect from the hostility and indifference of an earlier generation.

In the years that followed his ouster from the highway commission, Sawyer continued to be active in conservation causes. He was an outspoken champion of sustained-yield timber management, president of the National Reclamation Association, and a leader in a movement to regulate roadside billboards. His many public services led former governor Charles A. Sprague, shortly before Sawyer's retirement, to describe the editor from Bend as Oregon's outstanding citizen of the past quarter century.[43]

Sprague may not have been aware of Sawyer's contribution to the state's parks program. By that time Boardman was being publicly described as "father of the Oregon state parks," although Boardman himself admitted that Sawyer was the "yeast that raised the Park Department [*sic*] into being." Sawyer was, indeed, responsible, and his success in implementing a parks system that had both the security of earmarked funds and the continuity of a permanent superintendent may well have been the greatest accomplishment of his long career of public service.[44]

The case of Robert W. Sawyer and the Oregon state parks is not atypical. In numerous other states, leaders emerged during the years following World War I to give direction to the growing agitation for the preservation of scenic and recreational sites. Included among them were Peter Norbeck in South Dakota; Herbert Evison in Washington; Sauers, Richard Smith, and Richard Lieber in Indiana; Albert M. Turner in Connecticut; William E. Colby in California; and Henry C. Campbell in Wisconsin. Like Sawyer, each in his own way contributed to the growth in public support for the preservation of scenery. The direction these men gave to the preservation movement not only buttressed the efforts of Stephen T. Mather and others at the national level during the 1920s, but also helped to ensure widespread acceptance of the conservation programs of the New Deal when the nation once again had a president who was an ardent champion of the cause of conservation.[45]

During the 1920s and 1930s, just as it has since, the conservation movement had important roots at the state and local levels. Robert W. Sawyer and the Oregon state parks provided one such root.

Philip H. Burch, Jr., *Highway Revenue and Expenditure Policy in the United States* (New Brunswick, N.J., 1962), 253-54; John Robinson, *Highways and Our Environment* (New York, 1971), 62-67; Joseph C. Federick, "The Highway-Landscape Nexus," *Highway Research Record*, No. 161 (1967), 17-21; Harold Brodsky, "Highways and Outdoor Recreation," *ibid.*, 22-29; David R. Levin, "Scenic Roads and Parkways," *ibid.*, 30-33.

[42] Portland *Oregonian*, Oct. 20, 30, 1968, *et passim;* D. A. Waite to Earl Pomeroy, Jan. 8, 1969, T. Cebula to David Brinks, Nov. 25, 1968, Earl Pomeroy, personal correspondence, Eugene, Oregon.

[43] Bend *Bulletin*, Oct. 1, 1953; Charles A. Sprague to author, Sept. 20, 1968, Thomas R. Cox, personal correspondence, San Diego, California.

[44] Boardman to Sawyer, Feb. 19, 1952, SP, Box 8.

[45] Information about these various state leaders is scattered. See Tilden, *State Parks*, 3-9; National Conference on State Parks, *Proceedings of the Third National Conference on State Parks* ([Washington, D.C.], 1923), 42, 92-93; Evison, *State Park Anthology*, 193-95; John E. Trotter, *State Park System in Illinois* (Chicago, 1962), 61-64; Gilbert Courtland Fite, *Peter Norbeck, Prairie Statesman* (Columbia, Mo., 1948), 75-77, 122, 125, 143-51, 153-54. On Franklin D. Roosevelt's interest in conservation, see Edgar B. Nixon, comp. and ed., *Franklin D. Roosevelt and Conservation, 1911-1945* (Hyde Park, 1957).

The New ... Times



Population Growth

The number of bald eagles in the lower 48 states has grown from a low of 417 breeding pairs in 1963 to more than 5,000 breeding pairs today. If the populations in Alaska and Canada are included, the total bald eagle numbers approach 100,000.

At Last, Eagles Regain a Perch In the Lower 48

As the Birds Reclaim Their Ancient Range, Some Even Colonize Suburban Yards

Home Turf

Bald eagles tend to live and breed near rivers, lakes, estuaries, reservoirs and coastal areas. There has been no recorded breeding outside North America, though they have been seen visiting coastal areas in Siberia and Greenland.



By JANE E. BRODY

MINNEAPOLIS — On a cold but bright winter morning, a gaggle of joggers and fitness walkers stopped dead in their tracks to gawk at an astonishing sight: a mature bald eagle dining on a duck it had plucked from Lake Calhoun here.

"Just think, an eagle right in the middle of the city," one runner exclaimed.

Remarkable as it seems, though, the scene is being replayed in many areas as eagles enjoy an unprecedented resurgence for an endangered species. With their primary enemies, DDT and hunters, under control, and ideal habitats near population centers being preserved, eagles are coming closer and closer to people. Given clean water with a healthy food supply and some tall trees where they can build their commanding nests, eagles will readily take up residence.

And now that eagles are not being shot, their behavior is changing and the birds "can come into closer contact with people without paying a price," according to Dr. David A. Buehler, an associate professor of wildlife at the University of Tennessee, who has studied the ecology of the species on the Chesapeake Bay for about 15 years. "In a lot of places, people invaded previous eagle habitats, and now the eagles are coming back."

Although eagles in residential areas are unusual, their growing presence challenges a long-held belief that the big bird needs pristine nesting territory and suggests instead that eagles are more adaptable than scientists had thought.

In parts of Florida, eagles are nesting in people's backyards. And as if they were making a national statement that "we're back," last year a pair nested in the nation's capital for the first time in half a century. Their eaglet, born in April, began flying on its own in late June, though the race for the presidency obscured its celebrity.

But another pair, nesting in a 90-foot white pine on a lake in a northern Wisconsin backyard, may soon become television stars. For the last eight years, these two, which seem unintimidated by boats and people, have produced young, and over the winter Keith Albritton, a naturalist guide, set up two cameras with microphones and cables in hopes of offering 24-hour live coverage of eaglets' hatching, feeding and first flight on cable television.

Right about now, eagles that nest in the northern part of the country and Canada may be seen making their annual migration back to their established nesting areas. With wings that stretch six to eight feet across, they ride the thermals, traveling about 30 miles an hour. Young eagles typically set up housekeeping within 100 miles of their birthplace and remain faithful to those nesting sites — and to their mates — to the end of their reproductive years.

Through annual additions of twigs, eagle nests can become gargantuan, with the largest on record measuring 10 feet across and weighing 2,000 pounds. Female eagles,

Continued on Page 2



Ray Richardson/Animals Animals

A bald eagle has a wingspan of six to eight feet and can travel about 30 miles an hour. Adult females weigh 10 to 14 pounds, and males 8 or 9 pounds.



Don Enger/Animals Animals

When they are youngsters, eaglets are brown and scruffy looking. They gradually acquire their white-feathered head and tail over four to five years.



Phyllis Greenberg/Animals Animals

In Florida, eagles have been seen nesting in backyards. This pair chose a more natural setting: Marco Island, off the southwest coast.

At Last, the Bald Eagle Recaptures a Firm Perch in the Lower 48

Continued From First Science Page

which share nest building and care of the young with their mates, are larger, weighing 10 to 14 pounds; adult males weigh 8 or 9 pounds.

From a low point of 417 breeding pairs in the lower 48 states in 1963, today there are well over 5,000 eagle pairs producing young in the contiguous states. And, if the populations in Alaska and Canada are included, total bald eagle numbers are now approaching 100,000, according to official counts.

"With a couple of notable exceptions, the range of the bald eagle has grown tremendously in the last 20 years," said Dr. Buehler, who recently published a definitive monograph on the bald eagle in "The Birds of North America."

"The bald eagle is cited as one of the greatest success stories in endangered species recovery," Dr. Buehler said.

In the Northeast and Tennessee, eagle recovery was aided greatly by scientists who transplanted young birds harvested in Alaska, where they have always been plentiful. Elsewhere, eagles have pretty much come back on their own once DDT no longer caused their eggs to shatter, people stopped shooting at them and states, including New York, preserved ideal eagle habitats.

New York, in 1976, had only one nesting pair of eagles, and the birds had failed to reproduce for a decade because the DDT-weakened eggs shattered before the young were ready to hatch. Today, according to Peter E. Nye, leader of the Endangered Species Unit of the state's Department of Environmental Conservation, "there are about 55 nesting pairs in the state," all from birds initially brought from Alaska and raised in "hack boxes" — artificial nests on high towers placed in appropriate habitats and fed without exposure to people, a technique pioneered with peregrine falcons. Mr. Nye led the way in bald eagle hacking, and 14 other states adopted the tactic.

In 1997, six years after a pair of eagles established itself along the Hudson River, an eaglet the pair finally produced fledged successfully on the river — the first in 100 years, Mr. Nye said. Now there are six nesting pairs along the Hudson south of Albany, a testament to the river's rich food supply. Mr. Nye and his colleagues have not yet found any influence on breeding success from the river's known contaminants: PCB's, lead, mercury and cadmium.

Eagles that nest in the north typically move south in winter to find open water and fish, their preferred food, and other wildlife. But some stay in New York around the city's upstate reservoirs. These are popular overwintering sites because generators keep the water flowing and stun many fish, creating a feast for eagles and the hundreds of people who come to watch them.



Peter E. Nye for The New York Times

This 2-week-old eaglet, hatched in 1997 near Catskill, N.Y., was the first documented bald eagle born in the Hudson Valley in 100 years.

In 1995, after 22 years on the endangered species list, the bald eagle was upgraded from "endangered" to "threatened," an unmistakable sign of recovery in progress. But now, with a proposal afoot to take the big bird off the list entirely, a controversy is roiling, with many bald eagle researchers fearing a complete delisting will cause a setback, particularly as people and eagles compete for habitats along the shores of lakes, bays and rivers.

"Delisting would be appropriate in terms of the numbers of bald eagles and the fact that they have met all the recovery criteria established years ago," Mr. Nye said. "But delisting doesn't address the bird's long-term future. Will there be secure habitats in 2050?"

Using the old Bald Eagle Protection Act of 1940, the United States Fish and Wildlife Service is working on a plan to monitor and protect critical bald eagle habitats if the bird is delisted, Mr. Nye said.

As eagles move closer to people — or as people invade prime eagle habitat — the birds face any number of hazards, from coming in contact with power lines and being electrocuted to becoming contaminated by poisons or being hit by cars, Dr. Buehler said.

Free of human interference, eagles are rather long-lived — the record in the wild is 28 years (36 years in captivity), and many wild eagles live 20 years or more. They are conscientious parents who make a major investment in their young. They start constructing — or reconstructing — their nest of twigs in December and January, and the female lays one to three eggs in mid-February. Both male and female (look-alikes save for size) incubate the eggs for about five weeks, walking with clenched feet to keep their talons from piercing the eggs. Once the eggs hatch, the parents are saddled with full-time infant feeding and protection for 10 to 12 weeks until the young can fly, followed by two more months of parental guidance until the fledglings learn how to fend for themselves. By contrast, a songbird's parental responsibilities are over in about a month.

Eaglets, which quickly attain full size but are scruffy-looking and brown in color, remain nomads for the next four to five years, molting annually until they achieve sexual maturity and gradually acquire their celebrated white-feathered head and tail (eagles are not bald; the name comes from the old English word "balde," meaning white-headed).

Courtship is a spectacular site, replete with vocalizations and acrobatic flight displays. In one, the cartwheel display, the courting pair fly very high, lock talons and tumble back toward earth head over tail like a cartwheel, separating at the last moment to avoid hitting the ground. In another, the roller-coaster flight, eagles dive with folded wings from great altitudes, swooping back up just before hitting ground.

Ben Franklin had a point when he suggested the wild turkey as a nobler bird than the bald eagle to be the symbol of the United States. Eagles are opportunistic foragers that will eat anything dead or alive, including remnants of Big Macs in a garbage dump and deer carcasses on a road. They also steal food from other weaker species like ospreys and herons. Whereas golden eagles are active predators, bald eagles would just as soon sit on the sidelines and wait for something to die, Dr. Buehler said.

"Eagles capture their own prey as a last resort," he explained. But one way or another, each day they manage to consume an amount that is equal to 5 percent to 10 percent of their weight. To match that, a 150-pound person would have to eat up to 15 pounds of food a day.

> The national bird may be taken off the threatened list.

Q & A



Findings Deepen Debate Over Embryonic Cell Research

It is our job, as planners, to keep the corrections coming – poverty, pollution, gridlock, illiteracy – these needs and corrections deserve our fullest attention.

In 140 small villages in West Africa, a simple machine—no bigger than a lawnmower—is rapidly changing and radically improving life for women and their families. This is a machine that replaces the most strenuous and time-consuming tasks in a typical day for a woman in rural Africa. The ability of one machine to pull water and to process grain for whole villages means that women are free for income-generating, health care and educational activities. Important reasons for the success of this machine now being disseminated by international aide organizations throughout West Africa are its locally milled parts and its renewable source of fuel—the extract of a locally found weed—making it a machine that, compared to just about every other machine on the planet, can run forever.

SUSTAINABILITY PAVES THE WAY

By Walter Zisette



PHOTOS: Africa, Walter Zisette – Seattle, Kurt Wolken

THAT'S SUSTAINABILITY.

Socialist countries in western Europe have constructed societies where, with the government as broker, progressive taxation distributes wealth in such a way as to nearly eliminate poverty.

In Los Angeles, untreated wastewater is now being guided through miles of sand and natural substrata to be pumped out five years from now as drinking water.

Imagine cars running on Scottish broom fuel and jobs based upon a notion of bartered services, rather than profit and exploitation. Imagine equal access to justice and positions of power.

THAT'S SUSTAINABILITY.

Slowly evolving from a mere exercise in head scratching, "sustainability" now threatens to engulf us all. This is suppose to be a movement about cities living according to their means, about planning for seven generations forward. Sustainability redefines the "needs assessment" from which traditional planning begins. Need no longer begins with the most recent U.S. Census or even population forecasts, but begins with our grandchildren's grandchildren's grandchildren. This is serious mold-breaking and a radical approach to city planning.

Where sustainability has taken off, middle-class problem-solving is taking place. Growth management and the new urbanism—both part of any sustainability matrix—are bottom-up approaches to everyday needs like getting to work and affording a home. Sustainability is attractive here because it strives to make life easier by focusing on transportation and housing efficiencies. The next big step for sustainability will be to define a more genuine approach to the needs of the non-voters. This will be a challenge—by one definition, sustainable development is "the realization of fuller and greater potential and progressive social betterment without growing beyond ecological carrying capacity."

It's statements like this that point to another area where work is needed: no one really understands the language of sustainability. Indicators, outcomes, globalism, green teams—all of this urgency without context reflects upon the youthfulness of sustainability.

A dearth of models in urban sustainability has helped to distance the movement from popular comprehension. Around the world, bits and pieces of sustainable plans are held up as models—but there are no models for fully sustainable city systems.

BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

There are countless examples of states, cities, and villages that have, without the benefits of plans or strategies, sustained themselves for thousands of years without long-term harm to the global environment. In fact, there is no reason to think—despite the short-term indicators—that we do not already live in fully sustainable cities.

Sustainability can remind us of something we haven't yet experienced in western America—that cities are naturally (and wonderfully) self-correcting. Imbalance is what gives cities life and invites change and correction. Would anyone want to live in the impossible "state of nature" city?

It is our job as planners to keep the corrections coming—poverty, pollution, gridlock, illiteracy—these needs and corrections deserve our fullest attention.

Here in Seattle, we built a stadium designed to last for thousands of years. After one generation, we brought it down. Urbanists like us relish change and a city just out of balance; our cities are unsustainable by design. Our continued focus on the functioning city—that may or may not be sustainable—is our best guarantee that hundreds of years from now, in Portland and Seattle, we will still be shuffling around together, having these same conversations. ■

Walter Zisette writes on housing and planning issues in Seattle.



These essays are part of a series on Second Avenue by the author, **Hiroshi Matsubara**.

A GRANDFATHER'S TALE

Arcade Winter 2000
(pub'd by NW Architectural League)

When my grandfather moved to Seattle from Japan in 1908, there were no more than 30,000 residents. Back then, Second Avenue served as the central artery of downtown where most of the city's business took place. Frederick & Nelson had a department store on Second Avenue at Madison Street before the company built its flagship store (which Nordstrom remodeled in 1999) on Fifth Avenue in 1916. My grandfather worked in the furniture department of this store. The store was a well-crafted, stone clad structure in the Romanesque style. The company installed one of the city's first elevators for its customers.

The Gold Rush that began on the banks of the Yukon River in Alaska in the 19th century brought new prosperity to many parts of the Northwest, especially to Seattle. In 1909, the City of Seattle hosted the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition to express its interest in expansion into the international market. The exposition was mainly held on the University of Washington campus; however, as part of the exposition ceremonies, parades by foreign representatives were held in downtown, especially on Second Avenue.

THE PARADE

Among the Japanese representatives, there was an eccentric man who decided to participate in the procession with other fellow Japanese people by flying his newly self-crafted biplane. Modern aviation history began with the Wright brothers' first biplane flight in 1903. Clearly the airplane symbolized the highest technology of the early 20th century. This bright Japanese fellow was very proud that he had mastered world class technology in such a short time, but he had one big problem. The speed of his biplane was much greater than the speed of the procession. It would be a disgrace for him to fly over Second Avenue without keeping pace with the rest of the procession.

To solve his speed problem, he bought a fifty-yard rope and tied it onto his airplane. Ten young Japanese men, including my grandfather, were hired and told to run down the street with the rope. The men controlled the speed of the biplane by pulling on the rope during the parade. It must have been quite hard to run with the rope alongside nine other people. I appreciate this story because the occasion brought a beautiful symbiosis between high technology (building an airplane) and low technology (controlling the speed with human power), which we may have lost in the last 90 years.

When I moved to Seattle from Southern California three years ago, my first job happened to be in an architectural office located a block away from the old Frederick & Nelson store where my grandfather worked. Whenever I walk on Second Avenue and I hear an airplane approaching SeaTac airport, I think of this little biplane and my grandfather running with nine other men on the street.

Hiroshi Matsubara is Architect-Principal at GM Studio. His grandfather grew up in Seattle before leaving to attend architecture school at the University of Oregon. After finishing his degree, he moved to New York City and worked for McKim, Mead and White until he decided to join the U.S. Army as a volunteer. He was sent to Europe in 1918 to serve in WWI. He returned to Japan in 1923 permanently and never had a chance to see Seattle again. When Hiroshi decided to go to architectural school in Southern California 15 years ago, his grandfather told him the story of the airplane, as well as other anecdotes he remembered from his experience in the U.S.

Sonata for Humans, Birds and Humpback Whales

By NATALIE ANGIER



Photo montage by The New York Times

Recent analyses of the songs sung by birds and humpback whales show that the animals use rhythms, notes and harmonic patterns that are found in human music.

When humanity's ancestors discovered, a million years or so ago, the exquisite pleasure of a hot meal by the fire, they might very well have set the mood with a little night music — a shimmering cadenza played on a slender bone flute, perhaps, or a hymn to the spirits belted out a cappella.

As researchers conclude in the current issue of the journal Science, the love of music, that unslakable, unshakable, indescribable desire to sing and rejoice, rattle and roll, is not only a universal feature of the human species, found in every society known to anthropology, but is also deeply embedded in multiple structures of the human brain, and is far more ancient than previously suspected.

In fact, what could be called the "music instinct" long antedates the human race, and may be as widespread in nature as is a taste for bright colors, musky perfumes and flamboyant courtship displays.

In twin articles that discuss the flourishing field of biomusicology — the study of the biological basis for the creation and appreciation of music — researchers present various strings of evidence to show that music-making is at once a primal human enterprise, and an art form with virtuoso performers throughout the animal kingdom.

The researchers discuss recent discoveries in France and Slovenia of musical instruments dating back to 53,000 years ago — more than twice the age of the famed Lascaux cave paintings or the palm-size "Venus" figurines. The instruments are flutes carved of animal bone, and are so sophisticated in their design as to suggest that humans had already been fashioning musical instruments for hundreds of thousands of years. And when Jelle Atema of the Marine Biology Laboratory in Woods Hole, Mass., an author on one of the new reports and an accomplished flutist who studied with the renowned Jean-Pierre Rampal, reconstructed his own versions of the archaic flutes from bits of ancient bone and gave them a blow, he and his collaborators were impressed by their sweetness and versatility.

"What you immediately hear when he plays these flutes is the beauty of their sound," said Patricia M. Gray, the lead author on the first of the two Science articles. "They make pure and rather haunting sounds in very specific scales.

"It didn't have to be this way," she added. "They could have sounded like duck calls." Dr. Gray, a professional keyboardist, is the artistic director of the National Musical Arts, the ensemble-in-residence at the National Academy of Sciences, and the head of the academy's Biomusic program, a group of scientists and musicians who, according to their mission statement, "explore the role of music in all living things."

The new reports also emphasize that humans hold no copyright on sonic brilliance, and that a number of nonhuman animals produce what can rightly be called music, rather than random drills, trills and cacophony. Recent in-depth analyses of the songs sung by birds and humpback whales show that, even when their vocal apparatus would allow them to do otherwise, the animals converge on the same acoustic and aesthetic choices and abide by the same laws of song composition as those preferred by human musicians, and human ears, everywhere.

For example, male humpback whales, who spend six months of each year doing little else but singing, use rhythms similar to those found in human music, and musical phrases of similar length — a few seconds. Whales are capable of vocalizing over a range of at least seven octaves, yet they tend to proceed through a song in stepwise lilting musical intervals, rather than careering madly from octave to octave; in other words, they sing in key. They mix percussive and pure tones in a ratio consonant with that heard in much Western symphonic music. They also follow a favorite device of human songsters, the so-called A-B-A form, in which a theme is stated, then elaborated on, and then returned to in slightly modified form.

Perhaps most impressive, humpback songs contain refrains that rhyme. "This suggests that whales use rhyme in the same way we do: as a mnemonic device to help them remember complex material," the researchers write. "It's very easy to play along with pure, unedited whale songs," said Dr. Gray, who has written movements for saxophone, piano and whale. "They're absolutely comprehensible to us."

Birds, too, compose songs with the same notes, rhythmic variations, harmonic patterns and pitch relationships as those found in human compositions. The hermit thrush, for example, considered one of the lushest of avian vocalists, sings in the so-called pentatonic scale, in which the octaves are divided into five notes. "This is a very recognizable and very pleasant scale that is found across many human cultures," Dr. Gray said. "The pentatonic scale is the scale on which the prehistoric flutes are built, and it's also the basis for a lot of rock 'n' roll music today." Birds of a feather, it seems, rock together.

The California marsh wren may sing as many as 120 themes in a given jam session, with each theme matched by its immediate neighbor in what is known among musicians as the call-response pattern. Some birds even use instruments: the palm cockatoo of Northern Australia selects a hollow log of a preferred resonance, and then breaks off a twig to use as a drumstick.

"Music is far, far older than our species," said Roger Payne, president of the Ocean Alliance in Lincoln, Mass., and a co-author on one of the papers. "It is tens of millions of years old, and the fact that animals as wildly divergent as whales, humans and birds come out with similar laws for what they compose suggests to me that there are a finite number of musical sounds that will entertain the vertebrate brain."

Neuroscientists have just begun getting a handle on how the brain perceives and appreciates music, and the results are as yet confusing and somewhat contradictory. On the one hand, Dr. Isabelle Peretz of the University of Montreal and her colleagues have studied patients with lesions in the auditory cortex that impair only their ability to recognize music, while leaving unscathed their power to understand speech, environmental sounds and other acoustic information.

> Humans hold no copyright on musical virtuosity.

Dr. Peretz's results suggest that the brain has something specifically designed to process music, although the precise location or nature of such a do-re-mi keeper remains unknown.

On the other hand, Dr. Mark Jude Tramo, a neuroscientist at Harvard Medical School, argues in the second Science paper that neuroimaging studies of people performing or listening to music have failed to find a "music center" in the brain devoted strictly to music cognition.

All of the neural structures that participate in the musical experience, he argues, are players in other forms of cognition, auditory and otherwise. For example, Dr. Tramo says, a region called the left planum temporale, which is critical for perfect pitch, is also involved in language processing. And though the right hemisphere of the brain traditionally has been considered the "music hemisphere," recent neuroimaging studies from his and other laboratories reveal a more subtle interplay between the left and right halves of the brain in the course of a musical experience.

The left hemisphere seems particularly important for so-called "fast acoustic" processing, which would tell a listener whether, say, a note was being bowed on a violin or plucked on a guitar. The right hemisphere takes over in "slow acoustic" processing, appreciating the notes following that initial "attack." At which point, if all goes well, the brain cedes control to the body, and the party begins.

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Noah sends a dove to search for land in an image from a 12th-century mosaic
Two marine geologists say a Black Sea flood in 5600 B.C. may have inspire

Experts Face Off on 'Noa

By JOHN NOBLE WILFORD

SAN DIEGO, Jan. 8 — Two marine geologists from Columbia University in 1996 advanced the idea that a flood of water from the Mediterranean, rushing through the Bosporus with the force of 20 Niagaras, entered the Black Sea 7,600 years ago. In months, at most two years, the Black Sea rose, inundated surrounding plains and attained its present dimensions.

As a consequence, the geologists suggested, people in the region had to flee, and this could explain the rapid spread of early agriculture into eastern and northern Europe. It was even possible, they said, that the cataclysm became a part of folk memory, inspiring the Babylonian flood myth in the epic of Gilgamesh and, in time, the biblical story of Noah.

The geologists, Dr. William B. F. Ryan and Dr. Walter C. Pitman 3rd of Columbia's Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory, elaborated their hypothesis in a book, "Noah's Flood: The New Scientific Discoveries about the Event That Changed History," published in 1999 by Simon & Schuster Inc. They could not have waved a redder flag in the face of some scholars.

Although many fellow geologists have found the research persuasive and the Black Sea flood plausible, and still do, archaeologists and histo-

flood may be sound, the critics said, but they thought it a stretch to ascribe to it such widespread consequences for ancient culture and mythology.

"The large claim connecting the Black Sea flood and Noah's flood can no longer be sustained," Dr. Andrew M. T. Moore, an archaeologist and dean of liberal arts at the Rochester Institute of Technology, said in an interview afterward.

Dr. Stephanie Dalley, a historian at Oxford University in England and a specialist on Babylonian mythol-

Critics are skeptical of a link between disaster and culture.

ogy, said that the "supposed similarities" between the Black Sea event and the flood story of Gilgamesh "are random and wrong."

For one thing, Dr. Dalley said, it is questionable that a folk memory would have persisted over more than 4,000 years. But suppose it had. If refugees from the Black Sea flood carried the memory with them into the Middle East, where it was eventually written on clay tablets, why is there no flood mythology in the ancient cultures of Eastern Europe, where other refugees may have mi-

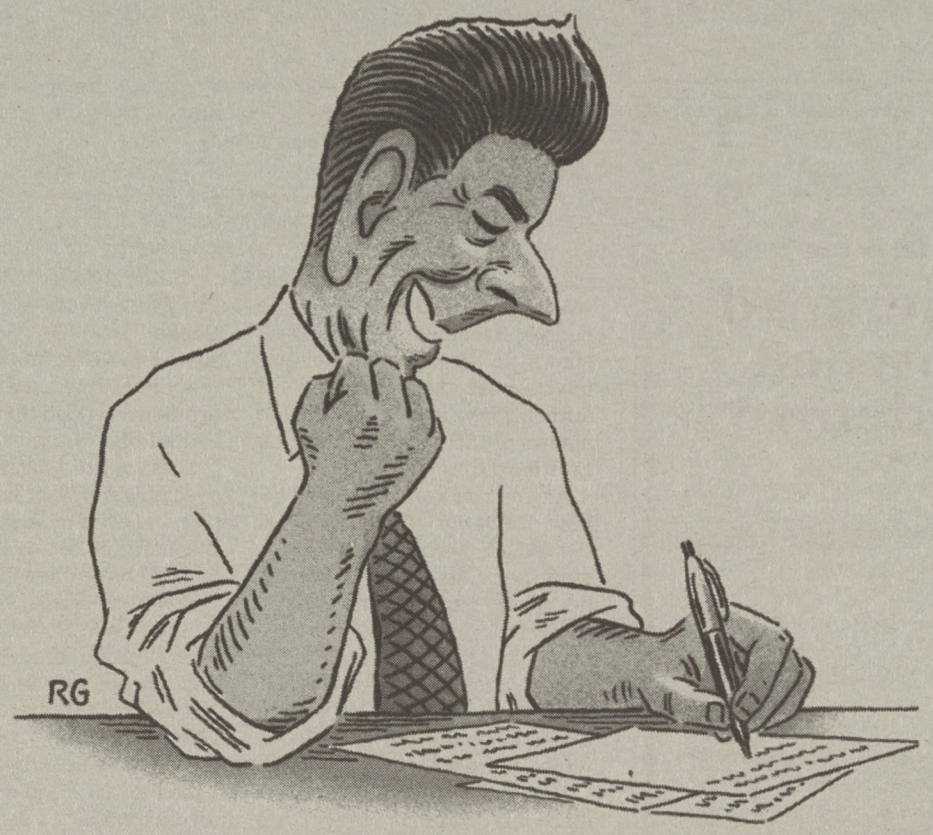
Reagan Was a Reaganite

A collection of the former president's radio commentaries shows his wonkish side.

REAGAN, IN HIS OWN HAND

The Writings of Ronald Reagan That Reveal His Revolutionary Vision for America.
Edited by Kiron K. Skinner, Annelise Anderson and Martin Anderson.
Foreword by George P. Shultz.
549 pp. New York: The Free Press. $30.

By David Brooks



ROBERT GROSSMAN

THE Russian philosopher Nikolai Berdyaev once wrote, "It would be possible to determine two patterns, two types among men's souls, the one inclined toward the spirit of Tolstoy, the other toward that of Dostoyevsky." And isn't it amazing how that quotation reminds you of today's Republican Party? For among Republicans, too, there are two patterns, two types, the one inclined toward the spirit of Reagan, the other toward that of Bush.

The Reaganites had their formative experiences in secluded corners of college libraries, where they discovered Friedrich Hayek and Milton Friedman, Russell Kirk and Leo Strauss. For them politics is a battle of ideas. Liberal ideas — like affirmative action and legal abortion — are in error and must be disproved and replaced. Reaganites tend to work in think tanks, or wish they did. They care about long-ago disputes, like the guilt of Alger Hiss, because they want you to know not only that liberals are wrong now but also that they were always wrong.

The Bushies, on the other hand, are more normal and more boring. They have neat desks and thin briefcases because their reading comes in the form of memos. They tend to work — very hard, in fact — in corporations, law firms and other large organizations, and regard themselves as master managers. They see politics as a competition of interests. They are good at striking deals.

Reaganites and Bushies are both skeptical of government. The differences are in how they think, not what they think. The Bushies look at the Reaganites and see hapless geeks — useful if you're in need of a speech, but certainly not the sort to be trusted with real responsibility. The Reaganites see the Bushies as hapless anal retentives. They may be good at playing the bureaucracy, but they don't know where they're going because they have no principles. They don't even know what an idea *is*. They say things like, "Our foreign policy should be in our national interest," and think they have expressed one.

Since the Republican Party is a conservative, orderly party, the two camps take turns screwing up. Bushian pragmatists dominated the first Bush administration. They got so caught up in the 1990 budget process that they compromised on what were supposed to be their core principles and lost touch with the American people. So after Bush's defeat, the ideologues, led by Newt Gingrich and Dick Armey, took control of the party. But they were harsh, radical and uncompromising, so now Republicans are once again dominated by Bushianism. In selecting his cabinet, George W. Bush generally passed over provocative thinkers and people who give good interviews in favor of sober executives. This is an administration so corporate that the lone academic at the top level — the national security adviser, Condoleezza Rice — sat on the board of Chevron and has an oil tanker named after her.

In the midst of this Bushian *risorgimento* comes a book to remind us of the differences between the two mental types. The book is called "Reagan, in His Own Hand," and it is mostly a collection of radio commentaries Ronald Reagan delivered between 1976 and 1980, between his failed primary challenge to Gerald Ford and his successful campaign against Jimmy Carter. During those years, Reagan returned to the rubber-chicken circuit, wrote a column and delivered these daily radio messages. Ghostwriters wrote the column, but Reagan actually worked on the radio commentaries himself. He'd sit on airplanes and in the back of cars, drafting piece after piece on legal pads, and would come back from a trip with three weeks of commentaries ready for typing. The dominant impression these drafts leave is that Reagan really was a Reaganite. He'd already been governor of California, but he still saw politics primarily as a battle of ideas.

These are earnest policy sermons. Reagan covered everything from bilingual education to the Panama Canal to the political situation in Equatorial Guinea, engrossing himself in a level of detail that frankly surpasses that of almost all op-ed columnists today. In 1978, for example, he came across a speech the Yale law professor Eugene Rostow gave on the proposed SALT II arms control agreement. Reagan couldn't do just one radio commentary summarizing and commenting on Rostow's views. He did six, going through the arcana about mobile launchers, MIRV's, Minutemen versus MX missiles and so on.

Reagan was a middlebrow (and I mean that as a compliment). He believed in the serious explication of ideas. He'd troll through clippings from The Public Interest or National Review, or a policy document someone had sent him, and he'd want to bring it to his listeners' attention. Sometimes, caught up in didactic fervor, he'd get carried away. During a commentary on how tax indexing works, he declared: "A family of four earning $9,600 last year will have to get a $595 raise to keep even with the 6.2 percent inflation rate. So this year their income is $10,195. But that raise put them in a higher state tax bracket reducing their purchasing power by $70." Reagan must have understood that cramming all those numbers into three sentences makes for terrible radio. But he was eager to get the concept across.

Unlike radio commentators or newspaper pundits today, he never responded to the news blip of the moment. He generally ignored political scandals; anyone looking for personal attacks on Jimmy Carter will come up empty. During a commentary on the capital gains tax rate, Reagan declared, "Frankly speaking the president was a little off base." That was as rough as he got.

The editors of this volume, Kiron K. Skinner, Annelise Anderson and Martin Anderson, have toted up the commentaries by subject matter. Twenty-seven percent of them were on foreign and defense policy, 25 percent were on economic policy, 15 percent were on regulation and individual liberty, 10 percent were on energy and the environment, and the like. As the editors note with some surprise, only 3 percent were on social issues, and only one commentary was on abortion. Judging from these pieces, Reagan was more of a policy wonk than a culture warrior. His abortion commentary is entirely secular. He says that until he was governor he'd never given the subject much thought. He declared that neither medicine nor law nor theology rendered a clear verdict. So he asked his lawyers if fetuses had property rights. If a pregnant woman became a widow and found that her husband had split his estate between her and the unborn child, Reagan wondered, could she abort the child and inherit all of the estate? On the basis of such questioning, Reagan decided that since fetuses had property rights, they must have rights to life.

One of the things these commentaries do is blow apart the notion that Reagan was a flighty actor who floated through the presidency on the basis of charm and communication skills. Reagan spent the years leading up to his presidency — the decades, really — involved in day-to-day policy disputes. Another thought one can't escape is that George W. Bush could never have written these commentaries. It is impossible to imagine George W. sitting down and composing little essays on the inefficiency of Amtrak subsidies or the foolishness of the Law of the Sea treaty, as Reagan did.

But that doesn't mean that Bush is stupider than Reagan, just that the Bush mind is of a different cast. Reagan must have been happiest reading National Review essays on cold war disputes. Bush is clearly happiest reading people. If anything, the Bush mentality is the more conservative, if by conservative you mean prudent, managerial and incremental.

IN fact, the great promise of the Bush administration — and the early days of any administration are the season to dream — is that he will finally reconcile the two mentalities. He is staffing his administration with people like Tommy Thompson and Donald Rumsfeld. Thompson is a legislative tactician, but he also pursued the long-range vision of welfare reform. Rumsfeld, an administrator and businessman, has latched on to missile defense. And in one respect Bush already does resemble a Reaganite. Once he gets a policy notion in his head, he sticks with it. Unlike most pragmatists, he doesn't overreact to the daily flow of events. If anything, he underreacts.

So maybe the two sides of the Republican brain can finally be brought into harmony. If that happens, the epic novel to describe the second Bush administration won't be "War and Peace" or "Crime and Punishment." It will be a love story called "Geeks and Golfers." But if it's longer than 200 pages, the Bushies won't read it. □

David Brooks is a senior editor at The Weekly Standard.

1/28/01



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TRANSFIGURATIONS
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By Jay Wright.
619 pp. Baton Rouge:
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By John Hollander

JAY WRIGHT is a brilliant and original poet, difficult and allusive, beating his own unpredictable path through a variety of terrains. Never denying that he has been told much of how and where to go by great poets of the past, he also seems always to have known that their counsel — if it is to be taken at all — cannot be taken literally. This is one of the reasons that his poetry can be so powerfully concerned with roots — cultural, intellectual and spiritual — and with journeyings, both of which are often baleful clichés in so much contemporary verse. But a true poet's metaphor of the journey taken by his or her poetic work itself may have a much more complex and — ultimately — more universal tale to tell.

A widely and deeply read African-American from New Mexico, Wright took a graduate degree in comparative literature at Rutgers, where he studied with the critic and teacher — also originally from Albuquerque — Francis Fergusson. Wright taught for a while in Scotland, and also from time to time in universities in this country, but for the past 25 years has lived rather reclusively with his wife in rural New England. His poetry gives evidence of a bookish and extremely thoughtful life while encountering the forms and rituals of cultures without literatures — West African, Mexican and Central American — as well as the writers — Augustine, Goethe, Rilke, David Hume, Hugh MacDiarmid — whose traces we find allusively placed throughout his work. Wright's poetic mythmaking derives as much from a purely American sort of engagement with major late Romantic poetry as it has to do with anthropologically framed story, song and ritual.

For the title of Wright's "Homecoming Singer" (1971) home is indeed New Mexico, but in the course of this immensely impressive first book we see it also as paradigmatic poetic ground, rather than merely a literal autobiographical locus. In the fine "Sketch for an Aesthetic Project" he speaks of "parchments of blood, / sunk where I cannot walk": this trope returns in a poem in a 1984 volume ("The Continuing City: Spirit and Body," from "Explications/Interpretations") as a bit of manifesto: "I take the earth beneath me / as parchment and intention, / memory and project of all / movement it contains." That the earth might be a document, or even a memory, is most Emersonian, but that it is an intention and a project is a very different kind of figure. "I await my completion in a strange house," the poem concludes, "my soul's rags falling in pride from its door." The earth beneath Wright's poems keeps moving about. A moment of light on Central Park Lake and Loch Lomond, or Cornelia Street in Greenwich Village calling up the story of the jewels of the Gracchi: all grounded in Wright's unfolding "parchment and intention."

In "Transfigurations," his monumental new complete collection, one can follow Wright's imaginative explorations of a variety of mythopoeic regions. This volume contains all his work, from the fascinating book-length poem called "The Double Invention of Komo" — only a small bit of which was in an earlier collection — to his most recent book and a good number of previously unpublished recent poems; only a few very early pieces from a 1967 chapbook are not included.

Wright's poetry cannot fit the most obvious sorts of generic categories in which popular cultural journalism might wish to place it, particularly under rubrics like "African-American poetry" or "poetry of the Southwest." If some things in it seem to have been shown their way — as the critic Robert Stepto has pointed out — by Robert Hayden, others, particularly in his earlier books, were profoundly engaged with the poetry of Hart Crane, both in their chastely forceful use of high diction and in their central quest for imaginative identity, as Harold Bloom has long recognized. At the end of a central poem in his first book called "Preparing to Leave Home," the speaker acknowledges, as he starts out on an imaginative quest, "I have not prepared. / I have gone too soon." But these stark lines, poetic in their allegorical reach rather than in their work and play with language, are preceded by a line of almost pure Crane, "The melancholy bells repeat themselves," referring to no literal bells present earlier in the poem. In a fine little poem on Crispus Attucks, the African-American killed in the Boston Massacre, the recollection is not only of a historical moment but of the continuing history and meaning of remembrance itself, a matter for Crane more than Whitman, say: "Now, we think of you, / when, through the sibilant streets, / another season drums / your intense, communal daring."

In Wright's later books he moves among lyric personae, having liberated himself, in his earlier work, from even the shadow of literal autobiography. In one of the odes of "Boleros," Art Tatum, the great blind jazz pianist, speaks of his improvisation:

So I lay two notes in the bar ahead,
diminish a major,
tunnel through the dark
of the brightest minor,
and come out on the right side of the song.
I pick the composer's pocket,
and lay the hidden jewels out there.

This account suggests one of Browning's ventriloquistic musicians, talking as much about poetry as about musical composition. But the next lines bring all this home to Wright's characteristic imaginative concerns:

Hammer and anvil guide the music of my house,
smithy of the ear's anticipations, forge
of the mind in what it denies
and what it fulfills.

Throughout Wright's poetry, the speaker's body is central, and yet it is treated metaphorically in an array of different ways, all of them differing from anything Whitmanian or narcissistic. Bodily and mental partitionings, phases and elements of ritual, calendrical mappings — whether canonical saints' days or moments of remembered weather across two continents — all help name and shape parts of poetic structure for him. But language is as tactile for him as body, and the later "Desire's Persistence" and "The Anatomy of Resonance" are companion poems in their structural method. Each starts from an epigraph and then meditates on each of the substantive words therein. One epigraph is from a 1582 Spanish translation of Nahuatl poetry, the other is two lines from Hölderlin. Even in the confrontation of these two precursor texts, the course of one of the paths taken by this remarkable singer, continuing to set out on various homecomings, becomes clear as the songs themselves become ever more vivid. □



BORIS KULIKOV

John Hollander is Sterling professor of English at Yale. An expanded edition of his "Rhyme's Reason," a guide to verse, will be published this year.

NYT Dec 6, 2000

Foreign Affairs

THOMAS L. FRIEDMAN

The Last Green Mile

With the odds increasing every day that George W. Bush will be declared the 43rd president, a couple of things are becoming clear: Bush voters are the likely winners. Gore voters are the likely losers. And all those people who voted for Ralph Nader and the Green Party are the likely really big losers.

Why? Just do the math. Assuming a very narrow victory for Mr. Bush, and a 50-50 split in the U.S. Senate, it's highly doubtful that on the big policy issues — tax cuts, Social Security, education, foreign policy — a Bush administration will be able to do much more, or much less, than a Gore administration.

Where Mr. Bush will have the biggest impact is not through the macro-politics, but through the micro-politics — on all those issues that reside just below the radar, on all those issues where the hundreds of assistant secretaries, agency heads and department chiefs, whom the Bush team will appoint throughout the government, will have the discretion, guidance and desire to impose a conservative ethos.

And what are those issues? Well, let's see — things like how environmental regulations are interpreted, where oil wells can be dug in Alaska, what sorts of lands the Interior Department sets aside for conservation, how worker health and safety rules are enforced or expanded, how labor laws are interpreted, how gun control is dealt with, how aggressively fuel efficiency standards are pursued, how assiduously global population control programs are supported and to what extent the U.S. works to curb the "greenhouse" gases that are causing global warming.

Ralph Nader's legacy.

There is actually another name for all these environmental, social and labor issues: "The Nader Agenda." These are all the issues that Ralph Nader and his supporters professed to care most about. Well, guess what? All their issues are going to get the short end of the stick from a Bush-staffed bureaucracy, which will be heavily influenced by the oil and gas industry, the National Rifle Association and the anti-abortion lobby.

Just think about one area — global warming. Instead of having as president Al Gore, someone who would have made it a priority to rescue the failed Kyoto climate change treaty, we will probably have a president and vice president both of whom came from the energy business and don't even believe global warming is for real. Mr. Bush's chief of staff will be Andrew Card, who spent the last seven years as chief lobbyist for the auto industry, fighting tighter fuel economy, air pollution and global warming regulations. So Mr. Nader helped deliver a president from the oil industry, a vice president from the drilling industry and a chief of staff from the auto industry. Have a nice day.

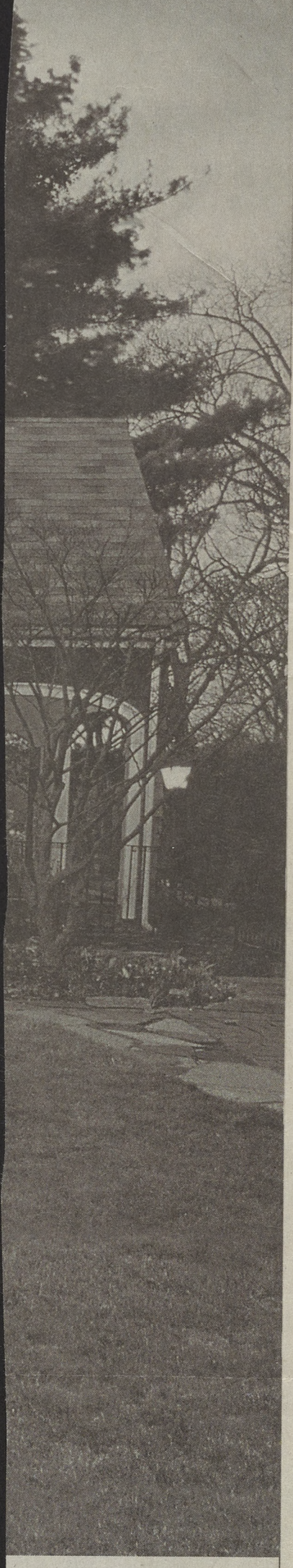
Indeed, when we wake up 20 years from now and find that the Atlantic Ocean is just outside Washington, D.C., because the polar icecaps are melting, we may look back at this pivotal election. We may wonder whether it wasn't the last moment when a U.S. policy to deal with global warming might have made a difference, and we may ask why the party most concerned about that, the Greens, helped to elect Mr. Bush by casting 97,000 Nader votes in Florida.

Nader's voters forgot what Nader's Raiders always remembered: Government is not just about the big bills and legislation. It's also about lots of little things, decided by lots of little bureaucrats whom each party brings to Washington when it takes over.

Throughout the campaign, the egomaniacal Mr. Nader — who makes Ross Perot look selfless by comparison — justified taking away votes from Mr. Gore by arguing that there really wasn't much difference between him and Mr. Bush. And, like a good Leninist, Mr. Nader also didn't seem to mind destroying the Democratic Party to save it. Well, maybe there didn't appear to be much difference between the two men — but there was a huge difference between the hundreds of key people Al Gore and George Bush would appoint to staff their administrations. And those hundreds of people will make thousands of decisions that one day will add up to a very big difference.

If you need any proof of that, look at Florida. Look at how many key decisions were taken by "little people" who resided below the radar screens — local judges, senior state officials and local election supervisors. They are the gears of government, and in a Bush administration they are the ones who will be interpreting and regulating everything the Naderites care about. As I said, have a nice day. □

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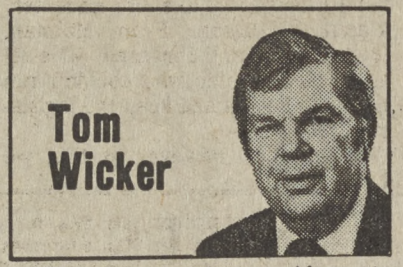
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This Fritz would whip the deficit

P-1 2-7-84

Does President Reagan really worry about those enormous deficits, averaging $200 billion annually, that his tax and military policies will foist on the nation for as many years ahead as you care to look?

If he does, you'd never know it by his proposals; and Sen. Ernest Hollings, for one, doesn't believe it. He's saying out loud what most would fear to whisper — that the deficits are part of a deliberate Reagan political strategy.



No evidence to refute it

It happens that Fritz Hollings, a Democratic presidential candidate to whom too little attention has been paid (because of "horse race" press coverage that takes small account of serious issues), is the only man running in either party who has published a specific and — in my judgment — politically possible plan to eliminate those deficits. That gives him standing to say of Reagan, as he recently did to the Association for a Better New York:

"He intentionally created a deficit so large that we Democrats will never have enough money to build the sort of government programs we want . . . He came to (Washington) to preside as referee in bankruptcy over the dismantling of the American government," on the theory that if we create a big enough deficit then we can halt government and break that Democratic bureaucracy."

There's certainly no evidence to the contrary in Reagan's 1985 budget. It proffers a $180 billion deficit, with only $4 billion in spending cuts and a $48 billion military spending increase — $55 billion if the Congressional Budget Office's inflation forecast of 7 percent by 1987 is accepted rather than the White House estimate of 4.1 percent.

Reagan's proposal for bipartisan agreement to make a "down payment" on the deficit in the next three years is a palpable fake, designed to shift responsibility to the Democrats; and the $100 billion he proposed would still leave the deficit up by $500 billion after three years.

Hollings, a man of tart tongue, derides what he calls Reagan's "phony, Hollywood history," in which the president claims that the deficits are the result of "the last 50 years of government." A member of the Senate Budget and Appropriations Committees, Hollings points out that "from 1950 to 1970 the whole, cumulative government deficit was $74.7 billion."

But $457 billion was added to the national debt in the first 32 months Reagan was in office. The projected eight-year growth in the debt, covering a second term for Reagan, is about $1.64 trillion; that would nearly triple the national debt he inherited in 1981 from the last 200 years of government.

This crushing debt, in the Hollings view, will be used "as a club to break the spirit of the Democrats," and to wipe out post-New Deal government. Once re-elected, he believes, Reagan "will come in with a consumption tax to lower the deficit at the expense of consumers."

But next year might be too late. The deficits drive up the value of the dollar, for example, and increase the cost of U.S. exports; these fell last year from $24 to $18 billion, the main reason for a $70 billion trade deficit that's extremely costly in American jobs.

Henry Kaufman, the influential senior economist at Salomon Brothers, observed in a recent television interview with David Brinkley that "it is too late to wait until fiscal 1985 or calendar 1985. By that time the utilization of resources, the inflationary pressures, are going to be somewhat too great so that the budgetary measures that will be undertaken then are not going to give us what we want — a lower inflation rate, a holding of the inflation, and to expand the duration" of recovery.

Kaufman said he also expected substantially higher interest rates "unless there is some intervention through fiscal policy some time this year."

Hollings would intervene right now, by "freezing" last year's budget into place for fiscal 1985 — including military spending, federal pay, and cost-of-living allowances in entitlement programs. After that one-year freeze, he'd hold spending growth across the board to 3 percent annually for five years; delay for five years the scheduled indexing of income tax brackets; and enact specified tax reforms, including repeal of the oil depletion allowance and the imposition of a 4 percent minimum corporate income tax.

Spread the pain

The result: five-year revenue gains of $256.8 billion from tax reform and the delay of indexing; five-year savings of $148.2 billion in military spending, $116.4 billion in other federal programs and $73 billion in reduced interest costs. The total of $594.5 billion in revenues and savings would produce a manageable deficit of only $2.7 billion in fiscal 1988.

That would do the job, and it would spread the pain fairly. Is Reagan willing to do as much? No, says Hollings: "with his policies of borrow, borrow, spend, spend," he only "smiles and waves and talks about space stations and constitutional amendments."

NEW YORK TIMES



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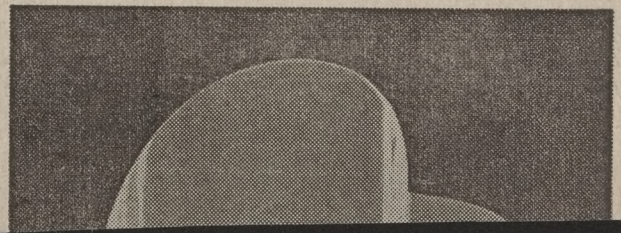
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Wisconsin State Journal (Madison) Sept. 8 00

As the thaw cycle changes, so does rhythm of the seasons.



File photo

Ice breaks up during the spring of 2000 on Madison's Lake Mendota, one of the lakes used in a study of global warming trends.

Elegant, simple records show a warming trend

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

By Ron Seely
Science reporter

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

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

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

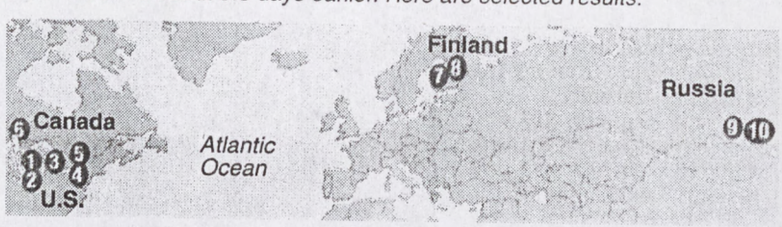
But they were. It just took UW-Madison limnologist John Magnuson to figure that out.

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

Please see **WARM**, Page 3A

Postponed freezes, earlier thaws

Researchers found evidence of global warming by studying data of the annual freezing and thawing of 26 bodies of water. The study concludes that over the past 150 years, the freezing occurred an average of 8.7 days later and the thaw occurred about 9.8 days earlier. Here are selected results.



Selected location	Freeze: Days later per 100 years	Thaw: Days earlier per 100 years
1. Mendota Lake, Wisconsin	6 days	7.5 days
2. Monona Lake, Wisconsin	7.2	12.2
3. Grand Traverse Bay, Minnesota	11.4	11.8
4. Ostego Lake, New York	4.8	6.5
5. Toronto Harbor, Canada	36.9	7.4
6. Red River, Canada	13.2	10.6
7. Nasijarvi Lake, Finland	5.7	8.8
8. Kallavesi Lake, Finland	5.3	9.2
9. Baikal Lake, Russia	11.0	5.1
10. Angara River, Russia	8.5	2.1

SOURCE: Science

AP

Warm

Continued from Page 1A

later and thawing earlier — a phenomenon the scientists say reflects a long warming trend in the Earth's climate.

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

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

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

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



Magnuson

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

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

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

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

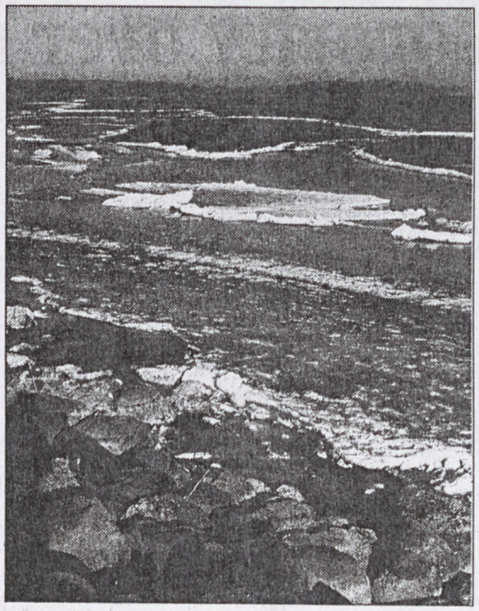


Photo by John Magnuson

This Feb. 25, 1998, photo shows evidence of an early thaw on Lake Mendota.

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

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

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

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

"You look out on the lake," Magnuson said, "and it's frozen."

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

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

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

Science Times



Magnum/Jean Gaumy

New Appreciation Of the Complexity In a Flock of Birds

Scientists no longer believe groups rely on leaders.

By JAMES GLEICK

NOTHING in the motion of a single bird or a single fish, no matter how graceful, can prepare a scientist for the sight of 10,000 starlings wheeling in formation over a cornfield, or a million minnows, threatened by a predator, snapping into a tight, polarized array.

Yet somehow the actions of individual animals sum together in ways that researchers are only beginning to understand, creating patterns of motion so complex that they seem to have been choreographed from above. Flocks and schools have a distinctive style of behavior — with a fluidity and a seeming intelligence that far transcends the abilities of their members.

Vast congregations of birds, for example, are capable of turning sharply and suddenly en masse, always avoiding collisions within the flock, and zoologists now believe that such movements take place without guidance from a leader. Fish, too — their vision limited in murky seas — manage complex, seemingly instantaneous maneuvers when alarmed by an intruder.

Flocking and schooling create some of life's most breathtaking spectacles, and they have been among the most difficult to explain. Zoologists, studying bird and fish behavior with the help of miles of high-speed film, have often assumed some high level of coordination.

But now, gaining insight from new computer models, they see synchronized maneuvers as a surprising product of the actions of individual fish following individual rules for fleeing predators and staying clear of their neighbors. Thousands of simulated animals are programmed to fly or swim independently, and flock- and school-like behavior emerges on its own.

Despite recent progress, the science of analyzing the movements of flocks and schools is at an early stage in which scientists have identified many of these individual patterns but have yet to understand precisely how they emerge as movements of the group. Perhaps no conventional answer will ever emerge.

"The complexity is fascinating because there is so much going on, but it isn't unstructured — it isn't like dropping a thousand Superballs into a tank," said Craig W. Reynolds of Symbolics Corporation, who has modeled flocking and schooling. "The synchronization speed is pretty astounding. And since birds aren't mental giants, they can't be doing deep thinking as they fly along. They must use fairly simple rules."

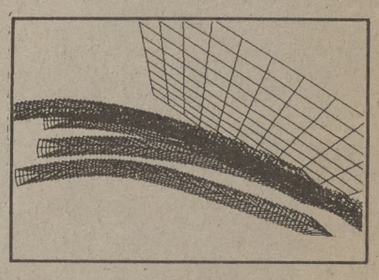
Flocks and schools are more than just groups of animals clumped together, and not all species display flocking and schooling behavior. Those that do, often in response to hungry predators, are capable of high-speed motion, flight around obstacles and abrupt course changes.

Herding can be a similar phenomenon, but land-bound animals cannot match the flexibility of birds and fish liberated in the three-dimensional space of air and water. The seemingly effortless rapport of thousands of animals has driven otherwise sober scientists to talk of "thought transference" and "magnetic field perturbation."

"All kinds of crazy things have been proposed," said Frank Heppner, a University of Rhode Island zoologist. "I once put forward my own bit of insanity by proposing that there had to be some biological radio."

Ornithologists have also traditionally believed that birds must be responding to cues from a leader — "because how else could you account for the near-simultanous move-

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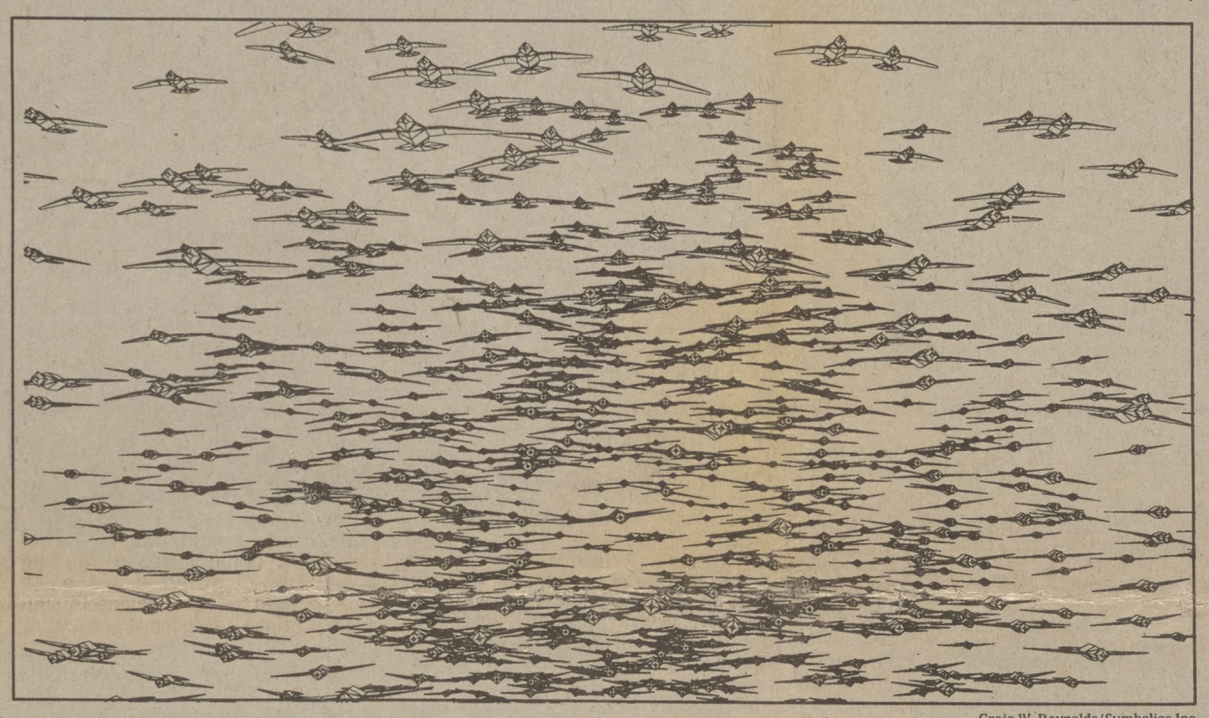


Faced with an obstacle, the flock turns in a fluid ensemble, avoiding collisions between birds.

Individual Motions Create Patterns

Members of a flock respond independently to the movements of their neighbors and the presence of threats such as predators.

In a computer model, researchers have found that complex flock-like maneuvers emerge when many simulated birds are programmed to fly independently, according to a few simple rules.



Craig W. Reynolds/Symbolics Inc.

Teen-Age Risk-Taking: Rise in Deaths Prompts New Research Effort

Experts seek ways to head off the peril.

By DANIEL GOLEMAN

Alarmed by the rising toll of accidents and violence among teenagers, the Federal Government and private foundations have embarked on a major new program of research on why teen-agers take so many foolish risks — and how such dangerous behavior can be curbed.

From acrobatics on skateboards to sex without contraceptives, teenagers are notoriously reckless. Research suggests a combination of hormonal factors, an inability to perceive risks accurately and the need to impress peers help explain this. All of these influences seem to peak in the years between 10 and the mid-20's.

Driving the new research effort is a chilling fact: adolescents are the only age group in which mortality has risen since 1960. Three-quarters of adolescent deaths are caused by accidents, homicide and suicide, all of which indicate a lethal propensity for risk-taking. Accidents alone account for 60 percent of those deaths.

"The three biggest killers of young people are essentially psychological," said Lewis Lipsitt, a developmental psychologist at Brown University. "They are dying of their own reckless behavior."

Dr. Lipsitt organized a meeting of scientists last year at the National Institute of Mental Health to draw up a research agenda on risk-taking by teen-agers and what to do about it. A follow-up meeting is planned for this spring. The meetings are part of efforts by the Government and foundations to identify teen-agers most likely to take dangerous risks and to find ways to head off the peril.

In seeking the causes of the risk-taking, researchers are confronted with a fact known to every parent: teen-agers can seem to live in an orbit all their own, in which the reasonable imperatives of the adult world have little, if any, relevance. What seems a clear danger in the eyes of an adult,



Monkmeyer/Mimi Forsyth

the researchers say, may seem safe, or safe enough, to the teen-ager.

The ability to evaluate risk seems to be skewed in many teen-agers. For instance, when they were asked to anticipate what risks become more or less dangerous over time, they saw addiction from drug use and pregnancy from unprotected intercourse as becoming less rather than more likely, according to Charles Irwin, a pediatrician at the University of California at San Francisco.

Further, perception of some risks may fade in the face of peer pressure. For example, when it comes to using condoms, the major concerns of adolescents are not the risks of pregnancy, but rather such matters as whether they think their peers use condoms and whether condoms are

Continued on Page 16

Linguists Dig Deeper Into Origins of Language

One researcher believes he is getting closer to the primordial tongue.

By JOHN NOBLE WILFORD

PALEONTOLOGISTS ponder their fossils, archeologists turn over ancient stones, and now scholars of linguistics are joining the search for human origins with a systematic analysis of the roots of the world's known languages. They are seeking ultimately to reconstruct the primordial language, the mother tongue of all humans.

Not that anyone hopes to find some Rosetta Stone for the earliest ancestral language. The written word goes back only 6,000 years. Yet humans may have developed rudimentary spoken language at least 50,000 years ago, although from the evidence of fossil jaws, they probably could not have made the sound of any vowels other than a long "a."

And not that anyone expects to learn that 30,000 years ago Cro-Magnon artists discussed their cave paintings in words bearing any resemblance to modern languages. Over time, even a single millennium, languages change beyond easy recognition; the old English of Beowulf in the 8th century is practically unintelligible, and 14th-century Chaucer is no snap.

However, a few linguistic experts now firmly believe that, by analyzing the evolution and approximate sound and meaning of certain words, they have reconstructed the basic vocabulary of a remote ancestral language that modern man has never heard or seen. They call it Nostratic, from the Latin noster, for "our." Nostratic was spoken in the Middle East sometime between 20,000 and 12,000 years ago, the researchers say, and from it evolved all the European languages as well as many African and Asian ones.

Other linguists, employing the same meticulous analytical techniques, report that they have reconstructed the root languages of the first settlers of the Americas, the ancestors of the Eskimos and Indians. The knowledge could point to the origin in Asia of the first Americans and their migration patterns.

Emboldened by these reported successes, Vitaly V. Shevoroshkin, a linguist at the University of Michigan, is striving to determine some of the words of an even earlier protolanguage, the common root of Nostratic and other seemingly unrelated linguistic branches on the family tree of prehistoric language. He believes this ancestral language, spoken 25,000 years ago, could eventually lead him to discover some of the elements of what may have been the primordial language.

"Ultimately, all languages, with perhaps some little exceptions, are related," Dr. Shevoroshkin said, stating the guiding premise of those scholars who are making a scientific study of the distant relationship of languages.

The search for such relationships is potentially valuable to the larger study of human origins by anthropologists, paleontologists and archeologists. Finding linguistic similarities back through time could buttress other research on the human migrations from Africa to the Middle East and then throughout the world. Ancestral vocabularies could provide clues to the tools early people used, the animals they domesticated and their means of survival.

Winfred P. Lehmann, a retired professor of linguistics and Germanic languages at the University of Texas at Austin, said: "We can learn more about prehistory through language, possibly where civilization actually developed. Words give us a notion of what people were talking about, and thus something about their culture."

Like many linguistic scholars, Dr. Lehmann is skeptical of some of the conclusions reached by the "Nostratic School," as the seekers of the earliest protolanguages are called. This research was pioneered in the 1960's in the Soviet Union, where most of the work is still done. Dr. Shevoroshkin, the leading exponent in this country, emigrated here 13 years ago.

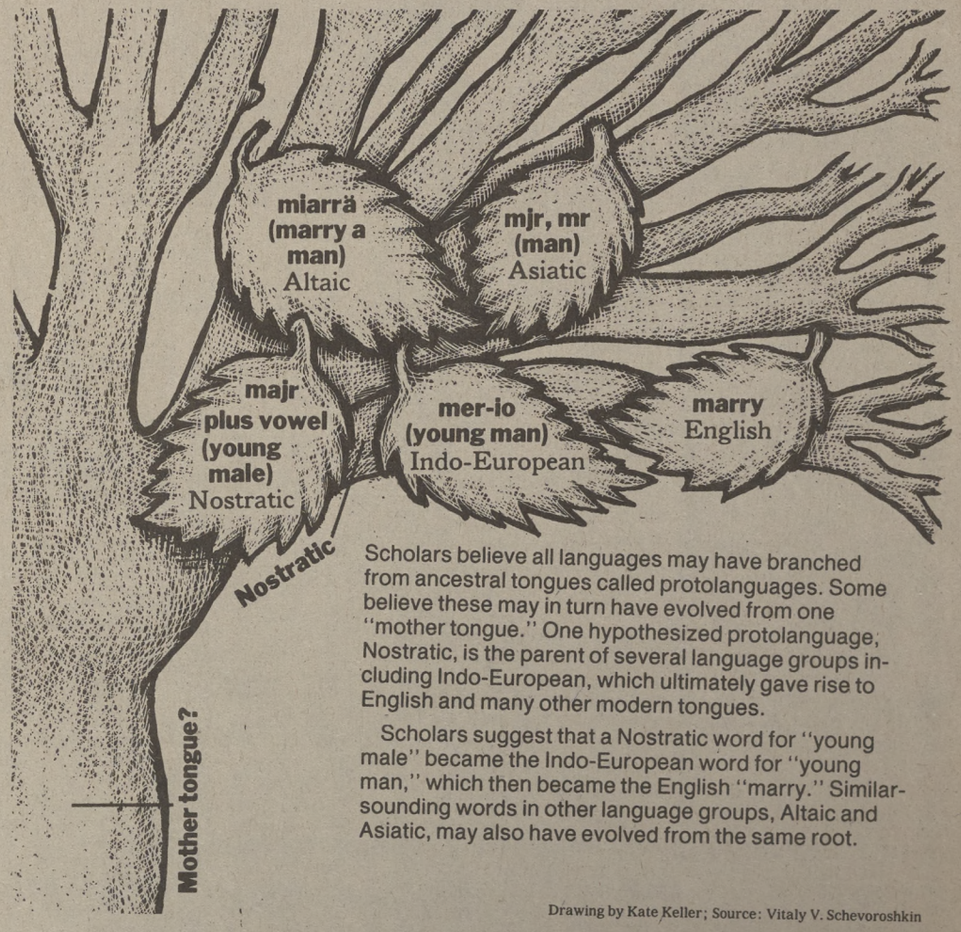
The Nostratic scholars are "very ingenious and very capable," Dr. Lehmann said. "You have to respect the idea that all the languages were related 25,000 years ago. But the grounds for their conclusions are not always convincing. If you go back a few thousand years, comparing words and languages, pretty soon you have so few related words left that you have nothing to compare."

For this reason, linguists have generally despaired of ever tracing the lineage of languages back beyond about 5,000 B.C., and are dubious of the new attempts to do so.

Relationships of modern languages are usu-

Continued on Page 18

The Search for Protolanguages



Scholars believe all languages may have branched from ancestral tongues called protolanguages. Some believe these may in turn have evolved from one "mother tongue." One hypothesized protolanguage, Nostratic, is the parent of several language groups including Indo-European, which ultimately gave rise to English and many other modern tongues.

Scholars suggest that a Nostratic word for "young male" became the Indo-European word for "young man," which then became the English "marry." Similar-sounding words in other language groups, Altaic and Asiatic, may also have evolved from the same root.

Drawing by Kate Keller; Source: Vitaly V. Schevoroshkin

New Tests on Joints Sought for Booster Before a Launching

But panel says plan need not delay flights in '88.

By WARREN E. LEARY
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23 — The redesigned joints of the space shuttle's booster rockets should undergo a new series of tests before being declared ready for flight, but the additional testing need not delay resumption of flights next year as planned, an expert panel said today.

Experts reviewing redesign of the solid fuel boosters, blamed for destruction of the space shuttle Challenger in January 1986, are recommending a series of confirmation tests to assure the integrity of new seals between the sections making up the rockets.

The panel from the National Research Council is part of the private but Congressionally chartered National Academy of Sciences, which advises the Government on science and technology. The panel said that other previously planned tests could be deferred if it appeared the additional examinations it recommends might delay the scheduled June 1988 startup of shuttle flights.

Test of Insulation

More tests in addition to the one planned are needed to make sure that new bonded insulation, which acts as the primary shield for keeping hot gases within the boosters from escaping through joints, works as planned, the panel said in a three-page report to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

The panel also called for more tests of secondary O-ring seals, under pressures they would withstand if the primary O-ring backup should fail to seal a joint if the bonded insulation failed.

Leaking gases from a faulty joint between two sections of one of the Challenger's boosters are blamed for the explosion that led to the loss of the spacecraft and seven crew members. A Presidential commission said cold temperatures before the launching prevented two O-ring seals, which encircle the booster joints like giant rubber washers, from blocking the escape of hot gases that ignited the shuttle's huge external fuel tank.

In the new joint design, sections of insulation that keep fuel from burning through the rocket are glued together with an adhesive instead of being sealed with a putty. In addition, a metal lip has been installed to secure the joint during launching, and a third O-ring has been added to protect the two present in the original booster design.

Official Backs Tests

John Thomas, manager of the booster redesign team at NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center, at Huntsville, Ala., said the new tests sought by the panel appeared reasonable and useful.

"I think we can work these tests into the current test programs and not experience any flight delays," Mr. Thomas said in a telephone interview. "It may be necessary to eliminate, or postpone, some manufacturing-defects tests that really are optional, as the report suggests, to do some of the pressure tests they request.'

Manufacturing defects tests involve simulating things that could happen to parts of the booster after they are made and put together. Some of the tests, such as the one to look for a seal having been bent after two parts are put together or the one for an insect crawling into an assembly, can be performed later in the redesign program, experts said.

In this fifth report from the Research Council panel advising on booster changes, the group appeared to play down earlier urgings that the space agency pursue alternative booster designs in the event the current changes failed to work properly.

"As additional tests are successfully carried out, the need to continue even the current minimal effort on contingent designs for first flight diminishes," the panel wrote.

Mr. Thomas agreed that de-emphasizing its previous insistence on alternative designs indicated the panel had developed increasing confidence in the existing design as the test program showed that it would work.

Other Tests Are Recommended

In addition to seeking the extra pressure tests on the redesigned joint seals, the advisory panel said it would be a good idea to disassemble parts of the rocket boosters, test the components and reassemble them before some coming test firings.

This would simulate what would happen after a booster was delivered to the launching site and a problem required partial disassembly, said Myron F. Uman, staff director for the Research Council study group



Associated Press

Comet Bradfield, the brightest comet since Halley, photographed about 90.5 million miles from Earth. It will be most visible the night of Dec. 13.

Bright Comet Heading for Earth Rendezvous

By WALTER SULLIVAN

THE brightest comet to light up the skies of the Northern Hemisphere since the encounter with Halley's Comet last spring is approaching its closest passage of the Earth.

Comet Bradfield, which is comparable in brightness to Halley's, will pass within 77 million miles of the Earth on Dec. 13. Halley's Comet reached its closest point, 39 million miles, last April 11.

The approaching comet, which is named after William Bradfield, an amateur astronomer in Australia who discovered it last August, is now close to a line between Vega and Altair, two bright stars of the so-called Summer Triangle.

Amateur astronomers will have difficulty identifying Comet Bradfield because of its position near several stars of comparable brightness and because of the comet's meager tail, according to Daniel W.E. Green of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Mass. Seen through binoculars, however, it is fuzzier than a star. Its tail, as with all comets, points away from the Sun.

Mr. Green recommended yesterday that those wishing to see the comet in the next few weeks do so through the telescope of a local observatory or astronomy club. Another celestial visitor, Comet Wilson, was brighter when it came within view early this year, but it was too far south to be visible in the Northern Hemisphere.

This has been a record year for comet discoveries, Mr. Green said in a telephone interview yesterday. Mr. Green is with the Central Bureau for Astronomical Telegrams, which circulates information worldwide on astronomical events.

Each year his office assigns successive letters of the alphabet to each comet discovery. The first discovered in 1987, for example, was designated 1987a, the next was 1987b. This, he said, is the first year that the entire alphabet was exhausted and a new series, beginning 1987a[1], was introduced. The latest, as of yesterday is 1987d[1].

Mr. Green said his office is now receiving tracking reports on about 30 comets. Their positions are entered in a computer to facilitate analysis of their orbits.

This was the 13th comet to be discovered by Mr. Bradfield, the largest number credited to a single person in this century.

Mr. Green described Comet Bradfield as a long-period comet, taking about 2,000 years for each trip around the Sun from a point far beyond the outermost planets. It circled the Sun on Nov. 7 and is now returning to its most distant point.

Most of the short-period comets, such as Halley's, have already returned more than once, since astronomical observations began, and are already known.

Superfund Cleanups Termed Lax

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23 (AP) — The Reagan Administration was charged today with violating the tough toxic cleanup and human health requirements of the 1986 law that was intended to revive the "Superfund" program.

"The Administration has simply decided not to enforce parts of the new law which it actively opposed during the re-authorization debate," three environmental organizations said in a report on the restructured program's first year.

The report, prepared by the United States Public Interest Research Group, the National Campaign Against Toxic Hazards and Clean Water Action, said the Environmental Protection Agency "is systematically ignoring" the law's mandates to find permanent solutions to waste dumps and to make sure that its cleanups meet the tough health-protection standards.

The agency was also criticized because it has not carried out a provision under which communities can obtain grants to hire technical experts to review Environmental Protection Administration plans for cleaning up toxic substances in their areas.

Response by E.P.A.

Priscilla Flattery, an E.P.A. spokeswoman, says the agency hoped to have the grant mechanism in place by February. She said E.P.A. would comment on the other portions of the report after reading it.

The report charged that policies and decisions "appear more responsive to the concerns of the polluter" to hold down costs than to "concerns related to public health, the environment and fidelity to the law."

The 1986 law was the product of two years of tough battling in Congress, where authors of the original 1980 Superfund law were upset by E.P.A. scandals early in the Reagan Administration and a record of only six completed cleanups in the first five years of the program.

One of the biggest fights came over the question of how clean E.P.A. should render a toxic dump. It was won by hard-line environmentalists, who were critical of the E.P.A. for trying to contain waste at a dump or moving it to another site.

Signed by a reluctant President Reagan on Oct. 17, 1986, the law requires the E.P.A., "to the maximum extent practicable," to render toxic substances permanently harmless through processes such as burning or chemical neutralization.

Today's report quoted an internal E.P.A. document as saying that only one-third of the 74 cleanup plans approved in the year beginning Oct. 1, 1986, involved permanent solutions, up from one-fourth before the new law.

The report said toxic substances had leaked from sites contained by the E.P.A. and warned that moving toxics to another site could create a new Superfund dump needing an expensive cleanup.

"The agency seems content in proposing Band-Aid solutions that inadequately address the problems at the sites and are certain to fail in the foreseeable future," the report said.

The report also charged that although the 1986 law requires E.P.A. cleanups generally to follow the most protective standards set by other statutes, the agency is not using the most stringent standard for safeguarding drinking water from toxic substances.

"E.P.A. has chosen, as a matter of national policy, to use weaker cleanup standards for groundwater than are required by the new Superfund law," the report said. "E.P.A. is violating the cleanup standards provisions."

Historic Ships Rotting At Maritime Museum

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 23 (AP) — The world's largest assembly of historic ships lies rotting and covered with rust along the waterfront here, a victim of inadequate maintenance that officials attributed to insufficient Federal financing.

The fleet, owned by the National Park Service, includes the Eppleton Hall, the only paddle wheel tug known to have crossed the Atlantic Ocean this century. Last week, its former skipper, Jack Watson, 73 years old, was rowed out to see the tug.

Its antique side-lever steam engine was full of dead pigeons.

"It is disgraceful," Mr. Watson said. "I never dreamt she would be in such condition."

The fleet also includes the 97-year-old ferryboat Eureka and the C. A. Thayer, a three-masted schooner.

Because of a lack of money the Park Service has been forced to forgo maintenance work. But as a result the ships now need millions of dollars in repairs to remove dry rot, rust and pigeon droppings.

'Threatened Landmarks'

Proper upkeep would require a staff of 42 and an annual budget of $3 million, says Glennie Wall, manager of the National Maritime Museum of San Francisco. She has a staff of 23 and a budget under $1 million and calls the situation "frightening, really frightening."

The three largest ships — the Eureka, the C. A. Thayer and the lumber steamer Wapama — are "threatened landmarks," she says. The Government spent millions of dollars to find a temporary home for the Wapama in dry dock in Sausalito.

In June, a museum staff member, Will Gillman, was assigned to see what could be done about the Eppleton Hall, anchored along with part of the museum's fleet in the Aquatic Park lagoon.

"The interior was literally a rust-explosion," Mr. Gillman said.

Karl Kortum, 70, founder of the maritime museum, sailed aboard the Eppleton Hall under the command of Scott Newhall, an amateur seaman who was executive editor of The San Francisco Chronicle. Mr. Newhall restored the old tug in the 1960's and sailed with a hand-picked crew on a 10,000-mile, six-month voyage from England to San Francisco, where he gave the boat to the museum.

After that, the state turned the museum over to the Federal Government.

$19 Million Held Needed

Mr. Kortum became a vocal critic of the bureaucracy and was once suspended from his job as curator for insubordination.

Ms. Wall and Mr. Kortum agree that it will cost $19 million to restore the fleet, and that if the work is not begun within three years it will be too late to salvage some of the vessels.

The Park Service will begin charging admission to the ships in January to help cover the costs, Ms. Wall said.

Also, a bill has been introduced in Congress that would sever the museum from the Golden Gate National Recreation Area in an effort to secure a stable source of money for the fleet.

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Futuristic Treatments For the Hair and Skin

Weapons against graying and poison ivy may be in store.

By GINA KOLATA

DERMATOLOGISTS are developing futuristic treatments for some widespread and distressing conditions previously thought to be beyond their help. The experimental treatments may restore natural color to graying hair, prevent poison ivy rashes and restore even skin tone to patients with the pale patches of vitiligo.

The treatments, as revolutionary as they may prove, do not rely on a fundamentally new understanding of the disorders, said Dr. Aaron Lerner of Yale University School of Medicine. Instead, the findings are mostly a matter of asking the right questions.

For example, Dr. Norman Levine and his colleagues at the University of Arizona asked why hair turns gray before all the pigment cells have given their last gasp. When people first start to go gray, Dr. Levine said, the pigment-producing cells in their hair "still have the potential" to produce color. Perhaps, Dr. Levine reasoned, those cells could be stimulated to work just a little harder for just a little longer.

Dr. Victor Hruby and Dr. Mac Hadley at the University of Arizona synthesized a derivative of a natural hormone that stimulates the pigment-producing cells to make melanin, the substance that colors hair and skin. Because the synthetic hormone can easily be incorporated into creams, pills and liquids, it can be applied directly to the hair, swallowed or injected into the body, Dr. Levine said.

In addition to darkening hair, the hormone could, if swallowed, darken skin, Dr. Levine said. Thus, he said it might be useful to people who do not tan easily but work outdoors, constantly exposed to the sun.

Mice of a Different Color

So far, the Arizona researchers have tested the substance on animals with no apparent ill effects. The test animals were yellow mice, which have underactive pigment-producing cells — sort of like a person born prematurely gray. The scientists rubbed the synthetic hormone into the hair of the mice, fed it to them and injected the animals with it. In each case, Dr. Levine said, it turned the yellow mice a deep brown.

Dr. Levine has applied to the Food and Drug Administration for permission to test the drug on human volunteers. The idea, he said, is to use the substance when hair is starting to lose pigment and turn gray. Dr. Levine said he did not expect the drug to be useful for people whose hair has already turned white, when "the pigment cells are dead."

The second futuristic treatment is a possible poison ivy vaccine. In the existing method for building immunity to poison ivy and poison oak, people are treated for about six months with oral doses of the noxious plant chemical. They then become immune for about a year, said Dr. Vera Byers of the University of California in San Francisco.

But this method has problems, Dr. Byers noted. The treatment can trigger an allergic reaction, causing an itchy rectum. Even worse, some who receive the treatment develop a rash over their bodies.

Yet some people still go through with the treatment because they are so likely to be exposed to poison ivy to an incapacitating degree. Poison ivy and poison oak are such a problem for firefighters and people in certain other occupations that allergic reactions to these two plants are a leading cause of workmen's compensation claims.

Using mice, researchers seeking a vaccine found that a poison ivy rash goes away when a person — or animal — makes suppressor T-cells, cells of the immune system that turn off the immune reaction causing the rash. They also found that these same suppressor T-cells are what produce at least temporary immunity to the plant oil.

Because suppressor T-cells are produced in response to a certain type of antibody known as anti-idiotype antibodies, the investigators reasoned that they should be able to transfer immunity to poison ivy by giving people these antibodies from others who were were immunized in the traditional way.

Dr. Byers and a colleague, Dr. Neal Castagnoli, took such antibodies from volunteers and injected the antibodies into mice. The mice were then protected against poison ivy.

The next step, Dr. Byers said, is to give volunteers anti-idiotype antibodies from people who are immunized to poison ivy and see if the volunteers are protected. If they are, Dr. Byers said, "the final thing is to make monoclonal anti-idiotype antibodies." These genetically engineered antibodies should then constitute a poison ivy vaccine.

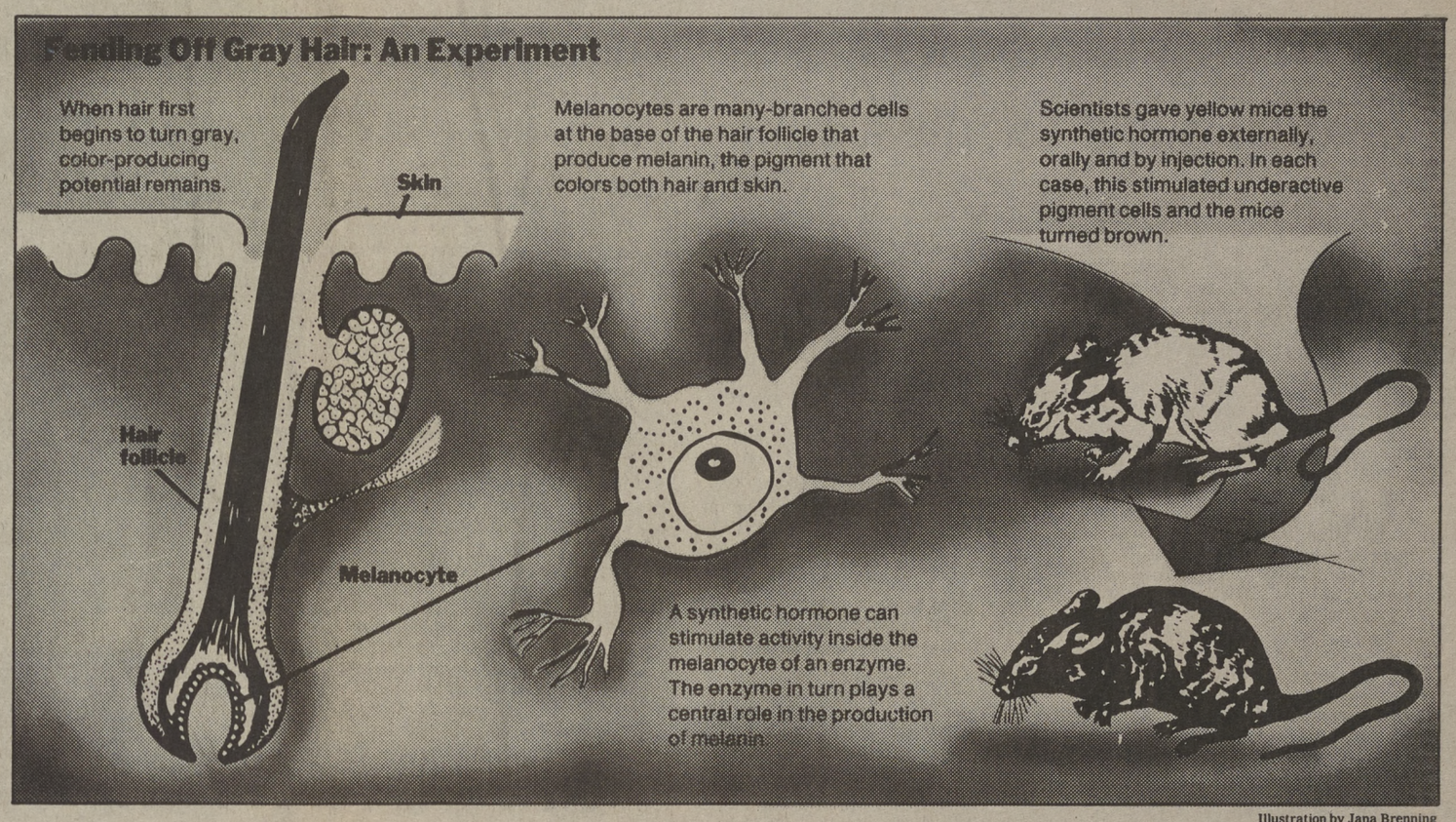


Illustration by Jana Brenning

Dr. Lerner, who developed a new method for treating vitiligo, has long sought to help those who suffer from this de-pigmenting condition, an estimated 2.5 million Americans. Although the disorder is not painful, patients believe it is disfiguring, Dr. Lerner said.

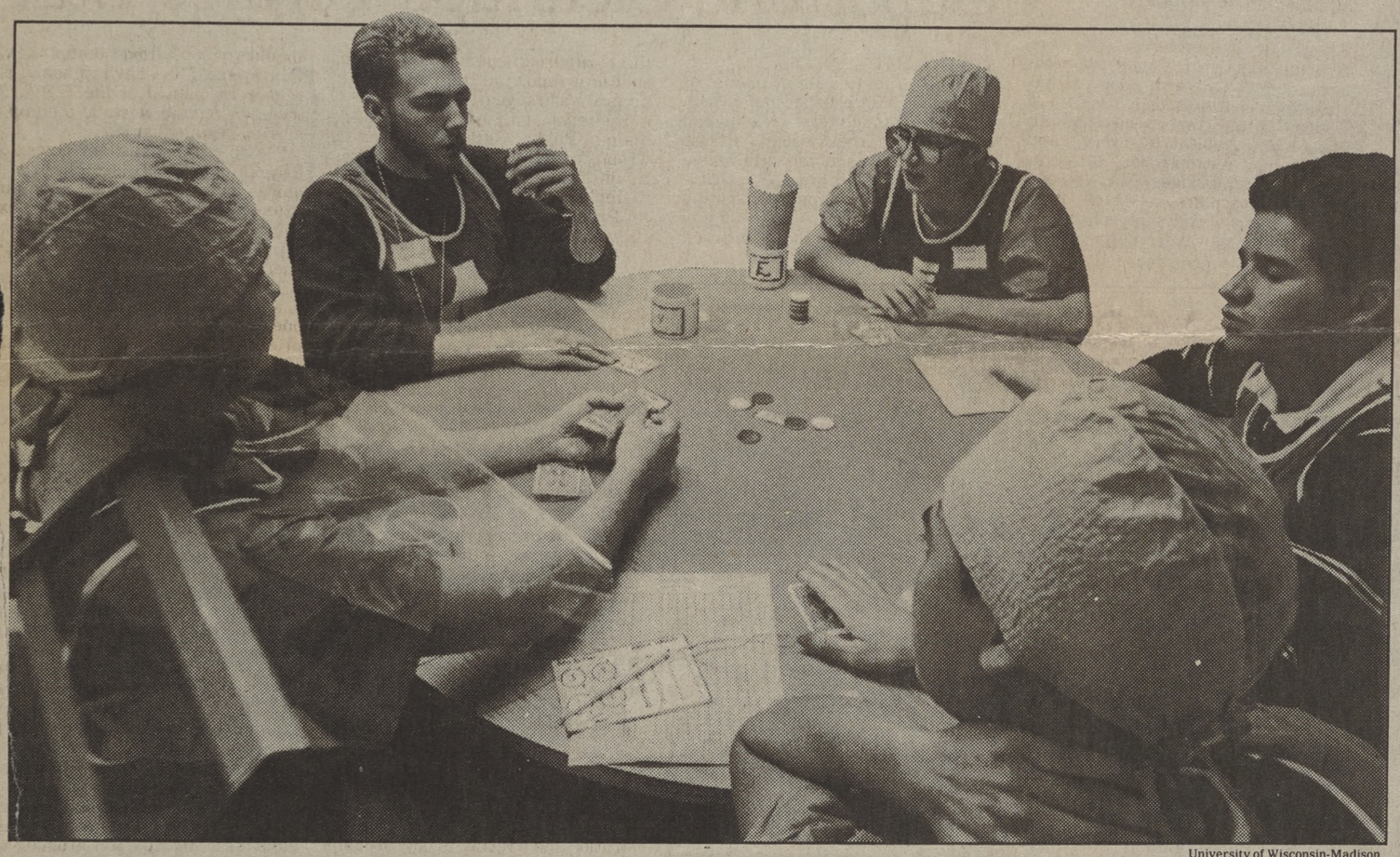
For unclear reasons, patients with vitiligo lose pigment in patches on their hands, faces and arms and around folds and openings on the body. Pigment cells are destroyed in the white patches of vitiligo skin, Dr. Lerner said. "Now the question is, how can we get them back?"

Dr. Lerner reasoned that one source of pigment cells might be areas of the patient's own skin that were not affected by vitiligo. He discovered that he could remove a thin postage-stamp-size slice of pigmented skin from another part of the patient's body, separate the pigment cells from the other skin cells, and grow the pigment cells in the laboratory until he had 10 times as many as he started with.

Dr. Lerner then created a small pouch on the patient's depigmented skin and inserted the pigment cells. The cells, Dr. Lerner said, "for some reason, go right where they are supposed to go." The white patch not only gets color but becomes the same shade as the surrounding skin.

So far, Dr. Lerner has tested this method on just four patients, but he has been encouraged enough to continue the study.

Tracking the Common Cold: Two Theories



University of Wisconsin-Madison

Healthy subjects in surgical clothing play cards with volunteers who already have colds in a University of Wisconsin experiment to investigate how cold viruses are spread. The man at left wears a restraint that prevents him from touching his face.

Poker chips and wire mesh are used to test viruses' travels.

By LINDSEY GRUSON
Special to The New York Times

PHILADELPHIA — While sharing a room with Benjamin Franklin at an inn here one night in the fall of 1776, John Adams said he was fearful that the damp air would give him a cold and asked his roommate to shut the window.

Franklin replied with an extended explanation that colds are caused by "animal substances in the perspired matter from our bodies." The harangue quickly put the future President to sleep — with the window open.

Several billion colds have since proved Franklin right. But while scientists believe that people can spread colds before, during and after they have the miserable symptoms, they still do not agree on exactly how the process works.

One school of thought suggests that colds fly, launched by their human hosts with coughs and sneezes that shower their neighbors with the invisible rhinoviruses that cause colds.

The other concludes that every nonporous surface is probably a waystop for millions of viruses waiting for some unprotected host to pass by. It concludes that people pick up the cold virus by touching their eyes or noses after touching anything touched by an infected person.

The Aerosol Model

The theory that colds fly is espoused by Dr. Elliot C. Dick, a professor of preventive medicine at the University of Wisconsin Medical School and a student of poker.

He infected eight men with cold viruses and paid them to play cards with 36 healthy men. Half of the healthy men wore restraints that made it impossible for them to touch their faces.

While fewer restrained players caught cold — 10 of 18 against 12 of 18 in the control group — the difference was statistically insignificant.

In another experiment, he set up two all-night, nickle-limit poker games. The sick players were encouraged to cough on the cards and chips.

Rubbing Eyes and Noses

The virus-laden chips and cards were then taken to a nearby room and used by a another group of poker players, who were required to rub their eyes and noses every 15 minutes.

"They received far in excess of normal contamination and none, not one, zero, caught a cold," Dr. Dick reported. "We concluded the aerosol model of spreading a cold was important and that hand-to-hand transmission was not. It's extremely difficult to get any virus from the nose, to the hand, to the cards to another persons' hands, to their nose."

The Contact Theory

But Dr. Jack M. Gwaltney Jr., a professor in the Department of Internal Medicine at the University of Virginia School of Medicine and a leading colds researcher, remains unconvinced.

In one key experiment, Dr. Gwaltney and a colleague, Dr. J. Owen Hendley, found that 73 percent of their volunteers became ill after touching a cold sufferer. By contrast, only 5 percent of the volunteers caught colds when showered by sneezes and coughs.

In another study, Dr. Gwaltney noted that 10 volunteers remained healthy even though they were locked up for three days with several cold sufferers. The disease was apparently isolated by a wire mesh barrier that prevented the two groups from touching.

"Exposure across short distances of air has been an inefficient way of transmitting experimental rhinovirus infections," Dr. Gwaltney wrote in a review of the field. He also noted that the rhinoviruses are only intermittently present in saliva and then, only in a weakened form.

Touching Non-Porous Surfaces

Dr. Gwaltney and Dr. Hendley theorize that cold sufferers deposit the virus on non-porous surfaces. Unwitting victims touch those surfaces and then infect themselves by rubbing their eyes and noses.

Many critics dismiss that theory. They argue that people simply do not touch their noses that frequently. But by secretly observing several groups of medical students, the two doctors made a breakthrough: adults touch both their noses and eyes once every three hours.

Now Dr. Gwaltney and Dr. Hendley are reportedly ready to provide more evidence about the dangers of touching, even your loved ones. Dr. Gwaltney declined to discuss his new study in detail because its results will not be published until January.

But Michael Castleman reported in his recent book, "Cold Cures," that Dr. Gwaltney said he is "moderately pleased" with the experiment. Apparently families who washed hands frequently with disinfectant suffered significantly fewer colds.

Nevertheless, Dr. Gwaltney said that it remained unclear how colds are spread.

"It's an interesting question," he said. "I hope I live long enough to find out what the answer is."

Infants' Sense of Pain Is Recognized, Finally

But why did it take decades for the reality to dawn?

By PHILIP M. BOFFEY
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23 — Newborns do feel pain.

Parents don't have to be told that, and many pediatricians don't either. But the contrary belief — that the smallest babies are such primitive organisms that they are oblivious to pain — has persisted for decades among many physicians who have routinely operated on these children with little or no anesthesia.

They did so for the purest of reasons, fearing that potent anesthetics might kill these seriously ill infants.

But now, medical evidence demonstrating the newborn's capacity for pain is building. Anesthesia has become safer, too. And in recent months, various groups have issued policy statements urging painkillers for these infants.

To any parent who has held a newborn, the important questions are not about the pain, but about the medical establishment that took so long to come to the conclusion it has only recently reached. How could a profession dedicated to healing end up inadvertently inflicting needless pain on its tiny charges for several decades?

No Pain-Killing Drugs

Typically in the past, an anesthesiologist would simply administer a drug to paralyze the muscles, so that the infant would not thrash around on the operating table during major surgery. Some infants were also given nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, a weak anesthetic that diminishes but does not eliminate pain.

The practice of withholding drugs was widespread in the United States and other countries from the 1940's until at least the late 1970's. In one survey of medical literature, 77 percent of all the newborns who underwent surgery throughout the world between 1954 and 1983 to repair a serious blood vessel defect called patent ductus arteriosus received only muscle relaxants or relaxants plus intermittent nitrous oxide.

The picture is changing rapidly. Most American hospitals are now believed to give anesthesia for major surgery. But some anesthesiologists are said to persist in the old ways, and many hospitals still decline to give even a local anesthetic for minor procedures such as circumcision.

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The failure to relieve pain was a "barbarous" and "nasty business", according of Dr. John W. Scanlon, director of neonatology at the Columbia Hospital for Women in Washington.

Few other experts would put it so harshly. But a joint policy statement issued by the American Academy of Pediatrics in September and approved by the American Society of Anesthesiologists the following month cited "an increasing body of evidence" that newborns, including those born prematurely, show physiologic responses to surgery that can be relieved by anesthetics. An editorial in The New England Journal of Medicine last week called the evidence "so overwhelming that physicians can no longer act as if all infants were indifferent to pain."

Better pain relief for tiny infants has clearly been possible for a long time. For almost 20 years, doctors at some academic medical centers have been safely giving anesthetics to premature babies. And over the past decade, the development of new monitoring equipment, new anesthetic agents and new technologies for administering them have greatly reduced the risks.

A deeper reason for the failure can be found in science, now regarded as faulty, that allowed ill-founded beliefs about newborns to take root. The notion that babies do not feel pain stems from studies in the 1940's indicating that newborns did not respond to pinpricks by pulling their limbs away as an older infant would.

Unproven Theories

A wide range of unproven theories was voiced to "explain" how this was due to an immature nervous system or other physiologic factors. Today, it is recognized that these studies, and others later, had serious flaws. Now doctors know that infants utter unique cries and secrete high levels of stress hormones in response to pain, and that their pain pathways and brain functions are more mature than previously thought.

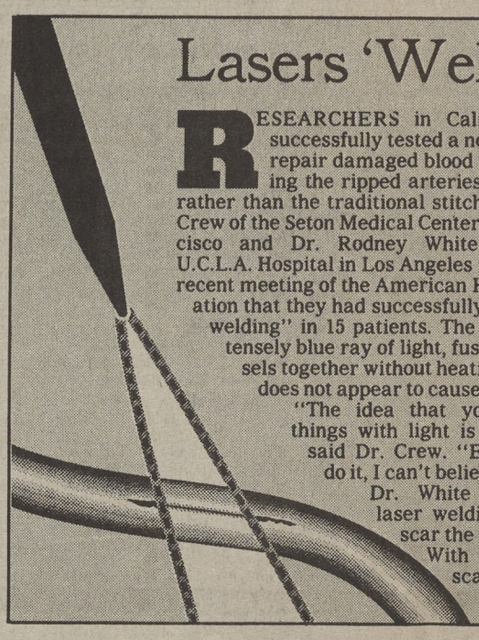
The failure to provide anesthesia was also fostered by the fragmentation of modern medicine. The pediatricians and neonatalogists most apt to be concerned about the pain were often unaware that the anesthesiologists in the operating room were withholding drugs. And the new knowledge about infant pain has been slow to diffuse because much of it was published in specialized neurological journals seldom read by the doctors who care for the infants.

Only after parents and other laymen raised a cry about needless suffering, and some filed lawsuits, was there enough pressure to change.

The long failure to provide anesthesia for newborns provides a salutary reminder that medical practices are sometimes based on flimsy science and erroneous beliefs, and that outside critics can bring an important perspective.

Indeed, with the benefit of hindsight, the anesthesiologists who withheld painkillers all those years would probably admit they made a mistake, said Dr. Frederic A. Berry of the Children's Medical Center of the University of Virginia. "But they were doing it for what they thought were good reasons at the time," he said. "You can question their methods, but not their motives."

Lasers 'Weld' Damaged Arteries



The New York Times/Al Granberg

RESEARCHERS in California have successfully tested a new method to repair damaged blood vessels, closing the ripped arteries with lasers, rather than the traditional stitches. Dr. John Crew of the Seton Medical Center in San Francisco and Dr. Rodney White of Harbor U.C.L.A. Hospital in Los Angeles reported at a recent meeting of the American Heart Association that they had successfully used "laser welding" in 15 patients. The laser, an intensely blue ray of light, fuses blood vessels together without heating them and does not appear to cause damage.

"The idea that you can fuse things with light is incredible," said Dr. Crew. "Every time I do it, I can't believe it."

Dr. White noted that laser welding does not scar the blood vessel. With sutures, scars can form that can disrupt blood flow and attract blood clots that may damage the vessel.

In addition, stiches can fail. This is a particular problem in bypass surgery, Dr. Crew said, where blood vessels from the leg are sewn onto clogged heart arteries to provide an alternative path for blood. Half of all these stitched-on vessels come unstitched in five to seven years, Dr. Crew said. Depending on how important the bypass was to the heart tissue and how quickly the stitches give, the failure of the stitches can lead to death or a heart attack, Dr. Crew said.

The researchers tested laser welding on patients who had damage to the brachial artery, which is in the arm. The artery is opened during a diagnostic procedure in which a catheter is threaded through the arteries to the heart.

In one patient, the artery was so damaged by catheterization that the laser weld did not heal. But it held in 15 others and the sealed arteries were functioning normally in four to six weeks, the researchers reported.

Role Seen for Boron In Curbing Bone Loss

By WARREN E. LEARY

BORON, a mineral long considered inessential to nutrition, apparently affects blood levels of certain hormones and may play a major role in preventing bone loss, Government scientists have reported.

A study of 12 postmenopausal women indicates boron reduces excretion of the calcium, magnesium and phosphorus, minerals necessary to keep bones hard. As a result, it may be helpful in osteoporosis, the brittle-bone disease that affects million of older people, according to scientists with the Agriculture Department's Human Nutrition Research Center in Grand Forks, N.D.

The researchers, Dr. Forrest H. Nielsen, a nutritionist, and Dr. Curtiss D. Hunt, an anatomist, reported that the boron in a well-balanced diet doubled blood levels of active forms of estrogen and testosterone, steroids thought to be important for maintaining calcium levels and healthy bones.

Excretion of Calcium

Volunteers consumed a low-boron diet for 17 weeks and then took 3 milligrams daily for an additional seven weeks. Within eight days of beginning the supplemented diet, scientists said, the amount of calcium excreted in urine dropped by 40 percent.

The researchers suspect that boron, long used as a water softener and in mouthwash, either helps the body synthesize hormones or protects them against rapid breakdown.

Because no one suspected boron was essential to nutrition, a recommended daily allowance has not been established and there are no commercial dietary supplement, Dr. Nielsen said.

He estimated, however, that the average person took in about 1.5 milligrams daily through natural means. Large doses of boron can be toxic; daily doses of 45 grams can be lethal, he noted.

People can get ample boron, about 4 or 5 milligrams daily, by eating fruits — notably pears, apples and grapes — leafy vegetables, nuts and legumes, Dr. Hunt said. Grains contain smaller quantities of boron. Meat, fish and dairy products contain negligible amounts.

SCIENCE WATCH

Clues Seen That Link Magnetism to Bacteria

GEOLOGISTS have discovered fresh evidence that bacteria may play important roles in making certain kinds of sedimentary rock magnetic.

Investigators from the United States Geological Survey and the University of Massachusetts report in Nature that even in the absence of oxygen an organism called GS-15 found in Potomac River sediments produces fine grains of a magnetic mineral called magnetite. The organism can consume non-magnetic ferric oxide (the main component of common iron rust) and strip away some oxygen to produce tiny crystals of magnetic ferrous oxide.

Geologists can use magnetite in sedimentary rock in determining the age of the rock. Over the eons, the earth's geomagnetic field changes its orientation from time to time, and is sometimes even completely reversed. These changes leave a permanent record in such magnetic minerals as magnetite, and since the dates of many geomagnetic "excursions" in the earth's past are known, the dates of magnetic sediments (and the fossils they contain) can be inferred.

The fact that magnetite is left in sedimentary deposits by certain bacteria has been known since 1983, but the latest observations demonstrate that the bacterial conversion of ferric oxide to magnetite can proceed in the absence of oxygen. This means, the investigators say, that the bacterial mechanism could have worked even in very deep sediments where no oxygen is available to bacteria.

Carbon Dioxide Census

The rate of increase of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere matches the rate of global population growth with precision that is "amazing," two paleontologists have found. Dr. Norman D. Newell and Dr. Leslie Marcus, both of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, cited data gathered from 1958 to 1983 for their study. Their results were published recently by Palaios, the journal of the Society of Economic Paleontologists and Minerologists.

The two investigators compared United Nations population growth data with carbon dioxide measurements made by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's laboratory at Mauna Loa, Hawaii. By plotting the two sets of data over a 26-year period, they obtained a statistical correlation of .9985; this is extremely close to a value of 1, a statistically perfect correlation.

Dr. Newell noted that the increase of carbon dioxide depends on many factors besides the burning of fossil fuels and other human activities. Carbon dioxide levels vary with the seasons because of natural fluctuations in the amount of the gas absorbed by vegetation, for example, and volcanoes and other forces also produce the gas.

But the statistical correlation "suggests that the rate of increase of CO^2 is almost wholly dependent on human activities with only very minor contributions from natural causes such as volcanoes, the melting of glaciers, and changes in oceanic circulation," the authors wrote.

"No matter how complex the relationship may be," they said, "the fact remains that CO^2 and the population explosion are almost perfectly correlated."

Because manmade carbon dioxide emissions are heavily determined by energy use, the authors said, the current increase in atmospheric CO^2 "is a sensitive measure of the pace of economic development."

The authors suggested that "continuous monitoring of the carbon dioxide trend would yield useful informaton on both population growth and economic development."

Chestnut Blight Called Threat to Live Oaks

JACKSON, Miss., Nov. 23 (AP) — The fungus that almost wiped out the American chestnut is threatening the live oak tree in the South.

The threat was discovered in a routine forestry expedition to the Mississippi Gulf Coast in October, when Federal and state foresters found live oaks infected with the parasite, Endothia parasitica.

The fungus infestation had earlier been noted by a Harrison County, Miss., forester, Kent Grizzard, and Harrison County Agent Mike Aden.

Darlene Slater of the Mississippi Forestry Commission said the parasite was identified in a culture taken to the United States Forest Service's Stoneville Experiment Station.

Ms. Slater said this was the first example of the parasite to be identified on live oaks in Mississippi, "and we're just hoping it's not extremely serious."

Oak Resisting Parasite

Ted Filer, a plant pathologist who identified the fungus at Stoneville, said the live oak appeared to be doing a good job of resisting the parasite, which enters through an injury to the bark.

The parasite has nearly wiped out the American chestnut tree. The only surviving American chestnuts are believed to be shoots from stumps, although other members of the chestnut family, including the chinquapin of the South, appear to be immune to the fungus.

Ms. Slater said she believed she has since identified similar cases among live oaks in the Jackson area.

There is no available fungicide to kill the parasite.

Live oaks, broadleaf evergreens that grow in humid coastal areas from Virginia to Texas, are among the oldest living things in the South. Often associated with old plantation sites, many are protected as historic landmarks, including an entire grove planted by French colonists in Florida for use in shipbuilding and a single tree in DeLisle, near Bay St. Louis, Miss., that is believed to be more than 1,000 years old.

Live oaks originally penetrated only a short distance inland in Mississippi, but Indians and settlers carried them more than 150 miles further north. Live oaks tend to be damaged by severe freezes and thrive only in areas where Spanish moss can grow, but they also grow in dry regions of Texas.

Texas live oaks are suffering from a disease known as Texas Live Oak Decline, which is unrelated to the parasite discovered in Mississippi, Ms. Slater said.

New Appreciation of the Complexity in Flocking

Continued From Page 13

ment," Dr. Heppner said. Now, however, he and other zoologists believe that the motion can be explained along the lines of computer models in which no individual is a leader, or, in another sense, every individual is.

"Until very, very recently, there's been no conceptual model that permitted this," he said. "You have a situation where you have some simple rules, but growing out of those simple rules, you have emergent properties that have nothing to do with the original rules."

Behavior of Human Crowds

Wingless and finless creatures are also capable of coordinated motion with no leaders, as Dr. Heppner demonstrates with groups of hundreds of students. Asked to begin applauding en masse but in synchronization, they start with a random scattering of claps, yet manage to find a coordinated tempo almost instantly, usually within two beats.

Another kind of human behavior, the "wave" that rolls through masses of fans rising and sitting at a baseball stadium, may resemble the dynamics of a turning flock of birds. One zoologist, Wayne K. Potts, filmed the maneuvers of thousands of dunlin in Puget Sound, Washington, in 1983 and found that a turn propagates from one side of a flock to the other like a wave through a fluid.

The wave is fast. In the dunlin flocks, the turn spreads from bird to bird in about a 70th of a second — three times faster than a bird's reaction time. If a bird waited until its neighbors turned, it would be much too late.

Dr. Potts saw this as a perplexing challenge, in part because he had experience flying military aircraft in formation. Even simple formations, he felt, had a strong tendency to break up because of a time lag that tends to be magnified from pilot to pilot.

"If the first does something abrupt, the second is already behind," he said. "If anything like that was going on in a flock on a thousand birds, it would just be total chaos immediately. It's still underappreciated how difficult a problem it is."

'Chorus-Line Hypothesis'

Dr. Potts decided that birds must sense the approach of the wave from a distance and time their reactions accordingly. To test this idea — the "chorus-line hypothesis" — he provoked sudden maneuvers by shooting arrows near the edge of a flock. As expected, a turn began slowly with one or two birds and then accelerated rapidly through the rest.

Flocks and schools both execute far more complex maneuvers in the presence of a predator, and that is thought to be their evolutionary reason for being. Fish swimming in a more or less random way can instantly polarize — forming a dense school, aligned in parallel formation. And when a predator attacks, they can perform a fast expansion called the "fountain," quickly splaying outward from the intruder.

Traditionally, though their problems seem increasingly similar, flock experts and school experts have not worked together. Predators act differently in water and air, and the problems of how individual creatures perceive one another tend to be quite different.

Where birds rely on vision, for example, fish have another sense organ, known as the lateral line — "a sense of distant touch," as Julia Parrish of the University of California at Los Angeles put it. The lateral line allows them to respond sensitively to changes in water pressure caused by nearby motion.

The Problem With Starlings

Experimentally, those studying schools have had an advantage. Fish can be observed in laboratory tanks. "Whereas we're kind of stuck with a field situation," said Dr. Heppner, "because nobody has figured out how to get 10,000 starlings in a big cage and get them to do anything."

Even school experts, though, face daunting levels of ignorance. Researchers need to find out how much switching and shifting places of individuals takes place in a smoothly swimming school, for example. They wonder how different types and sizes of fish sort themselves out within a school.

Technologically, such questions pose a challenge. Watching the overall shape of a school or flock is one thing; picking out the paths of individual members is quite another, only now coming within reach of computer tracking systems.

"I think there's going to be a renaissance in studies of these groups," said William M. Hamner, a zoologist at the University of California at Los Angeles. "One needs to model them from a series of individual behaviors. One wants to take those individual behaviors and construct a whole from them."

Neither zoologists nor computer modelers know exactly what rules guide the motions of individual animals. In their models, they experiment with different possibilities. They do know that birds and fish must try to keep some minimal distance away from their neighbors, and they know that stragglers on the outskirts of a flock put themselves at risk if they stray.

Dr. Potts found from analyzing his films of dunlin that a left turn, say, starts not with the birds on the left side leading away, but rather with one or more birds turning inward from the right flank. That makes sense, he said, for individual birds fearing falcons and other raptors.

"The times when a bird is most vulnerable is when he's away," Dr. Potts said, "so the last thing he wants to do is turn outward."

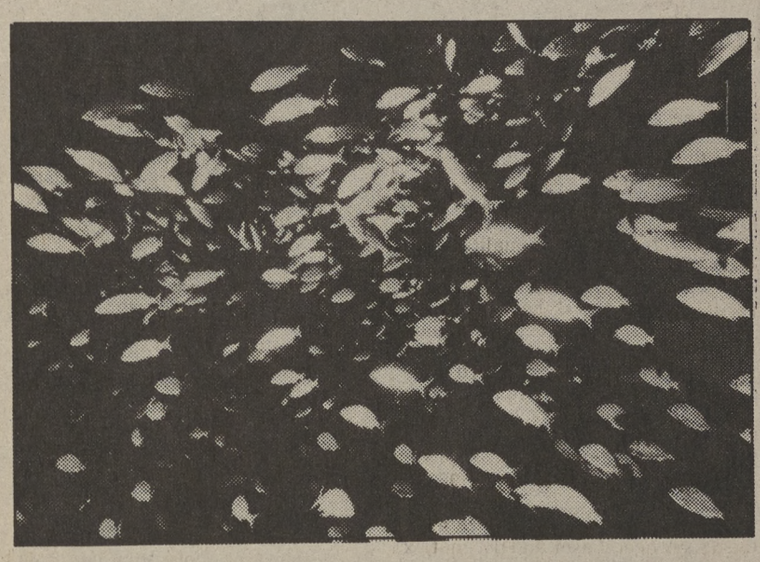
Dr. Reynolds used a computer model to mimic such maneuvers. Instead of directing the motion of the whole flock, he allowed each bird to fly at certain speeds, moving on the basis of information about a limited number of neighbors.

"You get this fluid-seeming motion," he said. "The flock becomes a big amorphous thing that changes shape like a jellyfish, but there isn't a central mind, there isn't a flock mind."

The human tendency to see the whole as a coherent, willful entity has been misleading, Dr. Hamner said. The coordinated motion of a school or flock does not imply purposeful coordination on the part of individuals, and the feeling of purpose may be deceptive.

Looking down at freeway traffic from atop a skyscraper, Dr. Hamner said, with cars smoothly weaving in and out, one has to fight the illusion that all the cars are cooperating. On a more intimate scale, traffic does not seem quite so well planned.

The seeming coherence of such phenomena can play tricks on the observer's mind. "Flocks form patterns and the patterns entrain our brain," Dr. Hamner said. "We like patterns — we like patterns in waves, and we like patterns in a fire, and we see a flock of birds in the sky and we see a pattern in the overall movement. That's the beauty of the whole system, but it's also the thing that screws up human investigators."





David Doubilet

School of grunts swimming out of formation, top, and snapping into a tight, polarized array when alarmed by an intruder.

Adolescent Risk-Taking: A Research Effort

Continued From Page 13

inconvenient or might make them look "silly," according to Nancy Adler, a health psychologist at the University of California at San Francsico, and a colleague of Dr. Irwin.

"The immediate experience is what matters to them, not worries about long-term consequences," Dr. Adler said.

Psychological Growth

Risk-taking is part of the natural exploration and assertion of independence that every healthy teenager goes through to one extent or another. The pursuit of new activities and taking of initiative are crucial for the psychological growth that young people undergo through adolescence. That natural tendency makes risk-taking all the more likely.

"Part of adolescence is trying on new roles and seeking new experiences," said Beatrix A. Hamburg, a child psychiatrist at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City. "But by age 10 or so, they enter a risky period when they do lots of exploring at a time when their cognitive development has not yet reached the point where they can make judgments that will keep them out of trouble. They cannot really comprehend laws of probability. And they also have ideas of invulnerablity that persuade them that they can safely take a known risk."

One of the major deficits in the thinking of teen-agers, particularly in early adolescence, is in evaluating the probabilities of a risk. "Often, if a teen-ager does something several times — like not breaking his neck when he does something stupid, or not getting pregnant after sex without contraceptives — he will assume it becomes less risky each time, not more so," Dr. Hamburg said.

Teen-agers are also prone to exaggeration, Dr. Hamburg said. "Adolescents tend to grossly over- or underestimate based on their immediate experience," she said. "When they say, 'Everyone's doing it — why shouldn't I?' they wildly overestimate the actual numbers. And, by the same token, they wildly underestimate the safety of the dangerous things they do."



Sygma/Jim McHugh

For instance, Dr. Hamburg cited a study of smoking among youths 10 to 14 years old. About 15 percent of them said they sometimes smoked. But when asked about smoking in their age group, they put the figure at nearly 80 percent. Those who had the most exposure to smoking by family members of friends overestimated the rates of smoking most.

College students in another study overestimated the reliability of condoms by close to three times, according to Baruch Fischhoff, a psychologist at Carnegie Mellon University.

'Bad Girls,' 'Macho Boys'

Some of the new research focuses on identifying exactly which risks teen-agers are likely to take. For example, Dr. Adler has developed profiles of "bad girls" and "macho boys," those most likely to take risks, and the risks they are likely to take.

Dr. Adler studied girls aged 11 to 14 in San Francisco inner-city schools to see which risks those who were most reckless took.

She found that such girls had already started smoking and experimenting with drugs and were exposed to other risks — such as riding in cars going too fast — far more than other girls their age. Other risks that these "bad girls" took included drinking, fighting, hitchhiking, arguing with strangers, seeking entertainment in high-crime areas and carrying a knife.

A hallmark of the most reckless girls, Dr. Adler found, was their intent to become sexually active in the next year. This intention was far less common among girls who engaged in few risky behaviors.

For boys in the same age group, a cluster of activities set the most risk-prone youths apart from their peers, but no single marker emerged. The activities included drinking, smoking cigarettes and marijuana, riding on motorcycles and getting knocked unconscious.

Biology, too, seems to push some adolescents to take more risks than others, according to studies of sensation-seeking by Dr. Marvin Zuckerman, a psychologist at the University of Delaware.

Sensation-seeking is a personality trait that includes the desire for thrills and adventure, the enjoyment of physically risky activities and the need for sensory and social stimulation such as loud music or parties.

According to Dr. Zuckerman, there is a direct relationship between how people score on a personality test for sensation-seeking and how fast they say they drive on an open highway. People who have the lowest sensation-seeking scores drive, on average, at 55 miles an hour. As the scores rise, so does the average driving speed; in the highest range it is over 75 miles an hour.

Death in Auto Accidents

That relationship between sensation-seeking and speed is of great concern because the leading cause of death for people up to the age of 39 is auto accidents. "Adolescence is, statistically, the most dangerous age period for accidents," according to Herschel Leibowitz, a psychologist at Penn State University, who studies psychological factors in auto accidents.

The urge for sensation-seeking, in general, reaches a peak during the late teen years and then declines gradually throughout life. Those who are highest in sensation-seeking, Dr. Zuckerman has found, tend to have higher levels than others of the sex hormones, particularly testosterone, a male hormone.

Another biological factor in sensation-seeking may be monoamine oxidase, or MAO, an enzyme that regulates levels of some brain chemicals such as serotonin, which regulates mood. People with low levels of MAO can have very high or very low levels of serotonin, among other chemicals.

Sensation-seekers tend to have low levels of MAO, according to research by Dr. Monte Buchsbaum, a psychologist at the Univeristy of California at Irvine. People with low MAO levels, Dr. Buchsbaum found, tend to smoke and drink more than others and are more likely to have a criminal record. Although MAO levels have not been tested in younger teen-agers, Dr. Buchsbaum found that among those he tested the lowest levels were in college-age people and that levels tended to rise with age.

"People in their late teens are at double biological risk, because of the combination of high hormone and low MAO levels," Dr. Zuckerman said.

Researchers say adults should handle dangerous activities by teen-agers not by quashing the tendency to take risks but rather by understanding what lies behind the most foolish and dangerous activities. In reaching teen-agers, adults particularly need to understand that adolescents see their world in far different terms than they do.

'Something Good' From Drinking

"The meaning of drinking to a teen-ager is entirely different from how their parents see it," said Dr. Irwin. "Teens don't see drinking in terms of its negative effects, the risk of drunk driving, for example. Instead, they think something good will happen if they drink: it will improve their self-confidence or help their social life."

As children progress from childhood to adolescence, their new social role is ambiguous, leaving even the most stable feeling like outsiders, unusually susceptible to social influence and insecure about their own judgments and values.

"Not all risk-taking is really adventurous," Dr. Hamburg said. "Sometimes it is risk-avoidant to take a drink, smoke a joint or have sex rather than be ridiculed, shunned or deprecated by peers."

Dr. Fischhoff agreed. For teen-agers, he said, "the risk is in social rejection from not doing what other kids do."

Educational programs about the health risks of smoking, for instance, were not as effective among adolescents as approaches that incorporated the teen-ager's social world. In some of the more successful programs, student leaders were used in a role-playing exercise on how to refuse a cigarette.

Any approach to risk-taking must take into account the social realities of young people, Dr. Fischhoff said.

"Adults don't know enough about the realities of kids' lives and how they think," said Dr. Fischhoff. "Teens haven't seen as much of the adverse consequences of something like drunk driving or sex without contraceptives. And their lives are far more chaotic. It's easy enough to say have safe sex if you're in the same bedroom with the same partner all the time. But it's much different if you're petting in the back of a Chevy."

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The New York Times

PERSONAL COMPUTERS

Narrowing the Search for a Printer

By PETER H. LEWIS

IF you think computers are confusing, take a peek at the choices in printers. More than 100 new printers have been introduced in the past year, and they join more than 250 older models still on the market.

The choices range in price from $200 or less to $5,000 or more, and include technologies ranging from the daisywheel, which prints characters in the old-fashioned typewriter-style, to the latest in laser designs, which work more like photocopiers.

Which one is your type?

First, you need to narrow the choices by deciding which characteristics are most important to you. Price is the biggest consideration for most of us. Good laser printers cost at least $1,500, which is more expensive than the best dot matrix and daisywheel printers. Dot-matrix machines are generally the least expensive, and the good news is that they are getting better all the time. Daisywheels are somewhere in between.

Both the daisywheel and the dot-matrix are called impact printers because they hammer ink onto the page. The daisywheel puts the image on the page fully formed, while the dot matrix puts it down as a cluster of small dots. In the laser printer, the image is first formed on a rotating photosensitive drum and is then transferred to the paper.

After price, the next consideration is generally print quality. If you can get by with near-letter quality — almost as good as typewriter quality but still obviously printed by a computer — dot matrix is the way to go. If you need the absolute best print quality, equal to that of a Selectric typewriter, which was the standard word processer before the computer came along, you'll want either a daisywheel or a laser. For résumés, important reports and formal business correspondence, dot-matrix printing is rarely acceptable.

If speed is most important, rule out the daisywheel. Laser and dot-matrix printers are at least twice as fast.

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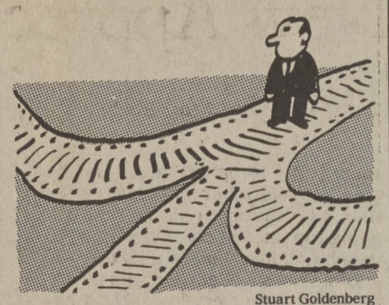
To help sort out this array, the technicians in the laboratories of PC Magazine torture-test hundreds of printers in recent years. This year, their list of the best of the field appeared in the Nov. 10 issue. (If it's not on the newsstand, it can be obtained by sending $8 to the Back Issues Department, attention Kim Armstrong, PC Magazine, Ziff-Davis Publishing, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.)

This is the year of the laser printer, the editors said. Lasers, once a curiosity and a luxury for the rich, now account for about 10 percent of all printer sales.

Three laser printers, out of 36 new ones tested, were cited for exceptional quality or value: The Okidata Laserline 6 ($1,995 list), NEC's Silentwriter LC-890 ($4,794) and the Hewlett-Packard LaserJet Series II ($2,595).

This is definitely not the year for daisywheel printers. Daisywheels are essentially smart typewriters, and they produce letter-quality text that is superior to all but the very best dot-matrix printers. But they are clunky, slow and noisy, and they cannot handle graphics or more than one type font at a time. The only reason to buy a daisywheel printer these days is for Selectric-quality typing at less cost than with a laser.

The companies that still make daisywheels insist that the technology will be around for a long time, but to me it seems doomed. Only five new models were introduced this year, too few to justify an Editor's Choice rating.



Stuart Goldenberg

Most of the action in the printer field is in dot-matrix technology, which accounts for two of three printers sold. In general the best dot-matrix printers use 24-pin print heads, while the rest use 9 pins.

The dots can easily form graphics or a variety of type faces, enabling the writer to include italics, bold characters or letters of different sizes. Laser printers do the same things, only with much higher quality.

Three dot-matrix printers, out of 65 new ones tested, were named Editor's Choices for 1987. They are the C. Itoh C-715A ($1,295), the Epson LQ-850 and LQ-1050 ($799 and $1099) and Panasonic's KX-P109li ($289.) For the money, the Panasonic line of printers is hard to beat. The Epson LQ-850 was nearly off the chart on the price-performance curve, making it one of the best values out there. It differs from its sibling the LQ-1050 only in the width of the carriage.

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PERIPHERALS

Golden Oldies for Gifts

By L. R. SHANNON

NOW that the official Christmas shopping season is upon us, the computer industry, like just about every other industry, is straining for a holiday angle. Among the more successful and economical efforts are the Holiday Stocking Software Classics packages from Thunder Mountain.

The theory behind the software is that there are children young enough to have missed the first great wave of arcade games like Pac Man. So five Atari/Namco products — Pac Man, Ms. Pac Man, Dig Dug, Pole Position and Galaxian — are being packaged in various combinations in plastic stockings and sold for less than $25. Each stocking has three programs, one or two of the five classics plus one or two wild cards in the form of several less familiar games. (The disks are available separately for $9.95 each.) The package I tried contained Top Gun, Ms. Pac Man and Cyrus Chess.

team is always Dave, the cheerleader's boyfriend, and you pick two others from a menu of seven. Your choices, and what you have them do, determines how the story will unfold. There are ingenious puzzles to be solved as you explore the mansion and meet its inhabitants, who include Dr. Fred, Nurse Edna, Weird Ed and Dead Cousin Ted.

Maniac Mansion is produced by Lucasfilm Games and distributed by Activision. It is available for $34.95 for Commodore 64/128 and Apple II's.

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For twisted minds of any age, Nord and Bert Couldn't Make Head or Tail of It is a weird example of interactive fiction, and not just because it's a collection of eight short stories rather than the novella-like single pieces this genre specializes in.

Interactive fiction casts you as the main character of a story, and the instructions you type in determine its course, or at least its sequence. The

Q & A

Q. *What makes leaves change color in the fall?*

A. The bright colors of an autumn woods result from growth-regulating hormones in leaves, said Anne Dorrance, a plant pathologist at the Vermont State Department of Agriculture. These hormones regulate respiration, food production and other functions related to the metabolism of the tree.

In spring and summer, she said, their colors are overshadowed by the green of chlorophyll, a chemical that processes light energy into food stored in the tree's roots. But the shortening of daylight triggers abscission, the process by which trees drop leaves.

Chlorophyll production slows as the tree enters a dormant stage, Ms. Dorrance said. The underlying color that then becomes apparent, varies according to the species of the tree and whether it has been subjected to stress from climate or insects. According to Jon Turmel, also of the Vermont State Department of Agriculture, sugar maples, poplars and larches turn yellow, red maples turn

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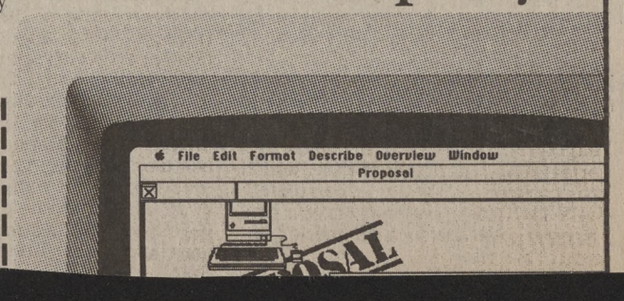
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ABOUT EDUCATION

Risks of 'Learning Disabled' Label

By FRED M. HECHINGER

CHILDREN, like adults, have individual ways of learning, and educators who do not recognize them can undermine their chance for success or even wrongly label them as learning disabled, according to a new book by Thomas Armstrong, a psychologist. "We're shutting the door to millions more who possess untold inner riches," he said.

Too many schools "have lost the ability to respond to individual differences," he said, and excessive stress on disabilities has led to neglect of valuable but different abilities.

Children diagnosed as learning disabled are sent to special rooms with "a wide range of esoteric methods and materials," behavior modification and "lots of worksheets." There they may remain, "stuck in a cycle of learning failure."

Dr. Armstrong, who spent five years teaching classes for learning-disabled children in public and parochial schools, said that in many school districts, the extra school aid funds available for such children encourages educators to label normal children as learning disabled. Citing Federal figures, he said almost 2 million children are now in such special classes.

Schools have sent "many of our most talented kids to classes for the learning disabled," Dr. Armstrong asserted in the new book, "In Their Own Way," published by Jeremy P. Tarcher, Inc., and distributed by St. Martin's Press.

Dr. Armstrong is not alone in these charges. The November issue of Kappan, a journal for educators, contains an account of a boy wrongly labled as learning disabled as a six-year-old. Frustrated by the limitations of the special curriculum, he ultimately dropped out of school.

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In much of his work, Dr. Armstrong relies on studies by Howard Gardner, the Harvard psychologist who urges parents and educators to realize that there are many kinds of intelligence to which most schools pay little attention. In a telephone interview, Dr. Armstrong said he was "trying to get parents and teachers to think about children's ability in different ways."

"I am talking about all of us, children and adults," he said. "We all have learning disabilities. Some of us can't carry a tune, or balance a checkbook or draw a picture. I have trouble finding my car in a shopping center parking lot. I'd like to suggest that there are differences in the way brains function, and that there are skills other than linguistic ones that facilitate learning."

He cites the case of a boy who was mechanically inventive but was flunking out of school. His mother asked him to figure out a mathematical problem. When he tried to work it out on paper the way he was taught in school, he failed. But he could do the calculation in his head.

"When I close my eyes to figure something out," he told his mother, "it's like a cross between music and architecture."

• • •

Dr. Armstrong said recent critical reports and such books as E. D. Hirsch's "Cultural Literacy," which puts forward a list of facts and ideas as constituting a core of culture, create pressures to make everybody answer the same questions and absorb the same data. He said he agreed with Dr. Hirsch that children must be introduced to their cultural heritage, but bridled at the idea that there is a uniform body of knowledge every American must know.

Parents of children who are not doing well in school should consider whether the youngster's hobbies, skills or interests are being encouraged there. He said parents should ask themselves:

¶When was the last time the child conversed enthusiastically about something learned that day?

¶Does the child's teacher speak more about problems, needs and difficulties, or about talents, accomplishments, interest and abilities? Time and again, Dr. Armstrong said, parents are called to school to discuss their child's problem; only rarely do educators consider the possibility that the problem may be the school's.

¶Does the child spend too much time with textbooks, workbooks and ditto sheets that encourage rote learning or does schoolwork require real thought, creativity and innovation?

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Dr. Armstrong does not deny that there are children with real learning disabilities, such as brain damage, who need the attention of experts. (Among the best guides for parents is "No Easy Answers: Teaching the Learning Disabled Child," by Sally L. Smith, director of the Lab School in Washington.)

But he scorned many of the tests



Tom Bloom

administered to diagnose children. Observing children and what they have made, written, sung or drawn offers a better measure of their abilities, he said.

"If you want to know how well children read, spare them from formal reading tests," he said. "Instead, sit with them and their favorite story book."

Dr. Armstrong and other critics say schools should stop merely paying lip service to the reality of individual differences and instead treat each child as an individual. This, he said, will lead to the discovery of valuable but different abilities in children who are wrongly labeled as learning disabled. Many others will be spared the boredom of mediocre education.

He quoted Albert Einstein: "It is nothing short of a miracle that the modern methods of instruction have not yet entirely strangled the holy curiosity of inquiry." Then, Dr. Armstrong added: "We must begin teaching children more in their own way rather than in the established way."

Electronic System Tracks Tidal Waves

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23 (AP) — An electronic system has been developed to warn oceanfront communities when underwater earthquakes are sending tidal waves their way, and officials hope to make it available to nations vulnerable to the disasters.

The United States operates a center in Hawaii to track such waves over long distances to provide international warnings. The new system, unveiled Friday, is intended to alert officials in communities close to the origin of the waves.

It detects significant quakes within 60 miles of the coast, immediately activating sensors which can warn of changes in the local water level.

The United States Agency for International Development and the Government of Chile helped to develop the system, said Eddie N. Bernard, director of the Pacific Marine Environmental Laboratory.

In some cases, the warning could come only a minute or so before the wave strikes. But, even with such short notice, officials would at least be alerted to take emergency steps such as cutting off electricity or natural gas lines where damage could lead to fire.

"In a disaster situation, a minute lead time may be important," Mr. Bernard said.

In many cases, he said, there may be much more time, because an undersea earthquake may generate several waves and the first few may not be the most powerful. Thus, shore residents might be able to flee before later and larger waves arrive.

Test System in Chile

At the same time, the system would be sending its warning to the Pacific Tsunami Center in Hawaii for relay to other areas.

The huge waves known as tsunamis, popularly called tidal waves, have devastated communities around the world over the centuries, with Pacific coastal areas particularly vulnerable.

Mr. Bernard said a test system had been installed in Chile, and other nations along the Pacific Ocean have shown interest.

The system would use stationary weather satellites to relay the warnings, and would employ battery-powered sensors, so it would not be disabled by an earthquake, he said.

Linguists Dig Deeper Into Origins of Language

Continued From Page 13

ally apparent. Similarities among Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French and Rumanian betray their Latin origin. English is a member of the Germanic family, and even the timing and circumstance of its origin are well documented; Anglo-Saxons speaking an Old German invaded the British Isles in the fifth century A.D. and, living in isolation, evolved their separate but related language.

Scholars in the 19th century made the first leap back in hypothetical ancestral languages. By comparing archaic words of modern languages and analyzing internal vowel changes and common word endings, they established the probable common root of Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Germanic, Celtic, Balto-Slavic and Indo-Iranian. Called Indo-European, its daughter languages constitute today's most widely spoken linguistic family. One of the 6,000 words in the Indo-European dictionary may be transliterated approximately as peter, for father — compared with pitar in Sanskrit and pater in Latin.

For a few thousand years after 5000 B.C., Indo-European was probably spoken in parts of the Middle East and around the Caspian and Black Seas. Sanskrit evolved from it about 1500 B.C. or earlier; Greek, about 1450 B.C. Contemporary with Indo-European, it was later determined, were nine other root protolanguages, including Afro-Asiatic (the source of Arabic and Hebrew, among others), Uralic (Finnish and Hungarian) and Altaic (Mongolian, Japanese and Korean).

Whether it can be proved that Indo-European and these other protolanguages were related, through a common tongue back in time, is a matter of dispute among linguists, except for disciples of the Nostratic School.

In 1963, two Soviet linguists, Vladislav M. Illich-Svitych and Aaron Dolgopolsky, independently arrived at some words that they said were probably in the vocabulary of the common ancestral language about 12,000 years ago. The Nostratic dictionary has now been expanded to more than 500 words.

Dr. Shevoroshkin, who was a colleague of Dr. Dolgopolsky before they both left the Soviet Union, said the reconstruction of such an ancestral language began by trying to find in each descendant language words and phonetic patterns that were the most archaic, and hence probably from an earlier language. An important step in this analysis was determining the most stable words through time, which Dr. Dolgopolsky did after examining 140 languages of Europe and Asia.

"Using statistical methods, Dolgopolsky identified and inventoried the 15 stablest meanings in these languages," Dr. Shevoroshkin explained. "These were the words that could then be studied for evidence of common ancestry once similarities based on pure coincidence and borrowings had been ruled out."

These words represent meanings that are seldom or never replaced by other words with the same meaning in any given language. They were mostly nouns, including words for many body parts.

The stablest 15 meanings, according to their list, were words for the following objects or concepts: I/me; two/pair; thou/thee/you; who/what; tongue; name; eye; heart; tooth; no/ not; fingernail/toenail; louse; tear (as in weeping); water, and dead.

By studying words with these meanings in many languages, and then expanding the list, the scholars began to see similarities in the use of vowels and consonants and general patterns for shifts in the typical sounds that make up words.

In this way, Soviet scholars established that Nostratic for "I" was "mi," and for "me" was "mi-nV" — the upper-case V denoting a vowel whose sound is undetermined. In Indo-European, it was "me" and "mene," and similar words have survived in modern languages.

The Nostratic "kuni," for wife or woman, becomes in Altaic "küni," in Afro-Asiatic "KwVn" (the upper-case K symbolizes a glottal sound) and in Indo-European "gwen." The Indo-European word survived into Middle English and is the root of the English "queen."

Dr. Shevoroshkin complains that out of ignorance and skepticism scholars in the United States are discouraged from pursuing Nostratic techniques for reconstructing protolanguages. His applications for research grants have been repeatedly rejected. When he taught at Yale University, before joining the Michigan faculty, he said he was told "not to discuss Nostratic theory in my classes."

Soviet linguists continue the research, however, and have reconstructed another protolanguage that was probably contemporary to Nostratic. It is called Dene-Caucasian, the mother tongue of Chinese, among other Asian languages. One of its offshoots is believed to be the Na-Dene family of languages, whose speakers were among the first migrants to America.

Joseph Greenberg, a retired professor of linguistics at Stanford University, has applied similar analytical techniques to try to demonstrate that all the languages of the native Americans stemmed from three protolanguages. Besides Na-Dene, he says, there was Eskimo-Aleut, which derived from Nostratic and is therefore closer to the tongue of America's eventual conquerors, and an independent grouping that Dr. Greenberg calls Amerind.

In a recent article in Natural History magazine, Dr. Ruhlen, the author of "A Guide to the World's Languages," published this year by Stanford University Press, wrote: "There is strong evidence for three migrations in that each of the three New World families appears to be more closely related to language families in the Old World than to either of the other two New World families."

Where Time Lay Frozen

NY Times Sept. 6 00

To some ears, the Northwest Passage still sounds like an old-fashioned geographic fiction, an article of faith for which men died rather than a real path through real waters. Victorian England never showed its true colors more truly than in its fervent response to the disappearance of Sir John Franklin's last Arctic expedition, which sailed from England on May 18, 1845, in search of the Northwest Passage and whose fate remained essentially unknown for a dozen years afterward. Rescue missions were staged, poems written, funds raised, theories proposed and contested. The very duration of uncertainty about Franklin became an element of the region in which he and his crew perished.

All this makes the recent voyage of the St. Roch II, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police boat, the more remarkable. It traversed the Northwest Passage in a month without running into any ice. Moreover, it was one of at least three vessels to cruise the Northwest Passage this summer. On its voyage, the St. Roch II also came across the bodies of six of Franklin's crew — bodies found with the aid of an Inuk hunter who was relying on old tribal stories.

There is an almost bewildering convergence of time scales here. The alarm at Franklin's silence was not seriously sounded until more than a year after he sailed, simply because there was no way that news of his fate, good or bad, could have returned to England sooner. Sgt. Ken Burton, the skipper of the St. Roch II, relied on maritime telephone for instantaneous communication. Louie Kamookak, the Inuk hunter, depended on ancestral lore reaching back more than a century and a half.

The voyage of the St. Roch II raised the possibility of a northwestern thoroughfare for seagoing traffic, the very thing first sought by John Cabot half a millennium ago. What unsettled earlier ages was the thought of a frozen North, capable of defeating the will even of men as energetic and resourceful as Sir John Franklin. What unsettles us is the thought of an ice-free passage through an unfrozen North, a world whose ecological delicacy has been protected through the centuries mainly by its inaccessibility.

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In an On-Line Salon, Scientists Sit Back and Ponder

'What Is the Question You Are Asking Yourself?'

At his Web site, called Edge, John Brockman, a literary agent for many scientists and an author himself, tries to achieve what he calls "electronic discourse at the highest level" with people of "the third culture" — scientists and other researchers who, he says, "are taking the place of the traditional intellectual in rendering visible the deeper meaning of our lives, redefining who and what we are."

To mark the first anniversary of the site (http://www.edge.org), Mr. Brockman posed a question: "Simply reading the six million volumes in the Widener Library does not necessarily lead to a complex and subtle mind," he wrote, referring to the Harvard library. "How to avoid the anesthesiology of wisdom?" He answered the question with other questions — by inviting participants to submit "the question you are asking yourself." Here are some of their queries. They and others are now available at Edge.



Stuart Goldenberg

What is the crucial distinction between inanimate matter and an entity which can act as an "agent," manipulating the world on its own behalf, and how does that change happen?

— PHILIP ANDERSON
Physicist and Nobel laureate
Princeton University

Is the universe a great mechanism, a great computation, a great symmetry, a great accident or a great thought?

— JOHN D. BARROW
Astronomer, University of Sussex

How can we build a new ethics of respect for life that goes beyond individual survival to include the necessity of death, the preservation of the

de," Schoenberg's "Erwartung," Debussy's "Apres Midi d'un Faune." What is the most that we can ever say objectively about what those composers are discovering?

— PHILIP CAMPBELL
Editor, Nature

If ethnicity and the human use of biological cues (and cultural and linguistic cues) to indicate social identity are parts of our evolutionary legacy, it makes it that much harder to eradicate ethnocentrism and racism. Can we do it?

— RACHEL CASPARI
Anthropologist,
University of Michigan

If Gordon Moore was correct in his prediction that the amount of infor-

University of California at Irvine

How on earth does the brain manage its division of labor problem — that is, how do the quite specialized bits manage to contribute something useful when they get "recruited" by their neighbors to assist in currently dominant tasks?

— DANIEL C. DENNETT
Philosopher, Tufts University

What do collapses of past societies teach us about our own future?

— JARED DIAMOND
Biologist, University of California at Los Angeles Medical School

Throughout its history, the scientific community has shown great integrity in resisting the onslaught of antirationalism. How can it now be

purely market orientation in all spheres of living?

— HOWARD GARDNER
Psychologist, Harvard

How can we improve our reward system for excellence in filtering, interpreting and synthesizing the vast body of so-called information with which we are deluged?

— Murray Gell-Mann
Nobel laureate in physics,
Santa Fe Institute

How do intelligent beings learn to adapt successfully on their own to a rapidly changing world without forgetting what they already know?

— STEPHEN GROSSBERG
Cognitive scientist,
Boston University

How can we reconcile our desire for fairness and equity with the brutal fact that people are not all alike?

— JUDITH RICH HARRIS
Developmental psychologist

Is there a way to enlarge our separate tribal loyalties, to include all our fellow humans?

— REUBEN HERSH
Mathematician

Why is music such a pleasure?

— NICHOLAS HUMPHREY
Psychologist, The New School

What must a physical system be such that it can act on its own in an environment?

— STUART A. KAUFFMAN
Biologist, Santa Fe Institute

Are the laws of physics a logical coherent whole, so that with any small change the entire framework would crumble? Or are there a continuum of possibilities, only one of which happens to have been selected for our observed universe?

— LAWRENCE M. KRAUSS

I often wonder — sometimes d
spair — whether it will be possible
solve long-term, global problen
(global warming being my curre
focus) until we can overcome colle
tive denial, which in turn, may n
become conscious until we grapp
with personal myths. I questic
whether the eventual loss of half t
other species on earth will even
enough to overcome personal esca
ism that has gone collective. . . . Pe
haps that's not even a question, but
occupies my mind a lot.

— STEPHEN H. SCHNEIDE
Climatologist, Stanfo

Do exotic life forms, made of ve
different materials than those us
by life on earth, occur elsewhere
the universe?

— ROBERT SHAPIR
Biochemist, New York Universi

Fundamentally, is the flow of tim
something real, or might our sense
time passing be just an illusion th
hides the fact that what is real is on
a vast collection of moments?

— LEE SMOLI
Physicist, Penn State Universi

Why are most individuals and a
human societies grossly unde
achieving their potentials?

— DUNCAN STEE
Autho

What was *the* key factor in th
success of *Homo sapiens* compare
with other human species such as th
Neanderthals?

— CHRIS STRINGE
Research paleoanthropologis
The Natural History Museun
Londo

Why not?

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Is the universe a great mechanism, a great computation, a great symmetry, a great accident or a great thought?

— JOHN D. BARROW
Astronomer, University of Sussex

How can we build a new ethics of respect for life that goes beyond individual survival to include the necessity of death, the preservation of the environment and our current and developing scientific knowledge?

— MARY CATHERINE BATESON
Anthropologist,
George Mason University

How do we make long-term thinking automatic and common instead of difficult and rare?

— STEWART BRAND
"Whole Earth" catalogues founder

Which cognitive skills develop in any reasonably normal human environment and which only in specific sociocultural contexts?

— JOHN T. BRUER
President,
James S. McDonnell Foundation

What is the mathematical essence that distinguishes living from nonliving, so that we can engineer a transcendence across the current boundaries?

— ROD BROOKS
Artificial Intelligence Laboratory, M.I.T.

Do humans have evolved homicide modules — evolved psychological mechanisms specifically dedicated to killing other humans under certain contexts?

— DAVID BUSS
Psychologist, University of Texas

How will minds expand, once we understand how the brain makes mind?

— WILLIAM H. CALVIN
Neurophysiologist, U. of Washington

Any musically aware listener will know of music that breaks out of established forms or syntax to profound effect — my personal favorites include Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony," Wagner's "Tristan und Isol-

What is the most that we can ever say objectively about what those composers are discovering?

— PHILIP CAMPBELL
Editor, Nature

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— RACHEL CASPARI
Anthropologist,
University of Michigan

If Gordon Moore was correct in his prediction that the amount of information storable on semiconductor chips would double every 18 months, over time is time more or less valuable?

— LUYEN CHOU
President,
Learn Technologies Interactive

'What goes on inside the head of a baby?'

What is information and where does it ultimately originate?

— PAUL DAVIES
Physicist, University of Adelaide, Australia

What might a second specimen of the phenomenon that we call life look like?

— RICHARD DAWKINS
Evolutionary biologist, Oxford

A crowd can empty a football stadium in minutes, solving what is an intractable computational problem and exhibiting large-scale adaptive intelligence in the absence of central direction. Why are decentralized processes ubiquitous throughout nature and society — evolution, itself, is such a process — and why do people remain so distrustful of them that they will sacrifice their autonomy and freedom for centralized solutions?

— ARTHUR DE VANY
Behavioral scientist,

How on earth does the brain manage its division of labor problem — that is, how do the quite specialized bits manage to contribute something useful when they get "recruited" by their neighbors to assist in currently dominant tasks?

— DANIEL C. DENNETT
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What do collapses of past societies teach us about our own future?

— JARED DIAMOND
Biologist, University of California at Los Angeles Medical School

Throughout its history, the scientific community has shown great integrity in resisting the onslaught of antirationalism. How can it now be persuaded to show the same integrity in regard to scientism?

— JOHN C. DVORAK
Columnist for PC Magazine, PC/Computing and Boardwatch

What makes a soul? And if machines ever have souls, what will be the equivalent of psychoactive drugs? Of pain? Of the physical/emotional high I get from having a clean office?

— ESTHER DYSON
President, Edventure Holdings; RELEASE 1.0 newsletter

What goes on inside the head of a baby?

FREEMAN DYSON
Physicist,
Institute for Advanced Study

As biological and traditional forms of cultural evolution are superseded by electronic (or postelectronic) evolution, what will be the differentially propagating "units" and the outcome of the natural selection among them?

— PAUL EWALD
Biologist, Amherst

Will the "theory of everything" be a theory of principles, not particles? Will it invoke order from above, not below?

— KENNETH FORD
Retired Director,
American Institute of Physics

However appropriate it may be for the economy, the "market model" is a grossly inadequate model for the rest of human society. With the decline of religious conviction and the slow pace of changes in the legal code, how can we nurture persons and institutions that can resist a

— REUBEN HERSH
Mathematician

Why is music such a pleasure?

— NICHOLAS HUMPHREY
Psychologist, The New School

What must a physical system be such that it can act on its own in an environment?

— STUART A. KAUFFMAN
Biologist, Santa Fe Institute

Are the laws of physics a logical coherent whole, so that with any small change the entire framework would crumble? Or are there a continuum of possibilities, only one of which happens to have been selected for our observed universe?

— LAWRENCE M. KRAUSS
Physicist,
Case Western Reserve University

What does technology want?

— KEVIN KELLY
Executive editor, Wired

With the ever-growing dominance of corporate forms of control in everyday social life, how do we reconcile our notions of personal liberty and autonomy rooted in Enlightenment political thought?

— EDWARD O. LAUMANN
Sociologist,
University of Chicago

For how long can Christianity and Islam survive the recovery of living organisms from beyond our planet by our species? Can religion exist after humans have created living entities that reproduce?

— RICHARD LEAKEY
Paleoanthropologist; former director, Kenya Wildlife Service

How can we know when and what we do not know?

— SIR JOHN MADDOX
Editor emeritus, Nature

How does the capacity for low mood give a selective advantage?

— RANDOLPH NESSE, M.D.
Psychiatrist, University of Michigan

Why are religions still vital?

— ELAINE H. PAGELS
Professor of religion, Princeton

How does the brain represent the meaning of a sentence?

— STEVEN PINKER
Cognitive scientist, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Is there a happiness gene, and is it dominant?

— LOUIS ROSSETTO
Co-founder and publisher of Wired

Physicist, Penn State University

Why are most individuals and al human societies grossly under achieving their potentials?

— DUNCAN STEEL
Author

What was *the* key factor in the success of *Homo sapiens* compared with other human species such as the Neanderthals?

— CHRIS STRINGER
Research paleoanthropologist
The Natural History Museum
London

Why not?

What do collapses of past societies teach us?

— LINDA STONE
Director of the Virtual Worlds Group in the Microsoft Advanced Technology and Research Division

A joint question:

When posterity looks back on the 20th century from the perspective of a hundred years, what will they see as our greatest successes and worst follies?

— PAMELA McCORDUCK
Author
JOSEPH TRAUB
Computer scientist, Columbia

Can we devise a religion for the 21st century and beyond that is plausible and yet avoids banality — one that people see the need for? What would it be like?

— COLIN TUDGE
Author

Is the phenomenology of modern biology converging on a small number of basic truths or will it increasingly diverge, becoming so endlessly complex that no single human mind will be able to encompass it?

— ROBERT A. WEINBERG, M.D.
Biologist, M.I.T.; Whitehead Institute for Biomedical Research

What do we want from science?

— MARGARET WERTHEIM
Science writer

possible reading:

T.E. Lawrence--Seven Pillars of Wisdom

Jean Cristophe, Romaine Rolland

The Caretaker

media

BOOKS & ARTS

V. S. Pritchett

Cousin Bette

Those who admired the careful dramatisation of Balzac's *Cousin Bette* last year, must have noted that television is always at home with the novels of the 19th century. These novels are bold and orderly in structure; the descriptive passages, often boring to the reader are valuable to producers; the moral drama is clearly settled. Easy to do Balzac and Henry James; impossible to handle *To the Lighthouse* without upsetting sacred technical habits. There was a repressed dramatist in most of the 19th-century novelists whose theatrical impulses had to be steam-rolled into narrative prose because the novel had replaced theatre as the dominant literary form. So, given taste and tact, the script-writer has found it simple to extract the drama without seriously gutting the book. But if we assume that only a few of the viewers have read or will ever read *Cousin Bette* the question is: What will they have missed?

The voice of the author, of course, and in Balzac's work this is a tremendous loss. It was – as many of his contemporaries thought – a rather loud, pushing, incessant voice; though others found that its powers of story-telling, wit and fantasy, and its energy, imposed an irresistible spell. The voice of Balzac performs. It changes like an actor's. It is sanguine, sceptical, sensible in a blunt way, ready with the rash generalisation, the journalistic caricature; it easily contorts the larynx in passages of lurid melodrama and absurd hyperbole, and yet passes without a blush to asides that may be caustic, shameless or tender. It is a voice bursting with a non-stop interest in whatever his eye catches and the guesses of his own genius. Above all it is personally intrusive: Balzac bustles in among his characters and stops the action to explain to their faces that they are specimens taken out of a natural history of society; and performs the double feat of classifying their social type and of allegorising their inner lives. Balzac, without his '*Voici pourquoi . . .*' – the famous explanatory phrase that comes out at all turning points of his story – would lose all his point.

Cousin Bette and its companion piece *Cousin Pons* stand a little outside the planned scheme of the *Comédie Humaine.* They represent an astonishing renewal of his genius, at the penultimate crisis of his life. His mortal illness had begun to get its grip on him; the hopes of marriage to Madame Hanska had been set back once more; he had plunged maniacally into larger debts as he speculated with her money in railway shares; with something like insanity, he was spending fortunes on antiques – the subject of *Cousin Pons.* He felt the competition of Eugène Sue as a rising popular novelist, and he suddenly found the energy to break new ground. Or rather, the energy to go back to unfinished work and to see it in the light of a new vision. In three years, at the age of 51, he would be dead. These two novels represent what every artist hopes to achieve: a revival and crowning of the imagination. One can believe they contain a personal assertion. *Cousin Bette* is the study of a poor relation's jealousy turning into a will to revenge that seeks to destroy a whole family. To achieve this Bette has to see that the elderly Baron Hulot – her rich cousin's husband – is put in the way of ruining himself and the family by pouring out his fortune and indeed robbing government funds, in order to keep a courtesan. The ruin is accomplished. A virtuous wife is reduced to misery. Bette, the 'monstrous virgin', is triumphant. Certainly, before the end of the story, the family is reunited, at any rate until the last page but one. The courtesan dies a horrible death, Bette dies, the wife herself dies; but the Baron, senile but still sexually insatiable, lives on. A villain? No; deplorable, out of control, a victim of history, always engaging, almost decent, but one endowed – if that is the word – with an animality he cannot contain. The Baron is far from being Balzac, but he does seem to be a Balzacian protest on behalf of the revived life-force in Balzac, a protest against approaching extinction.

There is another, less speculative point to make when we consider the expansion of Balzac's creative ingenuity in this novel: he moved his story forward and nearer than had been his habit, to the time of writing. In 'modernising' – that is to say in moving further away from the Napoleonic shadow and figures of the Regency except to mock them – and turning to the domestic complacencies of the reign of Louis Philippe, he refreshed himself. Adeline is the Baron's virtuous Catholic wife, but her virtue is timorous, Crevel is the parvenu shopkeeper who had once worked for Birotteau, the perfumer who wrecked himself by speculation in property. Crevel is too cunning for that. He suddenly wants to be a gentleman. He accepts that, at his age, love costs 30,000 francs a year. He plunges for Madame Marneffe because he imagines she is 'a lady' and can teach him fashionable manners. So she can, but maliciously: he wants to be 'Regency' and she well knows that is out of date. He also wants a revenge at Hulot's expense because Hulot is a Baron. Madame Marneffe knows that the new early-Victorian morality requires moral, indeed remorseful religious airs from its courtesans; and Crevel justifies keeping her by telling himself that, as a widower, he is still respectable because of his passionate affection for his daughter. When he is desperate for money, Hulot turns to the new colonial booty in Algeria – another morally topical theme. Hulot had been a good husband when he was a Napoleonic soldier, but after Napoleon's fall he is without serious occupation beyond a nominal job in the bureaucracy. He has lost the dignity of a profession. Idleness, in short, leads him to the pursuit of women. So the disquisitional Balzac who hands out shrewd, journalistic statements on the servant problem, the need for married women to keep their husbands by becoming the wife-mistress, the difference between artists and would-be artists, creates the new age of domesticity and corruption. The descriptions of furniture which have caused many groans among Balzac's readers, now become malign and interesting. The furniture of Crevel has failed to climb as fast as its owner:

> The candelabra, the fire-dogs, the fender, the chandelier, the clock, were all in the most unmeaning style of scroll-work; the round table, a fixture in the middle of the room, was a mosaic of fragments of Italian and antique marble, brought from Rome where these dissected maps are made of mineralogical specimens – for all the world like tailor's patterns . . . The bedroom, smart with chintz, also opened out of the drawing room. Mahogany in all its glory infested the dining room, and Swiss views, gorgeously framed, graced the panels. Crevel, who hoped to travel in Switzerland, had set his heart on possessing the scenery in painting until the time should come when he might see it in reality . . . Everything was as spick and span as the beetles in an entomological case.

The differences between the furnishings at Madame Marneffe's love-nest and at Josépha's – the opera singer – are sharply marked; also the cost, of course. When Adeline calls nervously on Josépha to see if his ex-mistress knows where the Baron has fled after his downfall, the scene is masterly, for although genuinely moved by Adeline's misery, the actress cannot resist playing contrition and kindness as a new role with the skill of an artist:

> Like those worthy folk who take men of genius to be a sort of monsters, eating and drinking, walking unlike other people, the Baroness had hoped to see Josépha the opera singer, the witch, the amorous and amusing courtesan: she saw a calm and well-mannered woman, with the dignity of talent, the simplicity of an actress who knows herself to be at night a queen, and also, better than all, a woman of the town whose eyes, attitude and demeanour paid full and ungrudging homage to the virtuous wife, the *mater dolorosa* of the sacred hymn . . .

She made a charming bouquet for her 'as the Madonna is crowned in Italy'. Yet this respectable Josépha had thrown Hulot out noisily for a richer lover years before, and had called him an 'old popgun' when he crawled back to her for help. And when she heard the enormity of his behaviour she had cried out: 'Well, I admire that. It's a general flare-up! It is Sardanapalus! Splendid, thoroughly complete . . . I tell you I like a spendthrift, like you, crazy over a woman . . .' for, she says, he has only ruined those who belonged to him, whereas the calculating bankers, speculating in railways, are ruining hundreds of families every day. We see, after such scenes, the pathetic inadequacy of Adeline's cry to her

husband when he comes home to confess; 'Let me try to be an amusement to you'. The cry is all the more heart-rending for being ridiculous: the passive, mundane characters have not the imagination to grasp the force or the artistry of the obsessed.

With his rather endearing pretentiousness Balzac thought of his story as a tragedy in the manner of Racine. He certainly overdoes the 'sulphurous' and 'infernal' when he describes Bette's diabolical jealousy. He is even absurd about it in his melodramatic way: virgins are monsters in their desire for power and vengeance. The only acceptable virgin is the Virgin Mary and for a moment, it looks as though he is going to dash off a sermonette on the subject. If he did he, luckily, cut it. (He was getting his own back – it is thought – on Madame Hanska's Aunt Rosalie, who was succeeding only too well in delaying his marriage.) He half convinces us that jealousy so long repressed will certainly be appalling when it turns to action; what is hard to believe is that it will be so consistent and continuous in its plotting. But Cousin Bette is a peasant and, as he says, the passions of peasants last for life; they are ruled by a single idea. And Balzac – often blamed for not being subtle as a psychologist – was surely brilliant in one respect: he perceived that plotters like Bette will work in secret through a third party, like Madame Marneffe, and all the more passionately because the relationship is a good deal erotic.

Balzac can be relied on to rescue himself from total melodrama by his curiosity about the recesses of human nature: the impartial doctor supplants the declamatory actor. The story is indeed no tragedy by Racine. It contains several comedies that flow from one to the other and show one another off. The relationship of Hulot and Crevel makes a farce by Molière, as Balzac well knew. There is an ostensible moral lesson, but in fact no one is shown to be perfect – not even, as he said, the virtuous. His texture is rich if coarse in the weaving because he is an endless questioner, insensitive but hurrying to the next turn of the screw so that we forget to question him. One gets attached to his comic pretensions, as when he shows off about painting and sculpture and furniture or about literature – Bette, he says, could have been an Iago or even Richard III – not to mention his entomology, phrenology, his animal magnetism, his weakness for a word like 'sublime' – a cant word of the period – and for phrases like 'incredible perfection'. Balzac was a greedy man. As he revised his proofs a dozen times, throwing in more and more, he could not resist swelling his invention and yet also refining it. But when he wrote *Cousin Bette* and its companion *Cousin Pons* he was able to rise above the disastrous confusion of his private desires and attain a kind of serenity as a gourmand artist. He often spoke of the artist's right to revenge. In this effusive pessimist the idea of vengeance was obsessional. *Cousin Bette* is about nothing else.

Francis Hope

Continental System

Europe in the Twentieth Century by GEORGE LICHTHEIM *Weidenfeld & Nicolson* £4.50

'Twentieth-Century Europe' is a large subject, which English scholars might prefer to farm out to a committee of specialists. This book makes greater demands, on reader and author alike:

> The thematic unity running through these pages will, it is hoped, be apparent even to readers who reject the method here brought to bear, a method centring upon the category of totality. The concept, needless to say, is controversial, but then so is the empiricist approach still favoured by the majority of historians in the English-speaking world.

'Category of totality' is not exactly music to English ears. Nor is the opening sentence: 'The Europe of 1914 was articulated into a number of nation states.' Articulated? Doesn't he mean 'consisted of'? And later: 'The self-awareness of the Socialist movement tended towards reformism.' Shouldn't that read 'Socialists tended'? Are we to have alien doctrines of consciousness and reality, of wholes superior to the sum of their parts, of practical reason bridging the gap between facts and values imported into a history book?

Indeed we are, and about time too. 'The category of totality' is not, in this case, a piece of conjuror's patter. The author is enough of a Marxist to believe that the interrelation of politics, philosophy, economics, sociology, art and history is not merely a field for 'brilliant' but random generalisation (in which this book is short) but an essential enterprise if one is to make sense of any thread in the whole cloth. The result is a thoroughly European history of Europe, not the more familiar quizzical gaze across the Channel. A few value-judgments which have become second nature in England are briskly – but never flippantly – stood on their heads. The Frankfurt Marxists are given equal time (and more than equal sympathy) with the Vienna Positivists, De Gaulle is exalted and Roosevelt laid low, Auden gets a passing nod while Sartre has three pages of concentrated and erudite study. ('For a Cartesian to fuse Hegel, Husserl, Marx, Freud and Heidegger was certainly an astonishing *tour de force*.') Those sections of the New Left who are most critical of Britain's traditional intellectual isolation from Europe will find this book a message on their own wavelength, if not a dispatch from their own camp.

On the other hand, readers more wedded to empiricism, though not necessarily to insularity, might suggest that for all the author's disclaimers this is basically two books rather than one. The first is a political history of Europe, which draws largely on secondary sources not entirely unknown to the average educated reader. The powers of synthesis are strong, the movement between narrative and analysis sometimes jerky, the judgments sometimes eccentric. The book's political attitude never swerves from Rosa Luxemburg's dictum that socialism without democracy would be a monster, nor from the underlying thesis of Mr Lichtheim's book on Marxism, that (to put it vulgarly) Marx was speaking primarily to and about modern, industrialised, at least notionally bourgeois-democratic societies.

So far, so good; it enables the author to avoid either any illusions about Soviet Russia, or the crude notion of 'convergence' between managerial capitalism and technocratic communism. But the devotion to rational, modern, democratic standards (as interpreted in an Austro-Marxist manner) can be something of a steam-roller, particularly when allied with the appalling demands of compressing all Europe into less than 400 pages. It seems a little cavalier to dismiss Spanish anarchism as 'a feature of that country's general backwardness', and a little optimistic to say that by the 1960s 'it had become clear that in a civilised country such as Italy the Communist party could hope to win power only if it had accepted democracy – as all European Marxists had done until 1917'. Not everyone in politics has read as widely as Mr Lichtheim, nor drawn such responsible conclusions.

The second book contained (or articulated) in these pages is headier stuff. It is the intellectual history of Europe; apart from science and literature, it draws directly on the primary sources, and most of these are no better known than, say, Gramsci or Adorno. In this it slightly resembles a bringing-up-to-date of Stuart Hughes's *Consciousness and Society* – not one of whose major figures is an Englishman. Mr Lichtheim is less rigidly continental: Joyce and Lawrence, Russell and Keynes could hardly be left out of any fair picture. But there is a polemical intent in his account, more open and more specific than the general political direction of his diplomatic or economic chapters. It is an attempt to justify all those traditions – Kantian, Hegelian, Marxist – which Anglo-Saxon empiricism has resisted: to persuade us that there is something worth taking seriously in such notions as practical reason, critical theory or *verité à faire*.

There is something unsatisfying (to say the least) about Wittgenstein's remark that philosophy leaves the world exactly as it is, just as there is something alarming in the Humean orthodoxy that reason can only direct, not define, the moral passions. (If killing Jews is your bag, I can't argue you out of it.) To such dissatisfactions, Mr Lichtheim's summary of European philosophy should make a powerful appeal. It is a pity that what could have been an original monograph of great power should lurk in a garland of other men's flowers.

But perhaps there are political reasons,

review Stegner's DeVoto biog, The Uneasy Chair, pp. 138-44, on Pareto and society's "residues" and "derivations".

2

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The New York Times

The Information Industries

oses Its Way and Finds Recovery Difficult

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pany's shares, after languishing near the 1996 low of $12 a share for weeks, rose to $15.50 on Friday, including the value of TCI's satellite assets, which the company spun off to TCI shareholders as a separately traded company last Wednesday.

But Mr. Malone's rapid-fire actions have left some shareholders confused as to what kind of communications company TCI will become. After championing the idea that TCI would deliver a single bundle of television, telephone and Internet services over its wires, Mr. Malone is now undoing much of that strategy. Rather than barreling full-bore into the digital age, Tele-Communications is hedging its bets with an uncharacteristically tentative approach.

Although Mr. Malone maintains that TCI will offer Internet and phone service in a few markets, he seems, for now, to be turning away from his vision of cable as a one-stop shop for communications.

TCI may reap the benefits of Mr. Malone's cost cutting in the short term. Yet several analysts wonder if the company will lose out in the long run as competitors like AT&T, MCI and Bell Atlantic continue their drive to offer a unified package of communications services.

"The question remains whether Mr. Malone can build a competitive business that regularly introduces new products," John Tinker, a media analyst who follows TCI for Montgomery Securities, said.

Even longtime supporters of Mr. Malone on Wall Street express some confusion as

Continued on Page C8

A Chip Maker Hungry Eyes Toaster

Patents | Teresa Riordan

A new tombstone design can incorporate a person's life story — including photographs.

WASHINGTON

HALI WEISS, an architect turned tombstone designer, contends that the cremation rate has climbed steadily over the last decade because the American funeral industry has depersonalized death. In an essay she wrote for Tikkun magazine, Ms. Weiss lamented the industry's "staggering lack of imagination" and "blunt insensitivity to the demands of the human spirit."

Ms. Weiss, who started a Manhattan-based company called Living Monuments, recently received a patent for a new type of tombstone that she believes will make the death of a loved one more meaningful for the bereaved and, in the process, render cemeteries more interesting for future generations.

The tombstone features a miniature 500-word biography of the deceased in 20-point type, which is sandblasted onto a rotating element like a cylinder, integrated into the design of the tombstone.

"The moveable element increases the surface area of the monument, so that you can fit more information on it," Ms. Weiss said. "The element can be any type of shape — an oval, sphere, rectangle, cylinder."

Ms. Weiss came up with a workbook she developed with the help of grief therapists that asks the bereaved to recall the personality and accomplishments of the deceased. She then edits the information into a format that can be inscribed on the movable element with a photographic masking process. This process is more flexible and less costly than conventional sandblasting, and allows the use of photographs or genealogical trees alongside the text, Ms. Weiss said.

Ms. Weiss, who is 36, said she thought people of her generation would be particularly interested in her invention. "When my grandmother passed, I found I was looking at everything esthetically — the funeral home, the cemetery," she said. "I was appalled at what a commercial process this is. I think baby boomers are going to take back control of the death-care industry the way they took back control of the childbirth experience — they are going to demand that it be more meaningful."

Cemeteries of the future, in Ms. Weiss's vision, will be libraries of past lives. "Imagine what a visit to a Civil War cemetery would be like if, instead of just names and dates, you could read life stories of everyone buried there," she said. "It would be quite a history lesson."

The personalized approach to death is not inexpensive, however. Ms. Weiss said one of her tombstones costs $6,000 to $9,000, whereas the average price of a tombstone is $2,000 to $3,000. Ms. Weiss received patent 5,517,791.

Implant to Treat Heart Arrhy

Implantabl
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tions each year in the United States.

The defibrillator is based on research done by Robert Arzbaecher, a professor at the Illinois Institute of Technology who recently patented the technology, which he developed with the assistance of more than $1 million in grants from the National Institutes of Health.

The device, which is about the size of a pocket watch, monitors the heart's electrical signals. But when it detects an irregularity, it delivers a special drug directly into the heart, rather than an electrical jolt, to reestablish a normal rhythm.

"Today, the patient with an acute episode of atrial fibrillation has to be hospitalized," Dr. Obino said. "Wi
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NEW STATESMAN

Max Braun
Sell-out in Salisbury

Jeremy Bugler: The Windscale Verdict
Mary Morgan on A Schoolteachers' Ménage
John Bayley on Robert Lowell
Russell Davies: Torture M. R. D. Foot: Vichy France
Stephen Koss: Cartoon History

Safety with Jim?

'Tis not in mortals to command success, but the masochistic way in which Labour's front bench apologists explain away each failure is becoming depressing. The party concedes a punishing defeat in an average London suburb – very well then, say the wiseacres, it wasn't as bad as it might have been. Had the defeat been even worse, the same party pundits were all ready to announce that it was due to the Tory 'exploitation' of an issue which Labour, if you please, would rather keep 'out of politics'. Either way, the point is missed. Psephological projections from Ilford alone are unconvincing, though sobering. But one finding is consistent with other results and trends, and that is the total eclipse of the Liberal Party as an electoral force. That, anyway, is serious enough. Labour regained power largely because of the number of disillusioned middle-class voters who fell for Jeremy Thorpe in 1974. If this volatile and indecisive constituency should melt back into Toryism, then the game is very nearly up.

Not that this has been the sole blind-spot of Labour's political strategy. Rather, the Government exudes an emollience and a complacency with which it is difficult to sympathise. It relies – erratically – on the alleged anti-vote generated by Margaret Thatcher. It rests – very uncertainly – on the continued loyalty of trade unionists under a Labour government. It argues – with tongue in cheek – that there is real improvement in the position of inflation and unemployment; while all economic indicators agree that the amelioration is in the shortest of short terms. The whole scene begins to take on the gruesome features of another 1970, with the entrails of opinion pollsters doing duty for commitment and intelligence.

Hubris and nemesis remain very close relatives. A range of neglected issues have sprung to prominence and left Labour's leading spokesman looking and sounding like empty vessels. The fiasco of the Devolution Bill has created a feeling of immense cynicism in Scotland, a feeling which will translate into votes especially among the young electors who have no historic commitment to Labour. The Tory manoeuvre over power-sharing in Ulster has opened up a perspective for a renewed deal between themselves and the more primitive Unionist MPs. On the matter of race and immigration, the Conservatives have not just stooped but conquered. They have turned it into an electoral issue in a very short time indeed, and effectively silenced criticism of the move within their own ranks. On Rhodesia, too, the Tory line has been raucous and simplistic without – yet – breaking the bipartisan consensus. The Fleet Street presentation of all these issues could have been scripted by Bertolt Brecht, so closely does it follow the imperatives of the reactionary rich man's press.

All of this is what one might have expected from the sort of Toryism which is now abroad in the land. What is disheartening is the bloodless response of the Government, which pushes the disfigured Devolution Bill into the House of Lords, clutches at the slightest wrinkle in the graph of the economy, and takes its own supporters for granted.

Mr Callaghan undoubtedly feels that he is a good judge of the national pulse and the popular temperature. He has confidence in his own brand of conservatism, and in the populist instincts which have served his own career so well. He already seems to be positioning himself for playing the part of the man in the middle – the merchant of reassurance standing, as it were, between the extremes of Left and Right. It is a curious posture for a socialist prime minister and it by no means promises a sure defence at a time when the Tory Party is pawing the ground and scenting blood. Nor is it the cleverest response to the erosion of Labour's historic support, or to the collapse of the Liberal vote. Surrounded as they are with experts, courtiers and permanent civil servants, Labour ministers seem to be falling for their own propaganda about national unity. A Conservative election victory would indeed be a national disaster – on a grander scale than many people recognise – but it will not be forestalled by relying exclusively on an appeal for 'Safety First'. When Stanley Baldwin first used that slogan (in 1929) he did not, after all, win the election.

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Poor Mr Steel

It would be a great pity if there was no more Liberal Party. I mean, I know it sounds soppy but life would be much less colourful. No more Liberals, no more Young Liberals, no more great Liberal issues, no more Assemblies in the smaller seaside resorts, no more commissions swilling coffee and denouncing the iniquitous Water Boards, no more plans for the abolition of income tax, no more nice Liberals, no more nasty Liberals, no more boring Liberals, no more bonkers Liberals, and no more of those fascinating combinations of character – nice-nasty, nice-boring, nasty-bonkers, bonkers-boring – which give the Liberal Party its unique flavour. John Pardoe, for instance, is an aspirant nasty, which was why he was sent to the Treasury to tackle the Blob (genuine nasty). Alas, he found himself completely outclassed in every respect. He would be much better off if he came to terms with his own nature (nice-bonkers). David Steel, on the other hand, is a natural nasty who has spent his life in training to be nice. It's a bit late, alas, for him to turn really nasty in order to fight what will obviously be a very nasty election, but he's having a go, and his speech last Saturday has been widely interpreted as his opening salvo in the now-we-turn-nasty campaign.

Typically, with the Liberals, the issue is one of no great public concern – the reorganisation of the electricity industry. Typically, the figure at the centre of attention is a man of ambiguous character, David Penhaligon. You might think, to see him speaking at Liberal Assemblies, that Penhaligon is pure nice. He is a favourite with the crowd. He knows his virtues as a speaker – his strong Cornish accent, his ability to turn on the comic charm and to inject an element of fun into the proceedings. That his voice is high and thin might be thought a disadvantage. In fact it helps him, since his individual squeak can always be distinguished above the hubbub, in much the same way as the pure tone of a flute can always be heard through a symphony orchestra. Good orators have often had odd voices, while people with good, firm voices (one thinks of David Owen, for instance) have often been surprisingly dull orators. Penhaligon is the best public performer in his party. One has to remind oneself, in moments when one thinks of him as nice, that he voted with Cyril Smith in favour of hanging, last time it was debated. This is the reason that he became known as Penhooligan.

So Penhooligan has decided that Benn must be stopped in his tracks (hanged, perhaps) and Steel, in supporting him, has shown that the Liberals are not going to be taken for granted. He had to say something, after all, and a little Bennery-bashing seemed to fit the bill. Steel is in a very awkward position, as the result of the Ilford by-election has shown. Mrs Thatcher has marched away with a large portion of his votes (nearly three-quarters of them, apparently) and the polls show that the pact is unpopular with the Liberal switchers. Steel, of course, has always argued that it would be unpopular, until it began to show results. The trouble is going to be deciding how to prove results. At Blackpool, among the party faithful, this was not too much of a problem. But what about in the country at large? Does Steel propose to run a barn-storming election on the slogan 'Vote for the party which blocked the proposed reorganisation of the electricity industry'? It doesn't sound exactly catchy.

Or is the slogan to be 'Vote for the men who put the boot into Benn'? In that case we come to the central problem in Steel's strategy, which is how to establish an exclusive appeal with the electorate. After all, if people believe that Benn is wild and irresponsible, their safest course is to vote for Thatcher. If people want safety above all else, their wisest course would be to plump for Callaghan. If people believe that the 'left-wing tail is wagging the Labour dog' (an extraordinary belief), the Tories have long been eloquent on the point. If people want more of the same poison, they will know where to go to get it.

Poor Mr Steel. The time is fast approaching when he must bring the affair with Labour to an end, as he made clear in Blackpool that he would. But the trouble is there is no glory for him in doing so. Callaghan no doubt will be very understanding: 'All right, I realise, you've got your job to do and I've got mine. We've worked together through some hard times, and I must say I've admired your responsibility, etcetera, etcetera.' But then Steel has to say to the country that whereas the necessity in the past was to keep the Labour show on the road, now everything has changed. The more he condemns Labour, the more he condemns his own record, and the more the pact appears to have been a gigantic swindleroo.

It can hardly be said that Steel's leadership of the party began in the most favourable conditions. The Liberal vote was already falling away. There was the protracted agony of the Thorpe affair – the committee-room kangaroo court, the antics of Cyril Smith, the press publicity. Then there was the period of real failure of nerve after Thorpe's resignation, when it actually seemed as if Jo Grimond was to be brought back as leader. This proving impossible, the Liberals began their leadership election campaign, which might well have provided good publicity had the candidates been better matched. Instead, the anguish associated with the party was converted into hilarity overnight. A period of calm followed, and by the time of Steel's first assembly as leader, in Llandudno 1976, it looked as if the wounds had been healed. Steel was received with more than customary adoration, and produced something very like a sermon outlining his vision for the future. It went down well – perhaps because, deeply embedded in the Liberal mentality, there is a feeling that nothing said at conferences will ever actually come about. In the following year, however, it did all come about, and the opportunity to test the new Liberal strategy was taken.

It was not, perhaps, the best opportunity to take. If there had been a general election followed by a hung parliament, Steel might have started off in a better bargaining position with more to gain in legislative terms. Instead, coming in to rescue an unpopular government during a mid-term crisis, he got the worst sort of deal. It is significant that whereas the pact dominated the debates in the subsequent Liberal Assembly, the Labour conference last year more or less ignored the subject. Whatever the initial feelings on the Labour side had been, there were few misgivings by October. Nothing much, it was felt, was being given away. The pact has always meant more to the Liberals than it has to Labour. But to the occasional Liberal voter it has meant the removal of a certain alternative – the Liberal vote is seen as a Labour vote.

So what runs through Steel's mind, as he lies awake in the uncanny stillness of the night? (I'm guessing that the nights at Ettrick Bridge are uncannily still. They may of course be one long riot and debauch.) Does he not think that perhaps he missed his one great chance at the time of Mrs Thatcher's attempted putsch? To have salvaged what popularity he could by bringing down an unpopular government, to have got the inevitable disastrous election over with, would that not have been better? And does he not worry that, in the present circumstances, the eventual reckoning will be the cruellest yet? The advantage Steel had, the thing that recommended him to his party, was his clear conception of a strategy. He can hardly argue that his strategy has not been tried – nor will he do so. But if the strategy is tried and fails, it is difficult to see what the party is going to do next. They are running out of ideas. The ideas may already have run out.

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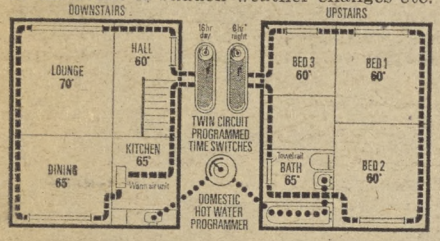
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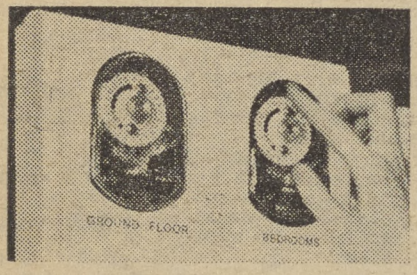
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JOHN EDWARDS

Daily Mail April 28, '73 p. 6



This was Lourdes yesterday... as Cathy joined the queue for miracles

SMALL showers of white petals spun off a bowing tulip tree and all the wheelchairs rolled over them and crushed them into the hot tar, but they were still falling when Cathy Hewitt stopped under the tree and said a little prayer.

She had one hand clasped tight around her mother's arm. Her eyes were shut.

Her father was behind the chair pushing, but now his head was bent like Cathy's, and petals fell on his grey hair.

There were thousands of people praying, and you could hear them above the squeak of rubber wheels on the roadway.

Drowned by crying

Sometimes everything was drowned by loud crying, but there was no sound at all up ahead by the Grotto of Lourdes.

It was just a dent in the face of a cliff, hardly deep enough to be a cave.

The wheelchairs and stretchers were arced in front of it, and people struggled on to their knees and became lost in their hopes for a miracle.

Cathy's father was pushing her again towards the Grotto. Her legs were like spokes, twisted and bent from TB and meningitis which struck her when she was four.

She had never danced or run. There was even pain when she tried to walk, but she didn't show this with any expression on her face.

So now she had come from Adelaide in South Australia, where no doctor had succeeded, and she urged herself from her chair and went to her knees and the wind caught her blonde hair.

Her father stood back and his hands were clasped in front of him. He had a dark blue yachting blazer on, with silver buttons.

They were kneeling

Everywhere there were people in prayer, fingering rosaries, but Ted Hewitt just stood back and watched his daughter pray for herself in front of a dent in a cliff.

'We're not Catholics, you see,' he said. 'I don't really understand this. It's beyond me.

'Cathy wanted to come to Lourdes. I never tried to stop her. I wanted her to be well. I don't think that's too much to ask for a small girl.'

She looked every bit of 17, kneeling in front of the Grotto with a light tan on her face hiding a few freckles.

First of all she had complained of headaches and sickness.

'Then it happened like that,' Ted Hewitt said, snapping his fingers to show the speed.

It was cold out of the sun in front of the Grotto. All above, the saw-teeth of the Pyrenees were shedding their winter snow into the River Gave and it shot ice-grey towards the sea.

There were old people kneeling, and nuns covered their shoulders with blankets. Others who couldn't get out of their chairs had rugs over them.

Some had been there for hours surrounded by crutches, arms held straight out in penitence.

Mostly, though, there was no big display, and they knelt in thousands in total silence.

The candle flames bent one way and then the other, and they shone bright as torches even in the daylight.

Every wheelchair had a label with the pilgrim's home town on it. Half of them were Irish, with the English cities scattered in between.

Sheffield and Nottingham were in one group and Brentwood G.S. and the Arch-Diocese of Birmingham and St. Anthony's, Sunderland.

These were only the ones which could be seen near Cathy, who was still kneeling in the wind.

The Grotto was chained off and those who could walk filed into it and kissed the spot where the local girl, Bernadette, said she saw the apparition in February 1858.

The rock face was smooth and shiny from the 60 million palms which had rubbed against it. A nun with tissues in her hand wiped the lipstick away from the stone whenever a group of women had passed by.

Even if the events were unbelievable there was something huge which came from the strength of all those who were now at the Grotto, because they were convinced.

'This place is almost the centre of the universe for Catholics,' Father D'Agostino, from Turin, explained. 'They are drawn here because of a Presence.

'I am sorry if you find that hard to comprehend.'

Cathy leaned heavily on her mother as she stumbled into the Grotto and waited, momentarily, in front of the place of the apparition.

She didn't try to copy those who had been trained. All she did was to look sadly and move on, and her place was taken by others who held out their rosaries and asked for blessing.

Hanging over her was a steel line, with crutches looped on it that were sent back by the sick who said they had been cured.

She bent and touched the water of the Grotto, and brushed it over her lips.

The people had gathered long before the total night. They formed a line four-deep that might have gone two miles if it was stretched out.

They all had candles with paper lanterns shielding the flames, and they walked down the winding way to the Grotto in a vast, flickering procession.

Power of faith

Bats dived at the light from the darkness, then sloped away when choruses of 'Ave Maria' burst out in the valley.

They sang it for an hour... 'Ave Maria, Ave Maria,' the sick and the wounded, and many more who were healthy but were at the Grotto of Lourdes because it was their centre of the universe and the power of the faith was overwhelming.

Last night, Cathy Hewitt sat without words in a chair on the second floor of the Ambassadeur Hotel.

The sound of strong hymns came through the open window, and the light of candles blinked along the promenade that went to the Grotto below her.

Some tears came into her eyes.

FORUM

Oregonian
Nov 7, '82



Pacific's supremacy rides wave of future

By SARA TERRY

LOS ANGELES — You can see the future from here.

It laps at the California shore, and stretches westward across one-third of the globe. It borders five continents and cradles two-thirds of Earth's population. In the eyes of most Atlantic-oriented Americans, it has long been that "other ocean."

But not for long, for it is in the Pacific Ocean that the wave of the future will rise and crest.

That may be a concept that is hard to grasp in a nation that has spent 200 years looking across the Atlantic Ocean toward Europe — drawn by ethnic and cultural heritages, political goals and economic needs.

But that does not change what is happening. Almost unnoticed in the past decade, the Pacific Rim — the basin that includes the Pacific Ocean and all the countries in and bordering it — has taken on global importance as a result of growth in trade, finance, energy resource exploration and immigration.

"The now flourishing Pacific region ... consititues nothing less than one of the great developments in human history," James Day Hodgson, former U.S. ambassador to Japan and vice chairman of the U.S. chapter of the Pacific Basin Economic Council, said during a recent panel discussion of the basin.

"A new era is indeed upon us," he said. "From now on, the words 'Pacific' and 'future' will be synonymous for all North Americans."

Just how that era will unfold is still unclear. There will be challenges, to be sure — challenges such as the trade issues now creating friction between Japan and the United States — as Occidental and Oriental cultures are drawn to a common meeting ground. But the promise of a Pacific century is bright, and indications of that coming age are everywhere.

Some of the most striking hints of what is ahead are found in statistics and the trends they imply. Within the past five years, for example — for the first time in history — Americans have been trading more across the Pacific than across the Atlantic, trade worth more than $100 billion a year. That trend is expected to continue, since basin trade is accelerating at a faster pace than total world trade.

Furthermore, the fastest economic growth in the world is taking place in the Pacific Rim. Although it would not surprise many people to know that until recently Japan has grown more rapidly than the United States and Western Europe, that island nation does not have the only booming economy in the Pacific.

South Korea, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Singapore and others have grown at rates well exceeding those of most Western nations — and have earned their residents the nickname "Confucian capitalists." In fact, in October 1981, Euromoney magazine rated 85 countries around the world on economic performance since 1973. At the top of the list was Taiwan, with Singapore and Hong Kong right behind.

Such growth has prompted predictions of an imminent shift in the balance of global power. Paul McCracken, for one, a former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, has made this forecast:

"By the year 2000, the Pacific complex represented by Japan, Taiwan, South Korea, Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaysia and the Philippines would in aggregation of economic power and dynamism exceed that of Western Europe and the United States."

In California, perhaps more than anywhere else in the mainland United States, the facts and figures have special meaning. Here, for example, more than 1.2 million people of Asian ancestry live — the largest total in the nation. Here, too, the largest number of Indochinese refugees — 185,000 — have settled.

Although the state has complained that it is bearing an unfair share of the nation's refugee burden, overall these Indochinese newcomers and other Asian immigrants have earned reputations for being hard-working citizens. They are known, too, for bringing with them a sense of community, which is particularly striking in Los Angeles, where collective values are often trammeled in the pursuit of the individualistic lifestyle that is the city's hallmark.

But California's newcomers have brought more than family connections — they have brought financial connections as well. Some 50 banks based in Pacific Rim countries have opened branches in California, according to Dr. Hang-Sheng Cheng, assistant vice president and economist with the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco. During the past 10 years, it has been estimated that some 400 Japanese companies have invested in Southern California. And in Los Angeles, Japanese money has helped fuel a renovation of Little Tokyo, a major part of the city's downtown renewal effort.

For the most part, the implications of these statistics and trends escape widespread public attention. But many individuals, government officials and private organizations have begun taking notice — and action.

In Los Angeles, for example, the chamber of commerce holds an annual Pacific Basin seminar featuring experts from the region. In Hawaii, a state with a heavy Asian population and Pacific location, government and business officials are striving to style Honolulu as a regional center, and already have attracted many corporate regional headquarters to the islands.

A point is made of seeking out Pacific dignitaries who stop over in Hawaii while passing through the region. And an advisory council to Gov. George R. Ariyoshi has begun encouraging more widespread study of Pacific Rim languages so that Hawaii will eventually be able to offer simultaneous translation for all its Pacific visitors.

"This is where the action is now," said Hideto Kono, director of planning for the state. "We're in a favorable position."

Pacific potential also has been recognized by Western coal-producing states. They have joined

Continued on Forum Page 5.

Japanese militarism on the march

By JOHN JUNKERMAN

THE U.S. MARINES retook Iwo Jima this spring.

The leathernecks returned to the site of the historic World War II battle to conduct a mock rescue of islanders held by hostile forces. The exercise was unremarkable in military terms, but it raised a dust cloud of controversy 900 miles away in Tokyo.

Emotional protests were lodged with U.S. authorities by the families of the 20,000 Japanese soldiers who died on Iwo Jima in February and March of 1945. The Japanese asked that the bloodstained island be left in peace, but the Marines rolled on.

The U.S. military has never concealed its contempt for Japanese pacifism. Public aversion to anything that recalls the nightmare of the Pacific fighting has stood as a powerful and enduring barrier to rearmament — and an endless source of frustration to the military establishment of both countries.

Yet the effort to reprogram the Japanese mind has made some headway in the last few years. By all accounts, the national consensus has been pushed to the right, and a path is now being cleared for Japan's re-emergence as a military power in the Pacific. And Iwo Jima may well be remilitarized in the process.

American pressure for an expanded Japanese military role has been building for a decade. Beginning with the U.S. pullback from Asia in the last years of the Vietnam War, Japan's sphere of responsibility was extended to the surrounding seas, including the Korean Peninsula and the strategic straits that provide access to the Pacific for the Soviet fleet based in Vladivostok.

By the late 1970s, Japan was committed to assisting the United States in emergencies throughout East Asia, and joint air, sea and land maneuvers had increased dramatically in scope and number.

Continued on Forum Page 5.

Superbull



Germans find dreams don't perfectly fit reality

By HAROLD HUGHES
Associate Editor, The Oregonian

BONN, West Germany — West Germans talk a lot about Oregon. In speaking with government leaders in Bonn, or with military commanders deep in the Bavarian countryside, American visitors were often told that the Federal Republic of Germany is the size of Oregon, but that it must support and protect a population of 60 million people.



HUGHES

More than most nations, the West Germans are the prisoners of a restricted geography. They are caught in a great variety of landscapes spread over 10 federated states, ranging from the Alps to the flat glaciated lands that front on the North and Baltic seas.

Except for its size, the Federal Republic hardly resembles Oregon, although there are pockets of common alpine and marine climates, giving each similar wines, plants and animals. Oregonians, of course, drive German cars, and Germans use Oregon's electronic tools and its zirconium metals to cover nuclear power fuel rods.

But a new and less understood connection is the rise of the environmental movement in Germany, producing a potent, though still minor, political force known as *die Grunen,* or the Green Party.

The Greens are easily the most interesting current political topic in Germany. They are not like any U.S. environmental movement or political party. They are a political coalition of groups often without common interests. These range from peace and nuclear freeze proponents to communists paid by the Soviet Union to organize large protest rallies.

Further, the Greens differ from region to region. But their chief successes have been on environmental issues, such as in campaigns to clean the Rhine and other rivers of pollution. They are a heavily idealistic group who say they will not even form voting coalitions with other Bundestag parties. They have strange notions about such practical matters as city budgets and have rules that prevent their leaders from serving the party more than two years.

A leader of the Social Democrats, Alfons Pawelczyk, who is the minister of interior of the state of Hamburg, recently admitted frankly that the major parties, including that of defeated Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, had lost touch with many basic German issues — the environment, youthful idealism, the peace movement and government structural reforms. All are Green Party devotions.

In suggesting that his own daughter was a strong admirer of the Greens, the minister told a little story in which the teen-ager said she did not like to argue with her father because he always had too many facts on his side.

It is the reality of too many facts that confronts the Greens as a political party. They oppose increases even in conventional weapons, believing that the first step in disarmament must come from the West. Arguing with more faith than facts, they believe Soviet bloc nations will disarm once the West does so.

But the Soviet Union has been steadily building up its weapons, particularly its SS-20 nuclear missiles that can hit any city in Europe. An overwhelming number of Germans understand this reality and do not expect the Green views to prevail much above 7 percent of the vote.

For those who have faith in conventional weapons, there is encouragement from talking with German generals and American commanders in charge of front-line forces facing the Soviet bloc nations. U.S. tankers, housed in the former quarters of Gen. Rommel's World War II Afrika tank corps, believe they can easily handle a Soviet force that would outnumber them in tanks by at least 3 to 1. "The Russians are not 10 feet tall" is the common expression heard among the forward-line Americans.

Even using the older M-60 A-1 tanks, U.S. commanders are cocky. New and better M-60s are on the way and later there will be more of the controversial M-1s, but even now, a visitor senses the Americans tankers are convinced they can defeat any Soviet combination. The units they face are scouted the way professional football teams examine their opponents, so they are not just speculating.

But no one in either the German or American armies can easily be found who believes the peace of Europe can be maintained with conventional forces. The nuclear deterrent requires the latest Pershing missile, it is argued, to keep the Russians honest. It can hit Moscow, while current Pershings only can strike Soviet satellite forces that Moscow might be willing to sacrifice.

European military and political leaders do not believe Europe is likely to be attacked, given the heavy deterrent odds the Soviets now face. More likely, they believe, is a Soviet attack in the Middle East.

These are some of the facts. They are not all of them, of course. That idealism is not dead among the youth of Germany, a heavily tortured land, must be counted as a plus. But the vast majority of West Germans are able to separate facts from wishes and dreams from the reality of keeping the peace. That the security of Europe cannot be separated from the security of the United States is another reality that must not be allowed to fade.

Harold Hughes was one of nine newsmen who recently traveled to West Germany under the auspices of Inter Nationes, a group formed to improve understanding between Germans and other nations.

Mark Russell's ribs



On election night, the media projected some victories of candidates who were defeated shortly thereafter. I saw one guy toasting his big win and making his concession speech at the same time.

There is a special concession champagne for such an occasion — it comes with no bubbles.

I knew that Jerry Brown no longer cared what people said about him when he delivered his concession speech in Hindu.

The National Conservative Political Action Committee isn't even taking time out to lick its wounds. It's already placed 10 members of the Canadian Parliament on its hit list.

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Letters

The Oregonian welcomes letters expressing readers' views. Not all can be published in the Letters section, however, due to the number received. Letters should be addressed To the Editor, The Oregonian, 1320 SW Broadway, Portland, Ore., 97201.

All letters will be considered, but short ones permit publication of more letters, and all letters are subject to editing for clarity and brevity. Letters should be typed, double spaced and must be signed over the writer's address.

A weather report from hedgehogs and onions

Times Dec. 2, '72 p. 14

The older countrymen, including the gardeners, have been foretelling a long cruel winter since they harvested their crops of onions earlier this year:

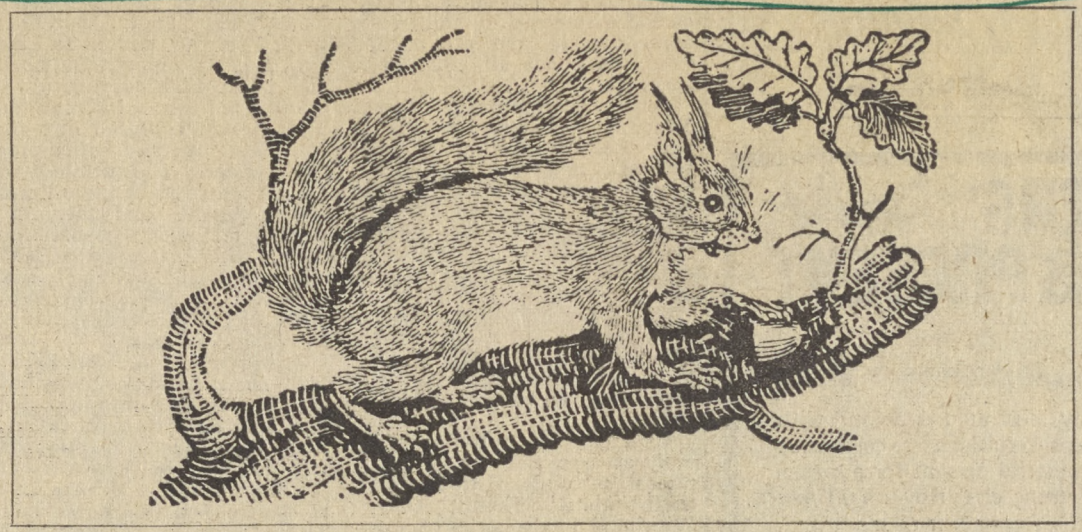
"Onions' skins, very thin,
Mild winter coming in,
Onions' skins, thick and tough,
Coming winter cold and rough."

The onions were well covered they say. "Their skins haven't been as thick for years", and the maize cobs had more leaf-like layers of protection over the corn too. This makes it worse as "ears of maize" are substituted for onions where corn-on-the-cob is grown.

The rhyme which varies from region to region, can also be repeated with "Fishes' skins" and fishermen say that they are extra tough and in parts of Britain "Horses', kine and sheeps' coats" are noticeably thicker than they have been for the past few winters.

But these are only a few of the traditional signs that this is going to be a long, hard winter. There was an abundance of acorns on the oaks on St Michael's Day at the end of September which is said to mean that a white Christmas is a certainty. "Michaelmas blackbirds", or ring ouzels, were on their way south to their winter quarters then, but they tallied long enough to demolish plenty of the great flush of scarlet "berries" on the yews, as well as taking some of the "mony hips and haws", the presence of which has always been said to indicate very cold winters with "mony frosts and snows", far from Scotland where the saying originated.

The fact that heavy crops of berries decorated the hedges before both of the last two mild winters, is now forgotten. So is the barking of "Michaelmas foxes" in those years. They need not have been "calling up big flocks of snow" in all three autumns, they were more likely to have been calling mates.



"When they eat them on the tree, weather as warm as warm will be."

"St Michael's Ducks", which we take to be wild geese, arrived earlier than usual in the south and may make the die-hard country-lore prophets' prognosis of a bitter winter ahead more feasible. It is acknowledged readily that any "wildfowl seen before October, flying directly south and very high, means an early and severe winter" whether they were over Orkney or the Hampshire coast.

There is a confusing and obviously unrelated number of still-repeated country sayings about such noticeable phenomena as bird migration. Normal flights of wildfowl, in "the form of letters or figures" are said to denote the numbers of weeks of frost that will follow their appearance. This year, as the first Bewicks's swans from Siberia arrived over the Sussex water-meadows in mid-October, they flew in long, straight, "follow-my-leader" lines that could only possibly suggest a single week's frost. But a later and bigger batch in November flew in both deep V-formation and single lines as well.

There are of course often loopholes in the old countrymen's weather predictions, as well a many apparent contradictions. Much of the old wisdom has a hard core of truth and the way in which the sayings are still frequently and seriously quoted does augment their high incidence of apparently sincere accuracy. Before the days of scientific weather forecasts, all ranks of country people were dependent in a variety of ways, on their own powers of observation, so possibly it is only the more useful of the sayings that have survived.

Although the old "wise-saws" vary from region to region, it is surprising how many of them tally in date by being linked with festivals like Michaelmas, Martinmas, Christmas and Candlemas. All these, of course, would have occurred 14 days later than they do now, according to the Old Style calendar.

St Martin, with his feast day now on November 11, has a big crop of associated weather predictions and many were noticeable this year. He "wore a white band" in the form of frost and an early white mist and "on the trees the leaves were still holding", which can mean months of cold weather ahead. The wind, on that day, was coming from the north and might easily stay the forecast "90 days in the same quarter". Great tits sang, foretelling cold as they whistled "pincher, pincher" and the throstles joined in with "cold days, cold days, cold days ahead".

None of it need be true. Rooks were burying food as they frequently do without foretelling bad weather at all and it was impossible to strengthen the bad omens by seeing if the moles were preparing stores of earthworms underground. Squirrels carried on with their active daily eating habits. They did not seem to be laying in hordes of nuts underground for the months ahead. So all the other signs of a hard winter could have been cancelled by: *When they eat them on the tree, Weather as warm as warm will be.*

Judging by some of the old weather-lore the future of this winter is still anyone's guess. The ice on St Martin's Day was just "thick enough to bear a duck" which means "there's nothing to come but slush and muck", but skylarks were singing overhead to contradict this theory of unfrozen ground and "as long before Candlemas as larks are heard to sing, so long will they be silent in the snow afterwards". Candlemas is in mid February.

There was a big autumn influx of redwings and fieldfares which gave room for gloomy head-shaking from the staunchest supporters of the traditional weather-lorists, but no one could tell whether the birds were "well-larded, in order to survive the coming long winter". Neither can anyone tell which side of his winter nest the hedgehog has built his front door. For he has no front door, he shoves his way through the heap of leaves, in and out, wherever he chooses and does not "front his door to north or south, or east or west", thus giving no clues to the state of the wind in the winter ahead.

Alison Ross

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holiday operators offer to complete in days what formerly took months. But time and patience are still prerequisites for a Grand Tour. One must be consumed with curiosity and live in a pleasurable state of anticipation, and above all, use public transport.

Some adventurous Grand Tours included parts of what is now Eastern Europe, if not Istanbul, and until 1939 most people went by luxury train. That train was the Orient Express. Today a single blue Wagons Lits car still runs through to Bucharest, and where better to start eating one's way back home to Western Europe? Like most of the eastern European countries, Rumania has an excellent rate of exchange for foreign tourists, and meals can be both good and cheap.

Overseas visitors to **Bucharest** will, at one time or another, almost certainly visit Carparti, the National Tourist Office. Within 50 yards is the comfortable **Lido Hotel**, which has a really first-class swimming pool (with artificial waves) and a terraced restaurant as well as the main one. The menu will be the same for both and there is also a daily duplicated card, printed in Rumanian and German, or Rumanian and French, and signed personally by both the restaurant director and the chef.

Service is by waiters and waitresses who seem to care, very much, what they are about. All the dishes on the "daily list" arrive quite quickly. Most are based on pork, chicken or steak, very nicely presented, with salads of tomatoes, onions, lettuce, peppers, cucumber and endives. A good two-course meal, including salad, with half a bottle of local wine costs about £1.20 assuming an exchange rate for tourists of around 43 Rumanian lei to the pound. Tournedos Rossini is 21.70, salad 10.00, fresh peach Melba 9.00, and half a bottle of red wine, about 8.00.

Moving south and west, the train takes you to **Belgrade**, the ancient car[illegible]

sausages, baked beans and salads. Serbian baked beans make an appetizing as well as economical dish. It consists of large haricot beans, onions, garlic, oil, pepper, salt, bay-leaves, parsley and bone stock with paprika pepper. The beans are left to soak overnight, and are drained well before cooking. They are then placed in a pan with the stock and boiled in it till tender. Meanwhile, the onions are fried in the oil until golden brown, and the other ingredients and seasoning are added. Alternate layers of beans and onions are arranged in an oven-proof dish and baked for about an hour. The dish may be served hot or cold.

The Grand Tour would have included at least one foray into the countryside—perhaps into the mountains beyond Uzice, and well into wild-bear country, calling in on the way at the Mausoleum of the Serbian Kings at Topola. Uzice is now named Titovo Uzice in recognition of the fact that it was here that Marshal Tito declared his first free sovereign state, in the middle of the fight with the Germans during the last war. Beyond Titovo Uzice, and in the forest, is a new hotel built principally for the Yugoslavs themselves. This is at **Zlatibor**, and goes under the name of **Palisad.**

Here, in the heart of Serbia, just off the road to Sarajevo, is a modern, well constructed and spacious building equipped with a simple but very ample restaurant, and not only rooms with private baths, but also suites if one wants this extra luxury. Prices to an Englishman seem very modest. A double room with sit-up bath is 70 dinar per person per day, and a similar room plus sitting-room and study with television en suite is 150 dinar per day. Food is good and adequate, and a special party paid 55 dinar a head plus wine at 15 dinar per bottle (about twice shop price) for hors d'oeuvre of cream cheese, smoked ham, salami and sausages: Teleca [illegible] vegetables

appealing during the [illegible] tables are clean and smart, the chairs comfortable, the canopy keeps off the direct sun, and the willing service will bring you anything from a cup of coffee to a five-course meal. Outside, the red and cream trams clang on their way to the Opera House, the door porter doffs his cap to all who go in and out, and the Viennese scene moves by.

Your lunch, if you have three courses and half a bottle of wine, will come to about £4 including coffee, but it will be very good. For example (the menu changes daily) there is pâté of venison, with Cumberland sauce from a silver boat, boeuf Stroganoff as it should be, or fish croquettes, made of trout and pike—fishcakes without equal—or roast duck, crisp and tender and as much as you want, or Hungarian chicken. Sweets include the famous Viennese torten, or you can finish with thin wafers of Emmentaler cheese.

From Vienna to **Prague** you may take a train, but frontier formalities mean a wait of about one-and-a-half hours and sadly it is quicker and easier to fly—about 40 minutes—probably in a Russian-built aircraft which, nevertheless, serves you free Pilsener beer, tourist class, and some very tasty open-sandwich snacks. Again, the Czech rate of currency exchange is good for the visitor (around 38 Crowns to £1), and at this rate you can afford to stay at the **Alcron**, where the service is good, polite and helpful. The Alcron was probably the best inter-war hotel and still keeps its atmosphere—it is, of course, State-owned and run. Tourists receive a bonus of 30 crowns a day to spend in the hotel and this, in effect, provides one good free meal. The whole of the Alcron is delightfully 1930s in atmosphere, even to the quartet in evening dress, playing throughout dinner.

The hotel has a lounge/hall where snacks are served at any time of day, and here you can [illegible]

The Living Arts

The New York Times



Jack Vartoogian for The New York Times

Corey Glover sings a track from Prince's "1999" album at the Next Wave Festival.

POP REVIEW

1999 Partying Wit

By JON PARELES

Is rock ready for a repertory movement? In a way it already has one with tribute bands and cover bands. But lately, as the idea of the album as an artistic unit has been undermined by the music business's focus on hit singles and by the infinite flexibility of music via the Internet, a modest reaction has appeared.

Phish devotes occasional shows to a full-length performance of another band's album; Cheap Trick toured playing its own albums in their entirety. This year the concert producer Danny Kapilan has staged remakes of Miles Davis's "Kind of Blue,"

Joni Mitchell's
and Sunday at
Music, Prince's

The next ce
1982, when Pri
title song 200
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struction was
stoking a part
music, sex, rom
the music as a
stripping funk,
blues down to
recreating ther
squiggle could
album is like
Prince's mind

ARTS ABROAD

Essay Winner From Moscow Gauges Time In Definitions

By ALAN RIDING

PARIS, Dec. 12 — An international essay contest announced two years ago in Weimar, Germany, may have seemed like a brave effort to revive a revered 18th-century tradition. But it turned out that essay writers around the world were just waiting for the call. When the deadline for submissions came a year ago, 2,481 writers from 123 countries had presented lengthy papers on the millennial theme: "Liberating the Past From the Future? Liberating the Future From the Past?"

Last weekend's announcement of the results of the competition brought yet another surprise. It was not a German philosophy professor with time on his hands who won the 50,000-mark ($26,300) first prize. It was Iveta Gerasimchuk, a 20-year-old student from Moscow, whose essay, "Dictionary of Winds," was first chosen from among 306 Russian-language submissions and was then picked by a seven-member jury from among 43 finalists.

The competition was organized by a committee called Weimar 1999 and Lettre International, a European literary magazine, to celebrate Weimar's selection as the European Cultural Capital for 1999. The simple idea nonetheless involved mobilizing an army of intellectuals (113 of them proposed topics for the essay), jury members for each of the seven language groups (German, English, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese and Arabic), translators and a final jury.

Of the 2,481 essays submitted, 2,203 met the criteria for the competition. All were then given numbers, with the identity of each author revealed only after the results were in. Most papers came from Germany (630), with Russia (232) and the United States (228) some distance behind. France

Continued on Page B2



Pawel Kassin

Iveta Gerasimchuk, 20, won first prize in an international essay contest in Weimar.

Forum

Present trends present portents of growing Pacific prosperity

Continued from Forum Page 1

with U.S. industry leaders and representatives from Japan, Korea and China in attempts to open those markets to Western coal. And Pacific Basin countries have begun meeting informally — bringing together representatives from government, business and academia — to discuss how best to guide and enhance developing relations among Pacific nations.

Within the next decade, the current discussions — which have involved a fairly limited group so far — will broaden into widespread public awareness and dialogue. At the heart of that growing awareness, they say, will be Pacific Basin issues and trends.

□

— Trade and finance. As communications and modern transportation have forged previously non-existent links among Pacific Basin countries in the past 30 years, the region has grown increasingly interdependent in trade, Cheng said.

California, for example, counts seven of its top 10 trading partners among Pacific Rim countries, accounting for 75 percent of the state's foreign trade, Cheng said. Japan and Australia count on their Pacific partners for 45 percent of their foreign trade. Among other Pacific countries, the figure is as high as 70 percent.

"The now flourishing Pacific region ... percent of the state's foreign trade, Cheng said. Japan and Australia count on their Pacific partners for 45 percent of their foreign trade. Among other Pacific countries, the figure is as high as 70 percent.

As local economies continue to expand at rates expected to remain the highest in the world — although not necessarily as high as the boom rates of the past decade — such interpendence is expected to grow. With those increasing links, however, come a complex series of challenges, such as the already thorny issue of trade protectionism.

What is needed both to deal with these problems and to promote regional cooperation, experts say, is some sort of a pan-Pacific organization — broader in scope than the Association of Southeast Asian Nations, a five-country economic development group started in 1967. Present discussion centers on the possibility of forming a Pacific Economic Community, although it is highly unlikely such an organization would be patterned after the European Economic Community.



"We don't want to be that," Dr. Somsakdi Xuto, dean of Thailand's National Institute for Development and Administration, told businessmen recently at the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce's fifth annual Pacific Rim conference. "We are very proud of ourselves.

"Why should we want to be another EC?" he asked. "That's the European way — good for Europeans, but not for us.... We have a uniquely Southeast Asian style of consensus decision-making. We have lots of talking, lots of parties and informal gatherings before signing official documents.... We like to be a little more open-ended, and not so specific."

□

— Energy and mineral resources. Energy exploration in the Pacific Basin has taken a back seat to development of resources in other parts of the world. Yet beneath this vast expanse of water, geologists say, may be some of the richest energy and mineral deposits on Earth.

It is a large triangular section of the Pacific ocean floor, for example, that yields trillions of manganese nodules, porous lumps containing vital minerals.

"The Pacific's got all kinds of minerals. You just name the minerals, they're there," said Michel T. Halbouty, a Houston geologist and petroleum engineer who in 1972 founded the Circum-Pacific Council for Energy and Mineral Resources, an international group of Earth scientists who meet every four years to discuss Pacific discoveries, research and potential.

The basin is rich in minerals, Halbouty said, because it is surrounded by a ring of fire — a chain of more than 300 active volcanoes that also make the region rich in geothermal resources.

In addition, the Pacific Basin is believed to harbor rich deposits of oil. Armand Hammer, chairman of the board of Occidental Petroleum, said China has the "greatest unexplored offshore oil basin in the world today."

According to Pu Shan, deputy director of China's Institute of International Studies, several American oil companies — including Occidental, Union Oil and Getty Oil — already have begun bidding for a role in China's offshore oil development. In fact, Halbouty said China is so rich in oil, both onshore and off, that within 10 years it could become the world's No. 4 oil producer, moving ahead of Mexico.

Although mining for deep-sea minerals remains mired because of the ongoing controversy surrounding the Law of the Sea Treaty, energy and mineral exploration in the Pacific will receive a large boost by 1984 with the completion of the first maps charting the Pacific's mineral and energy deposits.

That work, sponsored by the Circum-Pacific Council, represents a $100 million effort by geoscientists from several countries. So far, 18 of the 43 maps have been completed and published. All are, or will be, available to the public for a nominal charge.

□

— Culture. Although most Pacific Basin discussion currently focuses on economic and resource issues, many observers argue that the debate must take into account the region's sweeping cultural spectrum if understanding between East and West is to be promoted.

"People talk a lot about the business side, exclusively," said Frank Gibney, president of the Pacific Basin Institute, a small non-profit organization. "That's OK, but it's a mistake to cast the whole relationship in terms of business."

Gibney and others contend, for example, that it is not enough simply to copy Japanese management styles. What is necessary is for Westerners to understand the Confucian and Buddhist cultures that have been the foundation for these skills, just as the Japanese have worked to understand the West.

Cultural differences, however, are not limited to East-West relations. Asian-Pacific countries are hardly a homogeneous group, and, as with European countries, have had a history of intraregional animosities and differences.

Despite cultural differences and rivalries, the overwhelming force of Pacific developments is bringing the region together, not pulling it apart. Hodgson had this explanation: "In the Pacific, North America's Calvinist work ethic has met, been fused with, and reinforced by Confucian principles. The result is something now rare — a unique region where human aspiration is actually matched by human striving. For real progress, no better combination exists."

Besides possible cultural pitfalls, there are other questions hanging over the Pacific's development as the world's leader into the future. Although the region has enjoyed relative quiet in recent years, there are potential clouds on the horizon that could disrupt the political stability so necessary to economic growth: the Korean Peninsula, split between the communist North and Western-aligned South; the question of Soviet intentions in the region, particularly in Vietnam and Kampuchea; the already strained relationship between Taiwan and China; and the Philippines, where it is unclear whether stability will be maintained after President Ferdinand Marcos leaves the scene.

For now, however, the most pressing demand in the Pacific Basin is simply for greater communication. A widespread understanding and acceptance of the concept of a Pacific community and what that portends for the future would lead to more cohesive, long-range policies, particularly by the United States.

"It is important for us as Americans to come out of our cocoons, out of our European backgrounds, to see that the last part of the 20th century and into the 21st century is a century of the Pacific Basin region," Cheng said. "We have to do much more than we have been doing to promote trade within this region ... to understand them, and to help them understand us."

This plea for historical perspective and foresight was perhaps best summed up by Jiro Tokuyama, author of "The Pacific Century," who put it this way in The Whole Pacific Catalog, a publication of the Pacific Basin Institute:

"History's biggest changes are generally hardest to perceive. The Egyptians in the ancient times were not aware of the emerging Phoenicians, who, engrossed in commerce and trade, paid little attention to the rise of the Greeks and the Romans, who in turn were ignorant of the Portuguese and the Spanish on the Iberian Peninsula.

"The Spanish did not realize the potential power of Great Britain, which was not far-sighted enough to see the United States taking shape in the tobacco and cotton fields on the new continent. This lesson of history teaches us to open our eyes to the change that is taking place right before us in the Pacific."

© 1982, The Christian Science Monitor

Continued From Page B1

(115) also showed interest, followed by Japan (91), Switzerland (60), Spain (55) and Argentina (54). Still, it is hard to know whether these numbers reflect intellectual standards or simply greater awareness of the existence of the competition.

Perhaps unexpectedly, given Germany's philosophical tradition, no Germans were among the 10 award winners, who included 4 Americans, 2 Russians, 2 Chinese, one Yugoslav and one Frenchman. All 10 were given scholarships to study for six months in Germany, while 3 runners-up were also given monetary prizes: 30,000 marks ($15,800) went to Louis E. Wolcher, professor of law at the University of Washington School of Law in Seattle, for his essay, "Time's Language"; and 20,000 marks ($10,500) were shared by Velimir Curgus Kazimir, a Yugoslav writer, and Christophe Wall-Romana, a Paris-born American poet and essayist.

Ms. Gerasimchuk, who was not only the youngest but also the only woman among the top 10 essayists, won several writing contests while attending school in her hometown, Samara, 600 miles southeast of Moscow. A 1996 contest earned her a place in Moscow's prestigious State University of International Relations, where she specializes in South Africa (she learned both English and Afrikaans) and international environmental policy. She has also been invited join a research team at the Academy of Sciences in Moscow.

Her winning 49-page essay is an intellectual tour de force in which, by defining 61 words listed alphabetically, she meditates on time through prisms of philosophy, mythology, history, science, mathematics and literature. More specifically, she divides interpreters of time between "anemophiles" — literally, lovers of wind — who believe time is infinite and have no interest in the past, and "chronists," who believe time is a gift that should not be wasted and are sure only of the past. Ms. Gerasimchuk herself, though, suggests mischievously that both are wrong.

Chasing Answers to Timeless Questions

Here is an excerpt from the introduction to Iveta Gerasimchuk's prize-winning essay, "Dictionary of Winds," in an international essay contest in Weimar, Germany, built around the topic "Liberating the Past From the Future? Liberating the Future From the Past?"

The ancients understood that it is impossible to separate one day from the next, one year from the next. It is impossible to liberate the past from the future, and the future from the past, in the same way that it is impossible to liberate the right hand from the left and the left from the right. And herein lies the highest idea of the Lord. To divide time meant to destroy it, as Zeno of Elea demonstrated in the very same chase after answers to the unresolved questions.

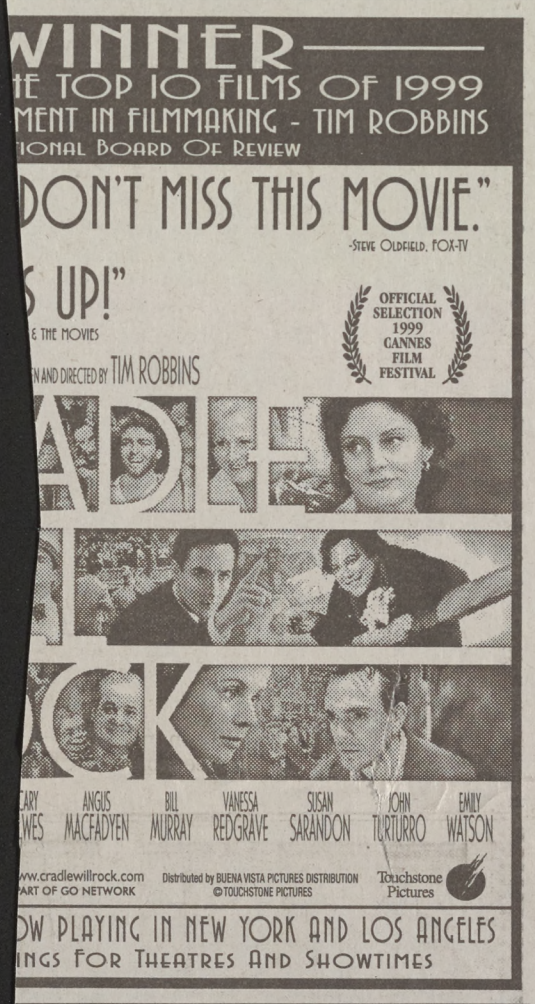
However, Zeno of Elea was only one of many. In any human society there are always people inclined to undertake a similar vivisection of time. Thank God that they have never managed to do so successfully.

Some, having armed themselves with Homer's lotus-eaters, strive to "liberate" the future from the past. The "Dictionary of Winds" refers to them as "anemophiles." They firmly believe that time is infinite, and they are not interested in how much of it has already passed; after all, there is no limit to infinity and there is no limit to the changes of the world in it.

Others value time as higher than everything else, or they believe that it is a gift of God and to waste it thoughtlessly is the greatest sin. The "Dictionary of Winds" refers to them as "chronists." Chronists are not sure of the future, nor are they sure that time is infinite. However, they are sure of the past, and hence strive even more to liberate the past from the future, which brings changes.

Anemophiles and chronists live together — in the real world and in the world of the "Dictionary of Winds," in each of us. They love, suffer, pursue scholarly and other research, conduct incessant arguments among themselves; in some there are no vanquished or victors — they all seek answers to the very same questions posed so very long ago, sensing intuitively that these answers exist. And they find them — sooner or later. Often, what they find does not satisfy them. They doubt and search again.

DO NOT FORGET THE NEEDIEST!



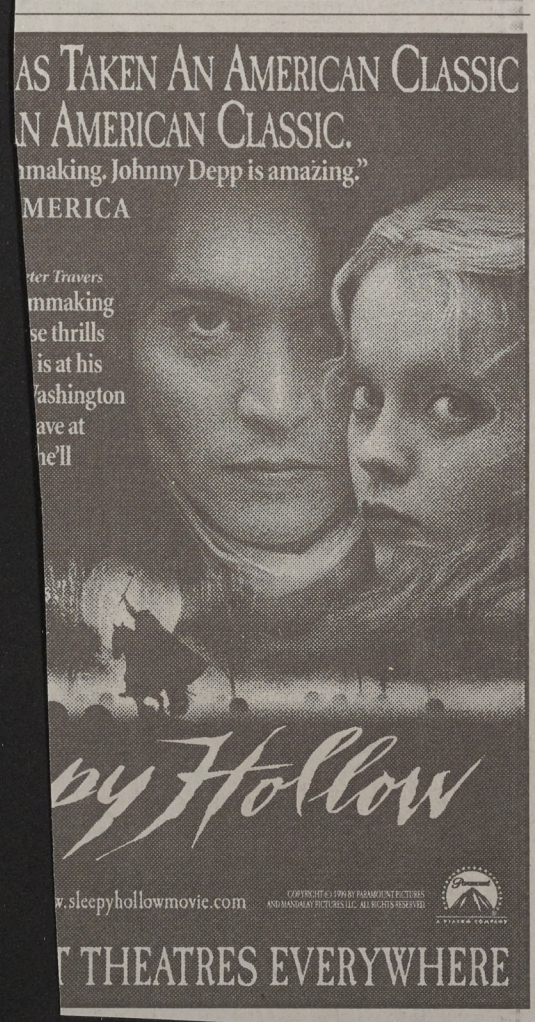




Photo by GEOFF PARKS

TAVERN TRAFFIC — Ruby Bryan, owner of the Jockey Club tavern in North Portland, stands beneath the sign warning drivers on North Killingsworth Street to watch out for her customers.

Pub owner has heart for clientele

Lonely find companionship at neighborhood tap

The sign — "Caution, Drunks Crossing" — has prompted chuckles since it appeared recently on the reader board outside the Jockey Club tavern in North Portland.

Ruby Bryan, however, is serious in her effort to slow traffic on North Killingsworth Street.

"This is a busy street," said Bryan, owner of the tavern. "I'm worried about some of my elderly customers who leave here in an inebriated state."

Several regular customers have had near misses while trying to cross the four-lane street. One, an elderly man who uses a cane, was almost hit recently as he headed toward his apartment building across from the tavern, she said.

With that, Bryan decided that what's good enough for cattle, children and railroad cars is good enough for her customers. Up went the sign.

Bryan said she tries to sober up her customers, mostly older people who live within walking distance of the tavern, before they leave the building. That doesn't always work, however; so she hopes at least to slow the progress of the cars and trucks that zip past at 40 to 45 mph.

"I feel sorry for drunks," she said. "They're lovely, unhappy people who are just looking for someone who cares, who shows affection; and they need companionship. They find that here, in a neighborhood tavern.

"These people aren't just my customers; they're my friends."

Although Bryan's not sure how well the sign is working, she said it has drawn considerable attention, not to mention a few new customers.

Bryan, 56, said she may take down the "drunks crossing" message in a few weeks, but she thinks the state should require that triangular yellow signs bearing that warning be posted at all taverns. She hasn't made that suggestion formally to state officials, however.

"They'd probably think I was crazy," she said with a laugh.

Obituary

Myrtle Muse

Funeral for Myrtle Muse, a longtime Portland resident, will be at 11 a.m. Monday at Skyline Memorial Chapel, with vault interment at Skyline Memorial Gardens.

Mrs. Muse died Thursday at a Portland hospital. She was 95. Born in Gandy, Neb., she had lived in the Portland area since 1938. She was a member of the Royal Neighbors of America.

She is survived by her daughters, Maybn Downs of Beaverton and Cora B. Bartholomew of Newberry Park, Calif.; sisters, Mary

Mrs. Cahill died Friday in a Portland hospital at the age of 78.

A native of Payette, Idaho, she began work in Portland in 1946 with Iron Fireman, which later became Electronic Specialty Division of Datron Systems Inc. She retired in 1971.

Survivors are four sons, William and Norman, both of Portland; Richard of Los Angeles; and the Rev. Robert Cahill of Reedley, Calif.; a brother, Leland Jackson of Payette; nine grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

Etthel Horton

Funeral for Etthel "Jack" Horton of Portland will be at 1 p.m. Monday at Holman's Funeral Service with private burial in Willamette National Cemetery.

Mr. Horton died Wednesday in a local hospital. He was born June 1, 1896 in Pleasant Grove, Ill., and came to Portland in 1920. He was a veteran of World War I and after the war worked as a foreman in a number of variety-type stores. He was a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Hawthorne Masonic Lodge.

in Richland.

In 1929, Mrs. Matthews moved to Portland and worked for 35 years in the office of P.K. Gardner Co., an insurance and real estate company on Southest Foster Road.

She is survived by a sister, Leota B. Gardner of Portland; two nephews, Walter Gover and Duane Bennehoff of Baker; and two nieces, Phyllis Jones of Baker and Natalie Tawney of Falls City, Wash.

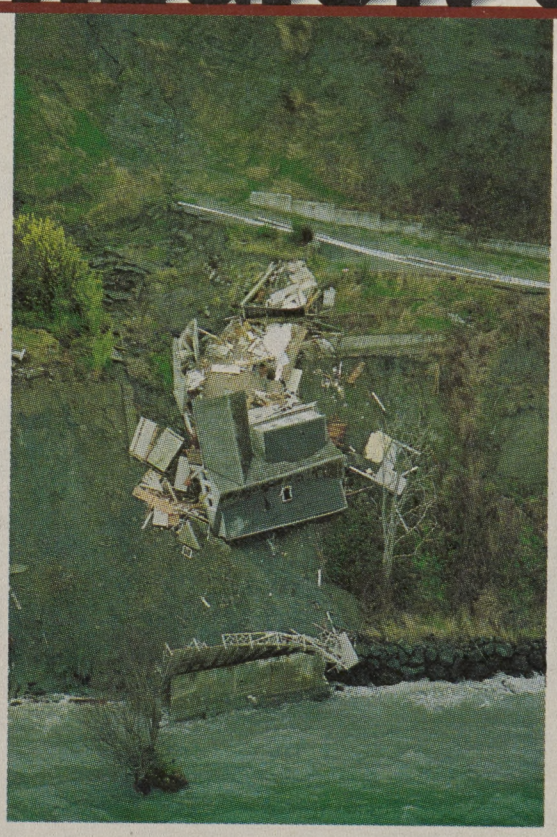
Funeral will be at 1 p.m. Monday in the chapel of Lincoln Willamette Funeral Directors, with private inter-

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BY WILLIAM DIETRICH

And we mean literally. We're slowly drifting out to sea while earthquakes, slides and volcanoes give us something to think about.

REGION ON THE MOVE



THE SEATTLE TIMES, 1998

Heavy rain and unstable soils are a recipe for the bluffs around Puget Sound to slide ever so inevitably toward the water. This slide occurred in 1998 along Perkins Lane at the rim of Seattle's Magnolia Bluff.



TOM REESE / THE SEATTLE TIMES, 199

Islands and eccentric shorelines hint at the complexity of deep basins and shallow sills that make up Puget Sound, sculpted when the last Ice Ace glaciation reached just south of Olympia. This is tiny Pitt Island, near McNeil Island in the southern Sound. Eventually, the ice will return.

Pac NW

REGION ON THE MOVE

• The Puget Sound basin has been going downhill since the last Ice Age as unstable gravel, sand and clay bluffs periodically erode and slowly refill the Sound. Last big mess to topple houses and swallow roads? 1997. Thing to watch out for? Lots of rain.

All that doesn't even count Mount St. Helens, which lost 1,300 feet of elevation when it blew up in 1980, killing 57 people. The volcano built a lava dome in its crater a thousand feet high in just five years and is expected to pop to life again sometime this century. Other volcanoes could also stir: Mount Baker heated ominously in 1975.

It's enough to make you want to move — except for the hurricanes, tornadoes, blizzards, heat waves, floods, fires, erosions, insects and crime of everywhere else. Besides, it's pretty here — and that's because of geology, too.

World-class destinations

We owe much of our beauty to the last Ice Age and its bulldozing glaciers. They carved Puget Sound so deeply that there's an underwater canyon not far from the Edmonds ferry dock more than 900 feet deep. The ice finished sculpting our mountains. It triggered more than 40 catastrophic floods across Eastern Washington that carved the coulees of the "channeled scablands."

By the time the ice got here, the region already had been upended by plate tectonics. The 200-million-year-long collision between North and South America and the floor of the Pacific Ocean has thrust up mountain ranges from Alaska to Cape Horn, including the Cascades and Olympics. Our rain, our rivers, our lakes, our forests, our desert, our farmland: All owe their origin to this partnership of fire and ice.

Washington has two world-class geologic destinations of stark and eerie beauty that should be on the "must-see" list of any resident.

The first, of course, is Mount St. Helens, which is simply the most accessible volcanic, geologic and biological outdoor laboratory on the planet right now. Go not just for the violence of the blast zone but for the changes that have followed it: the erosion of the mudflows, the new lakes and wetlands, the colonization by plants and animals, and the wonderful wildflowers of mid-summer. The volcano is not just visual spectacle; it's a philosophy thesis in ash and rubble, a meditation on permanence, change, decay, renewal and perspective. It changes with every repeat visit.

The second electrifying feature is Grand Coulee, the basalt canyon that runs south of the dam by the same name. It is the Ice Age bed of the Columbia River. Cliffs remain of an Ice Age waterfall bigger than any in today's world. The coulee is a dramatic reminder of a cyclic flooding that occurred an estimated 40 to 100 times when glacial ice dams repeatedly broke in Western Montana. Each time, about 500 cubic miles of lake water roared across this state in a wall up to 1,000 feet high, at speeds approaching 60 mph, redrawing the surface of the Columbia Plateau. The plateau itself is one of the greatest lava flows on the planet, covering 100,000 square miles.

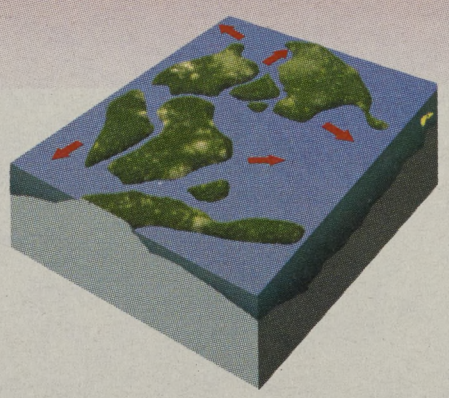
These are simply the headliners of enough geologic melodrama to power a soap opera.

"People once thought that West Coast earthquakes would not be major except around the San Andreas ➢



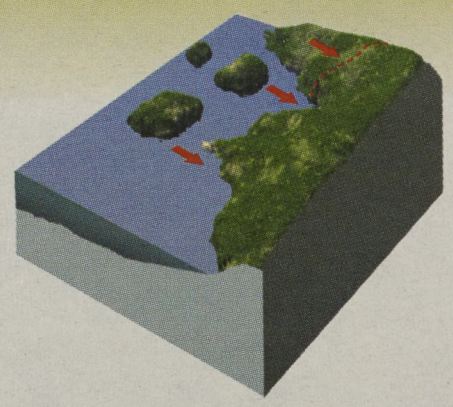
Creation of the Washington landscape

200 million years ago



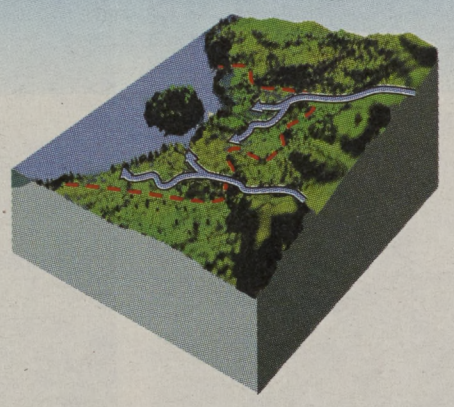
The supercontinent Pangea breaks up, beginning creation of the Atlantic Ocean and the westward-drifting North and South American continents.

175 million years ago



Drifting west, the edge of the North American continent pushes into large offshore islands. Things clump together, creating among other things, the Okanogan Highlands, North Cascades and San Juan Islands, but leaves a large bay over what is now much of western Washington and Oregon.

50 million years ago



Sediment carried by rivers makes the bay shore a vast swamp.



or catalogs.

No legal distinction is made in this country between cassia and true cinnamon, but in England and most of Europe, true cinnamon is esteemed over cassia. Cassia is preferred in southern Europe. In some recipes, such as carrot cake, cassia's more pungent flavor is advantageous. True cinnamon enhances baked products with subtler flavor combinations, such as French toast and cinnamon rolls. As the Mexicans have discovered, true cinnamon also combines well with chocolate; try sprinkling some in a mug of hot cocoa.

CARDAMOM is to baking in Scandinavia what cinnamon is to baking in the U.S.

Cardamom comes in three colors — white, green and black. The cardamom used in Scandinavian countries is white cardamom — green cardamom that has been bleached by sulfur dioxide in a process that also changes the flavor.



Cassia, right, is commonly sold as cinnamon in the U.S. A stick of true cinnamon, far right, is more expensive, more delicately flavored and rolled from thinner bark.

More commonly used worldwide is green cardamom, the best of which grows on the "Cardamom Hills" of southern India. A black cardamom with a smoky aroma and gentler flavor is used in Indian, Nepali and Afghani cuisines.

The essential part of cardamom are the seeds inside a pod. To extract the seeds from whole cardamom, place the pods on a cutting board and gently crush them by pressing with the flat part of a knife handle. When a recipe calls for whole cardamom, it is still best to break the pods open in this way before adding to the dish.

Cardamom can add zip to beverages, main dishes and desserts. Try grinding some green cardamom seeds with coffee (60 percent of the world's crop is used in Arab countries to flavor coffee) or add one or a few whole pods when brewing regular black tea. Experiment with whole cardamom in spicy chicken dishes. Cardamom powder goes well with many fruits; a pinch can be sprinkled on fruit smoothies or over strawberries and cream.

Cardamom may be used with

Continued on page 30 ➢

CINNAMON-CARDAMOM COFFEECAKE

1/2 cup chopped walnuts
1 1/4 cups light brown sugar, divided
1 1/2 to 1 3/4 teaspoons true cinnamon powder
2 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 1/4 teaspoons baking soda
1 1/2 to 1 3/4 teaspoons ground cardamom seeds
1/4 teaspoon salt
8 ounces butter
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sour cream

1. Combine walnuts, 1/4 cup brown sugar and cinnamon and set aside.
2. Sift together the flour, baking powder and soda, ground cardamom and salt. Set aside.
3. Cream the butter and 1 cup of brown sugar well until light and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time with the vanilla and beat well.
4. Add the flour mixture, alternating with sour cream, folding after each addition. Do not overmix.
5. Butter and flour an 8- or 9-inch tube pan. Put a third of the batter in the pan, then half the walnut mix, then a third of the batter, remaining nut mix and the final third of the batter.
6. Bake in a 350-degree oven for about 50 minutes or until a skewer inserted all the way through comes out clean.
7. Cool for about 15 minutes, then turn onto a cooling rack or plate and cool completely, at least another half hour.

Recipe from Mondeo, Inc.

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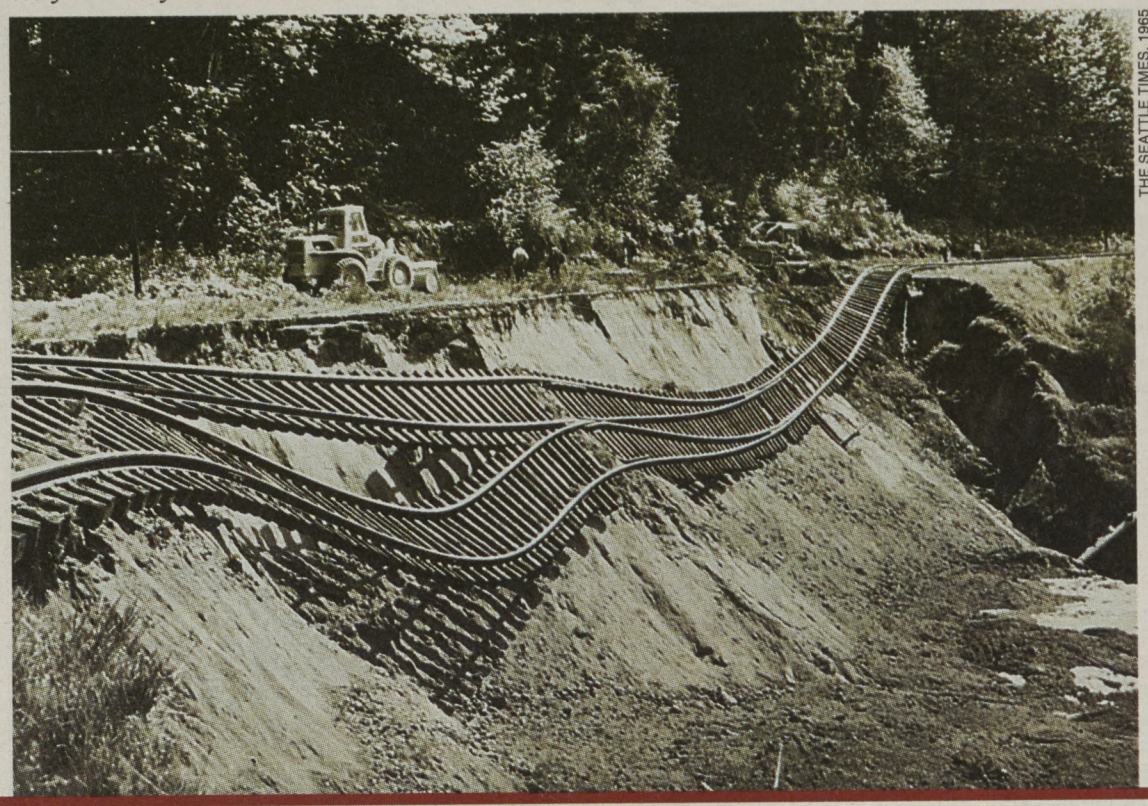
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Based on history, Puget Sound is due for another earthquake of magnitude 6 or so such as the one that collapsed these railroad tracks near Olympia in April 1965. Earthquakes of this magnitude occur every 35 to 40 years.



THE SEATTLE TIMES, 1965

The tongue of Chocolate Glacier on Glacier Peak in the Cascades once extended much farther down the mountain's flank, carving a furrow much as Ice Age glaciers carved the topography of Puget Sound.



THE SEATTLE TIMES, 1977

THE GROUND is crumbling beneath your feet.

It wasn't always so. A few decades ago, the Pacific Northwest seemed a fairly safe place to stand. The threat of serious earthquakes was something only crazy Californians lived with. Our volcanoes seemed dormant. Our bluffs fine for building homes on. Our scenery timeless.

Then came a revolution in geologic theory called plate tectonics, the explosion of Mount St. Helens and field work by geologists that has turned up cracks in our crust — and in our complacency. "Rock solid" has begun to sound as much a Puget Basin oxymoron as "traffic flow."

This change is a remarkable achievement by geologists who have hiked, climbed, drilled, canoed, dived to the ocean floor, scrambled around volcanic craters and generally taken enough risks in figuring out what's going on Down There that a new book featuring local experts is titled "Volcano Cowboys."

The rest of us, maybe, were happier not knowing. Still, let us review what the rockhounds are telling us:

- The Puget Sound basin averages a magnitude 6 or so earthquake every 35 to 40 years. The last one was 35 years ago.
- In the past 6,200 years, there have been 13 offshore "subduction-zone" earthquakes of approximately magnitude 8 or 9, in a league with the most powerful quakes experienced anywhere on the globe. In such a quake, shaking would occur for several minutes, coastal areas would be battered with tsunami waves and damage could stretch from Northern California to British Columbia. These big quakes occur 300 to 500 years apart. The last one was 300 years ago.
- Seattle is bisected by a "Seattle Fault" and underlain by a weirdly uneven layer of bedrock that is still being mapped and deciphered. If the fault moved as dramatically as it did a thousand years ago, much of the city could be leveled. (Smaller jolts have occurred in recent years without much damage.) Its potential? The U.S. Geological Survey is in the midst of a study trying to figure that out.
- Postcard-perfect Mount Rainier has been named by scientists as the most-dangerous volcano in America, not so much because of an eruption potential but because of mudflows that could slide without warning. One such "lahar" 5,600 years ago covered 100 square miles and buried the present-day sites of Enumclaw, Auburn and Sumner. A smaller mudflow 600 years back buried the site of Orting and reached Tacoma. These mudflows occur about every 500 years or so, meaning there's a one-in-seven chance of a slide in one's lifetime.

➢

Flowers bloom at the foot of Mount St. Helens. Its eruption 20 years ago is our most vivid contemporary reminder that geological drama is still shaping the region.



TOM REESE / THE SEATTLE TIMES, 2000

Eastern Washington's Grand Coulee is the Ice Age channel of the Columbia River. It was carved by catastrophic floodings that occurred repeatedly when an ice dam broke and released water from a vast lake covering Western Montana.



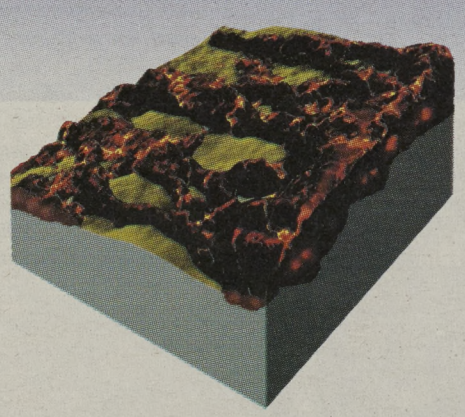
U.S. BUREAU OF RECLAMATION

40 million years ago



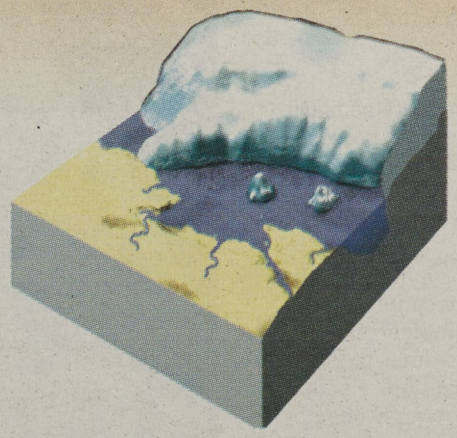
Collision of the continental land mass with the Pacific Ocean floor begins pushing up the volcanic southern and central Cascades, then the Olympics.

17 million years ago



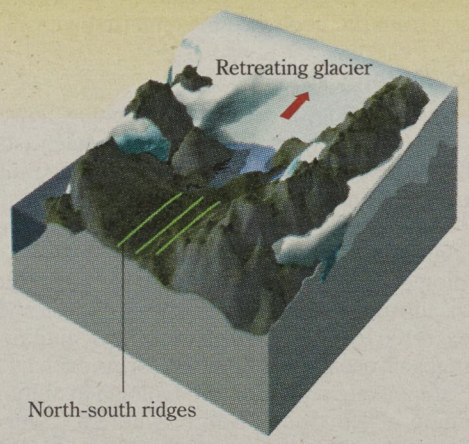
Vast new lava flows reach into Washington from the east; the cause is uncertain.

2 million years ago



The Ice Age begins. Retreating and advancing glaciers shape mountain ranges. Ice dams holding back a vast lake over Western Montana repeatedly break, releasing massive floods that carve out the coulees of Eastern Washington.

18,000 years ago



The last glaciation to reach the Puget Sound area pushes south a little below present-day Olympia, gouging out Puget Sound, Lake Washington and creating the region's typical north-south ridges.

ELLIOT ROSENSTEIN / THE SEATTLE TIMES



THE SEATTLE TIMES, 2000

A big rock in a subdivision in Orting, Pierce County, is more than a curiosity. It is evidence of the reach of Mount Rainier's last massive mudflow 600 years ago. Scientists consider Rainier the most dangerous volcano in America because of the potential for new mudflows.

REGION ON THE MOVE

fault," recalled David Hyndman, a geologist at the University of Montana and co-author of an accessible series of roadside guides to our geologic landscape. "Now we know that's not true. The Northwest has the potential for earthquakes as big as anywhere in the world."

Hyndman's books with David Alt have helped popularize a complex subject. They were joined this spring by another excellent layman's guide, "Hiking Washington's Geology," by Scott Babcock, geologist at Western Washington University, and Bob Carson, geologist at Whitman College. Both guides help make sense of a crazy quilt of rock types resulting from the geologic smashup that we call Washington.

The *really* long view

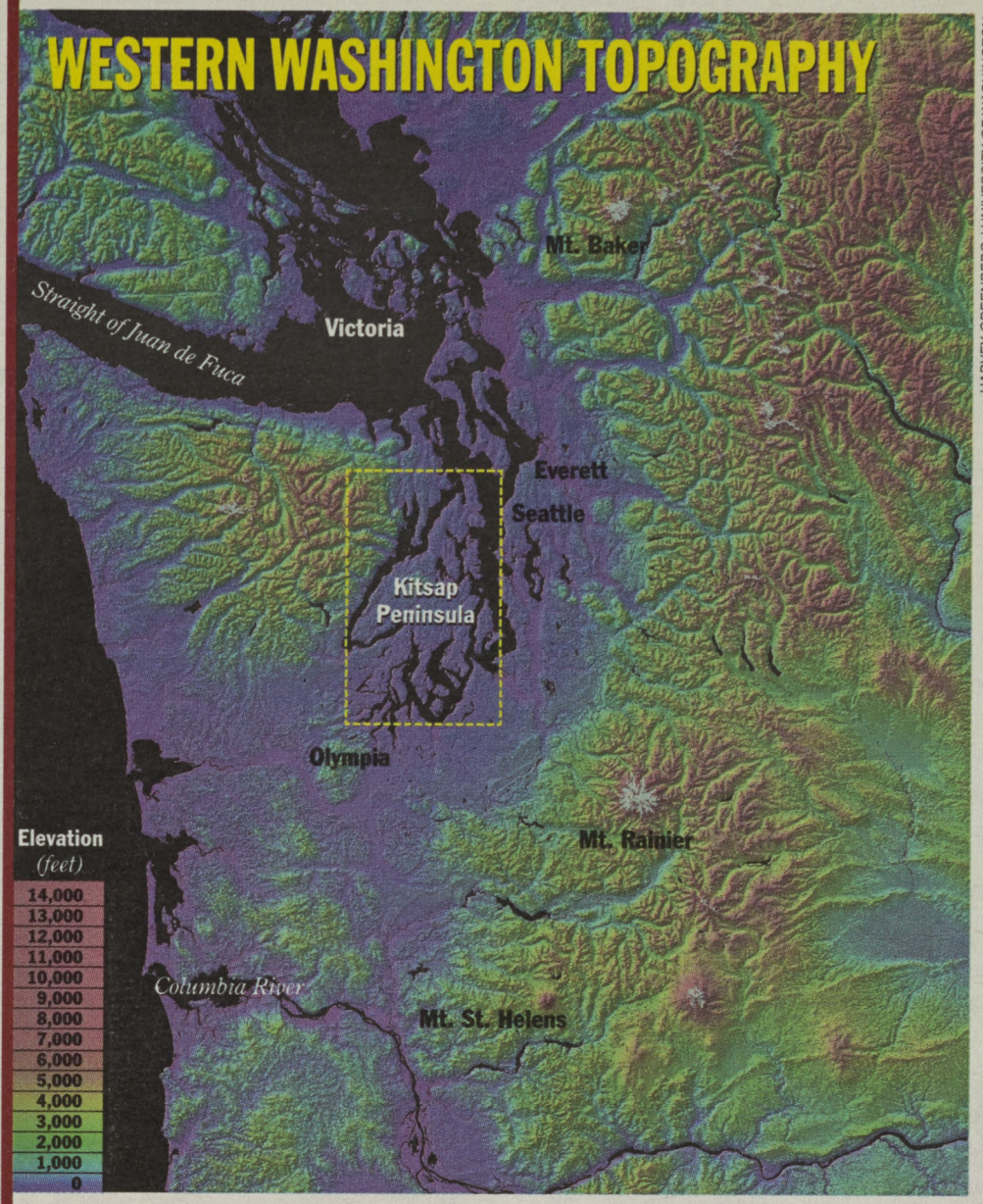
Northwest geology is not just entertaining, however; understanding it is vital to living here. Discoveries by scientists are slowly percolating into not just earthquake planning but into building codes, land-use decisions, shoreline management and environmental understanding.

Still, to those of us who struggle to spell metamorphic rock, let alone identify it, geology can seem a bit dusty.

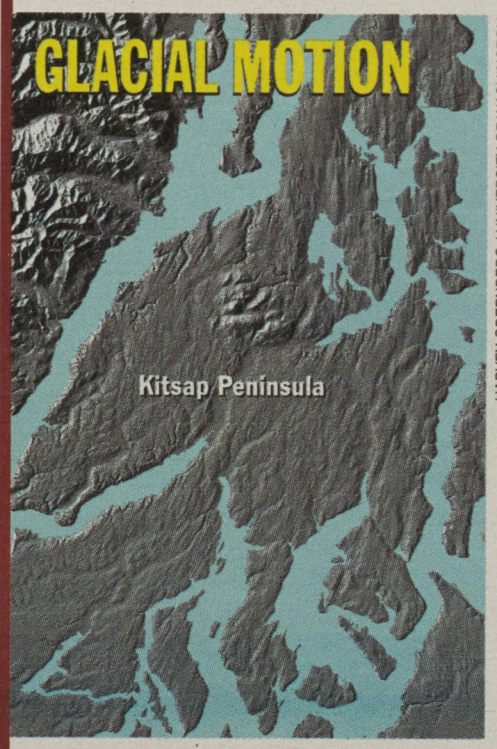
Geologists counter that our oceans, our atmosphere and our climate all ultimately come from rocks. Water and atmospheric gases were excreted by early volcanism at the beginning of our planet; mountain ranges or ocean-blocking land forms such as the Isthmus of Panama dictate climate and resulting biologic evolution. One theory is that the joining of North and South America triggered enough climate change in distant Africa to jump-start human evolution.

Because the present position of drifting continents tends to block easy ocean flow between the warm equator and cold poles, conditions have favored the creation of Northern Hemisphere ice ages for the past 2 million years. At least five and maybe as many as 20 glaciations have marched into Western Washington.

Human civilization has risen in a brief interglacial period of ➢



HARVEY GREENBERG / UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON



HARVEY GREENBERG / UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

Top – This present-day topography map of western Washington was generated from United States Geological Survey and Geographic Data BC digital elevation models.

Left – The subtle north-south striae on the Kitsap Peninsula are scour marks that show direction of glacier motion between 18,000 and 16,000 years ago. This topography is also from USGS digital elevation models.

REGION ON THE MOVE

relative warmth. Some 18,000 years ago, the Puget Sound basin was buried under ice a mile thick at Bellingham, 3,000 feet deep at Seattle and 1,500 feet at Olympia. With the present interglacial period well on its way toward ending and this overall ice period projected to last another 8 million years or so, ice may reign long after people — and our temporary blurt of global warming — have disappeared.

But in the meantime, we're enjoying it here, trying to understand the risk from infrequent but catastrophic events.

In a frenetic world in which computing power has been doubling every 18 months, geologic time is hard to grasp. We're at the cutting edge of a planetary drama that has been playing out for about 200 million years, our region on the move at about the speed with which fingernails grow. That's fast enough to build mountain ranges, ignite volcanoes and trigger earthquakes.

Two hundred million years ago was when a supercontinent that geologists call Pangea broke up and gave birth to the Atlantic Ocean, which has been widening a few inches a year ever since, crowding our side of North America toward the Pacific.

As a result we're surfers, riding a wave called Washington state as it curls over the San Juan and Pacific plates of the ocean floor. Unfortunately, the ride goes in jerks and jolts, the Olympics hiccupping upward from time to time and Cascade volcanoes throwing off some fireworks.

Now 200 million years is a long time, pretty much encompassing the age of dinosaurs and mammals. Yet it represents only the past 5 percent of Earth's much longer history. And most of Western Washington has been around only for the past 1 percent of planetary time. Mount St. Helens and the Ice Age floods occupy hardly a blink, which means that, by global standards, the Northwest is moving faster than a day trader chasing a dot.com IPO — if you get my continental drift.

How Washington arose

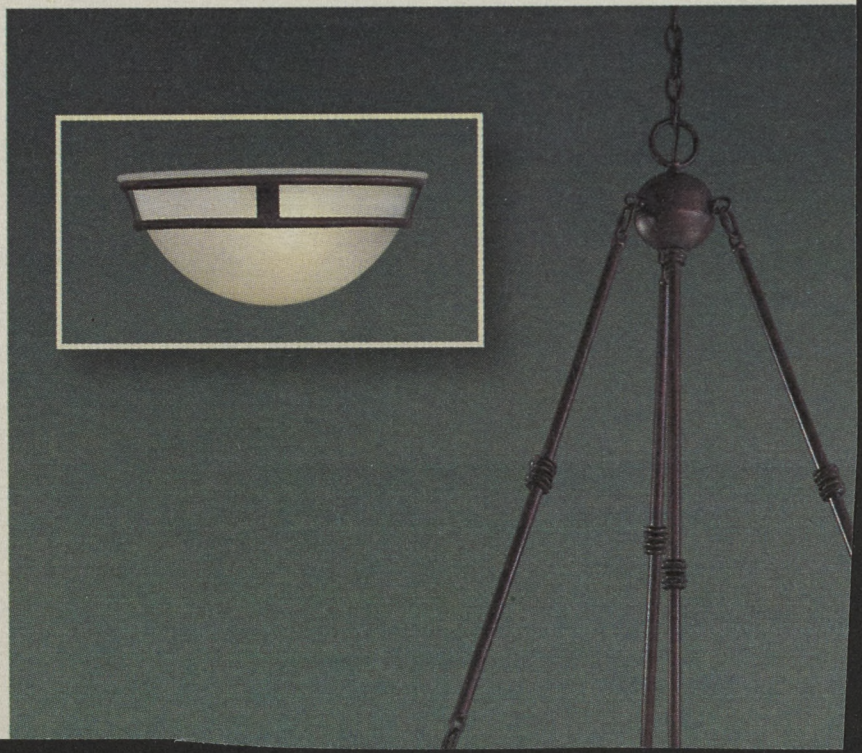
Back when Pangea broke up, the coastline of North America was roughly at today's Washington-Idaho border. At that time, offshore geology was similar to that observed off Asia today, meaning there were big clumps of land offshore similar to the Japanese islands.

What happened next is complicated in its details but simple in summary: As the continent pushed west, its shoreline bumped up against these large islands or "terranes" out in the Pacific Ocean, creating our state.

The Okanogan Highlands docked about 175 million years ago. The North Cascades made port about 100 million years back, and the San

Continued on page 32 ➢

YOU'LL KNOW IT WH



REGION ON THE MOVE



THE SEATTLE TIMES, 1977

A geology mystery is the origin of the mysterious Mima Mounds south of Olympia, about where Ice Age glaciers stopped. Pioneers thought Native Americans may have built them, but no archaeological evidence has been found to prove this. Scientists have proposed that glacial deposits, a tundra-like freeze-and-thaw cycle or the industry of prehistoric gophers may have produced the mounds. An interpretive trail west of the town of Little Rock leads through the bizarre landscape.

Continued from page 18

Juans and Vancouver Island tied up shortly after. South of there, however, was a huge bay covering much of what would become Western Washington and Oregon.

Prehistoric rivers eventually dumped enough sediment to make a flat coastal shoreline of swamps about where Seattle is now. The plants that grew there 50 million years ago would eventually become the coal and gas deposits of Black Diamond and Flaming Geyser State Park.

This flat landscape began to change when the central and southern Cascades started rising about 40 million years ago, broken where the Columbia River flowed, sawing out its gorge. About 35 million years ago, magma boiled out of the ocean floor, hardened and was scraped off by the collision of the plates to start piling up the eastern and central Olympics, which explains why a mountain range with no volcanoes has so much volcanic rock.

About 17 million years ago, the Cascade volcanoes snuffed out, and vast new lava flows rolled out from the Idaho border. One theory is that an asteroid crash in Eastern Oregon triggered the sudden change. Then things shifted west again, the Cascades began to grow once more and the Olympics piled higher.

Curiously stuck between the two ranges was that flat, ancient bay-shore area that extended from what now is Vancouver, B.C., to the end of Oregon's Willamette Valley. As the new mountains eroded, the basin began to fill in. Across most of Seattle, the original bedrock and sediments are buried under hundreds of feet of glacial debris. But the older foundation comes near the surface on Beacon Hill and can be seen west of Bremerton at Green and Gold mountains.

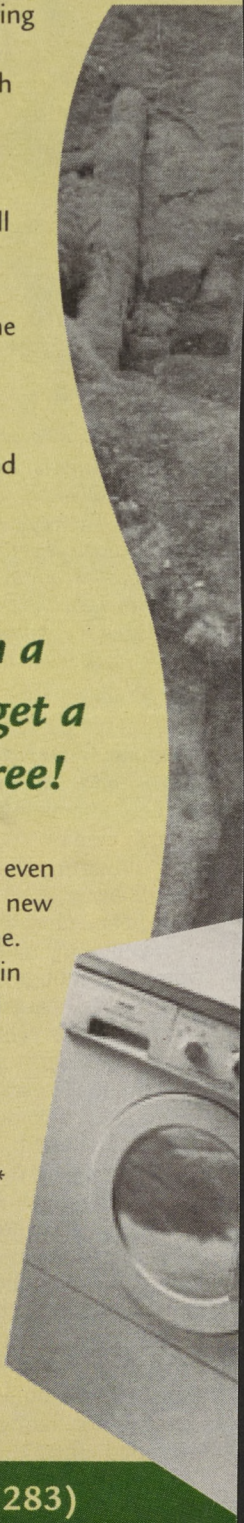
Details are not easy to discern, however, because much of the basin's past is covered by gravel and water left by the Ice Age. Four vast glaciations have been identified and named but there may have been many more, each new one erasing much of the evidence of the one before. The most recent reached its maximum extent 18,000 years➤

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ago, when ice stretched from the North Pole to several miles south of Olympia. That glaciation finished digging Puget Sound and laid down the north-south glacial ridges called drumlins that many people live on. Capitol and Beacon hills are a single drumlin, artificially cut in two by excavation for Interstate 90.

At the height of the Ice Age, the ice was so heavy that almost all of what became the heavily populated areas of the Puget Sound basin was pressed beneath present-day sea level. As the ice retreated, the land rebounded upward. Sea level rose, as well, by an estimated 400 feet, causing a complicated dance of changes resulting in our final topography. Much of the Kitsap Peninsula, for example, was for a while an archipelago of islands in a glacial lake.

The ice excavation of Puget Sound seems unbelievable until you remember that this natural bulldozer was up to a mile high. It left Lake Washington so deep — 200 feet in places — that commuters must rely on bridges that float rather than rest on supports. Elliott Bay is 325 feet deep on average; even near some shorelines, it is as much as 80 feet deep. In many places, the central Sound is deeper than the water that trapped the Russian submarine Kursk. Yet the sound also has high sills separating its deep basins; its entrance at Admiralty Inlet is only about 215 feet deep and the sill at the Tacoma Narrows is just 150 feet.

This same unevenness is seen above the water, of course, where steep topography produces splendid views and not-so-splendid traffic and engineering challenges.

The future lasts a long time

While the glacial leftover called "till" makes a pretty good underpinning for buildings, it slowly erodes where cut by saltwater waves or river erosion. Bluffs at Discovery Park in Seattle are estimated to be retreating at a rate of 80 feet per century. The joint between Ice Age layers of sand and clay can slip in heavy rainstorms, triggering slides.

In short, the basin around Puget Sound is literally going downhill and would fill the Sound over the next 10 million years — except that new glaciers will probably re-dig the waterway long before then.

Volcanoes will explode, earthquakes rumble, landslides tumble, rivers flood. We live on one of the most plastic places on the planet.

As worrisome as this can be at times, it is also wonderful. The tumult makes the Pacific Northwest not only beautiful, but thought provoking. Looking at the ground is like looking at the stars: It puts things in perspective.

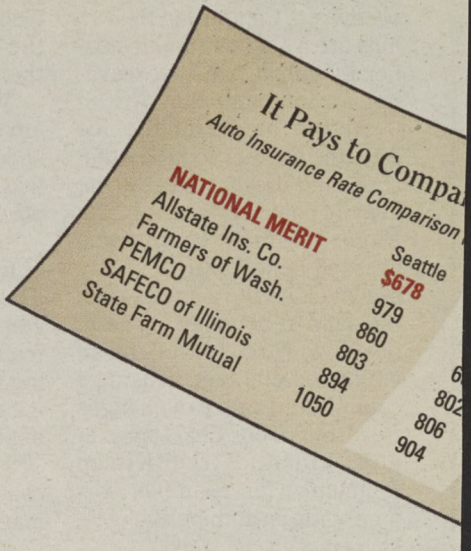
In the San Juan Islands, you can stride across old ocean magma that boiled out 100 million years ago. On Whidbey Island, you can sift through glacial rocks left behind just 15,000 years ago. You can find traces of the ash left when Crater Lake's Mount Mazama blew up almost 7,000 years ago and road-shoulder dustings from St. Helens 20 years ago. You can poke at coal from prehistoric swamps in King County and, near Vantage in mid-state, look at the petrified trunks of a forest entombed by lava. At Willapa Bay's Bay Center you can see the trunks of a ghost forest killed by a tsunami wave during an earthquake that occurred approximately Jan. 17, 1700.

Our Northwest is as rich with monuments as Europe, but ours are of geologic history, not human history. We live in a place both unimaginably old and disturbingly young. If culture is influenced by landscape, then maybe it is our rocks that have helped produce our curious blend of the conservative and innovative, the cautious and the bold: a Northwest society on the very edge of continental and technological change.

William Dietrich, author and former Seattle Times reporter, writes Our Northwest for Pacific Northwest magazine. Elliot Rosenstein is a Times news artist.

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Bill Reid, 78, Sculptor in Indian Tradition

VANCOUVER, British Columbia, March 21 (AP) — Bill Reid, who gained international recognition for sculptures based on his Indian heritage, died March 13 at a Vancouver hospital after a lengthy battle with Parkinson's disease. He was 78.

Mr. Reid was perhaps best known for two bronze sculptures called "The Spirit of Haida Gwaii." One is at the Vancouver International Airport, the other at the Canadian Embassy in Washington. The artist was born Jan. 12, 1920, in Victoria, British Columbia. His mother was of the Haida people of Alaska and British Columbia, his father Scottish-American. Mr. Reid took a course in jewelry making in Toronto in 1948 and then worked for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for 16 years.

His work is also in the British Museum in London and the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto.

NYT March 22, 198



sports, but baseball is a way of life for Dominican children, who fashion glov



ORLEANS IN 1690: BETTMANN ARCHIVE

A Long View of History

Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie: pre-eminent scholar of the pre-industrial history of rural France

By John Talbott

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY French physicians, town-dwellers all, rarely made house calls in the countryside. Peasants journeyed to see the doctor, and the rustic too ill to be moved sent a urine sample instead. In times of epidemics, writes Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie in *The Territory of the Historian,* "a common sight would be the procession of jugs of urine along the roads to the towns, while home in the other direction came jugs of beer."

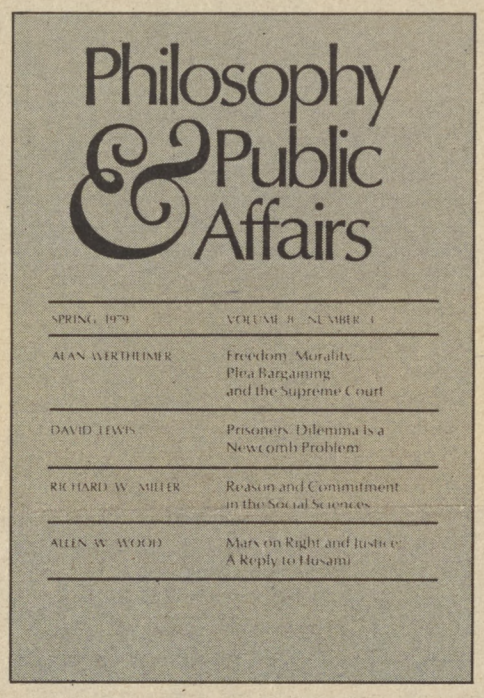
This earthy and arresting detail closes a long discussion of life and death, food and sickness, in rural Normandy. A few years ago such details and such themes, along with sex and violence, helped make a best seller in France of Le Roy Ladurie's *Montaillou: the Promised Land of Error*. For all its raciness, the book was an erudite study of life in a medieval French village.

A professor at the Collège de France, Le Roy Ladurie is a leading representative of the *Annales* school (so called after

The Territory of the Historian
by Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie,
translated by Ben and Siân Reynolds
University of Chicago Press, 345 pages, $21

"...the Leading Journal in Moral Philosophy."*

*Ethicists worry about real-life issues rather than concepts and publish along with lawyers in *Philosophy & Public Affairs* which . . . has become the leading journal in moral philosophy."
— Peter Gibbons,
The Times Higher Education Supplement



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"Le Roy Ladurie is unexcelled as a historical ethnographer, creating for his readers . . . a living and breathing culture."

its venerable house organ), one of the most influential forces in historical studies today. American historians have written countless, and mostly admiring, articles on the *Annalistes*, and at least one adulatory book. One American university has named a research institute in honor of Fernand Braudel, another renowned member of the school.

What characterizes the work of the *Annalistes* is their preoccupation with the long term, accompanied by disdain (in some cases unconcealed contempt) for the history of "events," or narrative history; their insistence on the necessity of measurement; their emphasis on locating "structures" in economy and society, politics and culture; and their interest in questions of life and death.

NO BETTER DISCUSSION of the school's methods and accomplishments—certainly none more witty and graceful—is to be found than in the diverse essays of Le Roy Ladurie, one of its most accomplished members. In *The Territory of the Historian*, he guides his readers through the frontier regions that he and other pioneers have explored in the last 20 years.

The rural history of France before the onset of industrialization has long been a favored domain of the *Annalistes*, a field in which Le Roy Ladurie established his reputation with his monumental doctoral thesis, *The Peasants of Languedoc*. His work and that of others, such as Pierre Goubert, have disclosed a world characterized for centuries by the absence of change, "a society of country people remaining stable over the very long term (in spite of some violent temporary upheavals)."

Students of this stable society have made a major contribution with their solution to the long-standing riddle of why the death rate jumped dramatically and in recurring episodes in the society of the Old Regime. Using the techniques of historical demography, they have laid bare the mechanism of "subsistence crisis." A poor grain harvest triggers the crisis. Grain prices rise sharply; the poor commence to die of hunger or deficiency diseases. Burials double or triple; marriages are postponed and conceptions decline. Eventually good harvests return and grain prices fall, ending the "dramatic confrontation between a population tending to increase and a static food supply."

Why did the number of births fall just as grain prices and deaths reached their peak? Le Roy Ladurie's explanation displays a remarkable use of indirect evidence in building a historical argument. Medical records from the 16th and 17th centuries are extremely rare, so Le Roy Ladurie looked to 20th-century records for clues. During the Great War, German and Polish physicians observed in large numbers of female patients the symptoms of amenorrhea, a temporary cessation of menstruation accompanied by sterility—a response to the food shortages and anxieties of wartime. Under a complex of conditions similar to those of the subsistence crisis, such a defense mechanism gave survival precedence over reproduction.

The *Annales* school is not all charts and graphs and ingenious extrapolations. The longest essay in Le Roy Ladurie's book formerly introduced an edition of the diary of a 16th-century French country squire, one Gilles de Gouberville. Gouberville was the sort of diarist who wrote down everything, and from the squire's detailed account of his comings and goings Le Roy Ladurie established an ethnography of Norman society. The essay is a remarkable example of what the anthropologist Clifford Geertz calls "thick description"—wresting from a document the fullest measure of meaning and significance.

No sooner has Le Roy Ladurie pulled from an ancient diary a society teeming with life than he is writing on the history of climate—a subject in which no human faces, but enormous consequences for humans, can be seen.

Le Roy Ladurie wonders whether American historians' incorrigible optimism has caused them to show less interest in death as a research subject than his French colleagues (some Americans might wonder whether their natural reputation for cheerfulness is not somewhat exaggerated). "Perhaps one has to be a European," he writes, "a fellow countryman of Pascal, to think that history is a meditation on death as well as a reflection on life."

The *Annalistes* began as challengers of established ways of doing historical research; in the last two decades they have in turn become the Establishment. One inevitable result is that the followers of Marc Bloch and Lucien Febvre, who founded the *Annales* a half century ago, have included epigones—researchers long on technique and short on creativity—as well as such masters as Le Roy Ladurie.

The author of *The Territory of the Historian* is more than the representative of a school. A marvelous stylist as well as an inventive researcher, he is finally a rather atypical member of the French historical establishment. Good as he is at quantification, he is unexcelled as a historical ethnographer, creating for his readers, as he does in *Montaillou* and in some of the essays in this book, a living and breathing culture.

It is perhaps only slightly extravagant, for time will have to tell, to describe him as a peer of Jules Michelet, for Le Roy Ladurie is similar to the greatest of 19th-century French historians in the breadth of his interests, in his capacity for capturing a popular audience, in his anthropological bent, in his passion for detail, in his mastery of style, and in his humanity.

John Talbott teaches history at the University of California at Santa Barbara.

NYT
Aug. 8, '95

Liberties

MAUREEN DOWD

Jackboots in Sandals

Free spirits — or else!

SEATTLE

"Sooner or later, it seems, everyone moves to Seattle ... a place whose population ... is essentially stable. ..." — Newsweek

I had some time to kill this week, so I decided to move to Seattle.

My friend Michael Kinsley immigrated here last year to start Slate, a magazine in cyberspace, and ended up posing on the cover of Newsweek wearing a yellow hat and slicker and cuddling with a fish.

But that did not deter me. I wanted to be herbal, flannel, on-line and in-line. I wanted boots with the guts for mountain biking and day hiking, friends who named their children Sarah, Caleb, Ruth and Lot, and Coho salmon that had never seen a net.

I wanted to dwell among people who wear socks with sandals and eat peanut butter so pure it has to be stomped with bare feet (no sandals, no socks), people so exquisitely sensitive to the chemical composition of themselves that they make Pritikin dieters look like martini-swilling gluttons, and so politically correct that even the downtown erotic video parlor, the Lusty Lady, is run by women who oppose exploitation.

I wanted to know why grunge was *way* dead, but punk was only dead. I wanted to drink coffee-flavored beer and beer-flavored coffee. I wanted to read magazines with stories like "White Lies About White Flour," "Are Free-Range Chicken Eggs Really Cruelty-Free?" and "What We Learned From Biosphere 2."

I wanted to meet the wacky Microsoft Medicis who built wired palazzos that tilt at seven-degree angles. I wanted to welcome back Courtney Love — hailed by Time as one of the 25 most influential people in America because she's "a hard-living, chain-smoking, punch-throwing dangerous-woman type who draws you to her even though you know she's trouble" — from rehab. I wanted to know the meaning of the phrases "My server is down," "My chakra is tuned" and "My bitter is well hopped."

I checked into a hotel on Lake Washington and ordered some coffee with an impressive bean lineage. That's when the trouble started.

"Have kids been playing in here?" the room service waiter asked.

"No," I replied guiltily, as we stared at the paper-strewn floor.

"Are you going to clean this up?" he pressed.

I tipped him extra to make him leave. But now I knew Seattle was not as laid-back as it liked to think. How could it be, with so much caffeine pumping through its veins? The mania for order went on through the day.

On the ferry to Bainbridge, an island outside the city, I handed the cashier two crumpled $5 bills. With silent disapproval, she ironed them carefully with her hand before putting them in the register.

Everyone is pleasant. They rarely honk or say a cross word. Still, I was beginning to feel that fuzzy, funky Seattle was really a totalitarian state. (We have ways of making you hip.)

In the cafeteria at the Microsoft campus, everyone is dressed in baggy jeans and shorts and flannel shirts. But you realize that you would stand out more walking around here in a suit than you would walking around a New York law firm in jeans.

The CD-ROM tour of Bill Gates's dream house, rising on a hillside on Lake Washington, says it "typifies the Pacific Northwest's casual style." But the $35 million house (with a garage worth $1 million) of recycled Douglas fir with 100 computers does not sound casual. It sounds regimented and bossy.

"Once inside you'll wear a special pin that uniquely identifies you and connects you to the Home's electronic services," says the female guide to the house of the high-school nerd turned king of the hill. "As you move through the Home, the pin that you've programmed allows you to hear your choice of music on the information appliance nearest you, even as people in different rooms listen to their own favorites ... the room temperature adjusts itself to suit your preference, and high-resolution displays will know you're nearby and present electronic versions of your favorite art."

I don't want a house that knows everything about me. You can shoo out a bossy-boots from room service, but you're going to be with your house a long time. It would be nice to keep the element of surprise.

Nonconformists of the world, unite in Seattle! □

animals, jumping through hoops to get the half-fare Metrocards available to anyone over 65. They argue that acquiring the Metrocards requires too many steps, too long a wait and, perhaps worst of all, forces them to go into the subways, even if they only ride buses.

"I was really annoyed by the delay and all the requirements," said Ms. Fastiggi, who lives in Greenwich Village. "Why are they making it so hard on old people?"

That from a woman who calls herself "the greatest fan of the card," now that she has one. She was only able to get a card after more than five months of trying and many irate calls to the M.T.A. Many others say they simply gave up.

The complaints by elderly subway riders like Ms. Fastiggi, who were expected to be natural customers for the card, is another example of how the Metrocard program has failed to live up to expectations. Only 8 percent of subway and bus riders are using the card, forcing transit officials to offer incentives and revamp their campaign to promote its use.

Ms. Fastiggi said she called in January to get the card, which bears her name and picture. Nothing happened. She tried again in March, and received an application in the mail. She had to fill it out, have it notarized (which cost $2), and sent it back with a passport-sized photograph (another $11) and a copy of her Medicare card to prove her age.

The card arrived three months later, in June. Some elderly people say they have waited even longer, up to four months.

Douglas R. Sussman, deputy director of the M.T.A. for government and community relations, said he was aware of the complaints and agreed with most of them, but offered little hope the situation would improve.

In a way, he said, the half-fare card has been a victim of its own success. In two years, 60,000 have been issued, he said, about three-quarters to elderly and the rest to disabled people.

"We have the same number of people handling applications as we did when we were getting 300 a month, and we're now getting 5,000 a month," he said.

New York's is one of the few major transit agencies in the country that does not offer monthly passes, which make it easy to offer discounts.

Metrocards can be bought in subway stations or at thousands of stores around the city, with a value, from $1.50 to $80, already encoded. But not the half-fare senior cards. They arrive at the applicant's home with no value on them, and value can be added only at a subway token booth.

When 91-year-old Betty Bender learned that, she gave up on getting a card. "I don't go into the subway and I haven't in 20 years," said Mrs. Bender, a resident of Chelsea. It is not fear, but leg problems and asthma that force her to avoid stairs and dank air. "At 91, I'm just glad I can still get on a bus."

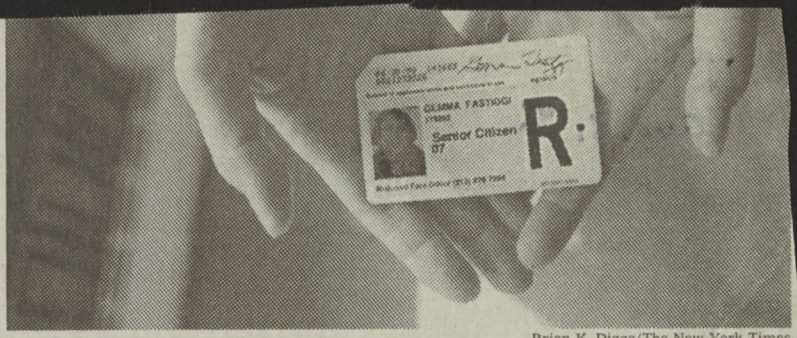
"The Metrocard would definitely be more convenient to use," she said. "But if they make it so hard just to get the thing and get it ready to use, why should I? I'll just keep carrying a roll of quarters."

When told that, around the end of next year, the Metrocard will become the only way to pay a subway or bus fare, Mrs. Bender said, "If I live that long, I suppose I'll get one."

Even many elderly who do not have Mrs. Bender's infirmities refuse to go into the subway, because they consider it unsafe. Bella Gordon, 74, another Chelsea resident, said: "My friends, when they found out you had to go into the subway to get it filled, they all said, 'Forget it.' Seniors use buses, me included. I feel very vulnerable in the subway. A lot of people have canes or walkers, and they can't make the steps to go into the subway."

Mr. Sussman admitted that requiring old people to go into the subway system posed a problem, and he said there was no easy solution. The M.T.A. plans to buy thousands of vending machines, some of which would be above ground, to let riders add value to Metrocards, but they are several years away.

Metrocard has a particular attraction for older people who ride the subway, because without it, they have to go to a token booth, and often wait in line, before every trip to pay half fare.



Brian K. Diggs/The New York Times

It took five months for Gemma Fastiggi, 71, to get a discount Metrocard. The card, shown in her hands, entitles riders over 65 to half fares.

Arts & Ideas
The New York Times
SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1998



Photographs, clockwise from upper left: UPI/Corbis-Bettmann; United Press International; Meyer Liebowitz/The New York Times; Associated Press

New Slant On the 60's: The Past Made New

Experts Are Reassessing a Tumultuous Decade

Images from a cultural chasm: Clockwise from top left, hippies taking part in a "love-in" in Detroit; black students singing freedom songs in Selma, Ala., just before their arrest; a meeting of Young Americans for Freedom amid a conservative revival; Billy Graham addressing Berkeley students, part of a return to evangelical religion.

By PATRICIA COHEN

Here's the wallet-size version of the sixties:

Before, there were the fifties, a placid decade of consensus, when Americans watched "Father Knows Best," pursued the same grassy suburban dreams and shared the same values.

Then there was a volcanic rupture, a cultural big bang that severed the era from the past. Student rebels, civil rights marchers and antiwar protesters challenged the authority of the family, the police, the military, the government and the university. The New Left eventually fell apart, but set the stage for a rights revolution that extended to women and homosexuals.

Neither liberals nor conservatives dispute the basic before-and-after storyline. Both concur it blasted away the existing order and led to undreamed-of personal license. What they can't agree on is whether this represented a fulfillment of American values or their betrayal, a disaster or a deliverance.

Now, however, historians are beginning to veer clear of the familiar good-sixties, bad-sixties debate as if it were a bumper-to-bumper feud over a single parking spot. Instead, they are challenging the traditional before-and-after narrative, arguing that the sixties do not represent as cataclysmic a break as portrayed or as exceptional a decade as the proliferation of college courses on the period would suggest.

Pivotal developments like the civil rights movement, urban decline and consumerism began years earlier, they say. Meanwhile, other crucial developments — the religious revival, for instance, or the change in immigration patterns — have unappreciated links to the sixties. Scholars are finally exploring just how much things changed and how much they stayed the same.

"Even though it's my livelihood, I make an argument against sixties exceptionalism," says Thomas J. Sugrue, who has taught a course on the sixties for seven years at the University of Pennsylvania. "It was a moment when many of the conflicts burst into the surface, but we misread other decades if we focus on the sixties as this moment of rupture or apocalypse."

Of course, much did change in the sixties : Hair was longer, sex was freer, protests were larger, soldiers were dying in Vietnam. Yet both left- and right-wing partisans have a motive to exaggerate the degree of radical change — either to score ideological points or to justify or atone for their pasts. Bickering over the culture wars has in general helped drown out interpretations that emphasize links with the previous decades.

"Everybody has his or her own sixties, and it means a lot to them," says Allen J. Matusow, author of "The Unraveling of America: A History of Liberalism in the Sixties." "The reason the sixties still evoke such vehement reactions is because we're still fighting over what kind of a country and what kind of a culture we're going to have. But do people have a full understanding of what happened?"

Mr. Sugrue has probably gone the furthest in trying to replace the before-and-after narrative with the-same-only-more-so. "I believe that in my lifetime there will no longer be courses on the sixties," he said. "We'll teach the whole postwar period as a whole."

As an example, he points to the series of race riots that convulsed cities across America in the sixties, arguing that the ruinous decline of boom-

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LOS ANGELES TIMES, KENNETH TURAN

— SISKEL & EBERT, GENE SISKEL
"'THE TRUMAN SHOW' MAY BE NOTHING LESS THAN A **WATERSHED MOVIE.** JIM CARREY IS MARVELOUS!"

— TODAY SHOW, GENE SHALIT
"IT'S TIME TO CELEBRATE! 'THE TRUMAN SHOW' IS **BREATHTAKINGLY FRESH,** A REFRESHING BREEZE OF ORIGINALITY."

— TIME MAGAZINE
"**YOU WILL LAUGH. YOU WILL CRY.** A BREAKTHROUGH FOR JIM CARREY IN A PERFORMANCE OF PROFOUND CHARM AND INNOCENCE."

— NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, JAMI BERNARD
"★★★★ 'THE TRUMAN SHOW' IS **BRILLIANT!**"



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"PETER WEIR'S 'THE TRUMAN GUARANTEED **OSCAR® BAI**

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— THE NEW YORKER, ANTHONY
"'THE TRUMAN SHOW' IS AS **B** SMOOTHLY **PROVOCATIVE** MOVIES STRUNG TOGETHER."

— THE WALL STREET JOURNA
"'THE TRUMAN SHOW' IS **WO** DELIVERS BRILLIANT ENTERTA A GENUINE HERO."

— WASHINGTON POST, RITA KE
"'THE TRUMAN SHOW' IS ONE **MOST INVENTIVE** MOVIE TO BE AS ENDEARING AS IT I GIVES A PERFORMANCE OF E

— BOSTON GLOBE, JAY CARR
"★★★★ 'THE TRUMAN SH **DAZZLE.** A HUGE, INSTANT



UPI/Corbis-Bettmann

A demonstrator against the Vietnam War taunts military police in front of the Pentagon. The antiwar movement, though one of the most visible forces for change in the sixties, was itself part of an American tradition.

New Slant on the Sixties: A Lingering Past Made New

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ing industrial cities was the product not of sixties racial violence, white flight and backlash, as some have argued, but rather of housing patterns, job discrimination and the deindustrialization that occurred in the forties and fifties.

The New Deal created a "newfound sense of entitlement" for all Americans, while wartime military service lodged the expectation of equal treatment in the minds of African-Americans, he writes in "The Origins of the Urban Crisis: Race and Inequality in Postwar Detroit," (Princeton, 1998). Yet during the late forties and fifties, discrimination kept blacks in the lowest paying jobs and the worst neighborhoods. Meanwhile, hundreds of thousands of entry-level manufacturing jobs disappeared in the Midwest and Northeast. (In 1957, one in five black Americans was unemployed.) Detroit may not have burned until 1967, but Mr. Sugrue points out that a decade earlier, unemployed blacks warned of "widespread riots" if confronted with another depression.

Barbara L. Tischler, who edited the series "Perspectives on the Sixties," wouldn't go quite as far as Mr. Sugrue. Still, she notes, "I try not to say that the sixties are so different from any other time. There are many periods of dramatic political and social change. Is it more important than the period 1935 to 1945? I'm not sure I can make that case."

Ms. Tischler, who has taught courses on the sixties at both Barnard College and Columbia University, starts her students off with the notion that President John F. Kennedy continued the cold war policies of the Eisenhower Adminstration. If the United States was going to strut the superiority of capitalist democracies over Communist regimes around the world, then it was going to have to prove it at home. "That's why civil rights could become an important issue in terms of the cold war," she said: it was used as part of "the arsenal" against Communism, as was the war on poverty.

> Students share the ideology of neither left nor right.

"I would really focus on continuity, particularly in the period up to about 1968," she says. "There was tremendous faith in the ability of people to change their own system." Peaceful protesters were drawing on traditions of American thought as old as the Revolution. They "took Locke and Jefferson very seriously," she said.

Leslie Fishbein, who teaches a course on the sixties at Rutgers University, points out that other decades wrestled with similar countercultural bursts. The period between 1913 and 1919 witnessed a struggle for birth control; a sexual revolution that prompted marriage manuals to include discussions of the female orgasm; a backlash against Freud; experiments in diet and fashion (bohemians favored tunics and sandals); a cult of youth led by Randolph Bourne, and experiments with drugs that resulted in peyote parties on Fifth Avenue. "Sixties radicals tended to think of themselves as new Adams," says Ms. Fishbein, "and had little sense of how much of their concerns and experiments echoed those of their predecessors."

David Farber, who teaches a course on the sixties at the University of New Mexico, believes the rights revolution that began in the sixties did represent a "profound eruption" but agrees that the cultural changes associated with the decade had been brewing for a long time. The counterculture's hedonist impulses had their roots in consumer capitalism, says Mr. Farber, who wrote "The Age of Great Dreams: America in the 1960's" (Hill & Wang, 1994). The ethic of the marketplace has always been to encourage consumers to choose among products that made them feel good; from there it was just a short step to choosing among life styles that made them feel good, whether that meant using drugs or freer sex. Some advertisers even made the connection explicit: A 1969 print ad for Love cosmetics, for instance, reads: "Love today is different than it's ever been. It's freer, more natural, more honest — more out in the open." Yet the eventual results of such freedom in the marketplace — like sexually explicit song lyrics, books and movies — has left people uneasy. Thus, Mr. Farber believes that the sixties have become "a kind of scapegoat for that unleashed cornucopia."

One area that seemed to change little but actually changed a lot was immigration. Reform of the immigration laws did reflect an extension of a civil rights movement that demanded equal treatment regardless of color. Yet by ending the 40-year-old quota system based on national origins, the Immigration Act of 1965 drastically shifted immigration from northern and western Europe to Asia and Latin America, altering the face of America far beyond anyone's expectations. Todd Gitlin, author of "The Twilight of Common Dreams: Why America Is Wracked by Culture Wars" (Owlet, 1996) says that although he paid "zero attention to it at the time," the law was "one of the the most consequential reforms of the Great Society."

In a freshman seminar on the sixties last fall at New York University, Mr. Gitlin asked his students to use their own family experience to examine the decade. A quarter of the class were either immigrants or the children of immigrants who probably would not have been here without the '65 law.

Religious life then has also been misunderstood. With theologians proclaiming the "death of God" and people turning to meditation and crystals, the decade is typically thought of as not particularly religious. Yet Michael Kazin and Maurice Isserman, who are writing a textbook on the sixties, note that "evangelical churches were growing like crazy." (Many of the new members ultimately joined the foundling conservative movement.) Nearly all the major denominations grew until 1965; by the end of the decade, theologically liberal denominations had begun losing members but conservative ones rapidly grew. The quest for spiritual authenticity that led exhausted leftists to New Age beliefs also led many people to evangelicalism. "They were looking around for a religious home and wanted something that was much more attuned to their personal needs than their social obligations," Mr. Kazin says.

Although Mr. Kazin and Mr. Isserman say religion went through a profound transformation, they also point out that such revolutions in religious life are cyclical in American history, and compare the sixties with the Great Awakening beginning in the 1730's and the early 1800's. "Like many Americans before," they write, people in the sixties "made sense of rapid social and moral change in religious terms." Commenting on the rise of evangelism, which Billy Graham actually began reviving in 1949 with his large, racially integrated crusades, they note that "Protestanism in the U.S. has always been a deeply personal faith."

Unlike the youthful radicals of the sixties, today's students, at least the ones eagerly signing up for sixties courses, do not seem particularly animated by politics of the left or the right. They like both Mark Rudd, the one-time fugitive Weatherman, and Ronald Reagan, says Mr. Isserman, who teaches a course on the sixties at Hamilton College.

But like students in the sixties or the thirties, they are inspired by idealism. Ms. Fishbein says: "They have an enormous need to believe. It doesn't matter in what." Mr. Isserman observes that they are attracted to "the notion of making history" at a time when students don't feel they have much ability to influence events. "They are remaking the history of the sixties," he says, "to fit their own concerns and outlook."

Some things, it seems, never change.

THEATER REVIEW

Beginning With Chickens and Ending With Eggs

By PETER MARKS

That husky warble, those hairy legs! He absolutely *is* Lady Bracknell.

Yes, Bette Bourne, the gentle heart and soul of Bloolips, the illustrious British drag troupe, rides the Oscar Wilde popularity wave in "Bloo Review," the company's charmingly ditzy new show at Theater for the New City in Manhattan. Rigidly upright in a chair, as imperious an actress as one of those grandes dames of yore, Bette performs a scene from "The Importance of Being Earnest" with an almost terrifying technical dexterity.

Bette is, in fact, Edith Evans on a male hormone regimen. "Do you smoke? I'm glad to hear it," Bette says, the consonants enunciated so crisply each sounds as if it could snap. "A man should have an occupation of some kind."

In "Bloo Review," the scene from "Earnest" counts as highbrow theater. In inimitable Bloolips fashion, the show is a merry return to the music hall, albeit a daintier music hall than the one in which Archie Rice gallivanted in "The Entertainer."



Sheyla Baykal/"Bloo Review"

Bette Bourne in "Bloo Review" at Theater for the New City.

"Do you normally work in shifts?" Bette purrs to the evening's co-star, Precious Pearl (the actor Paul Shaw).

"Yes, I usually find them more comfortable," hisses Pearl.

It's also a return to material Bloolips has performed before. (Thus the evening's subtitle, "A Bloolips Retrospectacle.") The comedy, intermingled with musical numbers evoking Noël Coward's London of the 1940's and 50's, is all in an extremely loopy vein. That Bette and Precious Pearl begin and end the show as chickens and eggs (hatchlings for the opening; sunny side up for the finale) should give some sense of the silliness quotient.

You can see in the harmless lampoons by Bloolips, which over the years has developed a loyal following in New York, the inspiration for Howard Crabtree's drag productions. Irony is kept to a blessed minimum. Some of the best gags fly on the flimsiest premises, as, for instance, when Bette, with the help of his dressers, suits up as Marie Antoinette to the strains of the 1812 Overture.

A spoof of "Brief Encounter" in which a problem in a nasal passage leads to romance, is a high point, as is the rendition of a signature Bloolips song, "Why Must the Frock Go On?," which features Bette in a batwing-sleeved dress fringed with tea strainers.

There are a few lulls in the evening; occasional jokes and skits targeting Prime Minister Tony Blair don't have much oomph. Still, few troupes make playing dress-up such an agreeable cabaret.

BLOO REVIEW
A Bloolips Retrospectacle

Directed by David Willis; designed by Cecile Thunder; musical direction by Simon Deacon; costumes by Chance; lyrics and sketches by Neil Bartlett, Jimmy Camicia, Ray Dobbin, Paul Shaw, Oscar Wilde and others; music by Nicholas Bloomfield, Tchaikovsky, Wagner and others. Presented by Theater for the New City, Crystal Field, executive director. At 155 First Avenue, at 10th Street, Lower East Side.

WITH: Bette Bourne, Precious Pearl and Simon Deacon.

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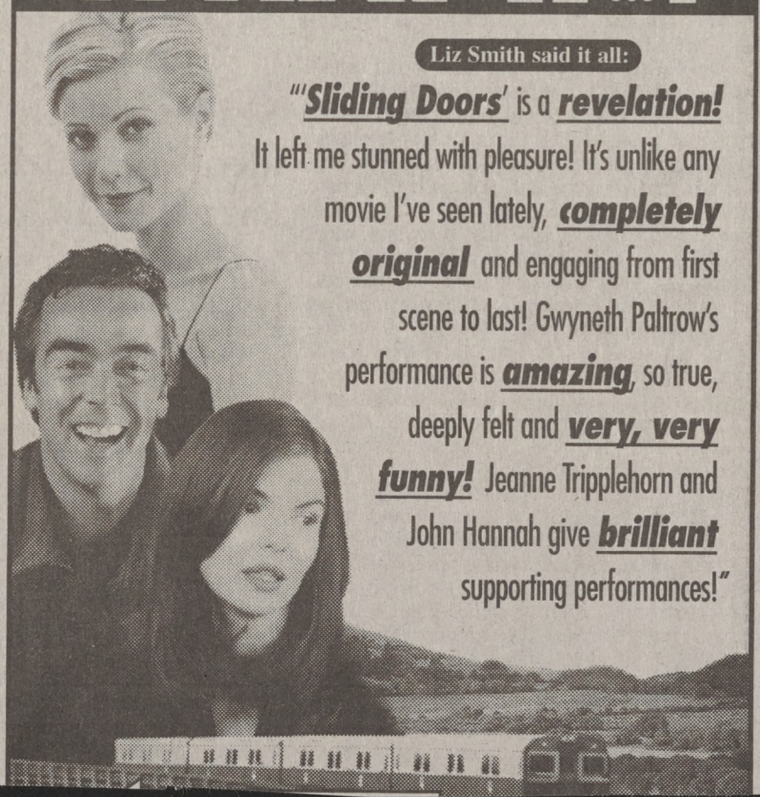
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The Computer Mouse: Where Art and Science Meet

By AMY HARMON

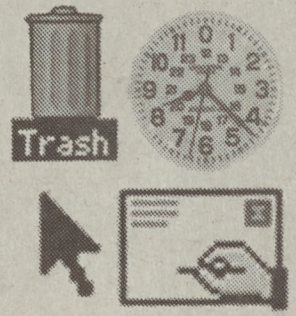
Consider the computer mouse.

Disarmingly quiescent, the rounded piece of plastic confers on those who grasp it a thrilling control over the daunting machine to which it is tethered. Nudge it and the cursor moves. Click it twice — or as the manual instructs, "double-click" — and a window explodes, an hourglass appears, new choices open up. It is, for most computer users, an essential tool.

But is it art? Is it a product of culture or simply an instrument of technology?

As ever larger slices of life are conducted in the digital realm, its visible forms are beginning to draw scrutiny beyond the computer trade reviews. Indeed, the conventions that have come to govern "information space" and their replacements, says a new generation of cyberphilosophers, will affect everything from the way we think to the way we relate to one another. Issues of such import, they insist, demand the attention of the public.

In a new book titled "Interface Culture: How New Technology Transforms the Way We Create and Communicate," Steven Johnson contends that the metaphors that help us make sense of the zeros and ones behind the computer screen are becoming "as complex and vital as the novel or the cathedral or the cinema."



The sprawling metropolitan narratives of Dickens, like "Bleak House" and "Great Expectations," interpreted the changing relations of class and geography in the Industrial Revolution. Similarly, representations of the cyberworld help shape the relationship between people and their digital data, argues Mr. Johnson, who is the editor and co-founder of the on-line magazine Feed.

Mr. Johnson is specifically referring to the "interface," which is an ugly term that perhaps too accurately conveys the awkward mingling of mind and machine. The hypertext link that zips you across the World Wide Web, the electronic voice at directory assistance who wants to know "What city? What listing?" the cartoon trash can where unwanted files are deposited (it has morphed into a recycle bin in the latest incarnation of Microsoft Windows), all are interfaces. Web sites, video games and virtual spaces all qualify, too.

Mr. Johnson is not only advocating a new "interface" column to run alongside the book and movie reviews in the arts pages of mainstream magazines and newspapers; his is a cautionary message as well, in the tradition of Marshall McLuhan. It is this: If we fail to critique this mushrooming art form, we may miss the chance to shape its evolution, a process that will in turn shape the way we think and create and interact within it.

How people interact with the terminal can affect how they think.

Already, those studying technology's cultural ripples have found evidence that the dominant interfaces like "windows" or the mouse are affecting the social psyche. Janet H. Murray, a senior research scientist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, argues that one interface, hypertext, is already changing the kinds of stories we tell. In "Hamlet on the

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ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

"CLEVER, HIP AND SOPHISTICATED!"

GOOD MORNING AMERICA

"'IT'S A SCREAM! A REALLY FUN MOVIE DONE WITH GREAT HUMOR!'"

UPN

"THE BEST SEQUEL



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Arts & Ideas
The New York Times

Already, The Getty Has a Full Agenda

By JAMES STERNGOLD

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 12 — Barry Munitz has what might seem an enviably easy job. When he takes over as the president and chief executive officer of the J. Paul Getty Trust in January, he will inherit the recently completed product of more than a decade of efforts, a pristine, $1 billion art museum and research complex on a hilltop here that will celebrate its grand opening with ceremonies on Saturday.

With a $4.3 billion endowment, it has already captured worldwide attention.

But in a recent interview, Mr. Munitz, the chancellor of the California State University system, was strikingly blunt in dismissing the festivities, which will continue through the Getty's opening to the public on Tuesday, as having little relevance to what he described as a herculean task ahead. He wants to make this this imposing institution — as well as the somewhat shapeless city over which it looms — a national, and popular, center for culture.

"I'm not even paying much attention to them," said Mr. Munitz of the ceremonies and parties. "It's a great occasion, but to me it's the most preliminary kind of thing. It's too early to tell even what we are. We have so much work to do."

Mr. Munitz is a populist taking over what has been an elitist institution with little connection to the civic life of Los Angeles. His plans to draw a wide public to the new museum and other related institutions represents not only a big step in Los Angeles's coming of age as a major cultural center, but almost a repudiation of the majestic but isolated location of

As it sets out, a museum wants to

Laying Claim to Sorrow B



United States Holocaust M

Top, a 1945 photo of survivors of the Ebensee subcamp of the Mauthausen concentration camp in Allied troops on May 6, 1945. Below, the deck of the Wildfire, a slave ship brought to Key W



The Computer Mouse: Part Art, Part Science

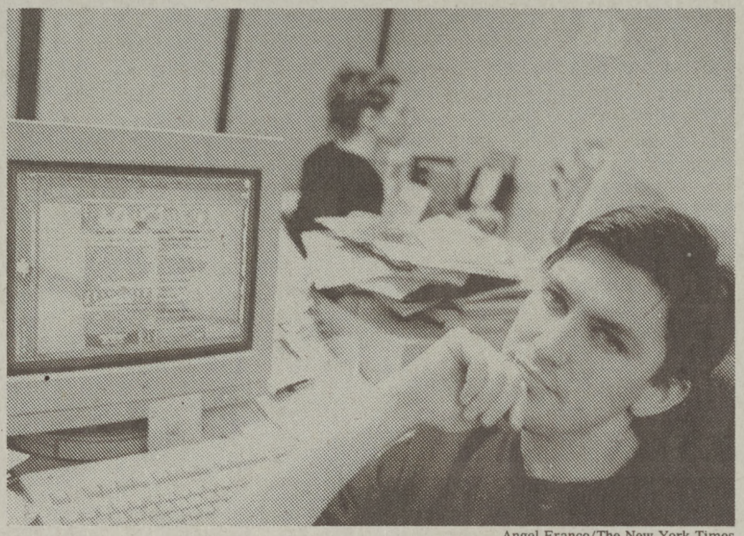
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Holodeck'' (The Free Press, 1997), she writes that just as the soliloquy expressed the new loneliness of the human-centered Renaissance, the multiple perspectives that hypertext allows are uniquely suited to probe the questions of the human relationship to machines.

Sherry Turkle, a psychologist at M.I.T., says the ''windows'' environment that most computer users operate in facilitates the exploration of multiple selves and multiple viewpoints, a feature that is both a reflection and a hallmark of a post-modern age. In her book ''Life on the Screen,'' she quotes a teen-ager who told her that ''real life'' is ''just another window.''

The idea of using the image of a ''desktop'' on the screen has been around for over a decade, since it was developed at the Xerox Parc research lab and adopted by Apple Computer and later the Microsoft Corporation. The desktop, symbolized as a series of windows, one for writing, one for communicating, another for Web surfing, and so on, was the welcome successor to the original DOS interface, in which personal computer users had to type arcane commands to navigate the infosphere.

Likewise, the mouse has been perhaps both the most tangible and universal of interfaces, since the computer scientist Douglas Engelbart unveiled it in 1968. Much to the dismay of many of its original developers, there has been little change in this basic interface with which most people communicate with their computers. Some have argued that one reason more Americans have not bought a home computer is that it transports a user to an office with desk and file folders.



Angel Franco/The New York Times

Steven Johnson, foreground, and Stefani Syman, the founders of the on-line magazine Feed, which is on Mr. Johnson's computer screen.

But the rapid unfurling of the Web has fueled a new wave of innovation in interface design. It has also inspired an almost giddy sense among some that the invisible terrain known as cyberspace is as yet largely unmapped, as well as a fear among others that it will be structured without sufficient discussion, perhaps as a mall rather than a public space, a suburb rather than a city. Scott Rosenberg, media critic for the on-line magazine Salon, says it is important to explain to the public why the interface is an art form worthy of debate.

''For all of us who work and play upon computer screens, the nature of interfaces affects how we think about ourselves and how we connect with other people,'' Mr. Rosenberg wrote in a review of Mr. Johnson's book.

Meanwhile, a subset of that public is forging ahead. Mr. Johnson suggests the beginning of a new language for critiquing the new interfaces. Do they encourage a sense of community or individualism on the Web? Do they push users to splinter into discrete groups? Do they simulate life in the real world or sculpture their own metaphors out of the ether?

Clifford Nass, an associate professor of communications at Stanford University, argues that interfaces should be friendlier. Mr. Nass helped create a Microsoft program called Bob that was aimed at novice users and was a commercial failure. But Mr. Nass said the idea behind the program — that people expect computers to act like humans — is being applied with success elsewhere.

A voice mail program called Wildfire, for instance, in which an electronic voice uses intonation and responds politely to a caller's queries, is a far more satisfying experience than a widely used directory assistance system that people call rude, even though they know it is a computer, Mr. Nass said.

Brenda Laurel, a designer who has studied gender roles with computers, criticizes most computer interfaces. At her company, Purple Moon, which develops interactive games for girls, Ms. Laurel said she tries to avoid a menu or a button so that the interface is invisible to the user. ''We don't want to call attention to the fact that the delivery system is a computer,'' she said, ''This technology should be as comfortable to us as an opposable thumb.''

''There has been this well-intentioned but benighted idea of computer literacy that if you really were going to be the master of the computer, you would have to be able to open the hood and change the oil and speak its language,'' Ms. Laurel continued. Robyn Miller, co-founder of Cyan, the company that produced the popular CD-ROM game Myst and its recent sequel, Riven, said he also strove for invisibility. ''We chose to have an interface that would create the maximum emotional impact,'' Mr. Miller said. ''But what we want is for the user to be immersed in the world and not notice the interface at all.''

Perhaps. But the ultimate interface may require a critical standard all its own. At the University of Washington in the Human Interface Technology Lab, researchers are working on wearable computers. ''They'll be very small and clipped onto your clothing, and when that happens you will no longer be conscious of the fact that you are using a computer,'' said William D. Winn, director of the lab's learning center. ''That is a kind of interface that some people find scary.''

One teen-age interfacer views 'real life' as 'just another window.'

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The New York Times

POP REVIEW

Singing For Those Condemned To Die

By NEIL STRAUSS

LOS ANGELES, March 31 — "Not in Our Name: 'Dead Men Walking' — The Concert," a fund-raiser at the Shrine Auditorium here on Sunday night, was a rarity in the world of pop and rock benefits. Unlike concerts that raise money for those suffering from hunger, homelessness, war or disease, this one supported a cause about which many musicians are ambivalent: the fight against capital punishment.

Billed as a concert that grew out of the film "Dead Man Walking," with its director, Tim Robbins, serving as host, the four-hour program featured a rare concert appearance by Tom Waits as well as performances by Eddie Vedder and Jeff Ament of Pearl Jam, the country singer Steve Earle, Lyle Lovett, Michelle Shocked, Rahat Fateh Ali Khan and Ani DiFranco, most of whom perform on the "Dead Man Walking" soundtrack. At a news conference beforehand, Mr. Earle talked about how his songs protesting the death penalty had probably alienated some of his fans.

Whether by intention or coincidence, it was a particularly opportune time for such a benefit in light of the nationwide debate set off by the recent execution in Texas of Karla Faye Tucker, which led many Americans to re-examine (or examine for the first time) their views on the death penalty.

This was also the goal at the concert, attended by 4,500 people, which raised money for Murder Victims' Families for Reconciliation, which works against the death penalty, and for Hope House, a community charity in New Orleans.

Even if audience members bought tickets just to see Mr. Vedder, Ms. DiFranco or Mr. Waits, it was nearly impossible for them to leave without some new thoughts on capital punishment provoked not just by speeches by Mr. Robbins and Sister Helen Prejean, the crusader against the death penalty who was the inspiration for his film, but also by the songs that were performed.

As expected, the evening moved along in a minor key. Even when Ms. Shocked made a detour into gospel, praise to God became a form of lamentation for mortality. During other sets as well, songs that weren't directly about the death

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Mzwakhe Mbuli, South Africa's de facto poet laureate, says he has been framed

A Poet and the Police: S

A South African Celebrity Awaits Trial,

By DONALD G. McNEIL Jr.

PRETORIA — If South Africa had a poet laureate, Mzwakhe Mbuli would be it.

The man nicknamed the People's Poet was a hero at Soweto funerals in the 1980's, declaiming his revolutionary lyrics in the face of police cam-

top rent-a-crowd man."

A religious man and a public p
upset to find himself sharing pris
the country's worst criminals:
the man known as Prime Evil fo
Government assassination squad
a suspect in the killings of about
activists, and Moses Sithole, servi

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

Margo Jefferson

All Is Unpredictable, and Nothing Lasts but Yearning

Now that Hollywood has a new self-anointed king of the world in James Cameron, and now that he will preside (at least for a time) over vast expanses of money, technical equipment and talent, all in quite a "look on my works, ye mighty, and despair" manner, let us sit back and be refreshed by some of those independent filmmakers who, with so much less money and so much more imagination, give us movies as intimate and unpredictable as our own private lives and dreams.

Alan Rudolph, for one, whose current film, "Afterglow," won Julie Christie a much (very much) deserved Oscar nomination for best actress. "Afterglow" is a romantic elegy that follows two couples, unlike in every way except their unhappiness, as their lives unexpectedly cross and then uncross.

One couple (played by Lara Flynn Boyle and Jonny Lee Miller) is rich, young, high-strung and emotionally naïve. The other (played by Nick Nolte and Ms. Christie) is middle-aged, not rich, resigned to certain disappointments and badly in need of some emotional restoration work.

All four people want something they have lost, never found or not even known how to look for: a marriage of true minds and willing bodies; children; plain old lightheartedness, or a passion that can force them out of their usual discontents.

And that is the point of Mr. Rudolph's films — everyone gets jolted or lured out of the usual. They are romances, they all contain comedy, elegy and melodrama, but you never know just what the proportions will be.

His first movie as a solo director, the 1977 "Welcome to L.A.," is a mock romance, a woozily hip "La Ronde" with stars, semi-stars, fans, agents, realtors, husbands and wives falling in and out of each other's beds, hoping for something just beyond reach or reason.

In "Choose Me" (1984), his loveliest, best-proportioned film, you have a drifter (formerly a Yale professor, mechanic, C.I.A. operative and mental patient), a lusty bar owner, a pampered, neglected wife, a thuggish but suave husband and a radio counselor for the lovelorn who avoids a love life of her own — all of them knocking against one another's fantasies until some actually get what they want.

Romance is the Missing All in Mr. Rudolph's world ("The Missing All prevented me from missing minor things," wrote Emily Dickinson), but its meaning keeps expanding. There is the romance of truly comprehending love between parents and children or between couples; there is the romance of love at first sight, whether or not it survives a second look or a backward glance. Nothing is sure to last but yearning. And what is yearning? Part melancholy at not having what you desire; part pleasure that it is so worth desiring. But the people most likely to get close to their heart's desire are the ones willing to throw off pride, habit or some utterly unreal vision of perfection.



Joyce Rudolph/Sony Pictures Classics

Julie Christie and Jonny Lee Miller in "Afterglow," which won the actress an Oscar nomination for her portrayal of middle-aged malaise.

A director, and an actress, who escape the usual.

Pauline Kael has called Mr. Rudolph's films mood poems, and their mood swings can give you vertigo. People talk as much to themselves as to anyone else in his screenplays. And his camera moves in and out of streets, rooms and lives as if by stealth, making colors, textures and objects as palpable and mysterious as humans.

Minor events set off major contradictory reactions: what is sexy turns silly or vice versa, and what is playful can turn violent in a minute. Not just metaphorically, either; we all know how quickly an obsessed romantic can become an emotional gangster. Once love is on the loose, everybody is a criminal, a victim or both.

When Mr. Rudolph is off, his plots tie themselves into knots, and his dialogue gets too Delphic and poetic. But he is almost never off with actors. They give wonderful, surprising performances — he is always looking for something in them that hasn't yet fully surfaced. (Watch Genevieve Bujold and Keith Carradine in "Choose Me," or the usually static Willie Nelson, the usually inert Kris Kristofferson and the sometimes overwrought Lesley Ann Warren in "Songwriter." And wonder why other directors haven't made better use of Melinda Dillon, Rae Dawn Chong and the usually overbearing Tom Berenger.)

Which brings us back to Julie Christie in "Afterglow." Helen Hunt is charming and touching in "As Good as It Gets," but Julie Christie is astonishing in "Afterglow." There she is, playing an ex-horror film star living in Montreal with her husband, doing psychic and sexual penance for a daughter she drove away years ago, then suddenly deciding to reclaim her privileges as wife and leading lady.

She brings to this role what, different as they were, Gloria Swanson brought to "Sunset Boulevard" and Lillian Gish to "The Night of the Hunter": a distillation of their past screen lives and selves. Swanson, once the devilish gay-blade beauty, becomes a demonic ruin who still wields, however monstrously, her powers of seduction. And when Gish, that creature of luminous feminine virtue, must sit alone in the Southern woods with a rifle on her lap, saving two children from a madman, that virtue changes character and sex. She becomes what D. H. Lawrence called the essential American soul: hard, isolate, stoic and a killer.

Ms. Christie still has the ability to seem far away inside herself while knowing just how to ravish everyone around her. (Look at "Darling," "Dr. Zhivago," "McCabe and Mrs. Miller," for starters.) Her beauty is slightly shadowed now, and all the more uncanny. And she plays with this, dramatizing but slightly mocking the pleasure it gives us. You see it in the way she puts on a pair of dark glasses, holds her arms in long black gloves, or leans toward, then away from, a young suitor. How can one be so languorous and so edgy at the same time? She is an actress playing an actress, so everything gets an unexpected beat or inflection.

But this time she lets the emotions of her character keep pushing at her, demanding more and more space, until she seems ready to implode or explode. And when she finally lies face down on a bed, sobbing — no howling — with grief, you are thunderstruck. When was the last time you used the expression "baring one's soul" without irony? And when was the last time you saw that happening in an American movie?

When Allied soldiers finally entered the besieged facility in Leningrad, they found the emaciated bodies of the botanists lying next to full, untouched sacks of potatoes, corn and wheat.

Walking the gardens with intern Christian Petrovich, my senses are bombarded with the brilliance of orange Mars tomatoes weighing their stalks down to the ground. Scores of multi-colored native corns burst skyward in dense squares of open-pollinated yearning. Nearby, a graceful thicket of sorghum forms a living "room" within which chiles are sheltered from stray, unwanted pollen. Our boots quickly cake with mud from last night's rain as we circumnavigate clusters of 30 different chiles, miniature forests of onions, dense hedgerows of sweet clover, tomatillos and sweetpeas. Bee hives punctuate the green, and a band of guinea fowl from a neighbor's ranch wander with gusto, lustily consuming grasshoppers as they roam.

"We plant all the rows two feet apart. That way, no soil is exposed, and it creates a living mulch. It's better for the soil," Petrovich explains, slapping at a mosquito. "But it's harder to work." "These are really trial gardens," explains Shapiro, who joined the company as an investor four years ago, and assumed leadership when Ausubel left in January of 1995. The garden I'm looking at, however astonishing in its fecundity—with gigantic "teddy bear" sunflowers and lavish stands of pastel zinnia—is one of two research plots. Most of the actual seed growing for the company takes place at far-flung organic gardens all over the country. One third of the total acreage is dedicated to composting crops—the perfecting of soil is never-ending

It was Ausubel's book and friendship with Gabe Howearth that changed the life of Santa Cruz grower Mark Love, who now raises herb and flower seed for Seeds of Change. Love also juggles a variety of farming-related jobs and sells produce to local restaurants to maintain self-sufficiency. On the land he rents in the Santa Cruz Mountains, the organic farmer spends a lot of time making sure the seeds he sends via UPS to Santa Fe are clean. "The processing is very laborious," he says, "because it all has to be done by hand." Love doesn't begrudge the backbreaking work of organic farming and seed raising. "I figure there's no other legacy I'll be able to leave, so I wanted to pass on some purposeful heritage," he says. Without his work, and that of other organic seed savers, Love believes we'd be reduced to "just a few, commercially-sanctioned seeds."

Love, who cheerfully admits that his operation is so small that he's not even officially classifiable as a farmer, is committed to his livelihood. But, he explains, "It's incredibly hard work—I have a healthy respect for anyone doing agriculture." And he's proud of his relationship with the Santa Fe company. "I don't know how my life is going to touch the broad spectrum of food growing, but you have to motivate yourself to do what's important." Stuart Dickson, an organic superstar who cultivates over three dozen varieties of heirloom tomatoes on 120 acres near Watsonville, is devoted to the explosive new market for heirlooms.

"When the organic specialty market started up," Dickson recalls, "it looked like a great opportunity for me to be adventurous—to play with all these different colors and sizes and shapes." Learning about tomatoes during his days in farming the Capay Valley near Davis, he started incorporating their diverse shapes and hues into his planting.

The heirloom tomato business is so good that Dickson even confesses to "shipping them nationwide, 150 to 200 cases a day." He admits though, "you sacrifice a lot of the flavor to ship them—I really recommend that people grow their own." Seed Savers Exchange is Dickson's favorite source, and he recommends it to home gardeners everywhere. "It's so easy to do," he insists, "then they can begin to save their own heirloom seeds."

In the sunny Seeds of Change greenhouse, where seedlings begin their life and harvested seeds are carefully cleaned in front of cleverly configured fans, Emigdio Ballone runs his fingers through a trayful of salvia seed. "The big companies go for hybrids," he says, in musical accents of the Andean highlands, "and that creates a dependency between certain plants and chemical fertilizers." Admitting that the first thing he does in the fields each day is pray for the fruitfulness of the seeds, Ballone points out that each organism has its own place to live, a structure and internal behavior specific to a particular ecosystem." Seeds are life—the future. When you work with seeds everyday," his eyes gleam, "you have a different feeling, a different respect for plants."

"We view this all as large-scale gardening," says Howard Shapiro, looking out over crimson heads of amaranth spiraling flirtatiously toward a row of waist-high chard. "After all, we're planting them for their seed. That's why the garden looks the way it does." That's why it isn't row after identical row —with its delicate cosmos, fragrant sweet peas, sudden thrusts of Indian corn, overblown nicotiana—all loaded with genetic blueprints, selected for vitamins, flavor and a heady sense of vive la difference.

"Taste," Shapiro says of his company's purpose. We are on another tour, this time of the Seeds of Change shipping warehouse. "Taste and plant vigor—add to that nutritional value, and we do spectrographic analysis to make sure we give people the highest amount of amino acids, the best vitamin A and C." Showing me the floor-to-ceiling inventory-in these bins, trays and bags are probably the world's largest collection of organic seeds — Shapiro points out that this is a commercial endeavor. "We are not a seed-saving company, though we are committed to supporting the work of groups like Seed Savers Exchange." Ironically, in order to insure an inventory of organic, open pollinated seed to fill their orders, Seeds of Change has had to decrease the number of varieties offered in its catalog.

The field work is on-going, Shapiro notes, pointing to bags of thumb-sized blue corn kernels recently brought back from Bolivia. Believing that in the four years he's been on board, the company has gone from a "great idea" to a "real seed company," Shapiro is proudest of the fact that he delivers scrupulously clean seed. "And it has an enormously high germination rate, too," he

Feature, *continued on page 24*



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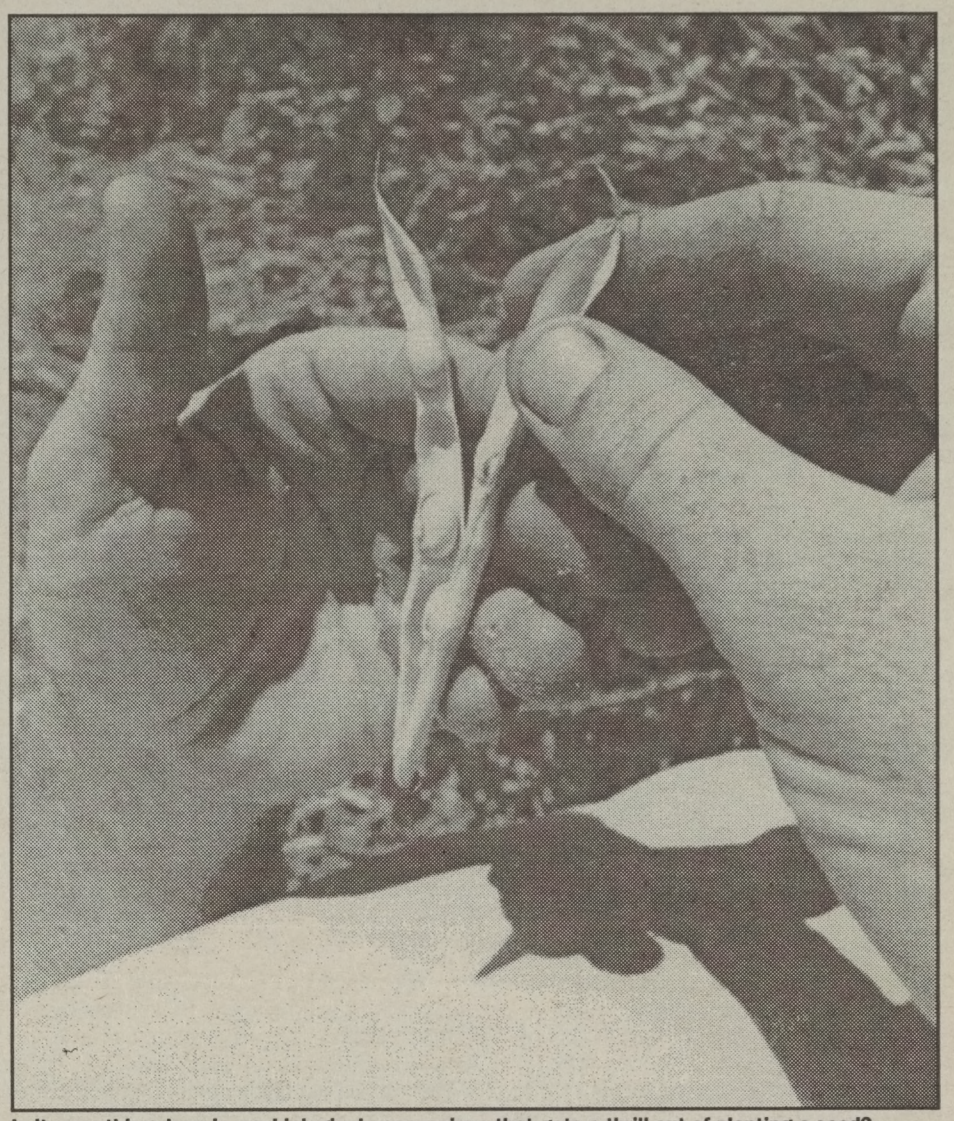
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In the simple act of planting a seed, the gardener simultaneously blows a kiss to the past and guarantees the future.



Is it something deep in our biological unconscious that gets a thrill out of planting a seed?

adds, almost smiling under his flowing silver beard.

"A seed is not just a seed," says Kenny Ausubel, surrounded by the pinon pines and junipers of his land near Santa Fe. "It represents all the knowledge that went into it—how the people planted it, what songs they sang, what prayers they offered." Currently an eco-strategist for Odwalla juice company working with native American farmers on restorative agriculture, Ausubel recalls that the founding of Seeds of Change was a specific effort to link the preservation agenda with a business operation. "We hoped that perhaps we could have a mission-driven company that would actually act as an economic force," he says. "If we don't create jobs around sustainable practices, we're not really going to have the impact we need to have." Ausubel says he recognized early on that a mere scattering of companies couldn't hope to save the world. "That's for sure," he grins wistfully.

"What is most important is the vision," he contends, looking out at the Sangre de Cristo Mountains looming in the horizon. "We're dealing with a lot of people who are simply not even aware that there is a problem, that we are losing genetic diversity. It's not that they're in denial—they don't even know."

It's taken the planet millions of years to slowly assemble and evolve its intricate, cellular opera and there are still at least 50,000 known edible plants still left on earth. Yet only three of those—rice, corn and wheat—account for half of everything we eat. Ausubel, who left Seeds of Change a year and a half ago, after agreeing not to discuss the details of that dissolution, is convinced that kinship and diversity is the key to all environmental models. "Everything is related-from microbes to mammals, there's much more that's shared than is different," Ausubel contends. A healthy ecosystem is diverse. "When you remove the diversity, the system falters and starts to break down."

He loves to cite the example of the Idaho producer who grows for McDonald's corporation the exact same blight-prone russet that caused the Irish potato famine. "It's the McDonald's criterion of potato selection—a strain is bred and grown because it makes perfect four-inch French fries," Ausubel chuckles. "And that's the mentality that unfortunately is driving most of the world." Why should people bother preserving and growing old seeds? "This is something people have done for a long, long time," says Ausubel, still passionate that individuals can make a difference. "You realize when you look at one of these seeds that somebody, somewhere down the line, held onto this, even though it was really difficult—and they had faith. And by their simple act of faith and caring they can change the world."

This article originally appeared in Metro Santa Cruz.

Feature

Seeding Into the Future

Collecting and preserving heirloom seeds helps keep diversity in the plant world alive. **By Christina Waters • Photos by Robert Scheers**



Mark Love, Santa Cruz grower, raises herb and flower seeds for Seeds of Change.

Our global villages had become ominously uniform—the same handful of fast food giants, the same strip malls, the same glossy, neutered Barbie doll fruits and vegetables in our groceries. Well make way for tomorrow, because here come the heirloom foods — again.

The most glamorous menus showcase heirloom produce. Farmers markets overflow with exotic shapes and colors. From the pages of small catalogs, sprout seeds with names like Rainbow Inca Corn, Appaloosa beans, Red Alpine fraises des bois, Zapotec pleated tomatoes. Nothing it seems, is sexier than planting non-mainstream seeds, seeds that have eluded the Disneyfication of our everyday life and that offer an abundance of alternatives to one-brand-fits-all gardening.

Is it simply retro nostalgia that inclines more and more of the country's 60 million gardeners to, so to speak, try this at home? Is it something deep in our biological unconscious that gets a thrill out of planting a seed re-discovered after centuries of neglect, or of collecting seeds from some treasured flower, or a particularly tasty tomato, and saving it for another season?

Seed saving is all of the above, and more. In the simple act of planting a seed, the gardener simultaneously blows a kiss to the past and guarantees the future. Preservation and

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proliferation are the twin agendas of the current heirloom/native seed movement. Preservation, in that the very way of life associated with old-fashioned flora is brought forward along with the flavors and fragrances that might have charmed our great-great-grandmothers. Proliferation, in that by continuing that legacy, and sending it speeding on toward our own grandchildren, we maintain the diversity of the world's herbs and plants-a diversity that also carries with it abundant phytochemical solutions to environmental, medical, even spiritual, diseases we've only begun to imagine.

The Irish potato famine of the 1830s perfectly illustrates the implications of a dwindling bio-gene pool. In a classic case of putting all its eggs in one basket, Ireland had planted its meager soil with a single variety of potato. Replicating a single set of genes, this was monocropping on a disastrous scale, When a virus came along to which these genes were susceptible, there were no alternative potato crops remaining to feed the country.

Since all the potatoes were the same—homogenous, rather than biodiverse—they all succumbed to the plague. And those who couldn't emigrate to America starved to death. One biologist has likened this scenario to that of a thief, discovering that a single key can unlock every door in the mansion. And many feel that it's high time to change the locks.

Tending the earth's edible future reached its most poignant moment—certainly its most courageous—during the Nazis' World War II Siege of Leningrad. The site of the world's largest seed bank-at which Russian botanist Nikolai Vavilov and his army of ethnobotanists had stockpiled an astonishing 200,000 species—Leningrad endured 900 days of attack during which over half a million people starved to death. Surrounded by harvested seed crops, the collectors martyred themselves rather than consume the botanical future. And when Allied soldiers finally entered the besieged facility, they found the emaciated bodies of the botanists lying next to full, untouched sacks of potatoes, corn and wheat—a priceless genetic legacy for which they paid with their lives.

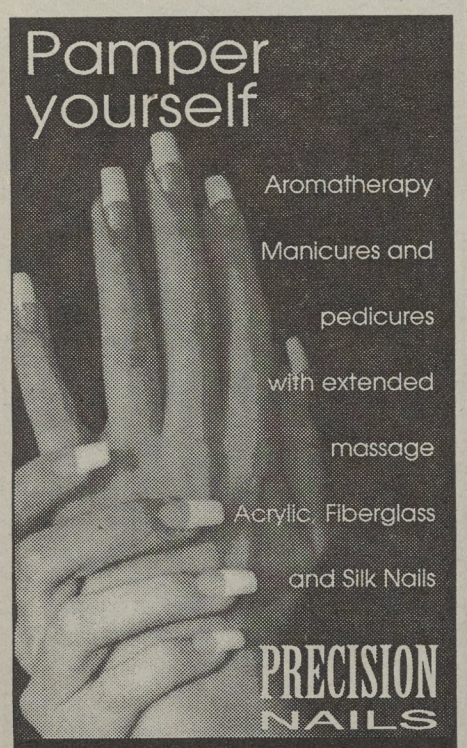
The heightened consciousness about old-fashioned plant varieties blossomed along with the back-to-the-land movement of the '70s, and experts locate the exact moment in 1975 when Kent and Diane Whealy, armed with a legacy of antique Bavarian seeds from Diane's grandfather, began tracking down other "heirloom" (European-derived) varieties that had been passed down from generation to generation. The Whealys' personal quest evolved into Seed Saver's Exchange, a network linking seed collectors and their odd pockets of cultural heritage all over the country.

Today, this grassroots preservation movement maintains a living bank at its Heritage Farm in Decorah, Iowa—140 acres containing nearly 13,000 rare vegetables and an orchard of 700 old-time apples (a modest fraction of 7000 apple varieties existing in this country at the turn-of-the-century). The Whealys' seeds have found their way into farms and gardens, like the Fetzer Vineyard Garden Project nurtured by Sonoma grower Jeff Dawson and into chef/entrepreneur Greg Holleman's Minnesota-based specialty foods company, Indian Harvest. While some groups have styled themselves as archives of biogenetic material—Jurassic Parks for vegetables—others have chosen a more commercial path.

Water from the Rio Grande irrigates the 30 acre Seeds of Change garden an hour north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. By dawn's virgin light, the land seems to levitate with fertility, its multi-textural patchwork of plantings glowing with rich greens, reds and yellow. Terraces of chamomile and basil work their way up toward the renovated ranch house where Seeds of Change Director of Agriculture Howard Shapiro and wife Nancy live. An allee of cottonwoods bears testimony to ranches long gone, shading aromatic beds of compost, whose sweet smell permeates the morning air.

Seeds of Change was founded in 1989 by a group of eco-visionaries-direct descendants of the home-grown, hippie movement. Run from Santa Fe corporate headquarters , the company fills millions of seed packets each year with 100 percent certified organically grown, open-pollinated seed produced at 26 affiliated farms.

The original team included Gabriel Howearth, who studied with Alan Chadwick at UC Santa Cruz's Farm & Garden before interning with Mayan Indians, filmmaker and grower Kenny Ausubel—whose passionate book *Seeds of Change: The Living Treasure* spread the biodiversity gospel—Bolivian Quechua Indian agronomist Emigdio Ballon, and molecular biologist Alan Kapuler, who today heads up the Seeds of Change research farm in Oregon.



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Enduring Seeds
Elegantly written by brilliant ethnobotanist Gary Paul Nabhan (North Point Press, 1989), this explanation of why plants diversified also explains how to heal the rift between human culture and the botanical wild.

Seeds of Change: The Living Treasure
Authored by Kenny Ausubel (Harper, San Francisco, 1994), this seminal tract is easily the most exciting, accessible book on biodiversity and the importance of sustainable agriculture.

Rain Forest in Your Kitchen
Penned by Martin Teitel (Island Press, 1992), the book provides a short, hard-hitting guide to eco-savvy lifestyles.

—C. Waters

The Great Land

Alaska is Africa as it once was— unfenced, untrammeled, and sparsely peopled.

Article and photographs by Kim Heacox

"SEWARD'S ICEBOX," grumbled an angry public in 1867 when Secretary of State William Seward purchased Alaska from Czar Alexander II of Russia. The Louisiana Purchase had made sense, everyone said, as had other great land deals like the acquisitions of Florida, Texas, and California. But this—$7.2 million for an icebox? Absurd.

Thirty years later George Washington Carmack, an illiterate miner fresh from the banks of the Klondike River, stepped off a steamer in Seattle with a suitcase filled with gold. "GOLD," the newspapers exclaimed, and the rush was on. Tens of thousands of dreamers packed their bags and boarded steamers for the Last Frontier. Adventure, ambition, and avarice—the same qualities that had "won" the American West—were headed for Alaska.

Around this same time another steamer left Seattle for Alaska with a collection of passengers unlike any assembled before, or since, for they came searching not for gold, but for riches of a far different sort. The steamer's departure date was May 31, 1899, and the event was the Harriman Alaska Expedition, described by one historian as "a kind of Camelot afloat on Alaska seas." Edward H. Harriman, the great railroad magnate, had fallen ill the year before and been ordered by his doctors to take a restful cruise at sea. Incapable of doing anything in a small way, he had promptly invited many of our nation's most prestigious scientists, naturalists, photographers, writers, and artists to join him on a journey to America's Last Frontier, all expenses paid.

Among his guests were John Muir, founder of the Sierra Club; John Burroughs, perhaps then America's finest nature writer; Henry Gannett, chief geographer of the U.S. Geological Survey; George Bird Grinnell, editor of *Field and Stream* and a founder of the National Audubon Society; C. Hart Merriam, the expedition coordinator and a founder of the National Geographic Society; and Edward S. Curtis, whose photographs in years ahead would chronicle the dignity and tragedy of the American Indian. All told, the list boasted 23 scientists, two photographers, and three artists, as well as Harriman, his family, and a crew of 65. It was the last great expedition of the 19th century, and fittingly Victorian in many ways. Most important, however, was what the passengers saw, for they found not one Alaska, but two, both of which are alive today.

One is an expanse of immense resources—timber, fish, gold, oil—where the economic cycles turn from bust to boom and back again with the frequency of the turning seasons. "Cheechakos" (newcomers)

◀ *Southeastern Alaska's Tongass National Forest: water meets water at Ford's Terror (opposite), an inlet where tremendous tidal currents can overturn a small craft.*



Pacific bull walrus naptime (above) at Round Island in Bristol Bay. Bald eagle (right) surveys the winter-drawn Chilkat River Valley where up to 3,500 eagles gather yearly to feed on late-running chum salmon.



arrive with a glint of easy money in their eyes; "sourdoughs" (old hands) squint past the memories of sometimes quick but hard-won bucks eked from a land unwilling to relinquish its wealth.

The other is, perhaps, the world's last, best hope for wilderness. This Alaska is a latter-day ark of moose and caribou, wolves and whales, walruses and seals, eagles and hummingbirds, lilies and orchids. Here are entire ecosystems unfenced, untrammeled, and sparsely peopled, if peopled at all. Africa as it once was.

As the Harriman Expedition sailed the waters of Glacier Bay, Prince William Sound, Shelikof Strait, and the Bering Strait, the members stood on deck and absorbed the scenery. Glaciers tumbled to the sea, birds filled the air. Muir and Burroughs—"The Two Johnnies"—were ecstatic as the wind whipped their long white beards. On shore they discovered wildflowers they'd never seen before and bear tracks the size of pie plates. They also found lawless mining towns and canneries where production was god. They found proud natives who lived in harmony with the rich land. And they found other natives who had succumbed to white man's whiskey. Though professional interest and personal inclina-

tion governed how each saw Alaska, every expedition member shared one concern: would America's last frontier end up like her first, consumed to meet human needs and greed? Or would a new sensibility prevail, one that addressed human demands in the context of maintaining the planet's intricate balance of nature? Geographer Henry Gannett, one of the wordsmiths on Harriman's cruise, penned a final piece of advice. "There is one other asset of the Territory not yet enumerated, imponderable and difficult to appraise yet one of the chief assets of Alaska, if not the greatest. This is the scenery.... Its grandeur is more valuable than the gold or the fish or the timber, for it will never be exhausted.... If you are old, go by all means; but if you are young, wait. The scenery of Alaska is much grander than anything else of the kind in the world, and it is not well to dull one's capacity for enjoyment by seeing the finest first."

MANY YEARS LATER, in the summer of 1965, a 14-year-old kid in Spokane, Washington, put down his baseball glove and thumbed through a new issue of *National Geographic.* Inside was a story on Alaska and visitors heading there "In search not of the pot of gold," the author wrote, "but of the rainbow itself—the scenic beauty of Alaska." The author was W. E. Garrett, now editor of *National Geographic*, and the kid was me, now a resident of Alaska.

I first came to Alaska in 1979 as a park ranger in Glacier Bay. Shortly after arriving I went sea kayaking and nearly killed myself. Big waves in the water, big bears on the shore—it was a task just to survive. I wondered if perhaps the Great Land, as Alaska is sometimes called, was too great. But in time my intimidation was replaced by inspiration: whales spouted off the beach just outside the cabin where I lived; bald eagles perched in the spruce across the cove; a thousand phalaropes went fishing with me in the evenings; and the idea of spending a summer anywhere but in Alaska became unthinkable. Finally one autumn when the geese and cranes went south, I stayed. Places down south didn't feel wild anymore. Henry Gannett was right. My home is Alaska now,



The view north into the Brooks Range from the coastal plain of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in Alaska's Far North. Fringed by mountains and sea, the coastal plain is a pristine wilderness without match in the Western Hemisphere.



If you stand in the right place, at the right time.... A great Alaskan brown bear (the world's largest terrestrial carnivore) fishes for migrating sockeye salmon in the Brooks River of Katmai National Park, which tops Alaska's peninsula.

more a subcontinent than a state, with 590,000 square miles and only 540,000 people, half of whom live in Anchorage. That's fewer than one person per square mile, a rare statistic in the world today. Apply Alaska's population density to Manhattan Island and you'd have 17 people. Years ago when a talkative man from New York took a commuter flight on a cloudless night over western Alaska from Nome to King Salmon, a distance of 500 miles and a flight time of three hours, he remained glued to his window throughout the entire journey, speechless. And when the plane landed his only words were "I didn't see a single light."

Size can deceive us, make us think that something is inexhaustible. Our ancestors saw America that way. Many Brazilians see the Amazon rain forest that way today, convinced they can slash and burn forever and the forest will never end. Many Alaskans are no different. They view the Great Land as a realm of inexhaustible resources, one that can well help meet the needs of a resource-starved world. Thus, little by little, acre by acre, we nibble away at wild Alaska.

Before statehood in 1959, Alaska was 100 percent federally owned. Today it is 60.2 percent federally owned, 27.8 percent state owned, 11.7 percent native owned, and 0.3 percent privately owned. The natives received their land (plus substantial sums of money) through the 1971 Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act (ANCSA), which simultaneously established 12 regional corporations with each native a shareholder in his or her corporation. But ANCSA also specified that large tracts of land be studied for consideration as new parks and refuges.

In 1980, after nine years of debate and compromise, Congress passed the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act (ANILCA), creating nine national wildlife refuges, five national parks, ten national preserves, and four national monuments, and enlarging many existing parks and refuges. It was the Louisiana Purchase of the American conservation

movement, more than doubling the size of the National Park Service System and the National Wildlife Refuge System. Today, roughly 15 percent of Alaska is designated wilderness (compared to two percent of the contiguous United States).

Nevertheless, no park, refuge, or forest is without problems. Mining, wildlife poaching, commercial fishing, logging, oil extraction all carry consequences. In southeast Alaska's Tongass National Forest, for instance, old-growth Sitka spruce trees are cut at a loss of 73 cents on the taxpayer's dollar. Great brown bears dwell here, and eagles nest in the tallest ancient trees. Anadromous fish streams, the nurseries for many of Alaska's great fisheries, meander through the forests. The destruction of just one of these streams ultimately spells fewer fish, fewer jobs, and less food.

On the whole Alaskans today feel they are faced with one of two choices: develop or conserve, vote for present needs or future ones. These decisions divide Alaskans and fuel feverish controversies.



Lapland rosebay garnishes Primrose Ridge in Mount McKinley-dominated Denali National Park.



Horned puffin wears breeding plummage in the Pribilof Islands, which lie well off Alaska's southwestern coast in the eastern Bering Sea.

They also conjure a disturbingly uncertain future, for the trade-offs inherent in such choices are momentous, to say the least.

Yet according to Susan Ruddy, a 25-year resident and former reporter and environmental mediator who became the first director of The Nature Conservancy of Alaska two years ago, "It really shouldn't be a matter of choosing between development and the environment, but rather one of compromise, of working together to decide what is best for both wild Alaska and its citizens."

THE CONSERVANCY'S field office opened in May 1988. A little over a year later, the Alaska Natural Heritage Program was initiated—fully funded and staffed, thanks to a challenge grant of $216,000 from BP Exploration (Alaska),



Dall sheep ewe and lamb at Denali National Park. Alaska harbors about 70,000 of the winsome creatures, the world's only wild white species of sheep.

Inc., and a matching amount appropriated by the state legislature. The heritage program will provide the first answers.

"When I was mediating environmental disputes," Ruddy explains, "it was clear we needed a reliable source of biological information that all parties to a dispute would accept. Now we're developing just such a data base." Using methodology developed by the Conservancy 16 years ago when it established the first heritage program in South Carolina, the Alaska program will identify the state's rarest flora and fauna and exemplary ecosystems, determine which are most threatened and rank them by rarity, and locate each one, site by site. These data will prove invaluable not only to the Conservancy, but to other organizations, to state and federal agencies, and to developers and land-use planners.

While creation of the heritage program is the essential first step, the Conservancy's job in Alaska looms as large as the state itself. To its size and complex land ownership patterns, add an unstable economy, shocking poverty, and a host of people ready to reap Alaska's riches without a comprehensive understanding of all the related costs of harvesting or extracting and shipping. Or the costs to the world's last, best hope for wilderness...for moose and muskoxen, wolves and whales, caribou and cranes, grizzly bears and polar bears.

"The Conservancy's task in Alaska is enormous," says Ruddy, "but we are committed to preserving the lands and species having ecological values that meet our demanding criteria for protection. And we will succeed, largely by achieving an accommodation with industries, native corporations, private organizations, and federal and state governments that balances the short-term and long-term needs of all Alaskans."

A free-lance writer and photographer living in Anchorage, **Kim Heacox** is currently at work on a book about Alaska's national parks and on another about dog sledding.

Chip and Lee Ann Pretzman



Kirtland's warbler, among the rarest of the Western Hemisphere's migrating songbirds. Unless an international effort is launched to protect breeding and wintering habitats, other songbirds may join the Kirtland's warbler on the federal list of endangered species.

ously demand strong protection, but which of the other locales must also be saved remains an open question. Nonetheless, it seems fair to say that migration is a dangerous and exhausting undertaking, one that cannot be made any easier by a world turned to asphalt, corn, or cows.

In sum, there is no shortage of bad news about our neotropical migrants. They're losing their breeding habitat, their wintering habitat, and the essential places in between; the animals that prey upon them are increasing; and atmospheric pollution is damaging the forests in which they live. It's certainly a grim situation, but not a hopeless one. Populations of most songbirds still number in the hundreds of thousands or even millions. With the exception of a few species like the Kirtland's warbler or black-capped vireo, extinction is not imminent. Also, in places such as Connecticut and Puerto Rico, forest cover has actually increased since the turn of the century. But these are exceptions to the rule, and further declines in songbird populations are inevitable unless an international effort is mounted to protect them.

Which brings us to a final question: how does one mount a big campaign for a lot of little birds that most people never see, that are not used for medical research, and that lack the glamour of African elephants and giant pandas? I don't think I'm being foolishly optimistic when I say it can be done. A lot of people care about songbirds. It's only logical: birds serve as indicators of environmental health, and when our forests can no longer sustain them, something is obviously wrong. The trees may look verdant and healthy, and the squirrels may still scamper along the branches, but without the birds, the forest is failing.

Or maybe logic has nothing to do with it. Perhaps the fondness we feel for songbirds is visceral rather than cerebral. To enter a woods on a sunny May morning and *not* hear the songs of warblers, vireos, and thrushes is a profoundly sad experience. It's not merely a silent spring—it's as though spring never came.

The author of numerous scientific papers and popular publications on the conservation of biological diversity, Dr. **David Wilcove** is senior ecologist for The Wilderness Society in Washington, D.C.



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The Nature Conservancy

The Nature Conservancy
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COVER: Temperate and tropical deforestation tops the roster of reasons for the nationwide decline in populations of such migrating songbirds as the black-and-white warbler. Warbler species form the largest group of neotropical migrants. Photo by Robert C. Simpson.

The Nature Conservancy is an international membership organization committed to the global preservation of natural diversity. Its mission is to find, protect, and maintain the best examples of communities, ecosystems, and endangered species in the natural world. The Nature Conservancy Latin American Program works to help build in-country institutions to accomplish this purpose.

To date the Conservancy and its members have been responsible for the protection of 5,121,522 acres in 50 states, Canada, Latin America, and the Caribbean. While some areas are transferred for management to other conservation groups, both public and private, the Conservancy owns and manages some 1,100 preserves—the largest privately owned nature preserve system in the world.

The Nature Conservancy was incorporated in 1951 in the District of Columbia for scientific and educational purposes. The Conservancy is a nonprofit, tax-exempt corporation under Section 501(c)3 of the Internal Revenue Code and is a publicly supported organization as defined in Sections 170(b)(1)(vi) and 509(a). Contributions are tax-deductible.

A copy of the last financial report filed with the Department of State may be obtained by writing to New York State, Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, New York 12231, or The Nature Conservancy, 1815 North Lynn Street, Arlington, Virginia 22209.

Empty Skies

Populations of many species of songbirds are declining dramatically, and deforestation ranks highest on the list of reasons.

by David Wilcove

PICK THE RIGHT NIGHT and you will hear them. A September night perhaps, when a north wind has swept the clouds from the sky and the stars are out in full force. As midnight approaches, find a quiet spot away from the rumbles and groans of urban life and listen for gentle chirps and whistles drifting down from the darkness overhead. These are the calls of migrating songbirds. A thousand feet above you, extending for miles and miles across the sky is a highway of little birds—warblers, vireos, thrushes, swifts, tanagers, and flycatchers of dozens of species—en route to Cuba, Mexico, Costa Rica, Colombia, Peru, and other tropical destinations.

Each bird is a curious mixture of strength and fragility. Evolution has crafted a little machine so powerful and so sophisticated that a warbler born in New Hampshire in May will find its way to the Yucatan Peninsula by September without experience or guidance. Yet this same feat gives it a very tenuous existence, for its survival is now inextricably linked to the survival of a chain of forests extending from New Hampshire to Mexico.

When I began watching birds, I remember how the old-timers were always complaining that the migration just wasn't what it used to be. The birds, they groused, were fewer, a fraction of the numbers that once filled the woods. And I, a brash young kid at the time, attributed their concerns to the infirmities of old age: weaker eyesight, poorer hearing, and that sort of thing. Now, 20 years later, I find myself complaining, too, and I must either admit that I'm getting older or concede that the old-timers were right. Or both.

Had I known more about songbirds back then, I might have taken their concerns more seriously. A growing number of studies have documented major declines in songbird populations, especially among the "neotropical migrants"—those species that breed in the United States and Canada, and winter in Latin America and the Caribbean. An integral part of our avifauna, neotropical migrants often constitute two-thirds or more of the breeding birds within a forest tract. They are the birds that bird watchers adore, the creatures whose songs fill the woods each May, the voracious consumers of an unimaginable number of insects. And they are rapidly disappearing.

From The Nature Conservancy's headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, one can hail a cab and within ten minutes be at Glover-Archbold Park—a fine old woods in the heart of Washington, D.C. For the past 30 years a group of dedicated bird watchers has regularly counted breeding birds within the park, and the results are shocking. Acadian flycatchers, northern parulas, American redstarts, and hooded warblers—all of which once nested there—have disappeared. Red-eyed vireos have declined by more than 60 percent. Not too far away is Rock Creek Park, another of the city's green islands. Its breeding birds have been studied since 1948, and once again, the numbers tell a depressing story: breeding populations of neotropical migrants have dropped by 70 per-

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- **Dick Lynn thought he was a healthy human dynamo. He was unaware that he was under enough stress to kill him. It nearly did.**

- **Mary Pierson has a daily, lonely duel within herself between her needs for a career and for children.**

- **After months of uncertainty and false hopes, Bill White had the most shocking experience of his business life.**

- **Wayne Nelson saw the brand name he had built to a pinnacle of success destroyed by a vicious, unknown killer.**

Four alumni recalled their stories in I-was-there detail as panelists on "Stress and Stress Management" at a reunion seminar last May. Moderated by Dr. Edward P. Sheridan, professor of clinical psychiatry and chairman of the division of psychology in the department of psychiatry and behavioral sciences at the Medical School, the panel told ways that they had—or had not—coped. Sheridan then outlined danger signs of stress and suggested ways to deal with them.

As vice-president and general counsel of Cotter and Company (True Value Hardware), Richard C. Lynn *CAS 65* was, he admits, "the classic Type A personality." He worked a 60-hour week as a management-labor negotiator, added 20 more hours as a legal representative for Northwestern athletes in professional sports, traveled 100,000 miles a year and smoked more than a pack of cigarettes a day. He knows now that the early warnings of heart attack were feelings of burnout, unreality and anxiety—feelings his doctors treated with "a nap and running a few miles."

When his apparent first attack came at age 37, it was diagnosed as acute esophagitis. A second attack put him in intensive care and gave him three months of rehabilitation.

"Eventually I developed a feeling that I was sicker than the doctors thought," he said. He insisted on going back to the hospital, had another attack while there, and four days later had a quadruple bypass operation.

Now, he says, "I'm still Type A, I still run and travel 100,000 miles a year. I don't smoke." And he has had counseling to modify his Type A—"no B"—behavior. "I had ignored the stress and anxiety that I was obviously undergoing. It had no apparent medical basis."

His suggestion, if his story "rings a bell" for anyone: "See an appropriate individual to advise you on it." And his story seems to say, if you feel sick, have enough confidence to keep insisting that you're sick even if "expert" opinion says otherwise.

Mary L. Pierson *G 76* discovered in high school that her aptitude for mathematics, along with changing societal expectations for women, gave her the background for her executive position today as general manager of Harris Futures Corporation. She started the business for the Harris Bank and is the only woman with that title in the industry. Yet, she says, she was not taught to be competitive when she was growing up.

"I was encouraged to be nice, look nice, and then I would be taken care of." When "the pressures changed, my fate was sealed." But her success in school did not prepare her for the pervasive competition of the business world, nor for the fact that for her, "there aren't enough people to talk to, or to say, 'Don't you think you could handle that differently next time?' "

Most of all, she faces the issue of having children. Should she, when, and at what point in her career? She has been married for three years and says that "the fact that you have to make those decisions literally can drive you to distraction. I was expecting the external pressures. I was prepared for them, so that helped me on the way up. But what was surprising was that a lot of the stress I was under was internally generated."

To help her cope, she has taken up golf. But off the green, she confronts the issues—and the stress—that many successful women face in their most productive years.

William J. White *TI 61* is "one of the survivors" of a takeover of his firm, Masonite Corporation, where he was president and CEO. Last year it became a subsidiary of USG Corporation, and he is now executive vice-president and a director of USG and CEO of USG Industries, Inc. But for months before that happened, he and his colleagues lived with uncertainty.

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N O R T H W E S T E R N Alumni News
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The Northwestern University department of alumni relations has won 18 national CASE awards since 1977 for excellence in programs and alumni giving.

Time Out for Homecoming '85

Friday, October 11
The John Evans Center is Homecoming Central. From 1 p.m. to parade time, stop by for hats, buttons and complete details on Homecoming weekend.
■ 7 p.m. Homecoming Parade
Begins at south end of campus, moves north along Sheridan Road. Pep Rally and Fireworks follow.

Saturday, October 12
■ 9:45 a.m.* All-Alumni Tailgate
Come to the big tent north of McGaw Hall for pre-game festivities and the NUMBALUMS. Lunch is $6 in advance, $6.50 at the door.
■ 11:45 a.m.* Northwestern Wildcats vs. Minnesota Gophers
Tickets available for a reserved alumni section if you order through the John Evans Center. $12 each plus 50¢ handling.
Receptions at Greek houses and Residential Colleges after the game.

Sunday, October 13
■ 11 a.m. Homecoming chapel service in Alice Millar Chapel.

For lunch or game ticket reservations, call the John Evans Center, 312/491-7200.

**Times subject to change due to television schedules. All registrants will be notified; or call 312/491-7200.*

Letters

ELKHART, IND.—This morning my phone rang before 8:00 a.m. It was a fellow NU graduate who had heard me relate the story of my one-word exam answer on a religion final some 24 years ago at NU. She had just read [Dwight Conquergood's] article on legends in the ALUMNI NEWS and informed me that I was "the stuff legends are made of!"

As it is the only truly unique experience I ever had during my lengthy education process, I remember the incident well. Also it gave me the only A I ever received, other than in student teaching.

Partly out of interest, but mostly out of fear, I had read all the assigned volumes for the religion course. My head was overflowing with knowledge from days of preparation for the final. Imagine my dismay when the professor wrote one word on the board, "Why?" I had so much to say, but it just wasn't pertinent. My first thought was to answer "Because," but it seemed too risky. I watched others write volumes, but my one-word answer continued to be the one I liked best. I wrote it down and was the first to leave. When I told others what I had done, no one could believe it. I have no way of knowing if anyone else used the same answer. I only know when my grades came, I had an A!

I would love to know if anyone else takes credit for this story. There may be others, but I can assure you, it did happen to me.

Martha "Marty" Grubb Lawson Ed 60

CLARENDON HILLS, ILL.—I enjoyed Professor Conquergood's piece in the [July] News and wanted to add a couple of stories. When I was an undergrad the "Why?" exam was attributed to Dr. Edmund Perry's religion classes as was a variant, "How do you know?" The A answer was "By faith" and the B answer was "I don't."

We used to tell freshmen that Walter Dill Scott was buried in the garden west of Scott Hall and that his ghost haunted the garden at night. There was also the story that The Rock really was a very small boulder about the size of a footstool and that all the rest was paint.

Enjoyable article. In fact as an alum of several other institutions, I can say without doubt the NU publication is tops.

Edward F. Wingler Ed 62

INDEPENDENCE, MO.—When I transferred to Northwestern in the fall of 1927, the North Shore Music Festival was held in the old Patten Gymnasium in the Spring. Now, in order to understand the legend, you must know that the promoters of the North Shore Festival had installed a very fine pipe organ in Patten Gym. I could never count the number of times I heard the story of someone who walked past Patten late at night when there was no light visible in any window of the building and heard classical music being played on the organ, with all its stops out. Always the teller would say he (or she) had heard the Legend of the Phantom Midnight Organist from someone else. Always, the original source was coming home from a late date or a night on the town at two, three or four in the morning.

Also, one great source of legends was Bernard DeVoto. One day I was walking with a group of men students. We passed a strikingly attractive woman who exchanged greetings with one of our group. We asked, "Who is she?" He answered, "Why that is Kay Chase. She's the girl who sat in the front row in Bennie DeVoto's class last year, and he wrote a sonnet to her legs!"

Edwin B. Constant EB 29

NAPLES, FLA.—The legend is not entirely apocryphal. As far as I know, no one ever wrote a sonnet to my legs, although they were well spoken of in those days, but it is true that Bernard DeVoto made literary use of them. He attached them to a girl in a short story that was published in one of the magazines. The emphasis, as I recall, was not so much on the shapeliness of the legs as on the cinders in one knee. Those were mine, the souvenir of a fall from a bicycle during my grammar-school days; and those Bennie borrowed for the girl in his story.

Kay Chase CAS 29

CHICAGO—What do you mean the library isn't sinking??? As a graduate of the Class of 1970, I witnessed the landfill, construction and completion of that structure. My classmates and I delighted in the story of the sinking library (at that time the "soon-to-be-sinking" library), because it seemed to put all the concentration on knowledge and training into perspective: i.e., even the experts goof once in a while (a premise I have proven many times since.)

You can imagine my dismay when I opened the July issue to learn that this was just a hoax. The Sinking Library is just so *believable* to those of us who watched and wondered what was going to happen to this place with all those new buildings on the drawing board. Deep down inside, it seemed only fitting that the displaced Deering Library and the rest of the campus would have its revenge on the new whippersnapper buildings by decreeing a curse upon its admittedly soggy foundations.

Robert W. Mathews EB 70, GSM 78

PARK RIDGE, ILL.—It was, indeed, a pleasant surprise—if not a shock—to come across Professor Polsby's article in the ALUMNI NEWS. It is quite a deviation from the University's usual line of reasoning concerning social issues such as crime.

Have you any idea of how much the University has lost in alumni donations since their endorsement of the Evanston handgun ban? As a member of two trap clubs and a private hunting preserve I have come into contact with many alumni and former students who have voiced their displeasure with the anti-gun, anti-self defense, and overall liberal "bleeding heart" attitude of their once respected University. This, of course, translates into, "I'll never give them another dime!" I can assure you that there is a great deal of animosity generated by your past position on this issue.

John E. Jackson CB 61

Editor's note: These alumni are mistaken. Northwestern has never endorsed the Evanston handgun ban of October 1982. William Ihlanfeldt, vice-president for institutional relations, states that the University does not take any position, as an institution, on a political or civic issue, and it did not do so on the handgun issue. Individual faculty or staff members who live in Evanston may have expressed their preferences; it is their right as citizens to do so.

Professor Polsby's article and the brief survey accompanying it have brought a lively response. Of the surveys returned, approximately 20 percent favor Polsby's plan (arming only police and the elderly), often with the caveat that handgun training is essential; 50 percent favor making handguns legal for all (except those unfit, such as criminals and the insane); and 30 percent favor a handgun ban or plans of their own. These include:

BOSTON—Professor Daniel Polsby's lecture on "Vigilantism and Self-Defense" aroused me to think about the argument, but with social rather than legal logic. I reflected back on the victimization surveys conducted in recent years, and on new knowledge about family violence. From the surveys we learn that the group most preyed upon and assaulted most often are urban ethnic minority youths, especially black and hispanic males, age 15 to 24 years. Their vulnerability to violent victimization is many times greater than that of white adults in the 65 years and older group. From other research, we learn that wife battering and physical abuse of children are more frequent and severe forms of violence than robbery and assault.

Professor Polsby makes a special plea for the elderly as "peaceful souls who make hardly any impress upon crime statistics except as victims," but this dodges the social fact that millions of citizens who are black youths or white wives or young children are equally "peaceful folks."

One case not taken to a grand jury by a Cook County prosecutor hardly invites policy generalization. If the Illinois legislature is to decide "who is to be excepted from the law [against arming oneself] and why," as Polsby urges, then the lawmakers will want to start with a count of who is most vulnerable. The evidence may produce an early lapse of interest among those most enthusiastic about Polsby's proposal. Indeed, the effect would be like that which followed Jonathan Swift's modest proposal long ago, and Swift was only joking.

Robert A. Dentler CAS 49, G 50
Professor of Sociology, University of Massachusetts-Boston

COCHRANVILLE, PA.—Foster agencies that strengthen community ties, and support cross-generational group homes.

Joyce Sianta Shaffer CAS 48

BROOMFIELD, COLO.—Carry a stun gun at all times. Do not carry a purse.

Lucia Peterson DeGrave Mu 59

WARREN, PA.—Mandatory factory registration of ALL firearms, mandatory recording of ALL changes of ownership, and reporting of loss or theft by that owner, otherwise he would share guilt resulting from use. To placate the National Rifle Association, a NEW Constitutional amendment to ensure the right to own firearms, in addition to that for "the militia." There are good points on *both* sides of the N.R.A./handgun control controversy. Let's combine them to make the situation much better. These adversarial positions are ridiculous.

Jack T. Beuttas CAS 51

EVANSTON—Avoid dangerous situations, don't call attention to oneself; security locks and alarms for home and car.

Howard S. Traisman, M.D. CAS 43, M 47

HILO, HAWAII—If there is a great public outcry calling for the "right" to carry deadly weapons, the only appropriate affirmative response is to require the usual criminal and mental health record checks of the applicant as well as a course of training in use of the weapon, all at the applicant's expense. If the need to carry concealed weapons is a real one, at the very least one should be prepared to undergo the training necessary to produce proficiency and good judgment.

A. Didrick Castberg G 68
Professor of Political Science
University of Hawaii at Hilo

NU-Day

Wednesday, October 30, 9:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m.
Norris University Center and Pick-Staiger Concert Hall

Choose two of six timely lectures by Northwestern faculty and discussions by past Alumnae Award recipients. Have lunch in Norris's Louis Room; then hear President Weber speak and Kathleen Kaun, assistant professor of voice, sing in recital. Alumnae Award will be presented to Barbara Staner Uehling, chancellor of the University of Missouri.

Cost: $18, full day; $12, lunch and afternoon only; $10, morning only.
For brochure and registration forms, phone 312/491-7200 or write to: NU-Day, Department of Alumni Relations, Northwestern University, Evanston, IL 60201.

Edmond Taylor, AWAKENING FROM HISTORY:

387-9 -- When Taylor worked in UNESCO Ideas Bureau just after WWII, he and his colleagues planned a One World World's Fair. Sold Julian Huxley, UNESCO head, on idea, but general conference scotched the ~~idea~~ plan.

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big phrases, the words you put on banners, so we fought for some sentences written by lawyers and printed in agate type and cheered ourselves on with the thought we have a fine professional army doing the job it was sent out there to do.

Now maybe we'll get a few of the slogans back and a little of the old enthusiasm. Ho had it, but they can't keep it in Hanoi because he's gone, dead, dead like so many others over there are dead. So it goes. ■

The red men have captured Alcatraz. They're living in the abandoned jail cells, the old dungeons, the forsaken guards' dormitory. The red men have taken the island, the red men whom we thought dead, destroyed as a people, ruined as a culture; they have come out of the earth where for sure we'd buried them, and sailed out from San Francisco a mile and a half across the bay. Now they say they have the island and they won't give it back.

They want it for a pan-Indian cultural center, a place where they can bring the smashed fragments of their heritage, the potsherds of their history, and maybe by pooling what's left of Shoshone, Chippewa, Seminole, Crow, Mohawk, Hopi, and all the other tribes and peoples, they can make a new mosaic of self-knowledge and identity. There are only chips and pieces left to work with, for these red men are the remnants of last century's Pinkvilles.

Yes, there have been other Pinkvilles, other Mylais. No, don't let anybody tell you Pinkville

world's fairs:

history of...

I live in a city, Seattle, ~~where~~ which has had a world's fair. I didn't live here then -- I didn't live anywhere in the world, being in the US Air Force at the time -- but I have enjoyed the leftovers...

Chicago '93: FJ Turner; Henry Adams at dynamo; Bernhard Fernow of Forest Service; Edmond Meany of The Mountaineers. File cabinets.

Crystal Palace.

Spokane, which I saw coming, during, and going. Seeing it from wheelchair.

Critic's Notebook

Beyond Iron John? How About Iron Jane?

By MICHIKO KAKUTANI

In the 1980's, the women's movement begat the men's movement, which in 1990 begat a boisterous best seller by the poet Robert Bly called "Iron John." Now, "Iron John" has indirectly begotten two other best sellers that attempt to transfer Mr. Bly's shamanistic advice from the world of men to the world of women. "Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype," by the Jungian analyst Clarissa Pinkola Estés, has just celebrated a year on the New York Times best-seller list. "A Woman's Worth," by Marianne Williamson — the popular New Age guru, who wrote the best seller "A Return to Love" — recently passed its third month in residence there.

Certainly it's no secret that books about the gender wars fly out of bookstores. There is a lot of anxiety out there about the shifting roles of men and women, not to mention the time-honored difficulties of courtship and marriage, and that anxiety sells a lot of books.

"Iron John" racked up 62 weeks on the New York Times best-seller list, while Sam Keen's male manifesto, "Fire in the Belly," hung in for 29. Gloria Steinem's memoir "Revolution From Within" spent 34 weeks there, and "Backlash," Susan Faludi's chronicle of the "counter-assault" on the women's movement, was there for 39. Most of these books subsequently went on to lengthy second lives as paperbacks.

The two current best sellers about women are couched in the language of feminism — there is considerable talk in their pages of female "empowerment" and the "feminine spirit" — but both books also seem heavily indebted to Mr. Bly's work, sometimes translating his portentous arguments about men into equally portentous arguments about women, sometimes jumbling together his arguments with ideas borrowed from the outpouring of recent books on feminism and "Goddess" worship.

All three books talk of the "joy" or "ecstasy" of getting back in touch with a primal masculine or feminine self. All three books purvey a kind of post-feminist perspective that's shrouded in thick clouds of New Age psychobabble. All three books also insist on funneling the vast worlds of history, social justice and cultural achievement through the tiny aperture of self-knowledge.

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Although Mr. Bly insists that "Iron John" is not meant as a "challenge" to the women's movement, he laments the recent appearance of "soft males" who are intent on trying to please their mothers and girlfriends like little boys. Using the fairy tale of "Iron John" — in which a large, hairy wild man becomes a mentor to the boy who frees him from a cage by stealing the key from his mother — he exhorts men to re-establish contact with their inner maleness and their sense of lost power.

In much the same way that Iron John is supposed to be a role model for men of vigorous masculinity, so the Wild Woman or the Woman Who Runs With Wolves is supposed to be a model of untrammeled femininity for women. According to Ms. Estés, the Wild Woman represents "the innate instinctual Self": she is the "primitive and inventing soul that makes all creative acts and arts possible." While leaders of men's-movement retreats encourage their participants to growl like dogs to express their inner savagery, Ms. Estés encourages women to "howl often" to express their inner wolfishness.

For Ms. Williamson, the feminine equivalent to Iron John is the Goddess, a deity who is supposed to embody the feminine qualities of intuition and healing that have been eclipsed in society by "masculine models of thought and structure," namely "aggression, force, domination and control."

Nostalgic for a time when relations between the sexes were simpler, Mr. Bly harks back to a golden age of masculinity when "older men spent much time with younger men and brought knowledge of male spirit and soul to them," a time when men were warriors and kings. Ms. Estés, on her part, memorializes "the time of the great matriarchies," when women were routinely initiated into the mysteries of nature, and Ms. Williamson, too, celebrates a bygone era when "women were revered as priestesses and healers."

Both Ms. Williamson and Mr. Bly

Continued on Page B8



Melinda Beck for The New York Times

Aug. 27, 1993

—The San Diego Union

NANCY PICKARD



A JENNY CAIN MYSTERY

BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO DIE THERE

Nancy Pickard's eighth mystery in the Agatha and Anthony award-winning Jenny Cain series offers a wicked look at the way people in the Big Apple live, love and occasionally kill.

"Robust, funny, touching, and engrossing all the way."
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SCARLET ANGEL

A NOVEL OF OBSESSION

ELIZABETH PALMER

A Thomas Dunne Book

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

in a time when there was little cause for hope on any front.

In addition to the Beckmann, the Iowa show includes other familiar but little seen classics, like one of Marsden Hartley's German-officer abstractions, replete with heraldic forms and a rich palette of carefully adjusted primaries backed by black

'On Stage, and Off'

The "On Stage, and Off" column will resume with the new theater season in September.

Near Paris" of 1909, and a marvelous little village snow scene by Gabriele Münter rendered in almost lurid pastel colors. Most striking of all is a 1929 painting by Hannah Höch, who is far better known for helping invent Dadaist collage after World War I. Her Cubo-Futurist painting "Locked Powers," a brilliantly colored composition of contorted doll-like figures that Robert Hobbs, writing in the collection's catalogue, convincingly describes as a rumination on her difficult love affair with the fellow Dadaist Raoul Hausmann.

After the relative tunnel vision of the Iowa show, there's something liberating about the sprawl of the show from the Vassar College Museum, which was one of the first in the

an eye out for Claes Cornelisz Moeyaert's "Sacrifice of Noah" of 1628, a beautifully painted composition of considerable complexity that is soothed by a soft green mountain in the background. It features a bevy of placid animals that would seem to presage Benjamin West's "Peaceable Kingdom" paintings, while the drama of the title is enacted in the middle distance, where a smoking pyre is overlooked by the airborne figure of God.

The handful of works from 19th-century France include an uncommonly benign early Cézanne (a small landscape) and a big theatrical grisaille painting by Gustave Doré, "The Defense of Paris" from 1871, that would have been at home on the cover of the old Saturday Evening Post. In addition to the Pollock and the Hartley, the 20th-century works include impressive examples by Alexey Jawlensky, Alexander Calder, Alberto Giacometti, Arshile Gorky, Mark Rothko, Willem de Kooning (a crowd of female figures that may make you think of Picasso's "Desmoiselles d'Avignon") and "Natatorium Undine," a wonderful, mostly white painting of women at leisure by Florine Stettheimer.

Among the works that confirm Vassar's strength in 19th-century landscape painting are the efforts of Asher B. Durand, Henry Ossawa Tanner and Samuel F. B. Morse, as well as uncharacteristically strong (and small) canvases by both Frederic E. Church and Albert Bierstadt, the latter a spirited view of rocks, sea and boats off Newport, R.I.

But the star of the show's American landscape section is George Inness's "Valley of the Shadow of Death" of 1867. A large and dark, nearly monochromatic painting in which deep browns and blues barely signify earth and sky and the white-robed figure of Christ is small enough to be missed at first glance, this painting has a plainness and abstractness that takes the breath away. The painting lends one of the world's oldest stories an aura of diffuse, ecumenical mysticism, while being in its own right somebody

AUCTIONS AT SWANN

September 9 at 10:30 a.m.

ART & ARCHITECTURE BOOKS

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Tuesday & Wednesday, September 7 & 8, 10 to 6

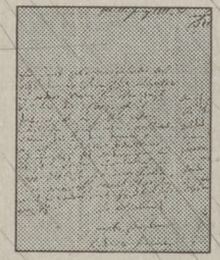
September 14 at 1:00 p.m.

AUTOGRAPHS

PRESIDENTS & AMERICANA
ROYALTY • MUSICIANS

Illustrated Catalogue $25

Exhibition: Friday, September 10, 10 to 6
Saturday, September 11, 10 to 4
Monday, September 13, 10 to 8



Ludwig von Beethoven, four-page autograph letter signed, 1811.



September 23 at 10:30 a.m.

MAPS • ATLASES
DECORATIVE
GRAPHICS

Illustrated Catalogue $15

Crossword

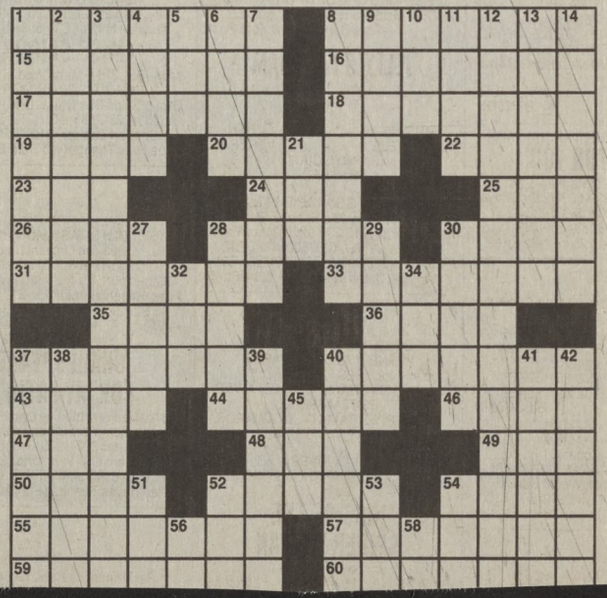
Edited by Eugene T. Maleska

ACROSS

1 Unresisting
8 Black leopard
15 Unfolds
16 Behind the eight ball
17 Most moist in the morning
18 Sporting a tag
19 Stage device
20 Card of the future?
22 Advantage
23 Wool: Comb. form
24 Knee percher
25 Second word in an anthem
26 River in Bavaria
28 Yielded
30 Ready to eat
31 Caulks the cracks again
33 Drives up the wall
35 Walk in water
36 One to grow on?
37 Showed results
40 As a whole
43 In a talented manner
44 Giants and A's
46 "Younger —— Springtime"
47 Free of
48 Tell a whopper
49 Mythical monster
50 African flower
52 Pooh's creator
54 Therefore
55 Poker-faced
57 "The ——," 1983 Finney film
59 Authorize
60 Mise —— (stage setting)
61 Puts in office again
62 Hates

DOWN

1 Cheap-jack
2 Par for the course
3 Do an odd farm chore?
4 Fall from grace
5 "—— Got a Secret"
6 Sleeveless garb



Beyond Iron John? What About Iron Jane?

Continued From Page B1

urge a return to more traditional conceptions of men and women. Mr. Bly complains about the feminization of men, while Ms. Williamson complains about women becoming "so masculine and tough." In the last 30 years, Mr. Bly whines, "men have been asked to learn how to go with the flow, how to follow rather than lead, how to live in a nonhierachical way, how to be vulnerable, how to adopt consensus decision making." The result, in his opinion, has been the "passive man," the "tamed man," the "domesticated man."

As for Ms. Williamson, she describes the "Amazon neurosis" that results, she says, when a woman "achieves at the expense of her tender places," when she models herself after her career-obsessed father instead of her care-taking mother. Echoing Toni Grant, the radio talk show host who wrote the best-selling book "Being a Woman: Fulfilling Your Femininity and Finding Love," Ms. Williamson writes, "Most of us want a masculine man, but there's no way to have one unless we become feminine women."

Ms. Estés seems to part company here. But while she carries on at great length about women's freedom "to move, to speak, to be angry, and to create," she pays scant attention to the social forces and institutions that might limit that freedom: a stance remarkably similar to the "backlash psychology" Susan Faludi describes in "Backlash" as urging women to see their problems and disappointments as personal and "self-generated." That is, whatever problems you might have, they're basically inside your own head; it's your attitude — not the social reality — that really counts.

Victim Language

Just what accounts for the remarkable success of "Iron John," "A Woman's Worth" and "Women Who Run With the Wolves"? In the first place, all three books employ the increasingly popular victimist language of the 90's. They take place in a realm in which the real problems of, say, Bosnia, South-Central Los Angeles and Somalia do not exist, and they willfully lend an inflated self-importance to their readers' problems with relationships, creative difficulties and self-fulfillment.

Ms. Williamson addresses her book to "women who have been to hell and back," women, for instance, who have survived "at least one divorce or one devastating breakup."

"Womanhood," she sighs, "is a mass pain of unspoken depth."

In "Iron John," Mr. Bly writes in similarly solemn tones about men's sufferings, the "anguish of 'soft' men," the "low string" in a man's heart "that makes his whole chest tremble when the qualities of the masculine are spoken of in the right way."

"The grief in men has been increasing steadily since the start of the Industrial Revolution," he says, "and the grief has reached a depth now that cannot be ignored."

For these writers, simple notions like commitment to a relationship can take on absurdly heroic proportions. "The truth is that there is never a 'completely ready,' there is never a really 'right time,'" writes Ms. Estés. "As with any descent to the unconscious, there comes a time when one simply hopes for the best, pinches one's nose and jumps into the abyss. If this were not so, we would not have needed to create the words *heroine, hero* or *courage.*"

Taken alone, such self-pity would probably not be terribly appealing, but the authors of these three books combine their whining with Pollyannaish homilies about power achieved through "psychic work" and self-control. In the best tradition of trite, inspirational manuals, Ms. Estés reassures her readers that exile — from family or home — can be a "boon," that anger can be "a creative force," that "failure is a greater teacher than success."

"After winter," she chirps, "spring always comes."

Ms. Williamson is equally sunny about women reclaiming their "glory." Although she rails against "a world that treats women as second-class citizens," she also declares that "all that separates the queens from the slavegirls" is "a shift in consciousness from denial to acceptance of personal power." In other words, all it takes is a little self-esteem: women need to "decide to be happy," they need to just "say no to the diseases that threaten to kill us." And exactly how is this to be done? Ms. Williamson's approach is a decidedly passive one: meditate, pray, try to forgive and choose an affirmation ("You could say, 'I am a glorious child of God. I am joyful, serene, positive and loving.'").

Mr. Bly is somewhat more systematic in his advice, offering his readers a kind of eight-step program — involving initiation through the various stages of male growth — for achieving a vigorous and emotionally centered masculinity. It's an approach reminiscent of that found in books with step-by-step plans for building a better body or a bigger bank account. The workouts are simply designed for the psyche.

Stress on Service

In interviews, Ms. Williamson has stressed that "spiritual seeking without service is self-indulgent"; she herself has founded the Center for Living, a nonprofit organization that provides nonmedical care for people with life-threatening diseases, and Project Angel Food, a program that delivers meals to AIDS patients in the Los Angeles area. "There's a deep need for spiritual values," Ms. Williamson told Time magazine in 1991. "In the 1980's we had our materialistic orgy. Now we're experiencing a rebirth of early 60's thinking, a spiritual shift."

Her book "A Woman's Worth," however, appeals — like "Women Who Run With the Wolves," "Iron John" and dozens of other volumes found in the self-help section of bookstores — to the same sense of self-absorption and covetousness that distinguished the greedy "Me Generation." These three particular volumes mask this impulse with denunciations of materialism and contemporary culture ("Most movies do not love us," writes Ms. Williamson, "most advertising does not love us, most of the fashion industry does not love us"), Romantic paeons to the Noble Savage ("The Wild Man encourages a trust of the lower half of our body," Mr. Bly writes, "our genitals, our legs and ankles, our inadequacies, the 'soles' of our feet, the animal ancestors, the earth itself, the treasures in the earth, the dead long buried there, the stubborn richness to which we descend") and lots of 90's politically correct jargon ("be you a Black wolf, a Northern Gray, a Southern Red, or an Arctic white," writes Ms. Estés, "you are the quintessential instinctual criatura").

Beneath such touchy-feely espousals of spiritual and social concern is a preoccupation with self, with the individual psyche and all its minute vibrations: a psyche that, having been properly tuned and buffed and polished, becomes as prized a possession to its owner as an expensive car.

While purporting to examine the changing roles of men and women, the authors of these books are really concerned with self-improvement, and they tend to regard just about everything else as a means to achieving this end. Nature becomes a tool for achieving psychic health, as do good works and successful romances.

Ms. Williamson even casts the Virgin Mary in the role of therapist and spiritual adviser. She suggests going to a church, lighting a candle and talking to Mary: "Tell her, 'Mary, I wish to know who I am as a wife or girlfriend or mother or daughter. I wish to be the woman I am capable of being.'" As for God, Ms. Williamson suggests He's "within us," and He wants everyone to experience total "joy." "The passion we most need to feed is our relationship to God," she writes. "This is ultimately our relationship to ourselves."

'Soul Vitamins'

The transformation of God, by Ms. Williamson, from a transcendent deity overseeing the cosmos to a friendly immanent creature overseeing our personal joy is typical of the outlook purveyed in all three of these books.

Ms. Williamson, Mr. Bly and Ms. Estés are all fond of turning myths and fairy tales into diagrammatic guides for readers to use in their quests for self-knowledge. Stories, Ms. Estés asserts, are "soul vitamins": a source of "remedies for repair or reclamation of any lost psychic drive." By reading stories like "Bluebeard" or "The Ugly Duckling," she suggests, people can figure out what's wrong with their lives and try to change. Even if it means twisting such tales, say, to see the mother duck in "The Ugly Duckling" as "a malignantly narcissistic mother who feels entitled to be a child herself."

Such readings, of course, grow out of the Jungian tradition, and in recent years, the enormous popularity of Joseph Campbell's writings has further fueled the use of this method by authors eager to infuse their works with the resonance of history and myth. Yet even Campbell, who was criticized for emphasizing the therapeutic uses of myth, pointed out that myth serves four functions: the "mystical" function, to make us realize "what a wonder the universe is"; the "cosmological" function, to show us "the shape of the universe"; the "sociological" function, to validate a particular social order or culture, and the "pedagogical function," to show us "how to live a human lifetime under any circumstances."

It is this, the fourth function of myth, that writers like Mr. Bly, Ms. Estés and Ms. Williamson insistently dwell on to the exclusion of all others. This approach means that authors don't have to be terribly accurate in their invocation of history or ancient belief: Ms. Estés casually refers to a time of the great matriarchies, although the exact existence of such a period is open to debate; Ms. Williamson concocts her Goddess out of a slap-dash hodgepodge of research and speculation. But then, scholarship doesn't really matter if it's only going to be used as a metaphor for personal self-fulfillment.

The approach used by Mr. Bly, Ms. Estés and Ms. Williamson also means that myth as a form of history, religion, philosophy and science is reduced to a psychological tool, that a way of understanding the cosmos — and perpetuating wonder in the face of its variety and vastness — is turned into a handful of "soul vitamins" prescribed for patients in search of "psychic alignment."

Neither the women's movement nor the men's movement benefits from books like this; narcissism is the only winner.

The Books

"A WOMAN'S WORTH." By Marianne Williamson. 143 pages. Random House. Hard cover. $17.

"IRON JOHN: A BOOK ABOUT MEN." By Robert Bly. 268 pages. Vintage Books. Paperback. $11.

"WOMEN WHO RUN WITH THE WOLVES: MYTHS AND STORIES OF THE WILD WOMAN ARCHETYPE." By Clarissa Pinkola Estés. 520 pages. Ballantine Books. Hard cover. $23.

Review/**Art**

Hopper's Views of the City o

By HOLLAND COTTER

Edward Hopper is famous as the 20th-century painter of American light; at least a certain kind of American light. It isn't the finicky, scientifically correct light of a naturalist like Andrew Wyeth, or the light of a fantasist like Charles Burchfield, for whom illumination had an emotive, metaphysical charge. Sunlight falling on the exterior of one of Hopper's Gloucester houses or into one of his bare city bedrooms is as artificial and sculptured as stage lighting, and it sets the scene for a drama called American Loneliness.

Viewers for whom American-ness is the very meaning of Hopper may be somewhat surprised to see the 25 paintings in "Hopper in Paris" in the Lobby Gallery of the Whitney Museum of American Art in Manhattan. Yet the exhibition — drawn from the museum's extensive Hopper holdings and the first of a "Collection in Context" series intended to re-evaluate a wide range of work in the museum's permanent collection — does everything possible, even when history isn't squarely on its side, to demonstrate that Hopper's signature images of bleak insularity had their origins not in his home country but in France, which he visited three times between 1906 and 1910.

At that time, Hopper was in his mid-20's and already a well-schooled painter. In New York, he had studied with William Merritt Chase, a gentleman artist with both feet planted firmly in the 19th century, and with Robert Henri, who was considered by many to be in the vanguard of a new American art, although his innovation was only skin deep. Stylistically, Henri took Velázquez, Rembrandt and Manet as his models and held the work of such early European modernists as Cézanne and Matisse to be beneath serious consideration.

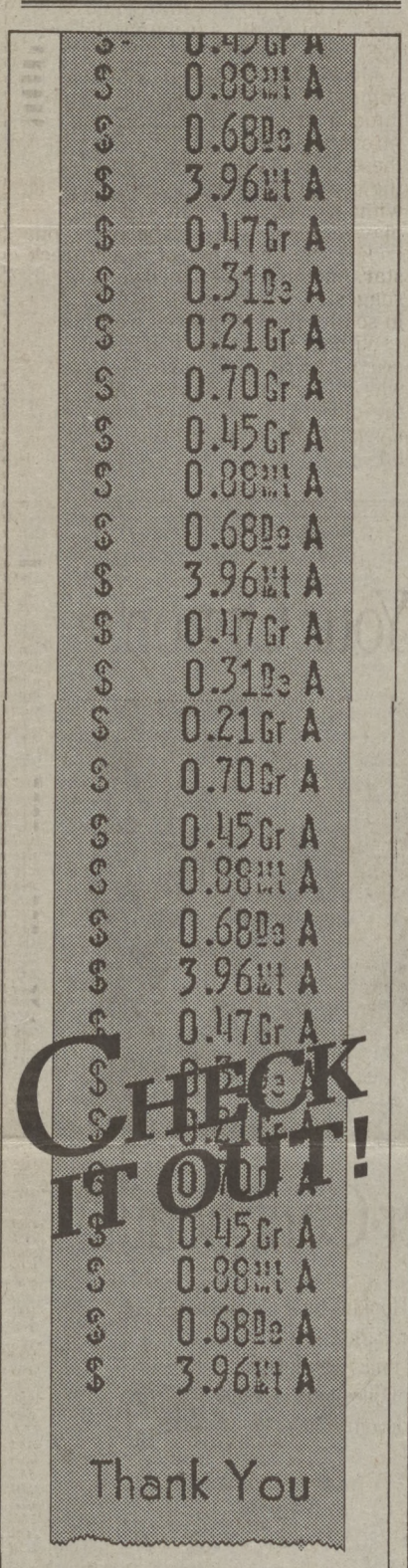
Henri also regarded a trip to Europe as mandatory for every American artist, and Hopper made his first visit in 1906, arriving in Paris in a glum, rainy autumn. Perhaps the weather was responsible for the look of his initial paintings there: small, claustrophobic interiors done in the mahogany browns and dark grays reminiscent of Henri's palette, and moody studies of architectural details like a dark flight of stairs leading up from a riverside quai to an oddly blank, milky sky. Here one already has a sense both of the realist tradition Hopper came from and the Surrealist flavor some of his later work.

With the paintings dated 1907, spring is suddenly in the air, along with the influence of French Impressionism. "Gateway and Fence, St.-Cloud" is a rigorously geometric composition of the kind Hopper always favored — all dead-center verticals and horizontals — but with its lush green trees, vigorously brushed to appear wind tossed, it is also, for this meticulous artist, amazingly relaxed, and feels more spontaneous and on-the-spot than almost any of his later plein-air American works. Similarly, the gentle "Pont du Carrousel in the Fog" from the same year, with its pale lavender sky and Whistleresque wisp of a bridge, is as blurry and edgeless an image as Hopper ever painted.

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Not all the paintings Hopper did in Paris are as good or as interesting as these. Neither of his two depictions of Notre Dame, for example, has anything particular to say for itself. And while "Pont Royal," whose choppy reflections exactly capture the pea-green turbulence of the Seine, is fine, some of the other works from his second Paris trip of 1909, when Hopper was in the process of moving toward solid forms carved of shadow and light, are awkwardly managed.

These later paintings are the ones that the art historian Richard R. Brettell seems to have in mind when he suggests in a brochure accompanying the show that Hopper's "esthetic of urban alienation and isolation as well as his virtual obsession with architecture" derived from his Paris experience. In fact, this somewhat distorts the historical case. As the



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The Living Arts

The New York Times

Cyberspace Trips to Nowhere Land

By PAUL GOLDBERGER

Space, at its best, is comforting. It protects and encloses; it gives definition, it provides support. Even though only the four walls that surround a space are concrete objects, there is still a sense that space, in its way, is as tangible as the walls and doors and floors and ceilings around it. Space has a feel, and the effect of that on human encounters is profound.

What, then, of cyberspace, which now seems to be the favored venue for all kinds of human encounters? People now talk of cyberspace as if it were as physically real as the Piazza San Marco or the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria: it is where they meet, where they communicate, where they decide whether or not to do business, to become friends, to become lovers. To people who live their lives staring at computer screens, cyberspace has a presence as real and as full of promise as the lights of Broadway. It is monumental and noble and intimate, all at once. It is able to do all that real architectural space can do and more.

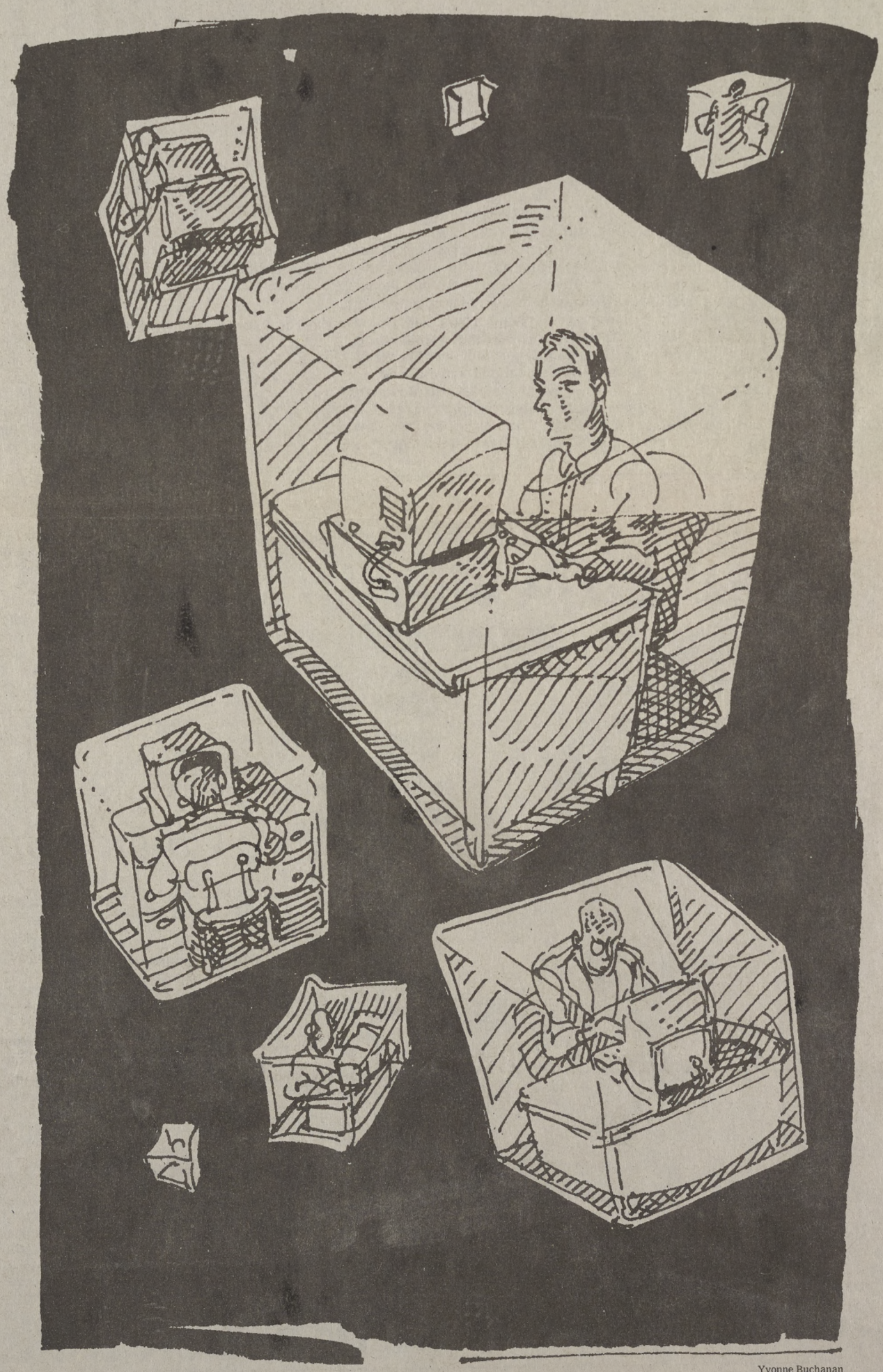
"Where would you like to go today?" the Microsoft slogan asks, and that line, at once perky and coy, dangles infinite choice before us. It offers the lure of being anywhere in an instant, the chance to "speak" to people everywhere, in that strange mix of anonymity and intimacy that may be the most startling gift of the computer to social culture at the end of the 20th century.

We hear continually about cyberspace as a place of connections made between all kinds of people who would not have come together before. Perhaps. But every one of them has connected by being alone, in front of a computer screen, and this is a poor excuse for what community has meant for most of history.

I confess to having loved it — at first. What is more fun than to broadcast your thoughts in writing, to the handful sharing your chat room or, just as easy electronically, to a single person you've designated for a private conversation? A few weeks of this pales quickly, however, and not only because you begin to realize that most of the things said in cyberspace are silly and dull. After all, most of what is said in real space is silly and dull, too. Plenty of banalities get uttered in the nave of Chartres Cathedral. No, the real problem is the realization that this electronic world is, in the end, a way of encouraging separation as much as community.

For a hermit, life on line can represent a huge jump in the quality of social interaction. But for people whose lives consist of plenty of normal, face-to-face encounters, cyberspace connections have an ersatz quality: people are saying words that may or may not be true while using on-screen identities that may or may not bear any resemblance to reality, and they are putting

Continued on Page B4



Yvonne Buchanan

OPERA REVIEW

Russian Makes Met Debut In Season's First 'Aïda'

By JAMES R. OESTREICH

However one may feel about Sonja Frisell's monumental seven-year-old production of Verdi's "Aïda" at the Metropolitan Opera, the company's biggest problem with the work of late has been at the center, casting the title role. Indeed, in some seasons, Dolora Zajick has so far outshone her partners that the opera might well have been renamed "Amneris."

Ms. Zajick returned to the production in her usual good form on the second evening of the Met's season on Tuesday. But this time she faced a worthy adversary as Aïda, Nina Rautio, a Russian soprano heard in New York four years ago as Tatyana in the Bolshoi Opera production of Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin."

Ms. Rautio was preceded by a considerable reputation in the role, and she in no way disappointed, pouring out a rich, lustrous tone. She produced strength and vulnerability in equal measure and in quick succession, pulling back smoothly on the fiendishly difficult top notes in the Nile scene. When her voice caught slightly on one of them, a listener was inclined to blame her partner, Kristjan Johannsson, singing Radames.

Once focused on a note, Mr. Johannsson can fill the house with a bright, clarion call. But focus does not come easily or quickly, and anything below a full shout tends to become woolly.

In his company, it would seem, any singer might force, and Ms. Rautio fell into the trap at moments. Still, her grasp of the role and her ability to project it placed it commandingly at the center of a gaudy production that was inclined to distract.

Two other singers made promising Met debuts: Carlo Colombara, strong except at the bottom of his range as Ramfis, and the economically named Deng, stentorian but a bit stiff as the Messenger.

Ms. Zajick supplied her expected sturdy Amneris, with wonderfully full tone at the bottom, though through the early going much of her work in the low register was lost in the orchestral ruckus stirred up by Christian Badea. Her last act was a superbly calculated tour de force.

The rest of the cast was adequate or better: Stefano Palatchi regal as the King, Timothy Noble properly gruff as Amonasro and Christine Goerke ethereal as a priestess.



Winnie Klotz

Nina Rautio in the title role of the Metropolitan Opera's "Aïda."

But when it came to sheer understated beauty, a rare treasure in this opera, nothing could touch the exquisitely balanced pianissimo work of the male chorus in the second scene of Act I. True, the playing of the woodwind choir in the ensuing dance music came close.

The Met Titles did their work unobtrusively and seemingly without hitch on their second night out. But perhaps a way can be found to make use of their downtime, to instruct listeners in the fine points of audience response. One should not, for example, applaud at the crucial break on an unstable, unresolved chord (a dominant seventh in third inversion, if you must know) before Amneris inaugurates the cry "Ritorna vincitor!" The disruption takes all the starch out of the combative revelry.

Kidnap a Princess,

Continued From Page B1

ten by Maggie Wadey, who concedes that she never stopped to consider how Wharton would have completed the story.

"I wanted to respond to the material as if it were my own," Miss Wadey says in a press release. "I followed the currents of the book itself, the impulses that were already there and of course, the notes that Edith Wharton had left."

Needless to say, not all Wharton scholars and readers will be pleased. One character, for instance, who is sexually incompetent in the book turns out in the mini-series to be homosexual. Welcome, Mrs. Wharton, to the Gay Nineties.

Whatever the literary reservations, "The Buccaneers" turns out to be ravishing television. Beginning 20 years after the Civil War, the story starts in the gigantic "cottages" of Newport, R.I. (in the novel it's Saratoga, N.Y.) and then moves to the grand houses and castles of aristocratic England.

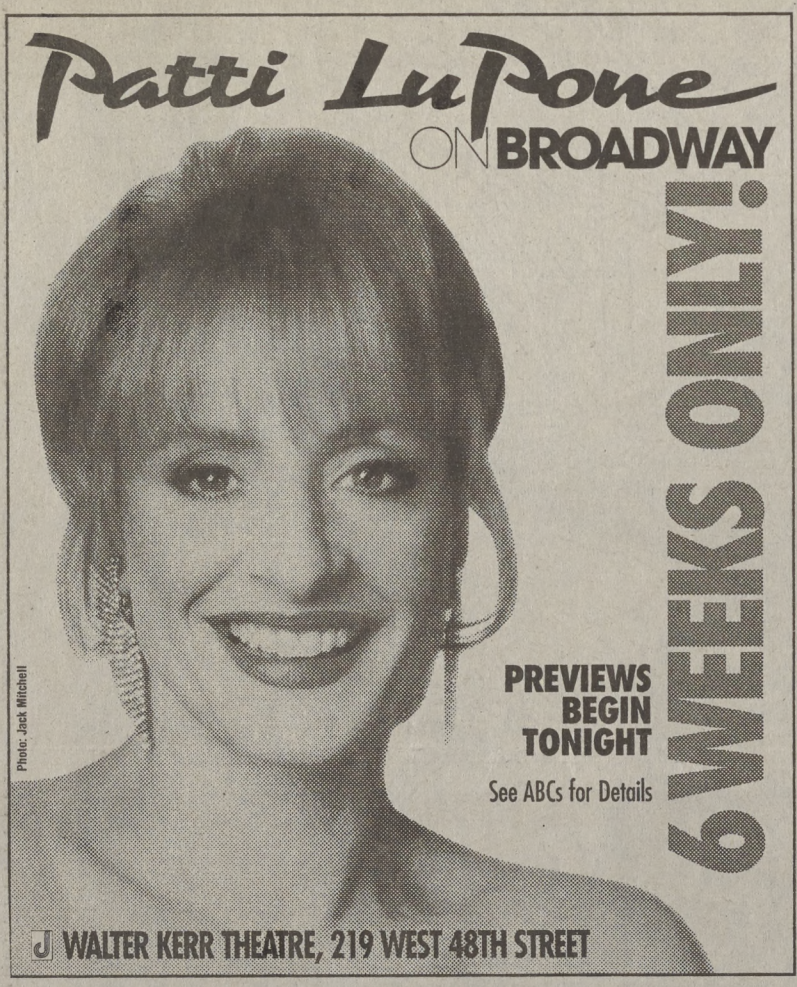
It was a time in America when, as the series host, Russell Baker, notes, "brand-new millionaires shot up like weeds, and since there were no taxes to speak of, there was nothing to do with those millions but spend them." Meanwhile, the pound-poor British nobility were increasingly willing to sell off, via strategic marriages, a title or two for the right price.

Wharton's buccaneers are four young women who set out from Newport with the dream of soon having all London in their pocket. The English had invaded America; now it's their turn. Nothing, of course, will turn out to be what it seems, and there will be heartbreak to spare before this excursion into the infinite intricacies of money and class concludes. With the notable exception of Guy Thwaite, played by Greg Wise, most of the English aristocrats are either cads or twits. (Gossip alert: Mr. Wise has been romantically linked with Emma Thompson during



James Frain
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TELEVISION REVIEW

Two Chilling Studies of Extremi

By WALTER GOODMAN

"Turning Point" turns back tonight to a crime spree that assumes disquieting relevance in the wake of the Oklahoma City bombing. "Inside the Hate Conspiracy: America's Terrorists" tells of a campaign of robbery and murder from 1983 to 1985 by members of The Order, a ragtag gang of ideological pretensions and violent propensities.

Meredith Vieira's interviews with former members who testified against their sometime comrades and with others who remain loyal to the cause focus on Robert Jay Mathews, the Washington State man who rallied them to his version of white nationalism. His grandiose project, as one disciple reports, was "to bring down the Government, to start chaos, to disrupt the system in the best way we could."

That way consisted of robbing armored cars and committing at least one murder, of Alan Berg, a liberal radio talk-show personality in Denver. The fact that Mr. Berg was Jewish was not incidental, since Mr. Mathews, like other white nationalists, seems to have been inspired by

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By JANET MASLIN

Like baby birds with brand-new college diplomas, the four graduates in Noah Baumbach's "Kicking and Screaming" are having trouble leaving the nest. They prefer a pleasant limbo filled with witty asides, trivia contests and hair-splitting arguments about matters of no consequence. Girlfriends notice this aimlessness ("the characters in Grover's story spend time discussing the least important things," says one young woman, criticizing the film's would-be writer), but they don't really mind. Audiences won't either, since "Kicking and Screaming," being shown today at the New York Film Festival, occupies its postage-stamp size terrain with confident comic style.

Mixing the urbane cleverness of Whit Stillman's films with the more hang-loose social structure of films that generally star Eric Stoltz (and he happens to be in this one), "Kicking and Screaming" strikes a cheerfully solipsistic note. Chris Eigeman, the handsome young curmudgeon from Mr. Stillman's "Metropolitan" and "Barcelona," is an especially welcome presence as Max, the self-styled watchdog who best demonstrates this film's archly literate verbal style. Talking to a girl approaching her 17th birthday, Max remarks: "So now you can read Seventeen magazine and get all the references."

It's easier to make a character like Max funny than to make him emotionally engaging, but Mr. Baumbach manages to do a bit of both. And he does the same with the story's most fully developed character, Grover (Josh Hamilton). Grover has a father (an oddly distant Elliott Gould) who comes too close, a girlfriend (Olivia d'Abo) who goes too far away and time on his hands to contemplate all his mistakes. The film succeeds in finding something sweetly romantic and visually fresh in Grover's flashback memories of Jane, along with allowing Grover plenty of room for wisecracks. "Prague! You'll come back a bug!" he says contemptuously, complaining that Jane's plan to go live in the Czech capital has trite overtones, even without the Kafka.

With the cozy inertia essential to pretty-young-thing ensemble comedies (the producer, Joel Castleberg, also made "Sleep With Me" and "Bodies, Rest and Motion"), "Kicking and Screaming" also sends Otis (Carlos Jacott) and Skippy (Jason Wiles) through minor postgrad doldrums. Particularly funny is a running subplot about Otis's trying to get work at a video store that takes itself very, very seriously. ("What are your influences?" the applicant is asked.)

Skippy, meanwhile, misses the fact that his girlfriend (Parker Posey) is drifting away and likes posing trivia tests for his friends. In this narrow universe, the tasks of naming "six empiricist philosophers" or "eight movies where monkeys play key roles" are given equal weight.

Though it is slighter and more familiar than the usual New York Film Festival selections, "Kicking and Screaming" benefits from an appealing cast and Mr. Baumbach's keen recollection of what it's like to be smart, promising and temporarily adrift. He himself clearly isn't drifting anymore.

"Kicking and Screaming" is rated R. It includes nudity, profanity and sexual situations.

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Cyberspace Journeys Leading Toward Nowhere

Continued From Page B1

their thoughts all in writing because that is the only way in which they can be passed along. In cyberspace the written word has the evanescence of speech, a strange combination indeed.

It is no accident that people typing away at computers are almost always alone (save for children, who often like to play on line together, jointly assuming some false identity, today's electronic equivalent of dress-up games). How can you talk to the person in the computer screen if a real person is standing next to you? A cyberspace conversation assumes so much of its own closed reality, cut off from the rest of the world, that it is startling when the person at the other end of the conversation excuses herself for a moment to answer the doorbell or grab a snack. Real life is not supposed to intervene like this. There is no protocol for it, no way to follow her into the kitchen to keep talking, no way to deal with the strange and temporary blankness on the screen while you wait.

Reality has to override cyberspace. The person entering the room where an on-line exchange is taking place blows the conversation to bits merely by standing there, a flesh-and-blood rebuke to the electronic imagery that passes for human interaction on the screen.

To make the whole experience of meandering through cyberspace seem more natural was surely the reason the designers of services like America Online began to describe the world they were beckoning us into with architectural metaphors. People who wish to join live conversations are placed electronically in a "lobby," from which they move to a "public room," or if they have something truly private to say or do, to a "private room." Big events, on-line conversations in which a wide range of participants or observers are expected, take place in "auditoriums." And on the Internet, the electronic "visit" is to a "site," which invariably begins with a "home page," a name that deftly combines the metaphors of the building and of the book.

Yet, the metaphor of architecture could not be more wrong for cyberspace, since the essential truth about buildings and villages and communities and cities — which are all invoked as words to describe the new world of interaction and interconnection via computer — is that they possess a certain kind of order. Each part has a fixed relationship to each other part. It may not be the best or most logical relationship, but it is what it is, which is why in real houses, you have to pass through the living room to reach the dining room, and you cannot decide to leave the dining room and be immediately in the attic. In real buildings, the elevator has to pass the fifth floor to reach the sixth floor. In real cities, you have to pass 50th Street before you can get to 60th Street.

Not so in cyberspace, which is not linear at all. Indeed, it explodes all of our conventional notions of how space works. In cyberspace you move from room to room at will. The elevator destined for the top floor doesn't have to pass the second; it goes there instantly. The notion of things being next to other things — the key issue in "real" space and "real" cities — simply has no meaning at all. In cyberspace, everything is next to everything else, and it is reached as simply and directly as pushing the right buttons brings you instantly from the first track to the last on a compact disk, as if there were nothing at all in between.

But to be everywhere is to be nowhere. To be in space that forms itself completely according to your will is also, in the end, to drift. Real architectural space is not something we make at whim; it has been defined for us, either by someone else or by ourselves over time, and its physically tangible form is comforting.

Being in cyberspace, though, can feel like being dropped into the reading room of the New York Public Library without a card catalogue; you know everything is there somewhere, but getting to it is quite another matter. Cyberspace has little interest in the hierarchy of information. However many "help" windows may drop onto the screen with one piece or another of friendly advice, there are no real guidelines because there cannot be — when something is not linear, it is hard, if not impossible, to offer a directional path.

And yet what of the beauty, the stunning virtuosity, of so much that is to be seen on the computer screen? Visitors to the World Wide Web site of a company called Lightscape can, with the right hardware, have the illusion that they are moving around and through architectural models of buildings both imaginary and real, zooming into corners, looking at the place from any angle, changing the scale, all with a few deft strokes.

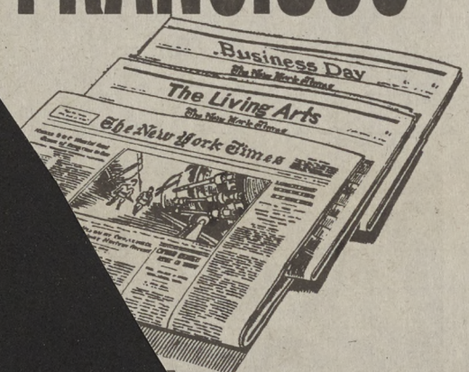
Yet, electronic reproductions of real, three-dimensional space, however exciting, are not in themselves the new form of space that cyberspace represents. Cyberspace is less real space than conceptual space, less a place than the idea of a place. It is space of the mind.

And the kind of place that we make of cyberspace is shaped almost entirely by the kind of world we prefer in real space: it can be open, energetic and full of fresh ideas, or it can be a closed, tired place in which parochial views are given disproportionate attention. Andrew Shapiro, writing in The Nation, envisioned two opposing models for cyberspace as it evolves: "Cyberkeley," where free speech prevails, and "cyburbia," where groups separate themselves according to narrow interests and offer little welcome to outsiders.

Cyberspace is private space, not public space: it is a set of silicon bubbles, not a town square with a soapbox. In cyberspace people are alone, pretending to be in public. In real public space they are physically together, and if they may sometimes pretend to be alone, that doesn't change the basic fact that they must, in a profound and serious way, acknowledge each other. There are social graces — nods, handshakes, not interrupting while another is talking, courteous farewells — that are a normal part of even the most casual human interaction.

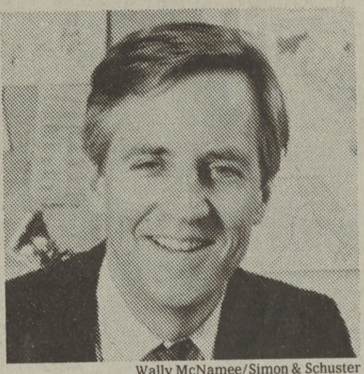
In cyberspace such things barely exist. A hello is a shout to be noticed upon entering a "room," and goodbyes are often said by disappearing. And much communication takes place not live but via electronic mailboxes and bulletin boards, where social graces matter even less.

But then, this is no real village, no real city, where everyone has an obligation to be civil and decent to each other and listen to opposing views. It is a fragile silicon bubble. In cyberspace, the person at the other end of the conversation is only a series of electronic impulses — which means that to him or to her, that is all you are, too: a set of data bits, floating in something that tries to pass for a place but is really nowhere at all.

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THE VERY BEST MEN
Four Who Dared: The Early Years of the C.I.A.

By Evan Thomas

Illustrated. 427 pages. Simon & Schuster. $27.50

land and the experience of victory in World War II. In "The Wise Men," Mr. Thomas examined six other men from the same social background whose invention of the postwar policy of containment aimed at the Soviet Union was a brilliant success. "The Very Best Men," a phrase that Mr. Thomas intones with irony, shows the days when the C.I.A. was led by a group of talented amateurs who went into espionage out of idealism and excitement but without much understanding of how the world actually works. They came from the same background as "the wise men," and socialized with some of them, but hardly enjoyed anything like their historic triumph.

In fact, the four spies were classic liberal interventionists. They were also afflicted with what the daughter of one of them insightfully called "the poetic illusions" of their class, a phrase suggesting the elite postwar generation's self-confident assumption that daring and good intentions could overcome all obstacles. "The catalyst was World War II," Mr. Thomas writes. "They found in their wartime experiences a sense of drama and meaning that could not be matched back at their law firms or lecture halls in peacetime. They saw the opportunity of American predominance and reached out to seize it."

Wisner was the first head of the clandestine services department. Bissell created the U-2 spy plane, but was also in charge during the series of bungles that culminated in the Bay of Pigs. Barnes masterminded the overthrow of the leftist government of Guatemala in 1954 and FitzGerald, formerly in charge of operations against Communist China in the 1950's, eventually took charge of the attempts to assassinate Fidel Castro that continued even after the Bay of Pigs calamity. Some of what these men fomented looks so foolish as to defy belief. FitzGerald seriously proposed assassinating Mr. Castro by placing an exploding seashell where the Cuban leader, who enjoyed skin diving, might happen to pick it up.

But in 1962, FitzGerald presciently told Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, on an early visit to Vietnam, that the war there could not be won by conventional military means. How to account for the way in which brilliance alternated with misconceived skulduggery? Mr. Thomas is more descriptive than explanatory, which is a weakness in his book. Still, in portraying his four who dared, Mr. Thomas has given his readers plenty to contemplate about that uniquely American combination: hubris and idealism, genius and innocence, recklessness and the burning desire to do something good.

men, Cats and Odd Friends

THE NAKED TRUTH
ABC, 9:30 P.M. Wednesdays

CAROLINE IN THE CITY
NBC, 9:30 P.M. Thursdays

THE BONNIE HUNT SHOW
CBS, 8:30 P.M. Fridays

thing from Macaulay Culkin eating Chee-tos in filthy underwear to a potato resembling Liza Minnelli. "The Naked Truth" offers a madcap defense for those legions of workers who have had to make career compromises, not least serious writers reduced to churning out sitcoms.

Nora worries, "I'm getting sucked into the tabloid mindset; I'm losing track of my entire moral center." Welcome to the club, most viewers are likely to respond. Meanwhile, Holland Taylor is wickedly delicious as Nora's boss, a elegantly snooty women with an unerring nose for scandal and trash. Guest stars give [illegible] an opportunity to focus on real

On CBS's "Bonnie Hunt Show" (Fridays) Bonnie Hunt plays Bonnie Kelly, a TV reporter who leaves Wisconsin — is anybody left in that state? — for a job with a big station in Chicago. The executive producers are Ms. Hunt, Rob Burnett and David Letterman. Ms. Hunt and Mr. Letterman's production company also collaborated on the short-lived series "The Building." Maybe this time.

The thing about this Bonnie is that she is not only charmingly funny but also very nice. Going for a job interview, she wears what she calls a conservative, Catholic outfit. Bombarded with phone calls from her fretting mother, she is unfailingly patient, at one point asking Mom, "Could you say a prayer for me?" Bonnie is surrounded, mostly at work, with the typical collection of friends that apparently constitutes a family in today's noncommittal world. The show's nifty gimmick: when Bonnie goes out on a story, the interviews are with real people and are not scripted. Chatting with



"Virtual Photo Shoot," a "mature" CD-ROM in a growing business.

Virtual Porn: Ultimate Tease

NYT 02.4.95

By MICHEL MARRIOTT

The seductive wail of a saxophone draws a visitor along a seedy seam of Times Square to a nondescript metal door, then up a steep set of stairs and into the shadowy salon of a 42d Street sex shop. From ceiling to floor, the place is packed with shelves of "XXX-rated" videotapes, equally explicit magazines and anatomically improbable latex toys.

Behind a nearby curtain, a leggy blond dancer strips for quarters. "Oh, baby, thanks," she coos as each coin drops. Unsurprisingly, her clothing falls away like autumn leaves as she wiggles and gyrates.

The sudden appearance of the visitor's cash-stuffed wallet also stokes the enthusiasm of a stable of other exhibitionists just waiting to show off for a fee.

Then, when it's time to leave, a click of a computer's mouse dissolves the whole scene. The stroll on the sleazy side has been a virtual one. The sex shop, a lewd yet clever re-creation of the real thing, was crammed onto the shiny surface of a $45 CD-ROM called "Peepshow."

And it is just a sampling of the digital doings where hard-core meets hard drive.

Remarkably, with little advertising and even less distribution, the adult CD-ROM business — the stepchild of the mainstream computer industry — has grown from a risqué novelty five years ago into a multimillion-dollar enterprise today.

As home computing has grown increasingly sophisticated in recent years, so has its capacity to titillate and arouse. Where once there were static centerfolds, grainy 8-millimeter films and later videotapes, now there are CD-ROM's moaning their ways onto computer screens around the world.

The adult CD-ROMs, primarily sold to men in their 20's, 30's and 40's, may even be helping to fuel the boom in CD-ROM hardware that is becoming almost as common in new home computers as keyboards.

Referring to his fondness for watching adult CD-ROM's, a 29-year-old man who identified himself only as Heh Heh, said in a Prodigy chat room: "I like that kind of stuff. I like to watch, if you get my drift."

A big part of the appeal, producers and consumers of the disks say, is their interactivity. With them, the action on the computer screen — often recycled bits of adult video images — can be manipulated through dozens of different possibilities.

> From risqué novelty to multi-million-dollar enterprise.

Virtual Valerie, the busty star of her CD-ROM, is completely computer-generated, down to the tips of her black spike heels. In this CD-ROM, the viewer can control a hand and penis to sexually satisfy the star.

In the last couple of months some companies, like Rom Antics, which

Continued on Page B7

Virtual Porn That Becomes the Ultimate Tease

Continued From Page B1

made "Peepshow," started producing CD-ROM's like "Men in Motion," for an emerging women's and gay men's market, said Patty LaRocco, who founded the company in New York in 1993.

Producers say that if the Beatles' "Hard Day's Night" could be put onto a CD-ROM for computer viewing, then why not "Samurai Pervert?"

And an army of freelance computer techies, either shut out from or bored with more standard computer jobs, has invaded the adult CD-ROM business to do just that and more.

Using the same technology that delivers scads of interactive games and encyclopedias on CD-ROM, practically any computer equipped with a CD-ROM drive can play scores of these disks with titles like "Porno Poker," "Immoral Combat," and "Virtually Yours II."

Producers of adult CD-ROM's made about $260 million last year, said Fay Sharp, an Indiana magazine distributor.

Next month in Las Vegas, Nev., Ms. Sharp, who operates Tradeshow Productions, is holding the first international trade show, Adultdex '95, for the adult CD-ROM industry.

In fact, the industry has become so established that it has produced sites on the Internet and at least two glossy magazines, Interactive Quarterly and Hustler Hard Drive.

Even mainstream computer publications, like PC Magazine, regularly list adult CD-ROM's among their classifieds.

In the meantime, the products, varying widely in polish and price (from $3.99 to $79.99) are showing up for sale everywhere from the Internet to record stores.

David Cohn, the manager of Channel Video, a general-interest video store at Columbus Avenue and 82d Street, said: "Basically, all computers are being sold with CD-ROM drives. People need something to play on them."

About six months ago, based on what he was hearing at electronic trade shows and reading in trade publications, Mr. Cohn decided to add several adult CD-ROM titles to the selections of X-rated videos he carries.

These titles are displayed in the basement of his store, behind a rope that Mr. Cohn said is meant to discourage minors from entering. The CD-ROM's rent for for $3.49 for two days.

"It's another product to rent to the adult market, and they are becoming very popular," he said.

Most impressive, he noted, was not the simple transfer of sexually explicit photographs and movies to the CD-ROM medium that characterized the first wave of the industry in the early 1990's, but the reworking of these images into lifelike settings that move and perform a range of commands.

One of the most popular of his 15 adult CD-ROM's is "Dream Machine," an otherworldly, point-and-click journey through a series of sexual scenarios and situations.

Because of the disks' explicit content, makers mark the disks with warnings that they should not be viewed by minors, and similar warnings appear on the screen when the disks are activated.

There is no official rating system for CD-ROM's. Informally, those that show limited nudity are often referred to as "mature"; those that show total nudity are often termed "adult," and those that show explicit sexual activity are rated "XXX."

> With home computing, a capacity to titillate and arouse.

Much tamer versions of adult CD-ROM's, like Penthouse Interactive's "Virtual Photo Shoots," in which the user gets to "photograph" nude and nearly nude Penthouse Pets that move and pose to a list of commands, are being sold by several national computer and electronic chains.

"The beauty of them is that you don't have to have them take their clothes off," said Laurence Gerson, who is in charge of marketing the disks for Penthouse's parent company, General Media.

This makes the disk more acceptable to the managers of computer and electronics stores and therefore easier to market, he said.

"Virtual Photo Shoot," in which Bob Guccione, Penthouse's publisher, evaluates the user's finished work, is "doing very well," Mr. Gerson said, but he would not reveal exact sales figures.

Ms. Sharp said, "Over all, the adult area of CD-ROM is spearheading quite a bit of growth of general CD-ROM technology." She contends that the adult video industry did much the same thing for the videocassette industry in the 1980's.

She and several producers of CD-ROM's said that while many computer users may say that they are buying CD-ROM drives for their practical applications — an encyclopedia on CD-ROM for their school-age children, for example — a fair number of them are privately motivated by the lure of cybererotica.

"They're good for releasing a little tension," said Brian Coady, the day manager of the Palace, a Times Square sex shop, and part-time musician who writes and performs music for X-rated videos. "CD-ROM's are great because you can control everything, all the action."

While an adult CD-ROM may cost as much as $200,000 and take months to produce, many well-trained, well-educated computer jocks are drawn to the field for its relatively low overhead, quick profits and creative independence.

"A lot of guys are going back and forth" between mainstream operations and adult CD-ROM's, said Richard Murphy, the associate publisher of Interactive Quarterly. A programmer for Rom Antics said that he also designs computer displays for museums.

"I didn't want to do X-rateds," said Nelson Chu, a California software designers whose work turns up in titles like "Cyberstrip Blackjack" by Rapture. "I wanted to be able to tell my mother what I do." But then Mr. Chu quickly added that he was working on starting his own adult CD-ROM company that would use technology he developed to physically link the viewer to the digital sex scenes.

"I guess now," he said with a little laugh, "I'm a hard-core revolutionary."

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on adrenaline, anyway."

The Mariners declined to whine, but how fair is the new triple-tiered playoff system? The teams with the two best records, Cleveland and Boston, must now chew each other up in a five-game series, while the teams with the worse records play each other.

Did the Yankees luck out? The worst part was that Randy Johnson had to expend nine superb innings in a playoff game and Piniella cannot use him at least until the third game, and then only if the Mariners lose the first two.

Whoever was making playoff schedules seemed to think baseball was still some cute little mom-and-pop operation, tucked into the northeast quadrant of America, the way baseball was until baseball moved to California in 1958.

Playoff policy was certainly easier in 1951, exactly 44 years ago yesterday. Bobby Thomson put the slug on the Dodgers in the third and final game of the National League playoff. But the Giants did not have to fly cross-country for the World Series the next day. They just crossed the Harlem River to play the Yankees, only to lose the series as Larry Jansen lost two games and Sal Maglie lost one. Playoffs do chew up pitching staffs.

In the old days a manager could ask a robust star pitcher for three starts in a World Series — Mickey Lolich did it in 1968, the last "normal" year, before divisional play. He had all winter to rest, which is easy to say if it's not your arm and not your livelihood. But David Cone went into last night facing the prospect of starting six or seven more times this month.

In the endless basketball playoffs, Hakeem Olajuwon doesn't have to abuse his throwing arm 125 times in one game, the way Cone does.

"Yeah, but he gets pounded more than I do," Cone said. "And he runs more than I do."

• • •

The Yankees were totally convinced the Mariners would handle this cross-country haul like professionals.

"The guys learn to sleep on the planes," Buck Showalter said. "They get to the hotel, their rooms are ready for them, they carry enough stuff so they don't need the luggage. They call the hotel not to deliver their luggage until noon, but the hotel knocks on their door at 4 in the morning anyway. And of course, we get out to the West Coast, and our opponent is probably just getting in off a long flight, too. It's all the same."

The Mariners agreed with that. They had just won the first title in 19 years of the franchise. Winning creates a favorable tail wind.

Yankees grew edgier. On a night when Wade Boggs lined an important two-run homer, Don Mattingly ripped a run-scoring single and Cone almost avoided every dangerous episode he faced except against Griffey, the Yankees returned to the dugout for the bottom of the seventh and knew the game had suddenly changed in Seattle's favor.

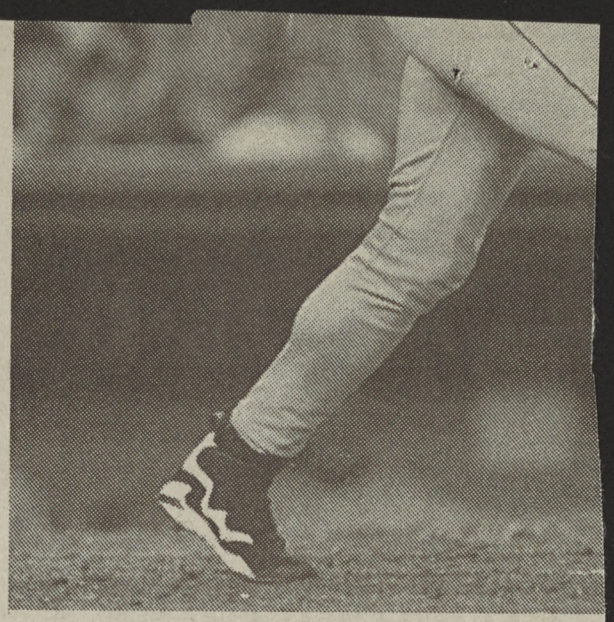
How did they respond? The Yankees changed the complexion of the game again. Immediately. After Jeff Nelson hit Randy Velarde with a pitch to start the seventh, Bobby Ayala was summoned and he permitted Boggs's single to put runners on first and third. Bernie Williams then followed by accomplishing the unthinkable in blasting a ball over Griffey's head in center field for a run-scoring double to make it, 5-4. Paul O'Neill's sacrifice fly elevated the edge to 6-4.

Sierra climaxed the fateful inning by rocking Ayala's pitch long and deep over the right field fence to score two runs and boost the bulge to 8-4. In his typically stylish fashion, Sierra stutter-stepped toward the Yankee dugout before beginning his long and winding trot around the bases. If Randy Johnson could have pitched relief, maybe the Mariners would have been saved.

"We've done what we've had to do," said Showalter, before the game. "The bottom line is doing what it takes. I feel very confident that our guys will do what it takes."

On an unusually warm evening in the Bronx when finding a seat at the Stadium was akin to finding a seat on the D Train at 5 P.M., the Yankees made sure their first post-season game since 1981 would be memorable by grabbing a one-game advantage over Seattle. The Yankees, who are in the early stages of pursuing their 23d World Series Championship, played their first post-season game since 1981 and now they are anxious to play again Wednesday night. In their 19th season as a franchise, the Mariners will search for their first-ever playoff victory.

Aside from Griffey, Cone was exceptional in taming the Mariners as he allowed four runs and six hits in eight innings. He had a 4-2 lead after Mattingly and Mike Stanley ripped run-scoring singles in the sixth to knock Chris Bosio (5 2/3 innings, 6 hits, 4 runs) out of the game, but he could not protect it. He inexplicably walked Jos
Cora on a 3-1 pitch with one out i
seventh and Griffey showed him h
astating the mistake was by



Ken Griffey Jr. admiring the first of his two home run

first pitch over the right field fence. His second homer of the game tied the score.

"If you can't get up to play New York," Griffey said, "who can you get up to play?"

Despite Griffey's homers, Cone's toughest inning might have been the sixth when the Mariners filled the bases on two singles and walk with one out. The fans rose and cheered every pitch as Cone battled Mike Blowers to a 3-2 count and received a break when Blowers flailed at a pitch that was one foot out of the strikezone for the second out. Cone thought he Dan Wilson whiffed when he waved at 1-2 pitch, but first base umpire Dale Scott called it a check swing and it became controversial call as Cone fired two more balls and Edgar Martinez trotted home with the second run to make it, 2-2.

George Steinbrenner banged his first and shouted an expletive after Scott's call and emerged from his private box to complain to reporters about the call. Stei
brenner invited reporters to w
replay and was livid.

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POP VIEW/Billy Altman

A Return? The Eagles Never Left

A FEW FACTS TO MULL OVER: OF ALL THE myriad "tribute" albums that have appeared over the last few years, the most successful by far has been "Common Thread: Songs of the Eagles," released in 1993. On it, an all-star lineup of current country music stars, including Clint Black, Trisha Yearwood and Travis Tritt, paid their respects to the country-rock kings of the 1970's with faithful remakes of Eagles songs like "Desperado," "Peaceful Easy Feeling" and "Already Gone." The album has sold better than three million copies, and it's still selling.

Of all the myriad group "reunion" tours that have saturated the concert circuit in recent years, the most successful by far has been the Eagles' Hell Freezes Over tour. It began last spring and reportedly finished the year with nearly $100 million in gross receipts, and it's still not over.

Finally, though the Eagles released only six studio albums during the band's existence in the 1970's and broke up 14 years ago, the group was selling an average of 1.5 million albums a year from its catalogue even before its back-in-the-limelight tour started.

Nearly two decades after the Eagles first arrived at their mythic Hotel California, there seems to be plenty of room left at that decaying symbol of the 1960's, evoked in the song of the same name. There are apparently vast numbers of people who, as the song implied, checked out but never really left the post-hippie, pre-yuppie era encompassed by the Eagles' music. Many of the Eagles' songs chronicle the fading idealism of the 60's and prefigure the greed of the 80's. To a legion of baby boomer fans, most of whom were in their teens and 20's during the group's heyday, the music still strikes a deep and resonant chord.

Throughout the Eagles' career, Don Henley and Glen Frey, the group's leaders, were lambasted by critics as jaded cynics who smugly sang of the breakdown of the values of the 60's while they themselves made millions and indulged in rock-star excesses. In retrospect, it's clear that what audiences heard in the Eagles music, and saw in their image, was something neither smug nor cynical.

In many Eagles songs, and in those of fellow country rockers like Jackson Browne and James Taylor, listeners heard messages from people who, like them, had come of age during the turbulent 60's and, facing the new decade with apprehension, were trying to make sense of their experiences. The songs touched on certain themes — namely that the communal spirit of the counterculture was disintegrating and one had to forget about, in the vernacular of the times, saving the world to save one's self.

Those themes were encapsulated in the lines of the Eagles' 1972 debut single, "Take It Easy," which was written by Mr. Frey and Mr. Browne. "Lighten up while you still can/ Don't even try to understand," Mr. Frey sang. "Just find a place to make your stand — and take it easy." As if to provide a musical context for such a notion, the rural sound



Firooz Zahedi/Geffen Records

The Eagles (from left, Joe Walsh, Timothy B. Schmit, Don Henley, Glenn Frey and Don Felder)—Resonating with baby boomers.

of a bluegrass banjo rolled through the instrumental track. Moreover, songs like the Eagles' "Peaceful Easy Feeling," as well as Mr. Browne's "Child in These Hills" and Mr. Taylor's "Sweet Baby James," used pastoral images and country-flavored arrangements to underscore the spiritual desire for a less troubling existence.

By 1976, the Eagles, by then country-rock's reigning troubadors, had all but abandoned that dream. That year, while the Bee Gees were promoting leisure suits and mirror balls ("You Should Be Dancing"), while Blue Oyster Cult was assuring head bangers "Don't Fear the Reaper" and the Ramones were advising proto-punks to "Beat On the Brat," the Eagles released their seminal album, "Hotel California." From the decadence of the title track ("Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes bends") to the cocaine haze of "Life in the Fast Lane" to the paradise-lost pessimism of "The Last Resort," the album was the Eagles' most fully realized documentation of the downward spiral of an age. The group took Peter Fonda's comment to Dennis Hopper near the end of the movie "Easy Rider" — "We blew it" — and worked it into a dissertation on a generation's loss of direction.

Those idealistic 60's principles, it turned out, had proved difficult to hold on to. And, as Mr. Browne wrote in his hit from the same year, "The Pretender" — "caught between the longing for love and the struggle for the legal tender" — most people were making hard choices about the paths their lives would take. Their dilemmas were at the heart of "Hotel California," and the album connected with its intended audience, who made it both the Eagles' best-selling album and of the best-selling albums ever by any group. In addition, the fact that the Eagles got rich and famous by dwelling on these issues only helped make them role models to 70's up-and-comers free of their older siblings' spiritual baggage.

DESPITE THE EAGLES 14-YEAR HIATUS, THE recently released "Hell Freezes Over," a mostly live album recorded at the beginning of the group' tour, is surprisingly effective in recalling the glory days. In addition to the band's hits, there are four serviceable new songs; with the guitarists Don Felder and Joe Walsh providing the instrumental muscle, and the quintet's impeccable harmonies soaring over the melodies, the Eagles manage to sound as if they never really left. With so many of their songs dealing with powerless resignation, abrogation of responsibility and moral vacuum, the Eagles have turned out to be far more prophetic than anyone expected. What a frightening thought. □

Billy Altman, a music critic, is an assistant curator for the Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame.

RECORDINGS VIEW

A Pianist And Amer Rediscover Each Othe



Dubravka Tomsic—The greatness of her playing survives poor recordings.

By ANTHONY TOMMASINI

EVERY SERIOUS CLASSICAL CD buyer knows what it is like to rummage through budget bins crammed with disks in no particular order. You may find superdiscounted budget-line reissues of classic recordings by major artists. And you are sure to find many recordings by unknown performers on obscure labels: the complete Chopin whatever, or a couple of Beethoven piano concertos for a few dollars. The performers are usually identified on the back in minuscule type. Who are they? Could they possibly be any good?

In the case of Dubravka Tomsic, a Slovenian pianist who has made some 40 recordings on labels like Pilz, Critic's Choice, Classical Gallery and Pentagon, the performances, when you can find them, are treasurable indeed. Based in Ljubljana, where she teaches at the municipal academy of music, Dubravka Tomsic (pronounced doo-BRAHV-kuh TOM-sitch) has toured Eastern Europe, Australia and Asia regularly in recent decades, but her American concert career has only lately been revived.

New York concertgoers will have a rare chance to hear Ms. Tomsic on Feb. 15 and 16, when she plays Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto with Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony at Carnegie Hall. Record listeners, with access now to so many of Ms. Tomsic's classic performances, need not wait, and prospective concertgoers may want to make her acquaintance beforehand.

Ms. Tomsic's major early successes were in the United States. Born in Dubrovnik in 1940, she gave her first public recital at 5. At 12 she played in London for Claudio Arrau, who urged her to leave Yugoslavia and continue her musical education in London or New York. When her father, a professor of international law, won a Rockefeller fellowship to Princeton, the family moved to New York, where Ms. Tomsic studied at the Juilliard School with Katherine Bacon. She made her New York Philharmonic debut in 1955 and gave a recital at Carnegie Hall in 1957.

As it turned out, her idol, Arthur Rubinstein, attended the Carnegie event. ("I remember . . . the 'Mephisto Waltz' by Liszt at a tremendous tempo that brought the house down," he wrote many years later in his memoirs.) When Rubinstein learned that the fellowship money for h ies was about to run through the Yugoslav less a personage th the Yugoslav presid ing to subsidize Ms. T New York persona would teach her. Tho sidered himself a te worked with Ms. Tom until, at 19, she retur land to nurse her aili

Ms. Tomsic did not the United States for 3 recital at the 1989 New val in Rhode Island. develop a loyal audier just as her Americar bounding, civil war b slavia. Her family ho was bombed to the could not bear to visit She is now a proud cit

DESPITE TH technical r interpretiv playing, M seem diffic lanky, handsome w with a minimum of pl thing is comfortably of her extraordinarily gers. At the keyboar ness, calling no attent interpretations, gro sense, are seldom co

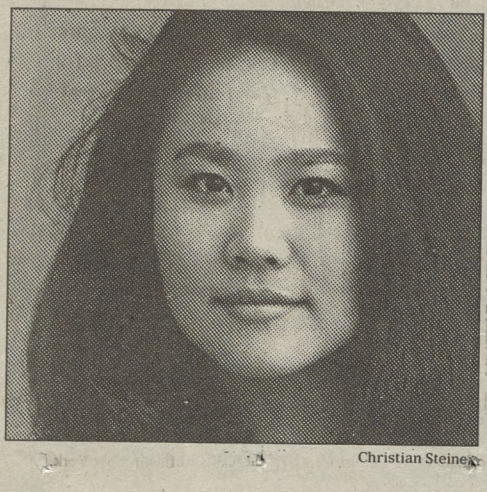
Yet as John von R Chicago Tribune af 1993 recital in Chica tend piano recitals r hear anyone who in her kind of absolute t deep understanding can say to the huma

The greatness of through vividly eve estly produced rec ample is a 1991 C Beethoven sonatas, the "Moonlight" a (Pilz Vienna Maste This is strictly a bu order of the progra and no biographica vided about the arti

In the hushed firs "Moonlight," the and luminous tone figures is subtly un hand octaves, which periodic harmonic s as a tautly lyrical an Ms. Tomsic takes t gretto at a genial tem tion of the furies to er discernible through h

Anthony Tommasini is a former music critic of The Boston Globe.

THIS WEEK



Christian Steiner

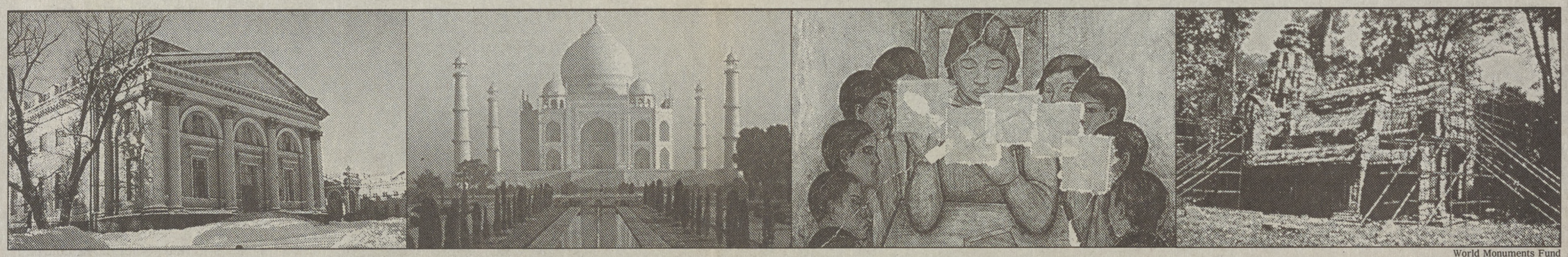
Bridging Cu

Kyoko Saito, Japanese so makes her Ne recital debut 92d Street Y, performing s European an Japanese co on Tuesday e at 8. Dalton B the pianist.

ARCHITECTURE VIEW/Herbert Muschamp

Monuments in Peril: a Top 100 Countdown





World Monuments Fund

The World Monuments Watch list includes My Son temple, Vietnam, top; Alexander Palace, St. Petersburg; the Taj Mahal, Agra, India; a 1920 mural by Diego Rivera, Mexico; a temple in Angkor, Cambodia.

IF YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING OFF THAT TRIP TO see the Taj Mahal, Hagia Sophia or Angkor you'd better book your tickets soon. These are three of the monuments that appear on a list of the world's 100 most endangered historic sites, according to World Monuments Watch. On the other hand, if you'd like these legendary landmarks to be around for the benefit of future generations, perhaps the best thing you could do is stay home. The major peril faced by nearly a third of the sites is tourism: the damage inflicted by feet, hands, and body heat, and the air pollution emitted by the planes, cars, boats and buses that convey travelers to their dream destinations.

World Monuments Watch is a new venture of the World Monuments Fund, a private organization founded in 1965 that sponsors restoration projects internationally. They range in scale from the lions outside the New York Public Library to more than 20 water-damaged buildings in Venice. World Monuments Watch, established with a $5 million grant from American Express, is designed to heighten public awareness of the damage inflicted on many of the world's architectural treasures. The list will be updated annually.

The report on this first list is a extremely important document, much more than a plea to protect history. It is itself history: a record of the growth of consciousness in a shrinking world. Electronic communication — satellite dishes, the digital flow of international finance — is not the only medium for transcultural exchange. There is also the appreciation of art.

The 1996 list was culled from 253 sites nominated by conservation experts, public officials and citizens in 70 countries. A selection committee, including historians and critics, made the final choices. They don't claim that these are the most important works of art at risk in the world. The committee considered whether there is sufficient support and financing to make restoration feasible. They estimate that it will take about $200 million to rescue the sites on this year's list. Beyond that, they hope that these projects will spur restoration of the areas around them, or similar buildings elsewhere.

One applauds, with some unease, American Express for generously putting up $5 million to support a project that seeks to resist, among things, the consequences of the company's own success in promoting global travel. Travel is broadening, but also flattening. Reading down the list of sites, you can hear the echoes of feet pounding over ancient petroglyphs in the Philippines, hear the jackhammers setting to work on a new marina on the site of ancient Tyre. The image arises of a moment, perhaps not far off, when every landmark has come to resemble Leonardo's "Last Supper," the blackened ghost of a legendary masterpiece. Smiling tourists will pose themselves before piles of pedigreed rubble in various states of decomposition. This was Havana. This was Easter Island. This was the world that was.

Tourism isn't the only threat cited in the World Monument Watch report. Pot hunters and earth tremors have ravaged the Southern Temple in Petra, Jordan. Termites have invaded Vat Sisaket, a Buddhist monastery in Vientiane, Laos. Students from the University of Bologna have defaced the Renaissance portico of the church of San Giacomo Maggiore with graffiti. Saplings have sprouted in the cells of the Eastern State Penitentiary, the landmarked Philadelphia prison where the concept of solitary confinement was first put into practice in 1829. The overcutting of nearby forests has caused flooding in Ayutthaya, the ancient capital of Thailand, submerging Wat Pa Mok, with its colossal statue of a reclining Buddha.

Then there's war, hot and cold. In 1991-92, Dubrovnik was the target of more than 2,000 missiles. Brancusi's "Endless Column" in Romania survived a Communist Government effort to topple it in the 1950's but is now threatened by water seeping beneath its metal skin.

Restoration is itself a threat. In Rome, iron clamps used to reinforce the columns of the Temple of Hercules in the 19th century have split the marble. Concrete used to repair the adobe walls of mission buildings in New Mexico have accelerated their decay.

Though the report projects optimism, it is depressing to read. Not only are the destructive forces relentless, but we ourselves keep them going. Leave the lights on in your New York apartment and a wall tumbles in Cairo; get on a plane to Cancun and a Mexican mural bites the dust. Unless air pollution is drastically reduced worldwide, trying to restore many sites will be like trying to preserve a lump of sugar in a cup of hot tea.

Then, too, it is overwhelming to contemplate the vast knowledge it apparently takes to be a sophisticated citizen of today's world. It's not enough anymore to know a little bit about the Taj Mahal, Stonehenge and the Great Wall. The list of 100 opens a floodgate of world histories: schismatic German Lutheran settlers in Haifa; the folk traditions of Karelian Finns; the impact of Greek, Egyptian and Libyan monks on eighth-century Italian architecture. It's impossible for anyone to absorb all of this; instead we find ourselves surfing through it, praying we won't fall off and drown.

THERE'S ALSO A MORBID TINGE TO THE Watch report. Though the pyramids of Egypt didn't make the list, the list itself creates the impression that the surface of the earth has become an immense, fragmented pyramid, a necropolis of extinct ideas bearing down on the living. This is the sensation Jean Baudrillard describes so vividly in his 1992 book, "The Illusion of the End." He calls it "the dance of the fossils," the contemporary compulsion to unearth monuments built by vanished cultures. In Baudrillard's view, our preoccupation with ancient relics is transforming them "from something buried and living into something visible and dead." For Baudrillard, the restoration of these relics reflects not a respect for history but an erasure of history, a denial of the century in which we've been living: its mobility, its industry, its power to instill the belief that we're entitled to go anywhere, do anything and evade the consequences.

Baudrillard is right to scrutinize "the dance of the fossils." Who chooses what lumps of sugar will be spared? When the Berlin wall came down, no one mourned. How do we know that one or two monuments on the list are not, in effect, Berlin walls, ideological symbols the world would be better off without? Aren't things supposed to die? Isn't transience part of beauty?

But the Watch report is not just a tract for the restoration of old things. It is also, perhaps mainly, a report on the state of the world. The report maintains that things are inseparable from their environments, and that in a shrinking world, environments extend around the globe. Far from denying modernity, it is an integral record of modern history. It uses older monuments to reveal the conditions of the modern world, not only the threats that stem from modernity but also one of modernity's benefits: an enlarged global awareness of the threatened as well as the threats.

Indeed, the story of preservation may be the closest thing we have now to an all-encompassing world history in the grand 19th-century manner. We're used to reading the histories of civilizations that built monuments and, now and then, destroyed them. What we're seeing now is a history based on modern encounters with them. It's a history of the present, one that is likely to increase in value as a global culture continues to emerge. We won't leave home without it. □



Linda Helton

Been There, Seen That

By BILL CARTER

The rerun riddle: Summer's not just around the corner, so why is it so hard to find a new episode of a hit drama?

AS YOU WATCH TELEVISION these days, you may feel more and more as if you're seeing double. Don't adjust your set, though. The fact is that in the middle of the regular television season you *are* seeing double, or even triple. Repeats, once mainly relegated to summer, are now sprinkled heavily in prime time from December through April. These days, when you tune in your favorite show, you may well find yourself saying: "Oh, no! This is the one about the cross-dresser!"

The reason: Given the available product, the television season is too long. It lasts up to 38 weeks, from September through May, even though most producers can create only 22 to 24 new episodes for that period. To insure that there will be four original episodes remaining for May — the last of the three crucial "sweeps" months (after November and February), when ratings are used to set advertising fees — the networks are forced to play a gambler's game. They use repeats relatively early in the season, hoping that viewers will stay tuned no matter what.

In the past, only a couple of new episodes it; they are not repeated at all. But because they are relatively inexpensive to produce, it is cost-effective to make almost enough episodes to cover the season (32 for "Melrose Place," for example).

With the more expensive and higher-profile ensemble shows, like "E.R.," "Chicago Hope" and "N.Y.P.D. Blue," the decisions are much trickier. These shows weave linear seasonlong stories and include what producers call story arcs, dramatic situations that are developed over several episodes. This makes repeating an episode here or there extremely difficult.

NBC's "E.R.," the titan of television dra-

some increasingly impatient fans of the hospital drama, that number may be too high. This month, only one new episode of "E.R." ran, and only a single new one is scheduled for April, because NBC needs the last four new episodes for May. Despite the passion for "E.R.," the gaps between new installments are a potential problem, Mr. Beckman said, because after just two consecutive weeks of repeats, "the rating for a new episode will be down because people just don't come back right away."

A better idea, he said, would be to follow a standard network strategy for shows that don't repeat well: pre-empt them with specials.

"Even John Wells, the executive producer of 'E.R.,' would like us to pre-empt more so that the audience doesn't get ticked off," Mr. Beckman said. But "E.R.," even in repeats, simply makes too much money. "Our sales department hates it when 'E.R.' isn't on," Mr. Beckman added.

A third Fox drama, "Party of Five," is soapy enough that like "Melrose Place" and "Beverly Hills 90210," it can't be repeated. Instead of resorting to pre-emption, Fox decided to end that show's season in March and put in a replacement drama, "Kindred: The Embraced," which has its premiere on Tuesday. But only marginal shows are replaced temporarily; the hits need to stay on

TELEVISION VIEW/Caryn James

'High Incident': The Naked Suburb

A POWER MOWER IS NOT usually an object of desire, much less an object invested with great emotional resonance. But at the end of the first installment of "High Incident," ABC's new cop drama on Monday nights at 9, a sentimental policeman named Lenny Gayer (Matt Craven) rode a power mower in memory of his dead partner. The partner, who had been planning to buy the mower that weekend, had been shot and killed days before, and Gayer's gesture of mourning and friendship was to get that mower and cut his partner's lawn.

The scene was played with total seriousness, though there was the uncomfortable sense that it could turn laughable at any moment. It didn't, only because Mr. Craven is one of the few actors on the show who suggests some emotion. Still, the scene illustrates how "High Incident" has boxed itself in. The series, the second produced by the high-profile company Dreamworks, is quixotically determined to find romance and drama in the suburbs.

Set in the fictional California town of El Camino, the show features police officers who pull over cars for traffic violations,

Isolated tragedy can strike anywhere, but day to day, nonurban turf is a difficult beat for a crime show.

respond to the threat of burglars in middle-class houses and are called on to mediate at least one domestic dispute an episode. One week the police arrested a man for poisoning a dog. With such low-impact events, "High Incident" suggests that there are good reasons most police shows are set in New York or Los Angeles. They are the same reasons some people prefer to live in the suburbs: day to day, there's a lot less drama on those not-so-mean side streets.

So far Dreamworks (or Dreamworks SKG, for Steven Spielberg, Jeffrey Katzenberg and David Geffen, of course) has produced two series, and both have struggled to turn ordinary life into high drama. The first, "Champs," was actively annoying and lasted just three weeks before ABC pulled it off the air in January. Though it was ostensibly about a small-town group of fortyish buddies who had played high school basketball together and wouldn't get over it, it really proved that men can be just as stereotypically sappy and sentimental as women.

Finding heroism in the routine lives of baby boomers who are settled with their families in suburbia may seem like a shrewd concept on paper. But how lively is it as a television show? Suburban life is prime material for sitcoms, where it is interpreted in exaggerated, skewed form. It's harder to get viewers to watch a reflection of petty crime, or even occasional tragedy, in neighborhoods like their own. (Remember that "Thirtysomething," the ultimate glorification of baby boomers' daily lives, had as many detractors as fans and was never a major hit.)

Unlike "Champs," "High Incident" isn't bad, just lackluster, and its weak ratings (despite a big push by ABC) have reflected that. Part of the problem has nothing to do with its suburban setting; the show simply doesn't have many likable characters, and certainly no breakaway, George Clooney-style heartthrob, as "E.R." does. Instead, the show's centerpiece is Sgt. Jim Marsh (David Keith), the very image of an unreformed macho man.

Marsh has been divorced three times. He's trying to quit smoking (heroic but not dramatic). In a continuing story line, he has been charged with sexual harassment because he dated one of his subordinates (who clearly said no to his advances) and gave her a bad job evaluation. The evaluation was written before their date, he says, but now he is in sexual-awareness training. He may be realistic, but do we care enough to watch him week after week?

Portly, balding Russell Topps (Louis Mustillo), a walking encyclopedia of movie trivia, complains that women don't go for him. He provides comic relief, but he is already predictable; it's easy to guess that a suitably cute romance is somewhere in his future. The patient, level-headed Richie Fernandez (Julio Mechoso) seems to be on the show for ethnic balance. Among several women officers, some are too tough, some aren't tough enough.

Except for the psychologically tortured Gayer, who recently let a criminal get away, none of the characters are shaping up as intriguing personalities. This could be fixed, though it's hard to see how much drama a show can get out of house robbers and husbands and wives at each other's throats.

But where else can a series rooted in the unspectacular go? If "High Incident" were to add too many explosive events — moving a serial killer or a major drug lord into El Camino, for example — it would turn into unbelievable melodrama.

OCCASIONALLY, THE SERIES receives a jolt of energy that illuminates how flat it usually is. So far the liveliest intruder has been a New York City detective pulled over in El Camino for running a red light. He was suburbia's nightmare of a New York cop, obese and rude, without a trace of Jimmy Smits in him. But the way he reflected the audience's likely response to "High Incident" was uncanny. "You got nothing better to do?" he yelled at the cops who pulled him over.

Well, no, they don't; that's their problem.

And when he and Marsh got into a shouting match, the New York policeman let loose. "Tell me something!" he yelled. "Isn't it boring hiding under the freeway overpass waiting for guys to go by with expired registrations?" You don't have to be an urban chauvinist to see that he has a point.

Steven Spielberg, who is one of the creators of "High Incident," has had memorable success with suburban settings; of course, it helps if a cute little extraterrestrial shows up in somebody's tract house. The floundering "High Incident" hints that there can be such a thing as too much realism in a series.

INNOVATION: Jumping On, Off Technology Bandwagon

Continued from D2

and everyone else—is also having a long-term effect on technological development itself. As money ascends to a smaller portion of the population, corporations concentrate their R&D and products on those who have money to spend. The result is that many, if not most, new technological products are little more than toys for the rich.

The "good life" of the past, which linked ambition with consuming and owning new and improved technologies, no longer seems quite as compelling now that so many material desires have already been satisfied. How hard can we expect people to work for talking computers, digital TVs or high-tech golf carts? And yet if we don't strive for such things, our economy will nose-dive.

Similar contradictions of our technological mania are becoming apparent to everyone: over-engineered cars that spend most of their time in gridlocked traffic, high-definition TV for shows that are not worth watching, a frenzy over information in the face of a declining reading public, enthusiasm over technology in schools that are otherwise nearly broken beyond repair, less time to enjoy life while we're surrounded by "timesaving" devices.

People whose minds are not clouded by technophilia know, almost instinctively, that something is seriously wrong when there is such an immense disparity between all the cheerleading about technology and what actually vexes us as a society. And this disparity is made worse when the only solution we're offered by our leaders is more of the same.

This is why so many people who are polled about what era they wish they could live in typically answer the '50s—before the consumer-technology express reached its current disorienting speed. Buchanan and his supporters fall into this camp. Bill Clinton and the pro-business Republicans have no answers for people who are rapidly becoming exhausted by the pace and the turmoil of technological change, and with no end in sight.

Unfortunately for this country, this split in our society has manifested itself in two competing ideologies about technology, both of them nonconstructive extremes: radical technophilia and recalcitrant Luddism. The former is reflected in Bill Gates' book, "The Road Ahead," which was the No. 1 bestseller in the country for several recent weeks, and in the pages of Wired magazine, among other publications. It is also represented in the tiresome speeches of politicians who constantly bang the drum of "progress," even though no one can adequately say what that word means anymore.

A Luddite trend can be found among some intellectuals, some environmentalists and some true radicals, such as the Unabomber. But Luddism is also a growing, nonarticulated trend among working-class Americans who have, not surprisingly, focused on the employment effects of technological change and who are taking out their frustrations on established politicians. These people are ripe for the picking by extremists like Pat Buchanan and therefore a potential danger to all of us.

What is missing from our national conversation about the future, so far, is some rational debate about how technology can be configured to solve real problems, instead of being used primarily to make more products destined for landfills. This debate should make technology a tool, instead of making us a tool of technology. If our alternatives are either a return to the somnambulant and repressed '50s, or to live with our heads stuck in the abstract ether of cyberspace, we're courting permanent and ominous class warfare.

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640.65	648.10	+7.45	+1.16	+5.22
614.54	623.32	+8.78	+1.43	+6.38

Low	Close	Chg	%Chg	YTD %Chg
	6,342.48	+66.79	+1.06	+4.71
318.91	321.34	+2.43	+0.76	+1.70
558.37	565.10	+6.58	+1.18	+3.08
1,083.20	1,096.85	+13.61	+1.26	+4.25
989.91	999.13	+11.00	+1.11	+3.57
	340.04	+2.51	+0.74	+2.72
	249.93	+0.29	+0.12	+2.81

, in dollars)

Price	Prev. Price	Item	Price	Prev. Price
.5139	.5164	Corn oil	.24½	.24½
.85	.84	Oil	21.65	21.05
1.39¼	1.37¼	Natural gas	2.47½	2.52½

per million BTUs; eggs are per dozen; coffee, chicken broilers and corn oil are per pound.

Saudi Arab	.2667	.2667	3.7500	3.7500
Singapore	.7148	.7148	1.3990	1.3990
Slovak Rep	.0332	.0332	30.10	30.10
So. Africa	.2591	.2652	3.8600	3.7710
So. Korea	.001283	.001283	779.70	779.70
Spain	.008129	.008129	123.01	123.01
Sweden	.1476	.1462	6.7745	6.8420
SwitzerInd	.8451	.8489	1.1833	1.1780
Taiwan	.0364	.0364	27.48	27.48
Thailand	.03964	.03964	25.23	25.23
Turkey	.000016	.000016	64405.50	64405.50
U.A.E.	.2724	.2724	3.6710	3.6710
Uruguay	.1379	.1379	7.2500	7.2500
Venzuel	.0023	.0023	435.0000	430.0000

Notes: **Russia** is fixing rate, Moscow Interbank Currency Exchange; **Belgium, Czech Republic** are commercial rates; **Chile, India, Peru,** are official rates; **Argentina** is a financial rate. **Ecuador, Mexico, Philippines, Venezuela** are floating rates. **Egypt** and **Iran** are weekly rates, updated Monday.

ECU: European Currency Unit, a basket of European currencies. The Federal Reserve Board's index of the value of the dollar against 10 other currencies weighted on the basis of trade was 85.87, off 0.10 points or 0.12 percent.

k-Div	Yld %	P/E	Sales 100s	Last	Chg.
Gott		12	75	47/8	–1/8
Rity 1.75	7.1	27	467	24⅝	...
Pir		6	249	19⅛	+⅜
Val .16	1.1	56	964	14	+1/8
NG .96	6.0	20	119	15⅞	+⅜
Cp .20	0.4	11	3667	51⅞	+1½
Am .05	1.0	10	1320	5	...
ech		7	414	13⅝	...
Ck n			3338	13⅝	+¾
ILt			13	5¾	...
Mkt		35	270	71⅜	+1/8
lius			737	7⅝	...
lu pf 3.75	7.0		7	53¼	...
rp 1.40	2.0	12	111123	68⅞	+1
alrHs .12	0.8	17	1346	14⅝	+¾
rFr 2.30	6.2	13	294	37⅜	+½
tEn .80	9.3	6	4165	8⅝	–1/8
xCn		14	907	14⅞	+1/8
lex .20	0.7	18	2932	26⅜	–⅜
SoWst 1.74	f6.6	13	3648	26⅜	–¼
tEur .38e	2.2		148	17⅜	+1/8
sC pr 2.62	9.5		128	27⅝	...
fC prB 2.36	9.0		73	26⅛	...
Hud 2.10	7.1	11	202	29½	...
LAEl 1.50	5.8	12	298	25⅞	–¼
fPw .90	6.1	17	313	14⅞	+¼
fP pfA 7.88	8.0		6	98½	–1½
lws .68	1.9	17	712	35¼	–¼
tPkg n .03p		30	226	29½	+1¾
TmRtl		8	192	½	...
PS .80	5.7	9	170	14⅛	–1/8
htBk 1.00f	2.8	13	29	35⅜	–⅛
yTl .33	1.0	18	1506	34⅝	+⅛
ridian		34	1767	45¾	+¾
mpE s		13	338	27	+⅛
mpln .20	0.5	5	10353	42¼	+¼
pStl .20	1.5	13	48	13⅝	+¼
tHou		19	51	6⅜	+1/8
ert .28	3.2	13	385	8⅞	–⅛
easeBrs		8	299	12	+½
ease 1.80	2.5	12	19995	71½	+3
ease wt			343	37	+2⅝
se pfG 2.63	9.2		118	28⅝	–¼
se pfH 2.44	8.5		12	28¾	+¼
se pfJ 2.71	8.6		112	31½	...
se pfJ 2.27	8.6		31	26½	+1/8
se pfK 2.13	8.2		160	25⅞	–⅛
se pfL 2.08	8.0		62	25⅞	–1/8
se pfM 2.10	8.0		27	26⅝	...
se pfN 1.42e	6.3		2734	22½	...
nateauP 1.60	f6.7	25	189	23⅞	+¼
naus			141	3	...
nkPt		49	2527	39¾	–⅞
helGCA 2.08	7.1	18	115	29¼	+¼
hemed 2.08f	5.3	17	108	39	+⅜
hmBnk 2.00	2.9	10	31085	69¼	+2½
ChBk pfG 2.74	8.8		15	31⅛	...
ChBk pfH 2.09	8.1		544	25¾	...
ChBk pfI 1.98	7.7		226	25⅝	+1/8
ChBk pfJ 1.89	7.4		89	25½	–⅞
ChBk pfK 1.88	7.4		176	25½	–¼
Chspk .80	3.0	7	215	26⅞	...
ChesEn s		53	914	40½	–⅜
ChesUtl .90	5.6	9	38	16	+1/8
Chevron 2.00	3.5	20	13934	56⅜	+⅝
hicBy		54	113	5⅜	–1/8
ile s .80i	3.2		351	25⅛	+½
lgener .95e	3.9		353	24¼	+¼
naFd .09e	0.6		1349	14	–⅛
nTire .08	0.8	11	195	10	+1/8
Yuc .05p			14		

52-week High	Low	Stock-Div	Yld %	P/E	Sales 100s	Last	Chg.
27	25	Citcp pfK 1.94	7.5		12	25⅞	–1/8
13¼	10⅜	CitzUtA .75t		16	867	12	+1/8
13⅜	10½	CitzUtB .75t		16	866	12	...
50⅞	49¼	CitzUt pf 2.50	5.1		73	49½	–1/8
15⅜	9¾	CityNC .36f	2.7	13	304	13½	...
23¼	12⅛	ClairSt .18f	0.8	15	1230	22⅞	...
▲15⅜	8⅛	xClairSt wi			1	15½	+½
27	19	Clarcor .64	3.0	15	262	21⅝	–1/8
23¼	12¼	ClaytH s .08	0.4	18	2796	18⅜	–¼
52	26⅞	ClearC s		54	702	48⅞	–1½
9⅛	7⅝	ClemGlb .50e	5.6		16	8⅞	...
46¾	36⅛	ClvClf 1.30	2.9	9	160	44¼	+¼
83	70¼	ClvEl pf 7.40	9.5		z360	77½	+2½
76	67¼	ClvEl pfL 7.07e	9.9		2	71½	–1
24¾	20¾	ClvEl pfT 2.12	9.3		34	22¾	–¼
89⅝	56	Clorox 2.12	2.5	22	1308	86½	+1¼
26	13⅝	Coachm .28	1.1	11	153	25½	–1/8
34⅝	14½	CoastSv		16	569	28¼	+⅛
39¼	27½	Coastal .40	1.0	16	2653	38⅝	+⅛
26⅝	22¼	Coastl pf 2.13	8.2		37	25⅞	–¼
29⅜	11	CstlPhys			1420	12¾	...
15¾	7½	Coastcst		29	766	14½	+⅛
82¼	53½	CocaCl 1.00f	1.2	35	12178	81⅞	+1¼
29⅞	19¾	CocaCE .10f	0.4	42	2588	25⅝	–⅛
27⅜	12⅞	CCFemsa .10e	0.5	21	2542	22⅛	+¾
25¾	14½	Coeur .15	0.6		1067	23⅜	+⅝
13⅞	11⅞	CohenST .96	7.1		171	13½	+1/8
7⅜	4¼	ColdMtl		10	14	5⅛	–⅛
14⅛	8¼	ColeNatl		5	167	10⅞	–⅛
39⅞	31	Colemn		25	257	37	–⅛
28⅜	24⅛	ColeMyr 1.27r	4.8		11	26½	–½
80⅛	61¾	ColgPal 1.88	2.4	75	3128	78½	+¼
73	63	ColgP pf 4.25	5.8		z400	73	+2½
9⅝	5¾	CollAlk		3	147	7	...
33	22¾	CollBgp 1.08f	3.4	10	53	31⅞	–¼
8¼	7⅜	CollHln .58	7.1		300	8⅛	...
11⅜	9⅞	CollIntln .96	8.9		145	10¾	–⅛
7¼	6⅛	CollHI .70	9.8		304	7⅛	...
10½	9⅜	CollnvG .60m	5.9		459	10⅛	+⅛
7⅜	6½	ColMu .51	7.3		302	7	–⅛
26¼	22⅛	ColonPT 2.00f	8.2	19	348	24⅜	...
18¾	10⅛	Coltec		12	307	12	+1/8
45⅛	25½	ColumGas		9	1669	44⅜	+⅛
58	38¼	ColHCA .12	0.2	23	15992	54½	+⅜
20¾	17	ColumRT 1.50	7.2	23	179	20¾	+⅛
26⅞	z24⅜	ColSP25 n 2.09	8.1		14	25¾	...
23¾	16⅜	Comdsc s		13	516	21⅝	...
26¾	24⅛	Comd pfA 2.20	8.5		3	26	...
26¾	24¼	Comd pfB 2.20	8.5		13	26	...
26⅝	23⅞	Comed pfT 2.12	8.4		68	25¼	...
42¾	26¾	Comeric 1.40	3.5	11	1323	39¾	+½
21⅞	15⅝	CmceGp .24	1.2	7	114	19½	–⅛
39½	22⅞	CmcFdl .40	1.1	12	1286	36⅝	–⅝
22¾	15⅞	CmclTek .54	2.8	11	97	19⅛	+⅛
29	23	CmclMtl .48	1.8	11	127	27	+⅛
13¾	11⅞	CmclNL 1.16	9.0	12	939	12⅞	–⅛
25½	21⅝	CwE prC 1.90	7.6		7	25	+⅜
25⅞	22⅝	CwE prD 2.00	7.9		28	25⅜	...
102	90	CwE prF 8.38	8.3		z10070	101⅛	–½
28⅛	26	CwE prK 2.43	8.9		15	27⅜	–⅛
50	35⅜	ComES 3.00	6.6	10	103	45¾	+⅝

52-week High	Low	Stock-Div	Yld %	P/E	Sales 100s	Last	Chg.
42¾	27⅜	ComHlSy		21	218	39½	+⅜
13⅜	8⅛	CPsyc .01e	0.1	8	907	9⅛	...
44⅜	17½	CompUSA		19	3135	36⅝	+1⅝
38⅝	20	CoBolv .80f	2.2		19	36¾	+⅝
93⅝	48	ChileTel 2.96e	3.6		658	82¼	+¼
56¾	31⅛	Compaq		16	22362	49¾	+⅛
10¾	5	CompCre			256	10¼	+⅜
▲74	36⅝	CmpAscs .13	0.2		6237	74¼	+2⅞
80¾	46½	CompSci		33	1897	78⅛	+1⅜
22	9½	CmpTsk .10	0.6	14	91	17⅞	–⅜
15½	4⅝	Cmptvsn .04	0.4	20	6514	11¼	+¼
25⅝	16¾	Comsat .78	3.4	31	12445	22¾	–⅛
26⅜	24¼	CsatCap pf 2.038.1			164	25⅛	–⅛
27⅝	25⅝	CnCap pfA 2.258.2			23	27⅜	+⅛
24⅝	21	CnCap pfB 1.506.9			93	21⅝	–⅛
28⅛	25⅝	CnCap pfC 2.348.5			82	27½	+⅛
47⅛	30⅞	ConAgr .95	2.2	19	10367	42½	–1¼
14⅜	9⅞	ConeMl			1247	10½	–⅛
15⅝	8	Congolm		8	31	11⅜	+½
22½	18⅝	ConnEn 1.30	6.4	13	36	20⅜	...
25¼	21¼	ConnNG 1.48	6.3	12	37	23½	–⅜
▲74½	50½	Conrail 1.70	2.3	14	5162	74¾	+1¼
▲68	32½	Conseco .08	0.1	7	4853	68	+2
56⅛	35½	Consc pfD 3.25	5.8		133	55⅞	+1⅜
68⅝	61⅜	Consc pfE 4.27	6.2		865	68½	+1½
34¾	26	ConEd 2.08f	6.3	11	4438	33¼	+⅜
80	61	ConE pfA 5.00	6.4		50	78	...
▲81⅛	55	ConE pfC 4.65	5.7		z920	81¼	+¼
29⅜	20⅝	CnsFrt .40a	1.6	23	3249	25⅝	+¼
47⅛	35¾	ConsNG 1.94	4.4	22	1465	43⅞	–⅝
65⅜	47⅝	ConPap 1.68f	3.2	10	446	52¾	+⅞
25⅝	15¾	CnStor		19	1618	23¾	+⅜
4½	1¾	CGDina			454	2⅛	...
3⅜	1⅛	CGDina L			810	1⅛	–⅛
100½	83½	CnP pfD 7.45	7.7		z100	97	+1¾
101½	85¾	CnP pfG 7.76	7.9		z20	98	...
26⅛	23¾	CnP pfI 2.08	8.2		38	25½	...
25⅞	25	CnPF pfJ 2.09	8.2		68	25½	...
27½	25⅛	Contifin n			1029	25⅞	...
46⅞	7⅜	CtlAirA		7	53	46	+¾
50⅜	7½	CtlAirB		8	989	48	+⅜
29⅛	14⅝	ContCan		79	19	16⅝	–⅛
25¼	11	CtlHme .20	1.0	9	1101	20⅝	+⅛
41¾	27	Contin		23	154	38¼	+¼
11⅜	3½	**Converse**			247	5⅝	+½
12½	9⅞	ConvHld .36e	2.9		135	12¼	+⅛
10¾	9⅞	CvHld pf 1.21e	12.0		189	10⅛	–⅛
13⅛	6¾	Cooker .06e	0.5	21	148	12½	–½
37⅜	18½	CoopCa n			477	35	...
11¼	5¼	CoopCo s			82	6⅝	...
40½	32⅞	Cooper 1.32	3.4		2553	38⅝	+⅞
17⅜	13¼	Coopr99 n .81	4.9		1191	16⅝	+¼
29⅝	22¼	CooprTr .30	1.2	18	1722	24½	–⅛
26⅜	3	CoramH			1514	5⅜	...
5⅛	2⅞	Cordiant			512	4¾	+⅛
14⅛	9¾	CoreIn .24	1.8	12	168	13⅜	–⅛
43⅞	28½	CoreStF 1.68	3.9	13	4225	43	+⅜
55½	43⅞	ComD pf 3.00	5.6		243	53¾	–⅜
37⅜	24⅛	CorningIn .72	2.1		3669	34⅜	+⅛

Please see D7

For

RUSNAK RULE #14

LA Times
Feb. 22, '96

INNOVATION / GARY CHAPMAN

Jumping On—and Off—the Technology Bandwagon

There are a lot of reasons for the surprisingly strong showing of Republican presidential candidate Pat Buchanan, but one of the most important and least discussed among them is the profoundly unsettling impact of technological change.

Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, captured some of this angst in testimony to the National Governors' Assn. on Feb. 12: "The fallout from rapidly changing technology has created a marked degree of uncertainty and insecurity among a significant segment of our work force." Buchanan's success with this theme has prompted Bob Dole and other Republican candidates to talk about middle-class anxiety for the first time.

They could say a lot more than they have. In a landmark 1988 book, "In The Age of the Smart Machine," Harvard researcher Shoshanna Zuboff told a story about how pulp-mill workers once decided whether paper pulp was ready to move to another stage in the pulp process by reaching into a vat and tasting some of it. Once the plant was automated, these workers were removed to a glass booth, where they watched the process in abstract form on computer screens. The change resulted in both disorientation and dissatisfaction among the workers.

Not only is technology creating a volatile economy that demands a high tolerance for anxiety and stress, but many people are not at all comfortable in the abstract, ephemeral world of high-tech. Zuboff's interviews with workers reveal a deep ambivalence about technology among Americans. People who once held physical labor and manual skill in high regard are now feeling the contempt of the high-tech elite.

At the same time, they regard the stressful, abstract world of high-tech work as something less than fully human. Workers have reason to fear that we're turning into—in the vivid phrase of Samuel Butler in his 19th-century novel "Erewhon"—"machine-tickling aphids."

Clearly, the polarization of the economy into two classes—"symbolic analysts" (the term Secretary of Labor Robert Reich coined to describe the sophisticated and educated),

Please see INNOVATION, D5

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Details on using Times electronic services, B6

MCA Off to Cautious Start With Interscope

By CHUCK PHILIPS
TIMES STAFF WRITER

MCA Inc. on Wednesday formally completed its $200-million partnership pact with Interscope Records and quickly illustrated how it would try to avoid the national controversy over the Westwood-based label's involvement in "gangsta" rap.

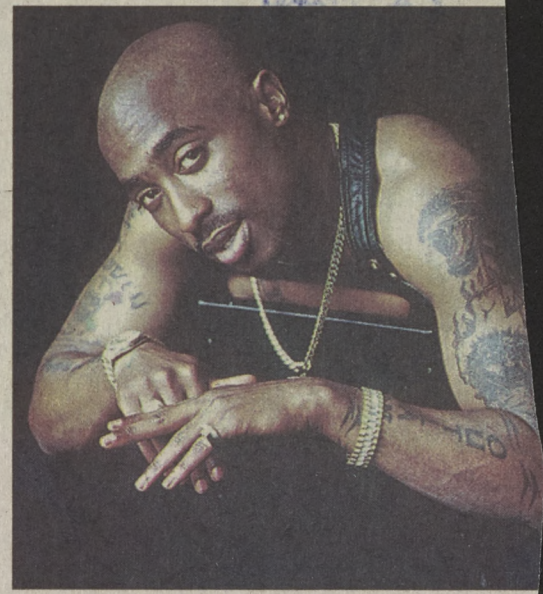
Interscope kicked off its first day at MCA by capturing the No. 1 spot on the nation's pop chart with rapper Tupac Shakur's new expletive-laced "All Eyez on Me" album. Released by Interscope-affiliated Death Row Records, Shakur's double-CD collection sold a spectacular 566,000 copies last week—exceeding the combined total of the next five best-selling albums.

But "All Eyez on Me" was not distributed by MCA—a clear example of how it plans to distance itself from Interscope's most provocative products.

The album instead is being distributed by PolyGram under a contract provision that allows Interscope the freedom to seek other distributors for albums deemed "objectionable" by MCA.

Under terms of the deal, MCA acquired a 50% stake

Please see RAP, D3



Tupac Shakur's new Interscope album hit N

SAVE

OPINIONS

THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC

Entitlements enrich middle class

By Walter Russell Mead



In all the budget brouhaha emanating from Washington, one fact has been overlooked: the effect of cutting Washington's budgets on family budgets around the nation. The plans currently on the table to cut the federal deficit will not make the deficit go away; rather, the budget plans transfer hundreds of billions of dollars in red ink from the public to the private sector. Washington's budgets may balance if these plans go through. But the family budgets of millions of people in the American middle class won't.

Think about it. If the federal government didn't pay for grandma's health care, who would bail grandma out?

Hint: It isn't Steve Forbes. Medicare and Social Security were designed not just to keep old folks from destitution; they were designed to enable working families to build assets for the future — to buy homes, educate the kids, even take a vacation — without the financial burden of caring for aged parents.

Medicaid, which most people think of as a program for welfare recipients, works for the middle class, too. In the old days, older people who needed nursing-home care had to sell their houses and everything else to pay the nursing-home bills. Once their own money had run out, their adult children had to pay.

Medicaid created a way out. Older people sign their assets over to their families and, after a waiting period, the government picks up their nursing costs.

It's expensive; it's a boondoggle — and it has been the financial salvation of many middle class families.

Deficit hawks, armed with alarming charts and statistics, talk about the consequences of today's deficits on future generations. Interest on the national debt will crush our grandchildren.

Envy of world

This isn't so. Contrary to widespread belief, the deficit isn't impoverishing future generations — it is enriching them, especially the middle class. The federal budget deficit, and the entitlement programs that drive the federal government into the red, have made the American middle class the envy of the world.

This concept — of building a strong and prosperous middle class by transferring public wealth to American families — isn't new. It is part of the pioneer spirit. The Homestead Act of 1862 was the great entitlement program of the 19th century. It allowed — entitled — any American citizen to claim 163 acres of public land just by living on it.

It was a colossal boondoggle. "Vote yourself a farm!" was the slogan proponents of the Homestead Act used in elections — and it worked. Americans voted themselves farms, and the pioneers moved west, settling on their free homesteads from the Midwest to the Pacific.

Most deficit hawks thought this was crazy, and said the public lands should be sold at auction to reduce budget deficits and pay off the national debt. The Homestead Act, conservatives warned at the time, was a crazy giveaway that would impoverish America.

But in the end, the Homestead Act made America richer. The transfer of wealth from the public sector into private hands gave families the opportunity to build assets and a future — just as the entitlement programs do today.

With the end of the frontier, the Homestead Act could no longer serve as a mass transfer of wealth. In the 20th century, America found other ways to use the power of government to make families better off. Housing policy made mortgages artificially cheap, enabling millions of families to own their homes. Government grants to colleges and universities kept tuition low enough so that more and more Americans could get degrees. Government stayed relatively poor — and the people grew richer.

Today, the entitlement programs play this role. They are vast, wealth-creating subsidies for the middle class, the most productive group in our society and, culturally and politically, the key to our common future.

Richer and richer

The theory is simple, and hasn't changed since the Homestead Act: Give Americans a chance, and they will create wealth — enough wealth to offset the costs of helping them get a start. The Homestead Act cost the Treasury plenty — but it settled the West and created so much wealth that the cost didn't matter. The GI Bill worked the same way: With more education, workers were so much more productive that the United States got richer even as the government gave billions away.

Despite the moans of the doomsayers, that theory still applies. Sure, the national debt is up to $5 trillion — but the public and private assets of the American people are up to more than $30 trillion.

The federal subsidies and entitlement programs are responsible for bringing the American dream of home ownership within reach of the middle class. Almost two-thirds of American households own the home they live in, and our national house equity alone amounts to more than $7 trillion — $4 trillion after netting out the mortgage.

Generation Xers are right to worry about the long-term financial health of the federal entitlement programs — but wrong to see them as transfers of income from the young to the old. Without Medicare, Medicaid and Social Security, American families would be so bowed down paying bills for the aged that they wouldn't have money to send the Xers to college, much less buy homes for the kids to inherit.

If the deficit hawks actually manage to balance the budget by 2002 — a big "if" for all those who remember the Gramm-Rudman promise to balance the budget in 1991, and Ronald Reagan's promise to balance the budget by 1983 — they will do it by transferring massive costs now borne by government to middle-class families across the United States. Ironically, the result will be the opposite of what many deficit hawks intend. Instead of shrinking government and enriching the private sector, eliminating the federal deficit will effectively transfer hundreds of billions, ultimately trillions, of dollars in wealth from the private sector into the public coffers.

When moaning about the deficit that our kids will inherit, we should also look at the assets they will get: $4 trillion in house equity, another $5 trillion in government assets, such as highways and public lands, trillions more in financial assets. The next generation of Americans may have problems, but they will be financially better off than almost anyone on the planet. And the generous transfer of wealth from the federal government to private households is one of the main forces keeping it that way.

Entitlement programs need to be reformed so they can be sustained, but as the budget debate waxes and wanes, Americans must remember that, like the Homestead Act and the GI Bill, entitlements are part of what makes America great.

The federal government is the goose whose golden eggs have made Americans rich; if we want more eggs — and surely we do — we can't starve and abuse it.

Walter Russell Mead is a presidential fellow at the World Policy Institute. He wrote this article for the Los Angeles Times.

Balkanized GOP finds no common base

The Republican Party after Ronald Reagan is like Yugoslavia after Marshal Tito. No longer united by a strong, charismatic leader, the party is Balkanizing before our eyes.

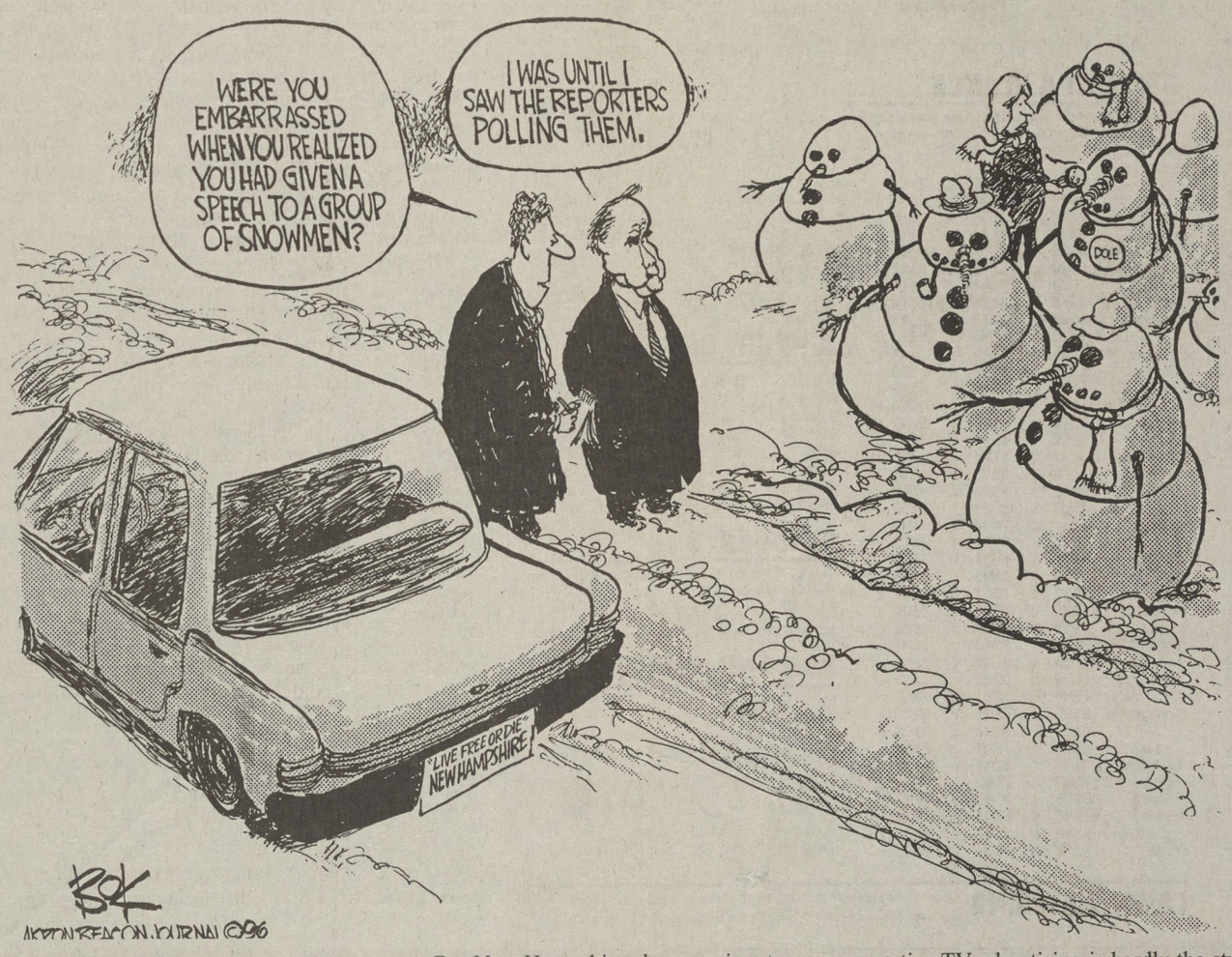
The Iowa caucuses provide the latest casualty figures. Bob Dole, leader of the Republican Party in the Senate, won this quaint contest not because of his national leadership but because of his home state geography. Iowans made clear they were voting for a Kansan because he is a Kansan.

Those who backed Pat Buchanan, the second-place finisher, followed a similar impulse. Just as the Dole people voted for the local man because there was nobody on the list of national stature, the Religious Right voted for the columnist/TV commentator because he sang the loudest from its hymnal. Dole, Steve Forbes and Lamar Alexander skipped the anti-gay rally held in Des Moines recently; Buchanan showed up and took the requisite oath against "single-sex marriages" in what must be counted, even by right-wing zealots, as an especially odd moment in presidential campaign history.

Such genuflections to geography and single-issue conservative religious groups like the one which railed and rallied against single-sex marriages in Iowa does nothing to build a national political movement. If Dole squeaks out a victory on the basis of shared Midwestern soil, does that suggest Republicans across the country will be satisfied with the 35-year Capitol Hill veteran going up against Bill Clinton next fall? If Pat Buchanan targets religious conservatives in a caucus state that accords them unusual clout, does that suggest a national movement afoot for the 57-year-old's America First-ism?

Not necessarily; in fact, not likely. If an Iowan votes for a Kansan because he's a Kansan, it's because he lacks a presidential candidate with a more compelling appeal. If the Religious Right plays a decisive role in a statewide political caucus, it's because no more compelling movement or leader is dominating the discussion.

Unfortunately for the Republicans this year, the same factional impulses that were displayed in Iowa threaten to erupt in Tuesday's New Hampshire primary, where Pat Buchanan is picking up strength from fellow Roman Catholics who share both his Archie Bunker conservatism and Rust Belt populism.



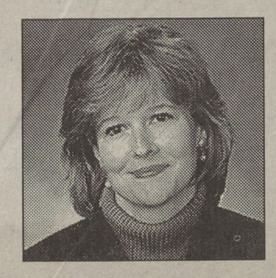


CHRISTOPHER MATTHEWS
Tribune Media Services

But New Hampshire also promises to showcase another symptom of the post-Reagan factionalism: a popular rejection of the political process itself. Women voters are especially angered by the negative TV advertising that has saturated the Boston and Manchester TV markets in recent weeks. This largest voting bloc, representing 52 percent of the expected Republican primary vote next Tuesday, is moving toward the one candidate who escapes blame for the incessant finger-pointing: Lamar Alexander.

But, again, a strong showing by the former Tennessee governor in New Hampshire would hardly signal the launch of a national Republican movement if his support represents nothing more than the rejection of other candidates. Let's face it: Opposition to negative TV advertising is hardly the stuff that builds a presidential campaign, much less a strong governing political movement. If people are excited by a candidate or political party, they are not going to spend much time worrying if the candidate's TV commercials are sufficiently kind and gentle. Did anyone vote against George Bush in 1988 for the ad that showed poor Mike Dukakis taking that ill-advised tank ride?

No. If Lamar Alexander gets the turned-off women in New Hampshire, and Buchanan the angry males, especially those among his co-religionists, this will hardly produce a winning national coalition for the fall. It will prove, just as Iowa did, that the Republican Party of Ronald Reagan will not be put together again 'til it finds another leader like Ronald Reagan.



KATHLEEN PARKER
Tribune Media Services

Judicial stupidity hits kids

If stupidity were currency, America would be rich. For unimagined wealth, look no further than an Illinois family court where at least two judges think jailing children of divorce is a creative solution to managing confused, hurt kids.

A case currently before the Third District Appellate Court of Illinois, which is expected to issue a ruling any day now, is so bizarre one wonders whether health officials ought to check courthouse water fountains for brain-damaging toxins.

In a nutshell, a judge last July shackled and jailed a 12-year-old girl for . . . what?! Murdering her mother? Kidnapping a toddler? Robbery? Truancy? Prostitution? No. Little Heidi Nussbaum was thrown in the can for refusing to visit her estranged father.

The judge, Ludwig Kuhar, found the girl in contempt of court and sent her packing. Heidi spent one night in juvenile detention before being released while her case is on appeal.

Since the judge's ruling is unfathomable, we might ask what was on the child's mind when she opted to go to jail rather than to spend a night with her father.

Her answer wasn't exactly cause for slack-jawed wonder. Heidi said she didn't want to spend time with her father because he called her mother and grandparents "wicked" and said they "deserved to die."

Kuhar, his knuckles bruised and bleeding presumably from dragging on the floor, was unperturbed by such childish reportage. Shackle the little twit! Meanwhile, in literary heaven, Charles Dickens reportedly was in rictal rapture over such legally sanctioned child abuse.

Surely there must be more to the story, right? Well, yes, there is. Kuhar also found the girl's 8-year-old sister, Rachel, in contempt, but, in what must have been an unfamiliar spasm of sanity, ruled she was too young for jail. Instead, Kuhar placed the girl under house arrest, forbidding her to watch television. What would Kuhar have done had the child defiantly flipped on the Nickelodeon channel? Cut off her pinkie?

Contrary to all hope and human reason, that's not all folks.

The Nussbaum case apparently was but a precedent for other low-brow, lower-court rulings. In another Illinois proceeding, Judge Robert C. Lorz is threatening to send Galatea Kapsimalis, 15, and her brother, Peter, 14, to jail, also for contempt in refusing to visit their father, get this, without headphones and books (which they reportedly used to ignore their father).

The children, who perceive their father as having abandoned them, complain that during previous visitations when they wanted to return early to their mother's home, their father called the cops. Gee, wonder why they wanted to leave.

Of course, perceptions often are at variance with reality. The children in both cases may be wrong. They may have confused feelings toward their fathers because of the trauma of their families' breakup. And, maybe the mothers are derelict in not discouraging their children's negative feelings. Who knows?

But under no circumstances can one justify shackling and jailing a 12-year-old child for what any reasonable person would recognize as extraordinary pain. There's usually a reason children don't want to visit a non-custodial parent, and it's rarely as simple as one parent's influence. As any trench-weary parent knows, children love or hate whom they choose without much regard for their parents' preferences.

Lorz and Kuhar aren't discussing their cases, but Lorz's comments from transcripts of last June's hearing shed light on his position: "It would be chaos, pure and simple, if I were to allow every 11- or 12- or 13-year-old with an IQ over 120 to decide what their parents were going to do, and even more important, to make a decision to act as an Appellate Court on my decisions."

No one would argue that children should have the final word on adult decisions. But judges have great latitude in enforcing orders. At the very least, children who prefer imprisonment to visitation need counseling. Under no imaginable circumstance are leg irons and jail needed to "punish" such children.

Both fathers, though they've dragged their kids through agonizing court proceedings, profess misty-eyed their paternal love. "My God," said Heidi's father, Sheldon Nussbaum, "you would have to be a monster to want your child locked up."

No argument here.

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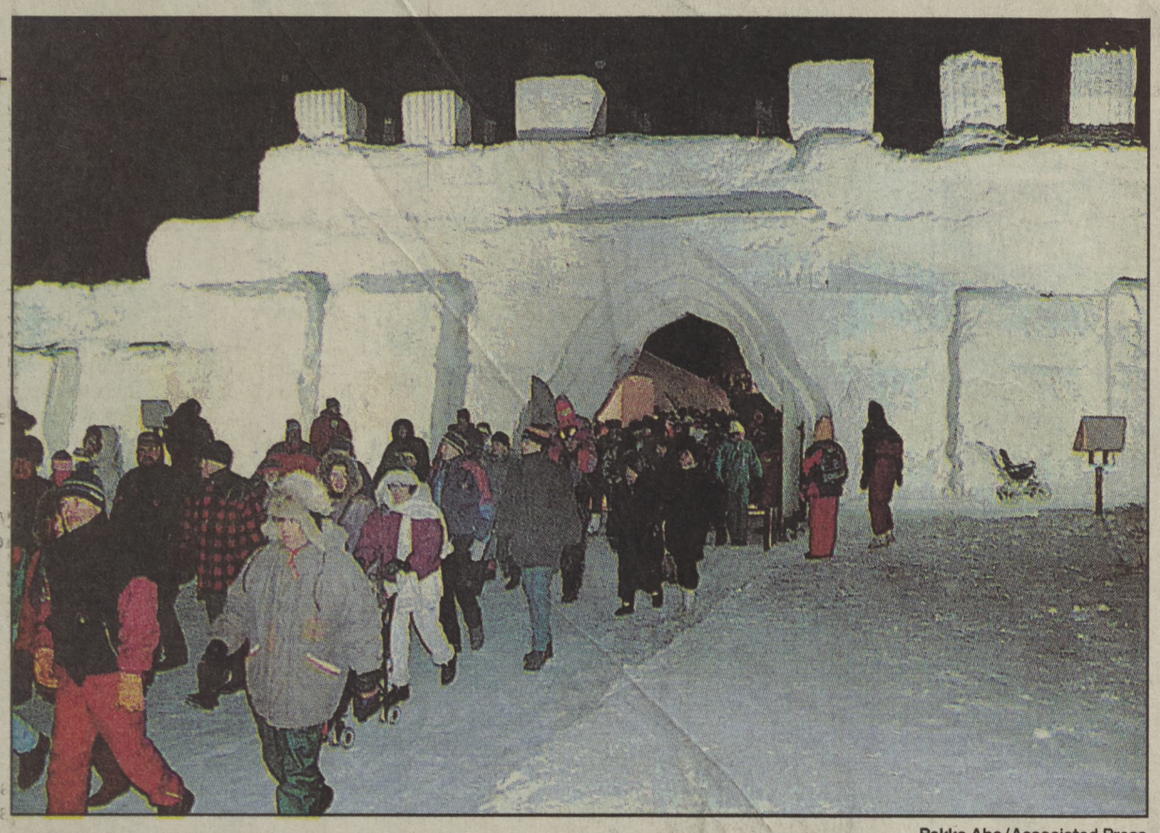
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Pekka Aho/Associated Press

About 7,000 people went to Saturday's opening of what is being called the world's biggest snow castle in Kemi, Finland.

It's snow time: Massive ice castle opens

Associated Press

KEMI, Finland — The castle's tower is about five-stories high. The edifice boasts a 3,000-seat auditorium, a children's play area and a restaurant capped with arched ceilings.

Yet, it only cost $780,000 to build, and there'll never be a bill for cooling.

That's how it goes when the only materials used in construction are ice and snow.

Built on 2½ acres along the frozen harbor in Kemi, 450 miles north of Helsinki, the structure is billed as the world's largest snow castle.

Saturday's opening celebration attracted 7,000 people who partied, danced and shivered as temperatures plunged to 4 degrees below zero.

But the chill wasn't enough to cool the passion of at least one couple, who took their wedding vows in the castle's ice chapel.

With walls nearly 10-feet thick, the castle might not melt until midsummer, if then.

Owners say the *Guinness Book of World Records* is expected to announce the snow castle as the largest in the world.

PEOPLE

Nostalgic Morgan Freeman honored



Morgan Freeman

Morgan Freeman remembers a best-actor prize he won at age 12 as his highest honor.

The accolade, for a school-play performance in Greenwood, Miss., was on Freeman's mind Saturday when he accepted another Mississippi award, the Governor's Award for Excellence in the Arts.

"It was like a group pat on the back: a 'well done,' " Freeman recalled of his childhood honor. "Every time you give . . . young people a 'well done,' they go on to do better, and I thank you for that.

"I thank you for this 'well done,' and I will go on and attempt to do better."

Freeman, 58, lives in the northwest Mississippi community of Charlestown, just north of his childhood home.

Ed Bradley's earring pierces newsman's image

60 Minutes correspondent **Ed Bradley** has a wild side. Sometimes, though, he just needs a nudge to show it.

Like the time he told singer and actress **Liza Minnelli** he'd always wanted to get his ear pierced, but never had the nerve because of his high-profile job.

Revealing his secret wish during a 1986 interview, Bradley also told Minnelli about his nickname, "Teddy," which friends use to describe the veteran reporter's fun side.

"I said 'You know, it's *60 Minutes* and all seriousness and gravity and all that, but Teddy says, 'It's just an earring,' " Bradley says in the Feb. 24 issue of *TV Guide*.

"We were doing another interview the next day, and she gave me an earring and says, 'When you see Teddy, give it to him,' " Bradley recalls. "So that was when I went out and got my ear pierced."

Colleagues at *60 Minutes* had wide-ranging reactions when he started showing up at work with a gold hoop in his left lobe.

"Oh, there was some shock," he says. "I think the original reaction was: 'I guess he wants to have it . . . but he's not going to wear that on the air, is he?' "

Time doesn't diminish Ann-Margret's appeal

At age 54, **Ann-Margret** can kid about her sex-symbol image.

"Me? Sexy? I'm 95!" she says. "My sexuality! That's in the eye of the beholder."

Seriously though, she's comfortable with the image years have yet to diminish, since it always came naturally.

"I have always moved the way I move," she says in the Feb. 24 issue of *TV Guide*. "I have always walked the way I walk since I was a little girl. I don't think about it. I feel I have movements like a cat. I study them. I am a tactile person."



Ann-Margret

And for her, there are three things that make men sexy.

"A guy who is shy, this is one of the three sexiest things on Earth," she said. "The other two . . . I won't tell you."

In her latest miniseries, the veteran actress plays a schoolteacher who has her husband killed. She says her own husband, **Roger Smith,** had to persuade her to take the role.

"He says to me, 'Ann-Margret, do you always want to play heroines?' "

Seduced by Madness: The Diane Borchardt Story begins airing at 8 p.m. Sunday on Channel 12 (KPNX).

Compiled from reports by the *Associated Press.*

To hear more People news, call *PressLine* at 271-5656 and push 1133.

Maricopa County pollution report: 506-6400

THE WEATHER

fONEWS / REPUBLIC/GAZETTE WEATHER 271-5656, PRESS 3333

5-DAY FORECAST

Today
Mostly cloudy.
High 79.
Low 61.

Tuesday
Mostly cloudy.
High 75.
Low 57.

Wednesday
Chc. showers.
High 69.
Low 56.

Thursday
Showers ending.
High 64.
Low 50.

Friday
Partly cloudy.
High 67.
Low 50.

PHOENIX

Sunday (24 hours ending at 5 p.m.)

High temperature:	80°
Low temperature:	53°
Rainfall:	0.00
High, low relative humidity:	57/13%
Barometric pressure at 5 p.m.	29.80
Record high this date:	86° in 1977
Record low this date:	29° in 1964
Normal high, low:	71°/45°

Statistics for Saturday, Feb. 17, 1996

High temperature:	81°
Low temperature:	53°
Average temperature:	67°
+ or - normal average temperature	+9°
Average wind speed:	4.0 mph
Peak wind gust:	10 mph from southeast
High, low dew point:	41°/36°
High, low relative humidity:	57/21%
Rainfall:	0.00"
Rainfall to date:	0.72"
+ or - normal to date:	-0.30"

Arizona hot spot Sunday
86° at Bullhead City

Arizona cold spot Sunday
27° at Springerville

Dew Point Forecast:
Most evaporative coolers are effective only when the dew point is below 55 degrees.
8 a.m.: **39°** Noon: **40°** 3 p.m.: **30°**

POLLUTION

Carbon monoxide	Ozone	Particulates
41 Good	43 Good	42 Good

Central Phoenix for 24 hours ended yesterday 3 p.m.

	Carbon Monoxide	Ozone
N. Phoenix	30, good	51, moderate
S. Phoenix	40, good	50, good
W. Phoenix	46, good	44, good
Glendale	26, good	42, good
Pinnacle Peak	no report	41, good
Falcon Field	no report	47, good
S. Scottsdale	34, good	44, good
Mesa, Tempe	37, good	52, moderate
Hot Spot	66, moderate	

Source: Maricopa County Bureau Air Pollution Control

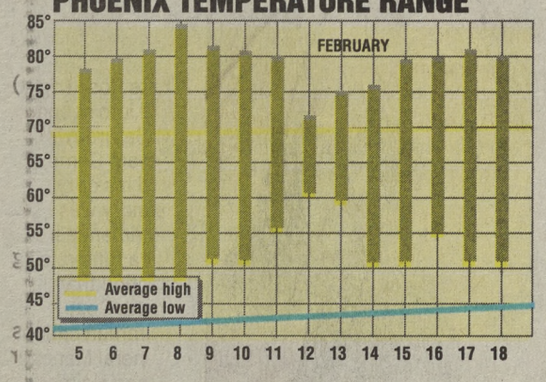
POLLEN, MOLD

Average for samples taken at stations throughout Maricopa County for the 24-hour period ending at noon Thursday. Figures represent numbers of parts found per cubic meter.

Very high (51+): Ash 66; Cladosporium 84
High (26-50): None; Alternaria 29

Source: Hi-Health Nutrition Stores Research Department

PHOENIX TEMPERATURE RANGE



TODAY'S FORECAST

Temperatures for Arizona are forecast highs and lows.



STATE AT A GLANCE

Skies will be mostly cloudy across the state today with a chance of rain developing in northern sections late in the evening.

	Sun		TODAY		Tue	
Alpine	nr/nr	c	54/43	c	49/43	c
Bisbee	75/47	s	72/54	c	70/55	c
Buckeye	nr/46	s	83/54	c	79/50	c
Bullhead City	86/55	c	85/57	c	79/53	r
Cnyn de Chy	69/40	pc	67/43	c	66/42	r
Carefree	76/50	s	75/58	c	71/54	c
Casa Grande	85/50	nr	84/58	c	80/54	c
Coolidge	85/42	pc	84/50	c	80/46	c
Cottonwood	nr/42	s	69/54	c	65/54	c
Douglas	81/35	s	78/42	c	76/43	c
Flagstaff	57/28	s	55/40	c	51/40	r
Gila Bend	80/50	nr	82/57	c	80/56	c
Globe	nr/42	s	70/54	c	66/54	c
Grnd Cnyn	57/28	s	55/40	c	51/40	r
Greer	55/29	c	53/41	c	49/41	c
Heber	nr/nr	c	57/44	c	54/43	r
Holbrook	71/29	pc	69/32	c	68/31	r
Kingman	69/52	c	68/54	c	62/50	r
Lk Hvsu City	82/56	c	81/58	c	75/54	r
Nogales	77/41	pc	74/48	c	72/49	c
Organ Pipe	79/47	nr	81/54	c	79/53	c
Page	67/51	s	65/54	c	64/53	r
Payson	68/33	c	66/45	c	62/45	c
Phoenix	80/53	s	79/61	c	75/57	c
Pinetop	56/32	c	54/44	c	50/44	c
Prescott	65/39	pc	63/51	c	59/51	c
Safford	79/36	s	76/43	c	74/44	c
Sedona	nr/36	s	67/48	c	63/48	c
Show Low	61/43	c	59/55	c	nr/nr	c
Sierra Vista	75/44	pc	72/51	c	70/52	c
Springerville	65/27	c	63/39	c	59/39	c
St. Johns	64/37	pc	62/40	c	61/39	r
Tucson	79/47	s	76/54	c	74/55	c
Wickenburg	83/37	s	82/45	c	78/41	c
Willcox	78/33	s	75/40	c	73/41	c
Williams	63/36	s	61/48	c	57/48	r
Winslow	69/40	s	67/43	c	66/42	r
Youngtown	82/50	s	81/58	c	77/54	c
Yuma	81/56	pc	83/63	c	81/62	c



AIRPORT OUTLOOK

City	Delays	City	Delays
Atlanta	Possible	Las Vegas	None
Chicago	Possible	Los Angeles	Likely
Columbus	Likely	Minneapolis	Possible
Dallas	None	New York	None
Denver	None	San Francisco	Possible
Detroit	Likely	Seattle	Possible
Houston	None	St. Louis	None

UV INDEX: 3 (Low)

Minutes in the sun today to redden untanned and unprotected skin.
9 am: **60** Noon: **38** 3pm: **42**

Source: Arizona Cancer Center, Tucson.

SUN AND MOON

Sunset today:	6:16 p.m.
Sunrise Tuesday:	7:07 a.m.
Moon rises today:	7:24 a.m.
Moon sets today:	7:26 p.m.

Frist	Full	Last	New
Feb. 25	March 5	March12	March19

LAWN WATERING .34 is needed for rye grass lawns if last watered 3 days ago.
For more information: the Phoenix Conservation Resource Division: 256-3433

THE NATION

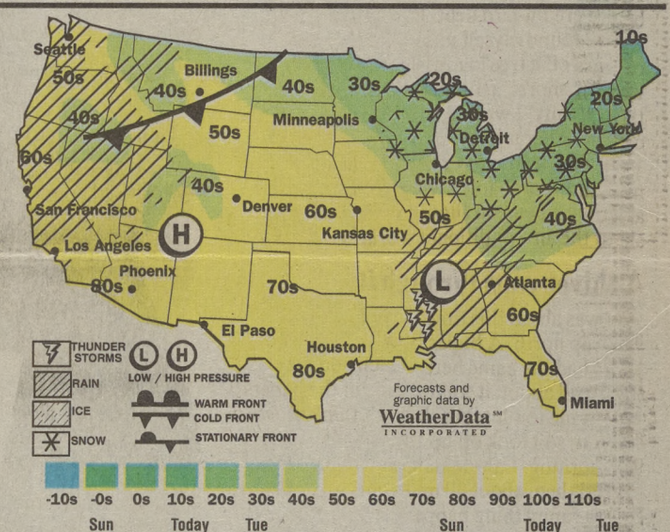
Forecast temperatures and precipitation for the nation today
Excluding Hawaii and Alaska.

Nation's hot spot Sunday
87° at McAllen, Texas

Nation's cold spot Sunday
-30° at Ely, Minn.

s-sunny, pc- partly cloudy, c- cloudy, r- rain, f-fog sh- showers, sf- snow flurries, sn- snow, w- windy, th- thunderstorms, i- ice, T- trace, nr- no report, cl- clear.

	Sun			Today			Tue		
	Hi	Lo	Prc	Hi	Lo	Sky	Hi	Lo	Sky
Albany, N.Y.	24	12		28	5	pc	38	25	sn
Albuquerque	66	45		66	40	pc	64	39	c
Amarillo	78	34		73	38	pc	78	42	pc
Anchorage	23	17	.01	25	-1	sn	5	-7	sn
Atlanta	58	31		57	42	sh	64	46	r
Atlantic City	21	16		39	18	c	39	34	c
Austin	76	47		80	52	pc	82	55	pc
Baltimore	35	19		38	20	r	40	32	r
Baton Rouge	70	35		74	54	c	78	55	pc
Billings	60	40		53	38	w	53	33	c
Birmingham	58	23		61	42	sh	71	45	r
Bismarck	45	18	.02	43	24	pc	49	22	c
Boise	58	40	.19	54	44	sh	49	39	sh
Boston	34	20		34	12	s	45	30	c
Brownsville	82	56		88	61	pc	85	63	pc
Buffalo	12	6	.11	32	14	c	43	29	sh
Brlington, Vt.	20	18	.01	27	2	pc	48	23	sh
Caribou	17	6	.02	16	-10	c	26	7	sh
Casper	57	31		54	37	w	54	32	sh
Chrlstn, S.C.	57	36		64	39	c	67	52	sh
Chrlstn W.Va.	32	22	.03	50	25	r	64	43	r
Charlotte	50	25		41	28	c	56	38	sh
Chattanooga	48	25		53	34	r	70	45	r
Cheyenne	50	36		55	36	w	55	33	c
Chicago	28	9		40	26	c	52	35	sh
Cincinnati	32	13		45	25	sn	55	41	r
Cleveland	18	11	.10	39	19	sn	49	36	r
Colo Springs	56	32	.01	64	33	pc	61	35	c
Colmbia, S.C.	56	28		55	30	c	63	48	sh
Colmbus, Ga.	62	28		64	43	sh	71	48	r
Colmbus, Oh.	22	7		41	23	sn	53	37	r
Concord, N.H.	28	5		29	-4	c	36	22	c
Corpus Chr.	80	58		86	59	pc	87	57	pc
Dallas	76	34		76	48	pc	80	56	pc
Dayton	26	5		41	23	sn	53	38	r
Denver	57	39		60	34	pc	57	39	pc
Des Moines	32	12		53	43	pc	56	43	c
Detroit	19	2		37	31	sn	45	39	r
Duluth	14	-16		34	15	c	37	26	sn
Durango	54	30		60	34	pc	55	43	c
El Paso	80	55		78	52	pc	78	49	pc
Eugene	57	50	2.25	57	47	r	53	42	r
Evansville	39	18		50	29	c	60	39	sh
Fairbanks	30	17	.61	5	0	pc	0	-20	pc
Fargo	20	-3	.05	39	20	c	40	22	c
Fort Wayne	28	2		40	20	c	50	33	r
Fresno	68	50		65	56	r	63	53	r
Grnd Jnction	61	37		60	34	c	58	43	sh
Grand Rapids	26	2		36	18	sn	45	32	sh
Great Falls	55	42		52	37	w	52	33	c
Green Bay	20	-4		35	16	sn	46	30	sh
Greensboro	43	24		39	27	c	55	36	sh
Hartford	30	11		30	5	s	37	25	c
Helena	54	32		48	33	c	48	30	c
Honolulu	78	65		77	68	c	78	67	c
Houston	76	44		80	57	pc	85	57	pc
Indianapolis	34	13		44	24	c	55	35	r
Jcksn, Miss.	66	30		70	49	th	77	48	c
Jacksonville	65	32		70	39	pc	74	46	sh
Juneau	35	32		33	27	sn	30	25	sn
Kansas City	43	21		61	33	pc	66	42	pc
Knoxville	44	25		51	32	r	65	44	r
Las Vegas	73	54		72	56	w	66	56	sh
Little Rock	53	30		72	44	pc	76	50	pc
Los Angeles	65	56		65	59	sh	64	57	sh
Louisville	38	21		50	30	r	60	42	r
Lubbock	83	34		77	39	pc	78	44	pc
Memphis	51	29		66	45	r	73	50	c



	Sun			Today			Tue		
	Hi	Lo	Prc	Hi	Lo	Sky	Hi	Lo	Sky
Miami Beach	65	44		74	52	pc	76	61	c
Midland	87	37		79	44	pc	79	48	pc
Milwaukee	28	9		38	20	sn	48	32	sh
Mpls-St. Paul	22	4	.01	39	19	c	44	28	sh
Mobile	68	39		68	48	sh	73	49	th
Nashville	47	26		56	36	r	72	47	r
New Orleans	72	40		74	54	c	78	55	pc
New York Cty	32	22		34	15	s	41	20	c
Norfolk, Va.	42	29		49	27	r	54	43	r
North Platte	64	21		64	27	pc	61	28	pc
Okla City	68	28		75	40	pc	74	44	pc
Omaha	40	21		56	28	pc	56	35	c
Orlando	67	35		74	43	s	75	52	c
Palm Springs	84	56		83	56	c	80	57	c
Philadelphia	31	19		37	12	pc	40	33	c
Phoenix	80	53		79	61	c	75	57	c
Pittsburgh	24	16	.10	41	18	sn	54	35	r
Portland, ME	29	12		31	6	c	34	23	c
Portland, Ore.	59	53	.54	56	46	r	52	43	r
Providence	32	16		35	9	s	47	29	c
Raleigh, N.C.	45	26		46	28	c	56	40	c
Rapid City	61	24		58	36	c	52	34	pc
Reno	57	30		52	42	sh	50	34	sh
Richmond	39	17		44	22	pc	46	36	sh
Roanoke	38	27		42	22	r	44	33	r
Rchester, N.Y.	14	12	.01	32	11	c	43	29	sh
Sacramento	66	51		63	54	r	62	55	r
St Louis	38	23		53	42	pc	70	42	c
Salt Lake Cty	56	37	.07	56	39	sh	45	35	sh
San Antonio	76	47		82	55	pc	84	55	pc
San Diego	64	59		63	58	c	61	57	sh
San Francisco	66	56		63	57	r	62	55	r
San Jose	67	54	.01	65	58	r	62	54	r
Santa Fe	62	32		61	35	pc	58	34	c
S Ste. Marie	13	-15		28	5	sn	40	22	sh
Savannah	61	34		68	40	c	68	52	sh
Seattle	55	50	.50	54	43	sh	46	41	r
Shreveport	65	32		77	55	pc	78	54	pc
Sioux City	43	19		53	28	pc	52	41	c
Sioux Falls	42	14	.01	51	26	pc	48	29	c
Spokane	51	41	.20	47	36	pc	44	34	sh
Sprgfield, Ill.	34	16		59	38	c	59	45	c
Syracuse	11	13	.03	30	7	c	40	25	sh
Tallahassee	66	25		71	36	c	74	43	th
Tampa	65	43		70	48	pc	73	56	c
Topeka	44	21		65	33	pc	63	41	pc
Tucson	79	47		76	54	c	74	55	c
Tulsa	59	23		74	43	pc	82	49	pc
Washington	38	25		38	24	r	40	32	r
Wichita	58	25		66	38	pc	68	44	pc
Wichita Falls	75	31		79	44	s	76	48	pc
Wilkes-Barre	24	18		34	5	c	37	29	sh

CANADA

City	Hi	Lo	Prc
Calgary	55	34	
Edmonton	35	23	
Halifax	32	25	.02
Montreal	10	0	
Ottawa	4	-4	.02
Regina	26	12	
St. John's	46	37	.34
Toronto	13	1	
Vancouver	56	49	.42
Winnipeg	11	-10	

MEXICO

Acapulco	85	72	s
Chihuahua	68	41	s
Cabo San Lucas	81	61	s
Guadalajara	86	52	pc
Hermosillo	75	57	pc
La Paz	86	59	pc
Mazatlan	82	66	pc
Mexico City	77	50	pc
Monterrey	77	54	pc
Puerto Vallarta	82	68	s

THE WORLD

City	Hi	Lo	Sky	City	Hi	Lo	Sky
Amsterdam	45	37	sh	Manila	85	69	pc
Athens	57	50	c	Mecca	82	59	s
Bangkok	99	81	r	Milan	64	32	c
Beijing	32	19	s	Moscow	32	30	c
Berlin	40	31	pc	Nairobi	79	52	pc
Bogota	65	48	pc	New Delhi	75	52	pc
Brussels	45	41	s	Oslo	21	-11	pc
Buenos Aires	79	72	c	Paris	46	43	r
Cairo	66	52	pc	Perth	90	66	pc
Casablanca	72	46	pc	Rio de Janeiro	95	79	pc
Copenhagen	27	25	sn	Riyadh	63	55	c
Dublin	46	37	sh	Rome	55	39	c
Frankfurt	41	37	s	San Juan	84	72	c
Geneva	41	36	c	Santiago	88	52	pc
Havana	86	65	pc	Seoul	37	23	pc
Helsinki	7	1	s	Shanghai	37	28	c
Ho Chi Minh City	93	77	pc	Stockholm	23	0	pc
Hong Kong	64	50	r	Sydney	77	61	pc
Jerusalem	57	45	pc	Taipei	67	55	r
Johannesburg	73	57	c	Tel Aviv	67	52	pc
Kiev	37	30	s	Tokyo	34	32	s
London	50	43	sh	Vienna	43	34	c
Madrid	63	30	s	Warsaw	37	23	pc

Data for North and South America cities for the 24 hours ending 5 p.m. yesterday. Data for other cities for the 24 hours through midnight yesterday.

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THE WEEK IN REVIEW

Section 4

Sunday, July 18, 1993

Running Wild



Greg Boll

The Mississippi River, overflowing its narrow channel, left, submerged acres of farmland last week near Wapello in southeastern Iowa.

The Mississippi Reclaims Its True Domain

By ISABEL WILKERSON

CHICAGO

NO one alive has seen the Father of Rivers yawn this high or this wide. No one imagined the Mississippi or its relatives would take such liberties, consuming so many hamlets whole, or that, if they did, technology would be nearly helpless to stop them.

There have been floods before. People in Hannibal, Mo., or Keokuk, Iowa, or Quincy, Ill., can tell you about watching their fathers and uncles pack sandbags to protect the year's corn crop or the feed store. For generations, some farmers figured floods and droughts into the cost of doing business. But then the country's big plumbing system of levees and dams, made better after every flood, was supposed to keep the rivers in their place and maintain the comfortable paradox of living on a floodplain.

Now the unimaginable has happened. Across the Midwestern cornbelt it has rained in biblical proportions — 49 straight days, often in torrents. The rivers, driven past their banks, have taken back land that long ago was theirs, invading 15 million acres of farmland in eight states, forcing 36,000 people from their homes, halting river traffic for 600 miles and causing billions of dollars in damage.

From the air, from Minnesota to Missouri, from Kansas to Illinois, it looks like someone has spilled gallons and gallons of coffee on a green patchwork quilt that happens to be farms and towns. In silt rivers now wide as lakes, treetops look like bushes in a swimming pool, bridges and highways and other brave monuments to engineering are reduced to thin, threatened slivers, and even their builders know the water could take them, too, if it wanted. The floods have made the broad, S-curved Mississippi and its otherwise perfectly ordered valley look more like the Florida Keys.

> 'The river is taking back its old places. The water is saying, "This is where I used to be." '

Unlike earthquakes and hurricanes, floods defy the human urge to quantify. There is no single measure — no Richter scale, or mile-per-hour wind as in the eye of a hurricane — to gauge a flood. There are only the hundreds of crests and toppled levees on the rivers and their swollen creeks, and the thousand heartbreaks of lost soybean fields and moated Main Streets.

If the floods of 1993 have reminded people of anything, it is that the Mississippi River was never the docile pensioner some had come to think it was. It is not, after all, the Swanee. The Mississippi is America's watery aorta, draining or potentially flooding rivers in 31 states from the Appalachians to the Rocky Mountains.

"It's like talking about God Almighty himself," said Shelby Foote, the Memphis writer, who has lived his whole life on the river.

The river, ecologists and farmers say, was never supposed to follow the tight course humans have expected it to, indeed ordered it to, with their walls of dirt and concrete levees. Of course, that has not stopped people from building homes and farms and cities along the river. The Mississippi Valley's thick black soil is considered the richest on earth, impossible for farmers to resist.

But to claim the land meant making a bargain with the river, confining it to an artificially narrow path so that farms could reach as far as the shore and places like New Orleans and St. Louis could live undisturbed while their goods were carried safely from port to port. The price that river people pay is sudden and catastrophic flooding when excess rainwater, forced into a narrow channel by the levees, runs out of places to go and cannot drain naturally into the soil.

Then the river goes faster and faster, and it goes

Continued on page 3

July 11-17

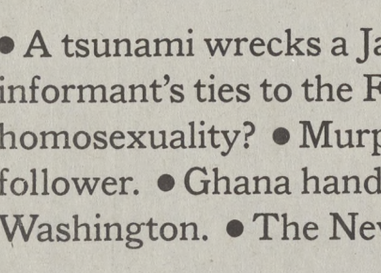
• A tsunami wrecks a Japanese island. • A bomb informant's ties to the F.B.I. • A gene for homosexuality? • Murphy Brown, trend-follower. • Ghana hands over a hijacker to Washington. • The New York Post: still breathing.

Island Devastated

First an Earthquake, Then a Tidal Wave Strike Northern Japan

Living in what is perhaps the world's most active seismic zone, the Japanese have prided themselves on being prepared for earthquakes. But the country was overwhelmed by a huge quake that struck in the Sea of Japan Monday night, unleashing a tidal wave that demolished homes and carried people out to sea.

By Saturday the death toll had passed 150, making this the most lethal earthquake in Japan since 1948. Most of the destruction was concentrated on Okushiri, a small fishing and resort island west of Hokkaido, Japan's northern territory. Scientists say the tidal wave, or tsunami, traveled at twice the speed of Japan's bullet train and reached Okushiri within minutes after the magnitude 7.8 quake. Waves are estimated to have been 35 feet high or more. When the water had receded, kelp was found hanging from overhead power lines. *ANDREW POLLACK*



Tom Bloom

Fabulous Fabric From 7000 B.C.

Once people began settling down to farming in the Middle East more than 9,000 years ago, they shed their old hunting clothing of animal skins and learned to make lighter, cooler garments from the fibers of flax. They became the first weavers of textiles, one of the earliest crafts — well before ceramics — associated with the beginnings of agriculture and the rise of human civilization.

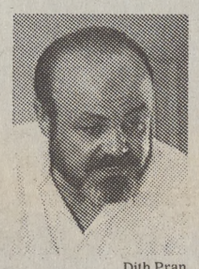
Now archeologists digging at Cayonu, the site of a prehistoric agricultural village in southern Turkey, have found a small fragment of cloth from that time. It is almost certainly a piece of linen made from domesticated flax. Analysis dates the cloth at 7000 B. C., making it the earliest known example of woven fabric, and shows the weave to be an adaptation of the even earlier basket-weaving technology.

Dr. Robert Braidwood, a University of Chicago archeologist and co-director of the excavation, said it was a rare find because fabrics are seldom preserved in prehistoric ruins. The cloth fragment was in a semi-fossilized state, still clinging to what was probably a tool made of antler.

Archeologists are not sure what the material was for. But in the

No Trade Center Warnings

New York Bomb Informer Contacted Officials in 1991



Dith Pran

Salem

When police and Federal agents arrested eight men last month and charged them with planning bomb strikes against targets across New York City, they credited their success to an informer who had won the confidence of the militant Muslim conspirators.

The informer, Emad A. Salem, had become known to officials about five months before, they said, and in the wake of the Feb. 26 explosion at the World Trade Center, the authorities were quick to rely upon him.

But last week it emerged that Mr. Salem, a former Egyptian military officer, had actually been in contact with the Federal Bureau of Investigation and New York City police since November 1991.

The length of the relationship was revealed in a new Federal indictment that brought the number of bombing suspects to 11 by adding Ibrahim A. Elgabrowny, who had been held since March in connection with the Trade Center case. The indictment said that in late 1991, Mr. Elgabrowny and others had discussed with Mr. Salem a scheme to bomb targets across New York.

Law enforcement officials, from F.B.I. Director William S. Sessions on down, insisted that despite Mr. Salem's long-running contact with them, they never had warnings of the Trade Center bombing.

But for some members of Congress, a question persisted: If the F.B.I. had penetrated the Muslim circles that have been linked to the Feb. 26 explosion, how could the authorities have been caught so unaware? *ALISON MITCHELL*

X Marks the Spot

Male Homosexuality May Be Linked to a Gene

As the political dispute over gays in the military last week resumed its passionate pitch, so too did the scientific debate on the origins of homosexuality. Researchers from the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Md., presented in the journal Science the most persuasive evidence yet that sexual orientation is partly or largely innate, rather than being dictated by one's upbringing or a disregard of social norms.

Studying the family histories of 114



Agence-France Presse

Japanese Leaders Await Voters' Verdict

A two-week national election campaign ended in a flurry of flag-waving and sloganeering yesterday with the ruling Liberal Democratic Party widely expected to lose its 38-year hold on power. Party supporters cheered Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa at a rally in Tokyo.

mother. Scrutinizing the X chromosomes of 40 pairs of gay brothers, the scientists found that in 33 cases the brothers shared a region at the bottom tip of the chromosome, a far greater proportion than would have been expected from chance alone.

The finding strongly suggests that one or more genes in that chromosomal neighborhood somehow help foster male homosexuality. But the scientists have a long way to go before they will have any notion of how the gene works, how many men carry it or how many with the trait will become homosexual. The scientists are also looking at chromosomal pattern in lesbian sisters. *NATALIE ANGIER*

Family Values Has a Bad Day

Motherhood and Marriage Getting Further Apart

It turns out that there may be more Murphy Browns than many people thought. Or so suggests a new Census Bureau study, which measured the number of well-educated, professional women who have children without getting married.

The Census Bureau, of course, did not mention the fictional Ms. Brown, the unmarried television anchorwoman whose pregnancy drew a rebuke last year from Dan Quayle.

The percentages of unmarried professional women who become mothers nearly tripled in the past decade, to 8.3 percent from 3.1 percent. The percentage of college graduates who do so doubled, to 6.4 percent from 3 percent.

Still, single motherhood remains vastly more common among poor women and members of minority groups. The bureau found that 56 percent of unmarried black

The 'Long Arm'

Convicted Hijacker Now Faces American Justice

Omar Mohammed Ali Rezaq was released from prison in Malta earlier this year after serving seven years for the 1985 hijacking of an Egypt Air flight that left 60 passengers dead. Last week, he was hauled before an American court on air piracy charges in what was only the second use of American "long arm" statutes in the past six years. Mr. Rezaq had tried to find a safe haven in Ghana after his release from prison, but he was arrested there at Washington's request after months of talks between the two Governments. In the Nov. 23, 1985, hijacking of the flight from Athens to Cairo, gunmen seized the plane and forced it to land in Malta. When demands for fuel were rebuffed, they shot five passengers in the head. Two women, an American and an Israeli, died. The 58 other passengers were killed in an inept storming of the plane by Egyptian commandos. Mr. Rezak, who was on a long list of accused terrorists prosecutors would like to bring to trial, faces life in prison or the death penalty if convicted. *STEPHEN ENGELBERG*

In Last Week's Episode . . .

Coma Newspaper Sits Up And Resumes Publishing



Bart Bartholomew

Murdoch

After shutting down The New York Post for two days, Rupert Murdoch last week won what he said were the union concessions he needed to move into the final phase of what may be the most drawn-out purchase of a newspaper ever. To buy The Post again, Mr. Murdoch, who lost $150 million when he owned it from 1976 to 1988, must now deal with creditors of the newspaper when it was owned by Peter S. Kalikow. Mr. Kalikow, of course, bought The Post, which proclaims itself the country's oldest continuously published daily paper, from Mr. Murdoch and then lost millions on it before giving up in January.

Mr. Kalikow's departure gave New York the spectacle of the warring millionaires, Abraham Hirschfeld, the parking-garage magnate who spits at opponents, and Steven Hoffenberg, the debt-collection specialist who was charged with defrauding investors by the Securities and Exchange Commission. Both men appeared delighted and then crestfallen when Mr. Murdoch's proprietorship at first appeared threatened and then seemed assured in last week's Post crisis.

In an interview last Jan. 15 when the bankrupt Mr. Kalikow announced that he no longer had the financial backing to keep The Post going, he said that almost anything could happen next. Almost everything did. *WILLIAM GLABERSON*

Adrift on a Sea of Diplomacy



David McNew/Saba

Six hundred and fifty-nine Chinese refugees on three fetid freighters became pawns in an international game last week. Headed for California, they were intercepted by the Coast Guard

China, where they may face jail terms and fines.

Their desires were made plain by a crude sign: "Bread We Want, Freedom We Want." But they ran afoul of the Clinton Administration's crackdown on illegal immigrants seeking political asylum.

For the record, Mexican officials said the sudden reversal of their refusal to take in the refugees was for humanitarian purposes. Privately, they said they were under intense pressure placed on them by the pending vote in Congress on the North American Free Trade Agreement, which would unite the two nations and Canada in a single tariff-free zone.

The refugees began their voyage from China's Fuzhou Province three months ago. They languished for 11 days while diplomats debated their

An Air of Failure, a Casting of Blame

Bosnia's Plight Divides the State Department

By ELAINE SCIOLINO

WASHINGTON

SECRETARY OF STATE Warren Christopher was not pleased when details from a classified State Department paper on options for easing the misery in Sarajevo surfaced in a news report last week. The leak was the most recent in a stream involving classified State Department papers about Bosnia, and as one aide to Mr. Christopher put it, "It looks bad with his colleagues that he can't keep his people quiet."

Mid-ranking foreign service officers who work on Bosnia policy were quickly ordered to draw up lists of colleagues who might have seen the memo. But there was a problem. The memo had started as a working paper in the computer system, and it could have been seen by dozens of State Department people.

Still, there was something to be learned: that there is an us-against-them mentality at the State Department these days, an Upstairs-Downstairs divide between the seventh floor where Mr. Christopher and his closest aides have their offices and everyone else below. The hunt for a leaker assumed that somewhere in the bureaucracy lurked a turncoat so intent on making the Clinton Administration look bad that he or she was willing to violate a basic rule of diplomacy: Always keep a secret.

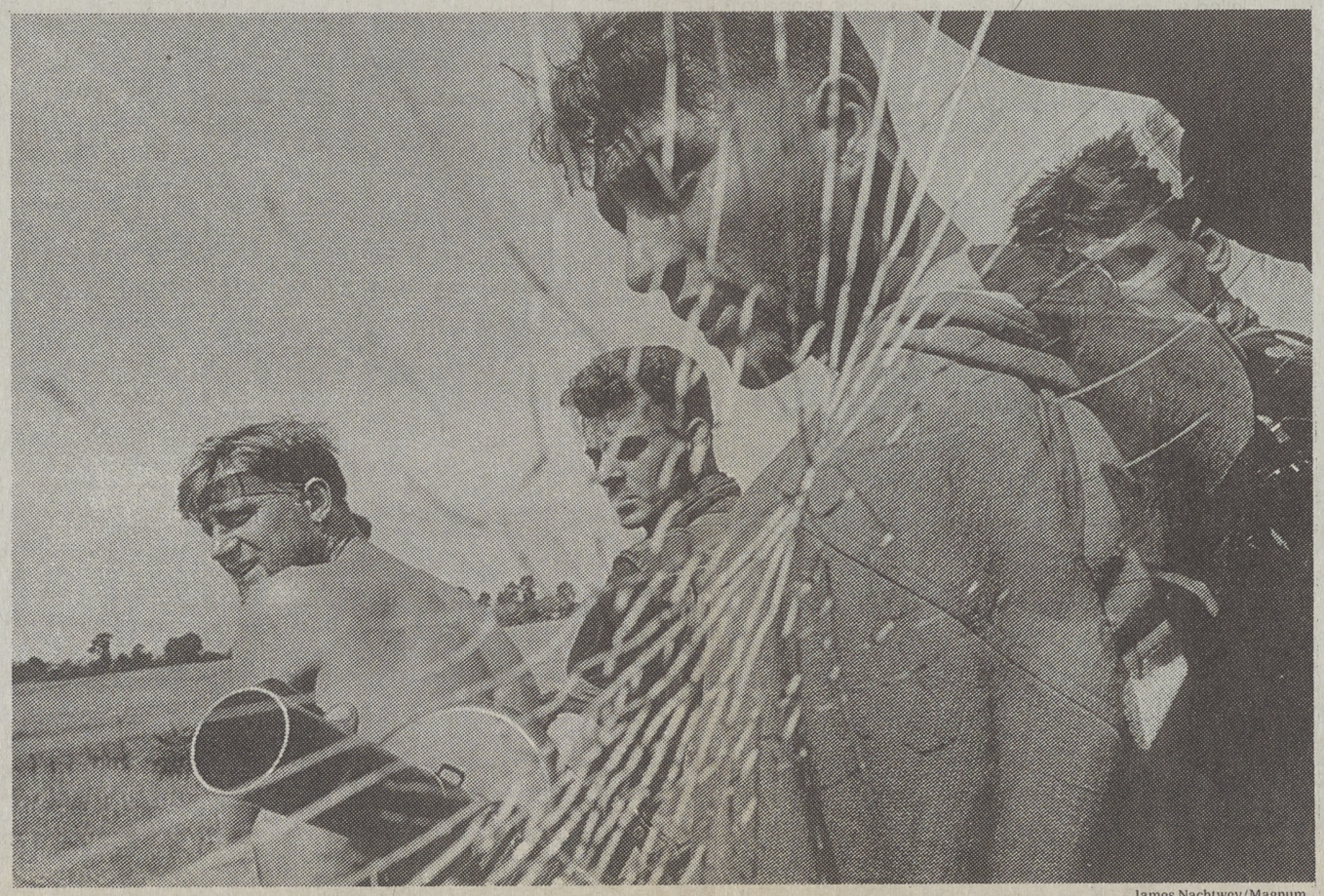
Not since the Vietnam War has a policy caused so much anguish within the foreign service. The skepticism and grumbling focus on what Sarajevo has come to represent for these people — the failure of their country's diplomacy to make the world a better place.

If there is one point on which there is no disagreement, it is that Bosnia is a thorny problem that might have been less difficult to solve had the United States acted more forcefully much earlier. The settling in of the Democrats at the White House and the worsening of the fighting on the ground at first raised expectations that the United States would finally force a solution, but then those hopes were dashed. Now, depending on who is doing the talking, Mr. Christopher is either a hero who welcomes dissent or a villain who has closed himself to any change of policy.

Actually, the State Department has officially encouraged unorthodox thinking since 1971, when Secretary of State Dean Rusk set up a formal "dissent channel" in response to widespread opposition over American policy in Vietnam. Mr. Christopher's supporters say he has been an ardent advocate of using the channel as the appropriate way to register protest. Last winter he met with two of the three foreign service officers who had written a 30-page dissent that went ignored by the Bush Administration. And he later met with a group of 12 top experts on the Balkans who had sent him a letter calling Western diplomacy a failure and recommending military action against the Serbs.

But Mr. Christopher has also made clear that he feels personally betrayed when classified or privileged information finds its way into print. That was one reason the American Embassy in Croatia did not stamp "secret" on a report last week on the horrible conditions in Sarajevo; this way, the memo could be openly shared with reporters.

Mr. Christopher's critics, on the other hand, believe he has been one of the Administration's staunchest opponents of tougher action. They point to his May 19 testimony to Congress, in which he said the United States had no moral obligation to protect Bosnia's Muslims because all three sides shared responsibility for atrocities. (A human rights bureau official responded with a memo reminding him that the Serbs had committed the "overwhelming majority" of the atrocities.)



James Nachtwey/Magnum

On their own: Muslim soldiers riding on the hood of their damaged vehicle near Brcko in northeastern Bosnia.

Other Issues Preferred

Mr. Christopher has also made no secret of his desire to move attention away from Bosnia; indeed, he complained in a recent interview that Washington is a "one-issue city," seized by "whatever dominates the headlines" and that the issue has been Bosnia.

And some in the State Department are perplexed, pointing out that Mr. Christopher last winter was describing as "repugnant" an international mediators' plan to divide Bosnia into 10 ethnically-based provinces. How, they ask, can he now say the United States could endorse a three-way partition plan if the warring factions would agree to it — thereby putting pressure on the reluctant Muslim-led Government to do so?

"There's enormous frustration that American policy didn't react" in the Bush years to prevent a tragedy, said F. A. Tex Harris, the president of the American Foreign Service Association, who was honored by the State Department in 1984 for having challenged previous policies toward Argentina. "People who have first-hand knowledge and who saw a policy drift are speaking out — but most of them are doing it unofficially, because they're afraid they are going to be hurt."

George Kenney, the acting desk officer for Yugoslavia who resigned over the Bosnia policy during the Bush Administration, said there hasn't been more dissent only because "people do worry about their jobs and their careers." Now an unpaid fellow at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, he added: "I could live in my parents' basement when I left, but most people have kids and a mortgage."

When Mr. Kenney resigned, one of those who called to congratulate him was a college professor named Anthony Lake, who went on to become President Clinton's national security adviser. Two decades ago, Mr. Lake himself quit his job as Henry A. Kissinger's executive assistant after the United States bombed Cambodia. It is an example still pointed to by the Foreign Service Institute when it trains young officers about the moral dilemmas involved in making foreign policy.

In Korea, Reminders Of Cold War

Continued from page 1

for other reassurances by suggesting that China, which recently reestablished trade links with South Korea, might encourage the North to comply.

"I think the Chinese Government is very interested in supporting the position we have taken here," Mr. Clinton said, pitching his comments to Beijing. "And we will certainly ask for their support."

Last week, a spokesman for the South Korean Embassy here said no surprise was intended and that his country and the United States are in synch.

"Like in any situation, you have your game plan and the other side has its," said a senior Administration official familiar with the process, who asked not to be identified. "We keep getting thrown curve balls. It is not unknown for some of these curve balls to come from our allies."

In addition, Japanese officials have suggested they would wait to determine North Korea's ultimate intentions before agreeing to an indefinite commitment to the Nuclear Non-proliferation Treaty, which expires in 1995.

If the Geneva talks do not yield an agreement, Secretary of State Warren Christopher has said the United States will ask the United Nations to impose economic sanctions against North Korea.

American officials seemed acutely aware of the limitations of their negotiating position. Despite Mr. Clinton's warning, the United States and its allies have ruled out military retaliation. Since so much of North Korea's nuclear complex is underground, a military strike against it has a fairly remote chance of succeeding.

Walking a Tightrope

"North Korea bears constant and careful watching," Mr. Christopher said in an interview with reporters during the conference in Tokyo. "As far as talking with the allies, yes, I think we've begun to explore the possibility of the kind of sanctions that we might impose against North Korea."

Because using economic sanctions is problematical, American officials have a lot riding on the outcome of the Geneva talks. If North Korea has amassed enough plutonium for one or two bombs, such gradual punishment would be ineffective.

North Korea, however, is not in a much better position to hold out against pressure from their Asian neighbors and their Western allies. They extended the Geneva talks on Friday and both sides hinted they may have an agreement by tomorrow.

"We've never been pessimistic," Kang Sok-ju, the First Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs for North Korea told reporters in Geneva.

In discussing the future of the negotiations, American officials send out calm and measured reassurances to their allies. If the talks were to break down, the senior official said, the United States' appeal to the United Nations for retaliatory action would be "very fact specific."

"It depends on how the North strays from the path we have tried to chart out for them," he said. "My hope is if they keep on moving toward the right solution, if the pace quickens or slows a little bit, we can handle that. If there's some radical departure, that makes the tightrope a little harder to stay upright on."

The Mississippi Reclaims the Domain That Nature Gave It

Continued from page 1

where it wishes, as it did during the flooding of the lower Mississippi in 1927, where, as William Faulkner wrote, the river "was now doing what it liked to do, had waited patiently the 10 years in order to do, as a mule will work for you 10 years for the privilege of kicking you once."

Mr. Foote was a boy during that flood. He remembers when word came that the levee had broken at Mounds Landing in Scott, Miss., north of Greenville. "It was a slow creeping rise," he said. "You can't even see it rise but if you turn away and then you look back, you see it is a little higher. Everything in its path is submerged or invaded. It presses against every crack and crevice. It's like solid wind when it comes."

Because of its might and willfulness, some ecologists argue that the very way people define a river is not particularly useful. They say that the river is not just whatever water you see in the channel, but the banks, the floodplain, in fact, the valley itself, from bluff to bluff. It is anywhere the water has been and could potentially go — a river, Mark Twain said, "whose alluvial banks cave and change constantly, whose snags are always hunting up new quarters, whose sand bars are never at rest."

In earlier centuries, when towns in the bottomlands were invaded by river water, townspeople packed up and moved to higher ground — as Franklin, Mo., for example, on the Missouri River, did in 1826. (Even that move could not save Franklin this time, however; the town is under water again.) Now, more than 7 million people live directly along the Mississippi, including more than 2 million around its confluence with the Missouri in St. Louis, where the two rivers are now cresting and levees straining and crumbling.

"No one is going to move St. Louis just because it happens to be in the river," said David Johnson, an aquatic ecologist who is assistant director of the School of Natural Resources at Ohio State University. "It's a question of working with the river or fighting the river. Fighting the river is almost always going to be a losing battle."

He argues for restoring the kind of wide open spaces that the river once had before Europeans and the great cities came, wetlands where the water could collect in times of severe rains. The Army Corps of Engineers reservoirs to catch the run-off, although the current flooding suggests they may not be enough. In defense of the complex and normally efficient flood control system, hydraulic engineers say that without the man-made reservoirs, the bloated river would now stretch from bluff to bluff, five miles across in spots, covering what we now know as Dubuque, Iowa, or St. Louis.

Return of the Marshes

"People think of the river as their enemy," said David Lanegran, a professor of geography and urban studies at Macalester College in St. Paul, Minn. "They fight the river, dike the river, pollute the river, ignore the river. Now the river is taking back its old places. You can see the old marshes coming back in the farmers' fields, all the places where the duck ponds used to be. It's almost like a ghost. The water is saying, 'This is where I used to be. This used to be my place.' "



The New York Times



The New York Times

The Mississippi River slapping at the top of a sandbagged levee near Tiptonville, Tenn., in 1937. Displaced residents lined up at a Red Cross relief camp in Natchez, Miss., during the flood of 1927.

That may be cold comfort to people whose homes and businesses are under the water. But there are some important differences between this disaster and others.

Things have changed since the days of Mark Twain, when armed guards patrolled levees to insure no one tampered with them or when, according to his stories, just about the only time a crowd would gather on the river was for a dogfight or a lynching. The flood has been remarkable for the show of volunteerism and general goodwill; there have been few reports of looting, and many of people driving for miles to work through the night sandbagging someone else's levee. It is a contrast to the country's biggest disaster of last year, Hurricane Andrew, which brought looters, and merchants jacking up the price of generators and people posing as carpenters and bilking roofless homeowners.

In Des Moines, where flooding of the Raccoon River knocked out the fresh water supply of 250,000 people, leaving residents without water to drink or take showers or fight fires or flush toilets with, people have shared well water, grocery stores have discounted bottled water and every other morning three senior citizens drive to a nursing home for the handicapped, where they deliver fresh water and personally flush all 126 toilets.

Midwesterners do these kinds of things, people here say, because even most city people originally came from small, rural towns where everybody knows everybody and it is an insult to take advantage. "These are standard, practical and utilitarian Midwestern values," said Douglas Hurt, director of the graduate program in agricultural and rural studies at the Iowa State University. "If your neighbor needs help, regardless of the spats you've had, you help him."

If there is an economic beneficiary of this flood, it is the farm states of the eastern Midwest — Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, where farmers will get to take advantage of the run-up in crop prices due to the low supply.

"That will make the flood even more painful for farmers in the floodplains," said William Heffernan, a professor and chairman of rural sociology at the University of Missouri in Columbia. "They will be watching the highest prices in years and, they don't have anything to sell."

Life along the river, 1993: People have been driving for miles to work all night sandbagging someone else's levee.

Lifting and Cleansing

As disastrous as a flood is to those in its path, it is nonetheless part of a natural cycle of renewal just as forest fires are. The river channels grow so wide and the currents so strong they lift topsoil, carry nutrients downstream and deposit them in new soil. Iowa's loss may be Missouri's gain, but then Iowa may get its own refill from Minnesota. The heavy rains that precede the flooding can also cleanse the river waters and make a better pool for fish to spawn.

The current crisis will undoubtedly set off wide debate over ways to improve the system with an eye not to just one city or river but to the 250 or so creeks and rivers that feed into the Mississippi.

Only fairly recently in the river's history, when Congress authorized a Federal levee project after the 1927 flood, has there been any system-wide approach to flood control. But that was based in part on bringing up to code the haphazard levees of assorted farm towns who in times of desperation built wherever they felt like it. New and better levees have gone up, but they, too, can fail.

"People expect more out of what was there than was ever intended," said Harry Kitch, chief of the central planning management branch of the Army Corps of Engineers. "Any one of our structures can be overtopped if you have a big enough flood. We do a great deal of sophisticated work in rebuilding them, but there can always be a bigger flood."

The great lesson of the floods may be that humans will have to do a lot more if they are to outwit nature, if that is even possible.

"I think we as moderns tend to think that geological and meteorological changes have stopped," said said Bruce Michaelson, a professor of English at the University of Illinois at Urbana, who is writing a book about Mark Twain, "that volcanoes will no longer erupt, that hurricanes will no longer come off the coasts and the great rivers of the world are going to stay quietly in their banks so we can cruise them in our boats and barges."

But just as the river that Mark Twain romanced and revered carried the pieces of wrecked houses and trees from floods upstream, so it does a century later — "the debris," Professor Michaelson said, "of battlefields between water and man."

Observer

RUSSELL BAKER

NYT 11/13/93

The Short-Run America

The bleak side of capitalism is the ruin it leaves behind after, having worked its magic, it moves on. Backers of the North American Free Trade Agreement are naturally reluctant to dwell on this gritty historical fact, yet there is something cruel, offensive and faintly dishonest in their argument that any pain felt by the working classes will be only a "short-run" experience.

The argument comes easily to people with the financial security required to live in the "long run." Corporate America and the Washington establishment, both ardent for this agreement, consist of people who can afford to wait for the year of Jubilee.

For working stiffs, however, life is lived in the "short run." The rent is due at the end of the month, the grocery money every Friday. Politicians, tycoons and media stars exhorting such people to ponder the

Nafta, working stiffs and the bleak side of capitalism.

comforts to come in the "long run" can only sound like hypocrites or visitors from another planet.

The truth most likely is that the agreement will indeed bring benefits in the long run to something called "society," which will include the comfortable people now hot for free trade. History, both modern and antique, suggests that it will also bring a great deal of ruin to the people who now fear losing their jobs.

Besides trying to sell the empty notion that everything will work out in a long run that is meaningless to many working people, advocates of the agreement should also be thinking of ways to deal with some of the ruin inescapable for short-run people.

An unpleasant characteristic of capitalism is the ruination it periodically creates: ruined landscapes, ruined societies, ruined people. Since capitalism is the national dish, we ought to be aware of this dark side of its nature so we can be ready to soften its nastiest results as it rollicks from place to place, first doling out money prodigiously, then suddenly skipping town and leaving a wasteland behind.

In this fashion it made England rich with the Industrial Revolution and introduced a century of human misery. In America it has left ruined New England mill towns, a "rust belt" of ruined steel towns, ruined railroad towns from one end of the continent to the other and, most recently with more to come, ruined auto towns like Flint, Mich.

Mining has left the ruined landscapes of West Virginia and Kentucky, the real-estate boom has left the ruined farmlands of the lush Piedmont, the miraculous chemical industry has left ruined flora and fauna, and the auto industry has left a ruined sky and a junkyard ruin in every other town in America.

State capitalism is now showing that it too can turn boom to ruin. For details, see Joan Didion's recent New Yorker article about the ruin of the California town that lived high and fat until military-spending cuts shut off the Pentagon's money to McDonnell Douglas that had made it boom.

The problems created when capitalism visits these periodic ruins upon us include despair, anger, misery, hatreds, social upheaval and the rise of new political ideas, some dangerously crackpot, others as dangerously intellectual as Karl Marx's Communism, one result of the ruins of the industrial revolution.

Some sort of dangerous economic disturbance is obviously in progress. American labor is being priced out of jobs by East Asian workers who will do the same work for less. American retailers now fill their racks with low-priced clothing made by sweated child labor in South Asia.

Even more alarming is the recent trend in industry's extensive firings: first, blue-collar workers, then white-collar people, then lower-level technicians, and now middle- and upper-management people. Some say this is the work of the computer, which enables industry to keep production high while drastically cutting employment.

In brief, the people who say it's a new world and we'd better face it quickly have a point. Unfortunately, they are not being honest about the price many people will have to pay. In this computerized world they don't even talk much about maybe retraining old-timers who are potential losers to use computers. This isn't surprising; our schools don't even prepare many young people to qualify for employment in this new cybernetic America. □

t: Marketing

L'Oreal's light step foam condition-

those who want lasting reminders, s the prospect of a full-length video race. If you prefer, there are litho-

've been doing lithographs of all the rathons for 12 years," said Donna od, the president of Art of Running. ll it an understated, upscale com- ative that understates your ement in an upscale way. It's differ- m, say, apparel or the mugs." A aph is $79; a poster, $35.

n it's all over, who will take care of ered scraps of the feasts and the discarded sponges used to mop the ing runners, as well as the 1.6 mil- per cups and 18,000 yards of barri- ape? Browning-Ferris Industries, aste-management company from hat is gaining a foothold on garbage York, will recycle the cups and water bottles.

ity's Department of Transportation es that the event will cost about to clean up, not all that large com- o, say, a ticker-tape parade.

Associated Press

iuliani walked on the beach yesterday Caroline and Andrew.

Attempt Suicide

bear only superficial wounds on his arm.

Mr. Ajaj also slashed himself with a shaving razor about the same time today, said lawyers, who said they were advised of the incident but refused to be named in the face of judges' orders against discussing the bombing cases outside court.

Called by Another Defendant

One lawyer said he was alerted to Mr. Ajaj's attempted suicide by a call from another defendant, Nidal A. Ayyad. The two and two others, Mohammed A. Salameh and Mahmud Abouhalima, have been on trial since Oct. 4 in Federal District Court in Manhattan on charges of bombing the World Trade Center last Feb. 26.

Mr. Alkaisi, who is a fifth defendant in the case, is to be tried later because the evidence against the others applies only marginally to him. The uncertainty of his position while confined alone to a cell for 23 hours a day, like the others, heightens his desperation, Mr. Ellis said.

But others are also reaching the breaking point, he said. "There's going to be a lot more of these," Mr. Ellis said of the attempted suicides.

Much surrounding the events remained murky. Lawyers for the two men were not notified of the episodes until this afternoon, nearly 24 hours after they happened. The United States Attorney's office, which is prosecuting the two men in the trade center case, as well as 14 others in a second bombing case, said it was seeking information tonight.

'Not Public Information'

A jail spokeswoman, Sandra Burks, said she had no information about the events. Asked if she knew of suicide attempts, she said "not in specifics" and referred inquiries to a Federal prison spokesman in Washington.

The spokesman, Gregory Bogdan, said he could not confirm that the two inmates had attempted suicide because "any type of behavior inmates exhibit is not public information."

But he said: "Last night we did have an incident that began at 5 P.M. Two inmates did require some medical attention. During the course of this some other inmates became disruptive. We were able to stop that. The situation is now normal."

He did not explain how extensive the disruptions were or what measures needed to be taken to stop them. He said, however, that he was not aware of any other inmates requiring medical attention.

Computer Traces Links in Culture

By SHEILA RULE

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Alan Lomax, who was in charge of the recording unit at the Library of Congress, sent friends out to record what Indians, Mexicans, rural black people and others would say to President Franklin D. Roosevelt if they had his ear. The people were prompted to begin their comments with: "Dear Mr. President, what I think is . . ."

"One old buddy down in Texas not used to recording machines began by saying, 'Hello, Mr. President,' " Mr. Lomax recalled in an interview not long ago. "And that was all. The guy operating the machine said, 'Say something!,' but he finally had to turn the machine off. He asked the old geezer why he hadn't said something more. The geezer said, 'I was waiting for him to hello me back.' "

Mr. Lomax, a folklorist, anthropologist and advocate for folk arts, tells the story to describe how his more than 50 years of collecting, disseminating and analyzing traditional music and dance have meshed with modern technology in a computer-based learning system that, in his words, "allows you to hello the world back." He calls it the Global Jukebox, or the "first thinking museum," a prototype media system that can put thousands of music and dance performance styles at users' fingertips with interactive compact and video disks.

To make the system widely available, the National Science Foundation recently gave Mr. Lomax a two-year grant of nearly $1 million to complete and publish a computer data base of 4,000 songs and 1,000 dances from 400 cultures. He is to prepare different versions for sale to libraries, schools and individuals. Apple Computer has given the project a grant of $100,000 and about $75,000 in equipment.

In his laboratories at Hunter College in New York City, where he works with his associates, Carol Kulig and Michael Del Rio, Mr. Lomax demonstrated with percolating enthusiasm how text, filmed and videotaped performances, audio recordings and photographs have been integrated into a single system that can be used to connect the songs and dances of a particular group to other aspects of its cultural life. For example, a tense vocal style might be related to strict sexual mores. A sort of animated anthology of the world, the Global Jukebox can trace historical roots, call up illustrations from the range of human behavior and make cross-cultural comparisons among the families of man.

> How song and dance resonate in their own society and in others.

"The stylistic profile of the Guinea coast in Africa will call up samples of the black cultural area south of the Sahara and, in addition, samples of the Afro-American culture in the New World, a representation in stylistic terms of the black diaspora," Mr. Lomax said.

The system has a statistical encyclopedia of modal performance profiles of songs, dances, orchestral types and social structures of various cultures. Users can look at the overall traits of song in a region, for example, then go to a summary of its dance or social patterns. They can map the comparative world distribution of a set of traits — erect posture and narrow stance, for example — and explore the similarities of songs, cultures or regions.

Mr. Lomax said the system could help people make important connections between geography, history and culture and find deep cultural roots.

"We found that the Mississippi blues belong to an old family of wailed complaints which had existed in Eurasia and Africa for millennia, wherever human beings suffered tyranny," he said. "Another old family of song, represented by the contrapuntal choruses of African pygmies, seems to be the source of the classic music of Europe."

The Global Jukebox is the result of three decades of research at Columbia University with a professor of anthropology, Conrad Arensberg; a musicologist, Victor Grauer; a movement analyst, Forrestine Paulay, and a programmer, Norman Berkowitz. The project is fuel for Mr. Lomax's pursuit of what he calls "cultural equity," meaning that every culture should have an equal opportunity to be heard and seen on the airwaves and in the classrooms.

"We need affection and active interest in all the other cultures of the world, each productive in its own way," he said. "Active awareness will make us less afraid of other people in the world and move us to restrain our reaching out to cover the whole world with our culture. Other cultures still go on all the time; we just pretend not to notice."

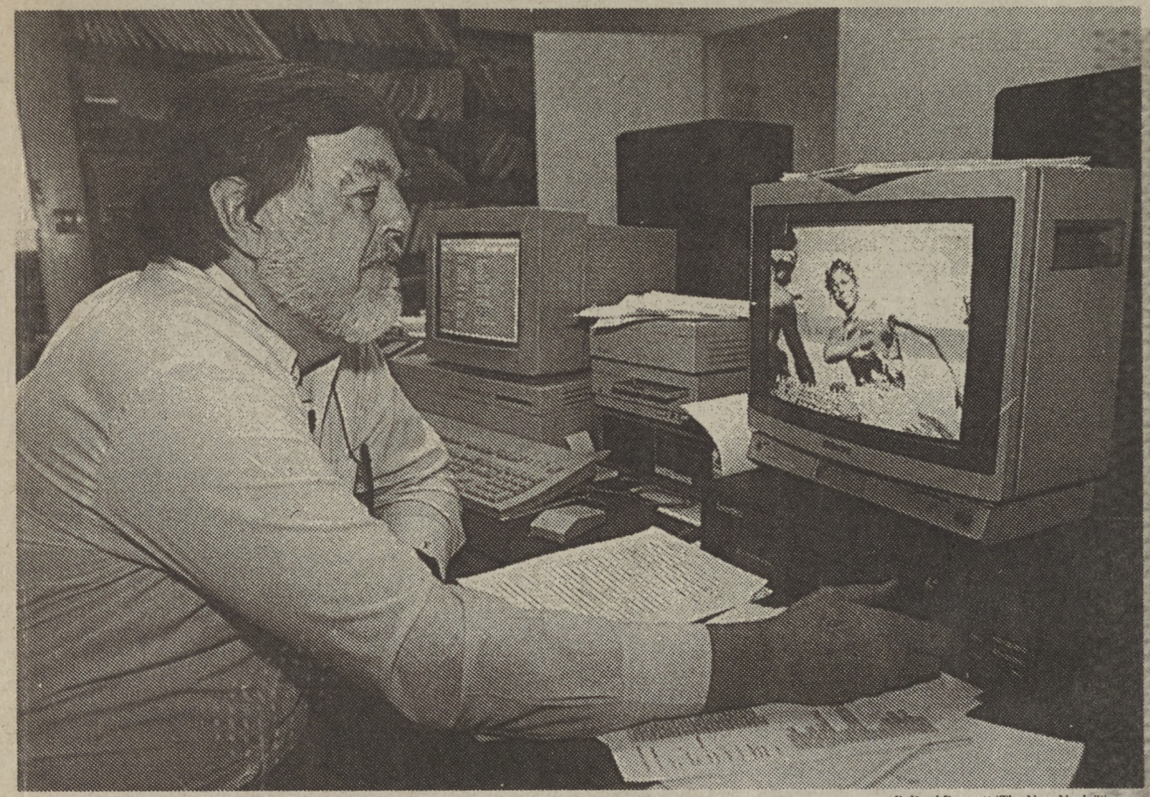
Starting a Folk Revival

The 77-year-old Mr. Lomax has spent most of his life seeking out traditional artists and folk cultures that might otherwise have remained unnoticed by mainstream America. He brought such singers as Leadbelly, Woody Guthrie, Burl Ives and Muddy Waters to public notice, beginning a widespread folk revival. He has recorded voices in back alleys and woods, on levees and farms and in penitentiaries, and transported the elements of various cultures across geographical and class boundaries to share them with the world.

He began during the Depression, lugging a 500-pound portable recording machine through the South and West with his father, the pioneering folklorist John A. Lomax. The two men collected some 25,000 songs for the Library of Congress, along with the singers' recollections and legends. Mr. Lomax is the author or coauthor of 13 books, as well as a film maker and a recipient of the National Medal of Arts.

He says that the most important element of the Global Jukebox is that it is "totally democratic": pygmies are studied and presented in exactly the same way as European fine art or classical music.

"With this tool, any culture can find its own line, including the little scalawag who doesn't want to come to school because he can't find anything to be proud of or anything that even resonates," Mr. Lomax said. "All day long he hears about Mrs. Jones and nothing about Mr. and Mrs. Delta, Miss., which is what he knows. The teacher doesn't know even to ask about it. With this, he can find his roots."



G. Paul Burnett/The New York Times

Alan Lomax with his Global Jukebox, a prototype media system that can put thousands of music and dance performance styles at users' fingertips with interactive compact and video disks.

The New York Times

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Washington Could Do Something

The sharp jump in unemployment in June, following a similar spike in May, shakes confidence that the economy is improving. Monthly unemployment data can be unreliable barometers, but the new numbers follow a worrisome trend. Home sales, durable goods orders and consumer confidence are all off. Two months ago, people worried that the economy wasn't picking up enough steam. Now they fear it is slipping back into recession.

None of these figures portend disaster. But they do warrant corrective action by Washington. The Federal Reserve did what it could Thursday by lowering interest rates another notch. But few economists believe monetary policy can do enough soon. The economy needs another punch, from Congress — a quick-hitting combination of temporary tax cuts and spending increases.

Is corrective action likely? No — which offers a sad commentary on government. The economy needs a quick shot of adrenaline. But the idea that

percent, representing more than 10 million Americans who can't find jobs. The news is even grimmer in New York City, where unemployment shot up a full point to 11.5 percent in May.

The Fed responded to the jobless figures immediately by lowering short-term interest rates to their lowest levels in decades. There may still be room for the Fed to do more, but its options are limited. If it becomes too aggressive, bond markets will shiver. Fearing inflation, traders will drive rates higher — the opposite of what the Fed would be trying to accomplish. The Fed has cut short-term rates almost 30 times since the recession began, yet long-term rates — the ones that affect business investment — have hardly budged.

That puts the onus on Congress. Last December Robert Solow, the Nobel laureate economist at M.I.T., and Francis Bator of Harvard called on Congress to cut taxes and raise Federal grants to state and local governments for one year. The idea

Better to Stop Missiles on Ground Than in Sky

To the Editor:

In "Operation Desert Sham" (Op-Ed, June 24), Prof. Mark Crispin Miller asserts that "U.S. forces did not destroy a single mobile launcher" in the Persian Gulf war. This highlights one lesson of Operation Desert Storm that the Pentagon has not yet learned — eliminating missiles before they are launched is better than any missile defense system.

The use of Scud ballistic missiles by Saddam Hussein during the gulf war led a Congress panicky about proliferating missile threats to approve last year's highest-ever budget for "Star Wars," the Strategic Defense Initiative ($4.1 billion), and agree to the Missile Defense Act of 1991, legislation that pushes the nation toward a crash deployment of ballistic missile defenses.

This year the House of Representatives has approved an even higher S.D.I. budget of $4.3 billion, which includes $1.1 billion for theater missile defenses designed to counter the Scudlike threat around the world.

Yet even as the budget for ballistic missile defense increases dramatically, funds for programs that would allow our military forces better to find and attack theater-range ballistic missile launchers and support equipment on the ground has decreased since the gulf war, with budget requests slashed as much as 70 percent by the Strategic Defense Initiative Organization.

Finding and destroying ballistic missiles and their launchers before they are used (or better, eliminating them through arms control and nonproliferation measures) would decrease the threat to our forward deployed forces and allies. It would also ease the burden on any ballistic missile defense systems that we may deploy to counter theater missiles and maybe even eliminate the need for expensive, extensive missile defenses in the post-cold war world.

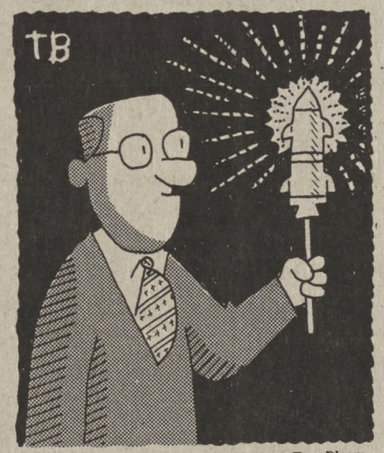
The Pentagon should give this important operation a higher priority and insure that it is funded accordingly. It could save us money in the long run. (Rep.) CHARLES E. BENNETT
Vice Chairman
House Armed Services Committee
Washington, June 26, 1992

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Test Moratorium

To the Editor:

"Look Who's Adding Missiles" (editorial, June 19) expresses dismay that France and Britain are "increasing their nuclear arsenals." Leslie H. Gelb's column the same day states that Israel is militarily secure, but



Tom Bloom

"What most troubles Israeli generals, and civilian hawks and doves alike, is Arab nuclear potential."

An opportunity to address both concerns was wasted by President Bush when Boris Yeltsin displayed the courage to make a less-than-equal deal in which his country would cut strategic weapons to 3,000 while ours could keep 3,500 (front page, June 17). Mr. Bush failed to reciprocate in a way free of risk or cost: announce a nuclear arms test moratorium.

With Russia and France having taken the lead on this, if the United States did the same, Britain would undoubtedly follow, thus leaving China as the only permanent member of the Security Council — and the only acknowledged nuclear-have nation — still uncommitted to a test ban. It seems unlikely that China would refuse to join the other four in the most significant step, both symbolic and substantive, toward prevention of a world teeming with nuclear-armed nations, and surely, in time, subnational groups, including terrorists.

Testing implies the quest for qualitative improvement, which can make quantitative reductions meaningless. And continued testing weakens the quest for nonproliferation, since "near-nuclear" states can claim their sovereign right to do the same, that is, to become full-fledged members of the nuclear country club. Little wonder this worries Israel. And that France and Britain believe they must increase their arsenals.

Since the summer of 1945 the United States led the way, with the Soviet Union soon to follow, in the costly, counterproductive march of folly of the arms race. Now it is incumbent on the United States to lead the way back. That is bound to be an incremental process, but not beyond the capability of human intelligence.

Without question the most practical first step is a United States test moratorium. HAROLD WILLENS
Los Angeles, June 19, 1992

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Critic's Notebook

Having Fun by Poking Pun: A New Esthetic Called Cheese

By MICHIKO KAKUTANI

To teen-agers and members of the 20-something generation, Cheese isn't simply something that comes on top of a pizza or burger; it's an esthetic concept, what Camp was to an earlier generation in the 60's.

Barry Manilow is Cheese. Pat Sajak is Cheese. Donny Osmond is Cheese. Lime-green shag carpeting is Cheese. Wide-bodied neckties are Cheese. Bill Murray's sleazy lounge-lizard impersonation is Cheese. Disco music is Cheese.

This usage of the word — meaning "outdated or unfashionable enough to be brought back or imitated," according to Sol Steinmetz, the executive editor of Random House dictionaries — hasn't made it into the dictionaries' current editions, although editors are collecting citations for possible inclusion in the future.

Some people say the new usage of Cheese derives from "cheesy" — a term that, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, dates to the 1890's, meaning "inferior, second-rate, cheap and nasty." Others point out Cheese's affinities with Cheez Whiz, the popular processed cheese product introduced in 1953.

"It's a parody of really corny stuff," says Harper Simon, 19 years old, a student at Berklee College of Music in Boston. "Cheese started out being sort of mean-spirited, hostile like the hippies were to Middle America. It was a way of mocking the lame sort of conservative, blatantly superficial products of American mass-media culture. It was a way of putting a spin on it, parodying it. The problem is, people started to take Cheese seriously. They're not saying anymore it's so bad, it's a joke. People have gone to saying, 'I really like it' — or pretending that they do."

Hence, the bizarre popularity on

Continued on Page B6





LEFT John Travolta in "Saturday Night Fever."
MIDDLE ABOVE Bob Denver in "Gilligan's Island."
MIDDLE BELOW Richard and Karen Carpenter
RIGHT Barry Manilow

"That cloudless rarity, a book that you hope will never end."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

"Totally irresistible...Funny and heartbreaking."
—*Mademoiselle*

"Keen and incisive."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

"A juicy, name-dropping, bed-bouncing, no-beach-blanket-should-be-without-it memoir."
—*The New York Times*



Vanderbilt, *Carol*

Books of The Times

Mysteries That Reveal More Than Just Whodunit

By HERBERT MITGANG

If you're not careful while reading detective fiction, you're liable to learn something. While taking the reader for a ride before solving the mystery, the best writers in the field have something to say, about a city, a profession, a just cause, a moral climate. Of course, the detective story must abide by the rules of pursuit and solution. But it doesn't violate the formula if, lurking between the lines, there's a novel of manners, mostly bad.

In "White Butterfly," Walter Mosley, creator of Easy Rawlins, a black private investigator living on the edge of the law, returns with his most mature mystery. Mr. Mosley exposes underground life in the racial and interracial atmosphere of poverty and privilege in Los Angeles.

In "Alibi for an Actress," Gillian B. Farrell, an actress in real life who has worked as a private detective, makes a promising start with a new character named Annie McGrogan, who, naturally, is an actress who works as a detective. In her lighthearted mystery, Ms. Farrell draws a behind-the-scenes picture of actresses in the New York theater.

•

Mr. Mosley grows deeper and richer in his third Easy Rawlins story. The hard-boiled California school of Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett is worth emulating; why not walk in the footsteps of the masters? He does, but he continues to reveal the inside of the black-and-white encounter in his own voice. "White Butterfly" surpasses his first two Rawlins stories, "Devil in a Blue Dress" and "A Red Death," because his characters and their marginal behavior now seem more familiar and acceptable. Mr. Mosley makes us root for Easy Rawlins, a black knight-errant, and his lawless sidekick, Raymond (Mouse) Alexander, an armed and dangerous Sancho Panza.

The time is 1956, supposedly the sleepy Eisenhower era, but for the denizens of Watts it might as well be riot time in the 1990's. The rough behavior of some members of the Los Angeles Police Department seems all too familiar. Easy Rawlins — secret real-estate owner, wheeler-dealer, newly married man, father of a baby daughter and an adopted son — is called upon by the police to help find who has been killing black bar girls. When a white stripper, known as "the White Butterfly," is murdered, the political bigwigs suddenly become involved. Easy discovers that she was a University of California student.

Mr. Mosley keeps several trains of thought running on parallel tracks: the nightclub scene, the layers of black society, the attitudes of white public officials in the minority sections of Los Angeles, the need of middle-class blacks to conceal prosperity, the generosity of family life despite deprivations. "White Butterfly" is filled with violence and has an ending that somewhat strains credulity, but it's nearly all acceptable because Mr. Mosley's mean streets

White Butterfly

By Walter Mosley

272 pages. W. W. Norton. $19.95.



Marion Ettlinger

Walter Mosley

Alibi for an Actress

By Gillian B. Farrell

250 pages. Pocket Books. $19.



Louie Psihoyos

Gillian B. Farrell

daytime-television world down pat: the world of actresses, agents, producers who don't produce, advertising agencies and soap-opera fans. Ms. Farrell's story is made up of equal parts theatrical lore, Gotham gossip and private investigative work. She proves that there's no end to the backgrounds that can serve a detective-story writer.

After a failed marriage in small-town New England, a second-rate career in Los Angeles and a recurring affair with a successful Hollywood boyfriend, the author's lively character, Annie McGrogan, moves to New York for a fresh start. She keeps showing up for auditions, but she can't find steady work and would prefer not to do her acting as a waitress describing specials. Nor is she so desperate that, like some other out-of-work actresses, she is willing to do anything to get a temporary job in a commercial or a soap opera. Instead, she keeps taking acting lessons while dreaming and starving.

A magazine article about private investigators catapults her into detective work. She talks her way into a job by convincing the retired cop who runs a small agency that an actress and a detective are practically in the same line of work: "I'm very good with disguises and accents. I can walk down the street to be seen and I can walk down the street and never be seen." Her new boss asks if she has a gun. Carry a gun? No, she replies, and thinks, I never would: "Guns hurt people!" Some private eye.

On her first important job, watching an apartment building to see whether a spouse is at home where he's supposed to be, Annie wonders if she should wait outside, like Gene Hackman in "The French Connection," or dress up like Cagney and Lacey, or look like one of "Charlie's Angels." When she surreptitiously gets by the secretaries and serves a subpoena on a lawyer, she expects Uta Hagen to step forward and say, "Not a bad improvisation, but . . ."

•

Between describing cattle-call auditions and the techniques of tailing clients with marital trouble, Ms. Farrell slowly builds an authentic mystery. It involves a husband who is found murdered in a sleazy Upper East Side apartment and a wife with an almost-perfect alibi. With the help of two well-drawn, amusing characters — the owner of the detective agency and her partner, an ex-cop in John Gotti threads — Annie emerges as an actress who knows how to play a detective. The big thrill comes when her fellow detective calls her his partner.

What if, in the end, she discovers that her wandering boyfriend isn't as faithful as she believed? More important, her detective work has gained her the hottest agent in New York. From now on, it's lunch at the Russian Tea Room, with someone else describing today's specials. Who knows, the agent with the Viennese accent says. Her adventures as a detective could become a television pilot, starring none other than Ms. Farrell's Annie McGrogan, P.I.

Spassky in Yugoslavia For Match With Fischer

BELGRADE, Yugoslavia, Aug. 6 (AP) — Boris Spassky, a former world chess champion, has arrived in Yugoslavia for a $5 million match with Bobby Fischer, the reclusive American chess giant, match organizers said today.

The two players met late Wednesday, after Mr. Spassky's arrival, for an informal dinner in Belgrade, the organizers said, and "made a couple of moves" at the table.

Belgrade news media say Mr. Fischer has been training for the match by analyzing chess games, weight lifting, swimming and jogging. They say both Mr. Spassky and Mr. Fischer appear physically fit and in good spirits.

The match, to begin on Sept. 2, may be interpreted as a violation of United Nations sanctions against Yugoslavia. American officials here say the decision is up to Washington.

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A New Esthetic Called Cheese

Continued From Page B1

college campuses today of television reruns of "Gilligan's Island" and "The Brady Bunch." The latter, a cloying, gooily sentimental sitcom from the early 1970's, has even spawned a stage show called "The Real Live Brady Bunch" (in which actors perform the original television scripts) that has enjoyed long runs in several cities and a book called "Growing Up Brady" (a Harper Perennial book by Barry Williams, who played Greg on the original television show) that has been on the New York Times paperback best-seller list for 12 weeks.

Other 70's phenomena that you thought — or wished — were dead and gone forever have also staged comebacks. The musical groups the B-52's and Deee-lite affect the kitschy leopard skin and leather outfits of the 70's while singing about hot pants and U.F.O.'s. And comedians like Barry Sobel use "The Brady Bunch," "The Flintstones" and "Hollywood Squares" as touchstones for their acts.

Discos and leisure suits are enjoying a renaissance in Los Angeles; Karen Carpenter theme parties and lava lamp parties have become a college fad, and platform shoes and fishnet stockings have resurfaced on fashion designers' runways. Some teen-agers prefer a grungier — if equally tasteless — look known as "skank": the look, possibly inspired by heroin addicts, includes grubby, unwashed clothes and dirty, unwashed hair. A company in Los Angeles is even planning to market a product that is supposed to give clean hair the unwashed look.

On the surface, perhaps, there are similarities between today's Cheese and Camp, as defined almost three decades ago by Susan Sontag in a famous essay, "Notes on Camp." Both emphasize style over content, esthetics over morality; both revel in exaggeration, mannerism and artifice. Both are drawn to démodé objects and personalities of the near past. Both pivot around a double, ironic sense of things: the serious, straight sense in which, say, Busby Berkeley originally devised his musical numbers versus the insider Camp sense in which modern cognoscenti enjoy the zany excess of his shows; the unintentional cheesiness of the original "Brady Bunch" television show versus the intentional Cheesiness of the stage re-creation.

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Both Cheese and Camp are fundamentally unserious and playful.

There are, however, important distinctions between the two concepts, distinctions that underscore some of the changes that have overtaken American culture in recent years. Whereas Ms. Sontag noted that there is a sense in which it is correct to say something is "not marginal enough" to be Camp — the operas of Richard Strauss can be considered Camp, she wrote, but not those of Wagner — Cheese gravitates toward the best-known phenomena of pop culture. Whereas Camp is not necessarily bad art — "some art," Ms. Sontag wrote, "which can be approached as Camp (example: the major films of Louis Feuillade) merits the most serious admiration and study" — Cheese willfully focuses on the vulgar, the meretricious, the bogus.

Indeed, this is the major difference between Camp and Cheese: Camp tends to be inclusive and generous, whereas Cheese tends to be judgmental, cynical and detached. "Camp taste is a kind of love, love for human nature," Ms. Sontag wrote. "It relishes, rather than judges, the little triumphs and awkward intensities of 'character.' . . . Camp taste identifies with what it is enjoying. People who share this sensibility are not laughing at the thing they label as 'a camp,' they're enjoying it. Camp is a tender feeling."



Gamma Lamana

Alex Winter, left, and Keanu Reeves parody "The Seventh Seal" in "Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey."

This is not true of Cheese, a more mean-spirited, mocking esthetic. Whereas Camp is someone trying to impersonate Marilyn Monroe or Judy Garland out of a sense of identification, Cheese is someone imitating Donny Osmond or Barry Manilow out of a sense of satire and contempt.

"My generation is nihilistic," says Jenny Lyn Bader, a writer who graduated from Harvard in 1990. "Cheese is having fun with bad taste. It's saying I can be good at making fun of something bad instead of trying to be good. Trying to be good is scary; it's easier to parody Donny Osmond. I think it's a reaction to growing up with the bad art of the 70's and the terrible values of the 80's. We had very few musical or political leaders to identify with. There was no cultural center. We didn't have idols like Elvis; I didn't even know who he was the day he died. We didn't even have an Elvis equivalent."

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Irony, cynicism and Cheese humor are the dominant responses of this generation, which grew up on disco music and movies like "Saturday Night Fever" (1977), "National Lampoon's Animal House" (1978) and "Conan the Barbarian" (1982). It's a passive, reactive stance that unlike the avant-garde movements that have sprung up in the past in reaction to a philistine status quo, generates no original art of its own; instead, it contents itself with putting down or making fun of the surrounding culture.

"The generation that was fed Cheese seriously is now taking Cheese ironically," says Tracy Reiner, an actress and writer, who is 28. "We didn't want to take seriously all the stuff we'd been fed as kids. All the stuff they told you about there being a new and better way to the future — it was basically a lie."

The generation that grew up in a world seemingly filled with intractable problems (racial tensions, ecological threats, AIDS, unemployment and huge budget deficits) is skeptical about the possibility of change, and its diminished expectations have shaped an esthetic that's suspicious of sincerity and wary of making commitments, emotional, political or artistic. Purveyors and consumers of Cheese tend to regard any manifestation of high seriousness (like Ingmar Bergman's "Seventh Seal," which is parodied in "Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey") as a potential target. Earnest if self-absorbed "me generation" pleas for understanding — the sort found in tell-all biographies and talk-show confessions — are ripe for mockery as well.

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Cheese, then, is an esthetic pervaded with irony; and in recent years, its ethos of detachment has seeped into mainstream culture. It's perhaps most noticeable in artworks that are little but recyclings or comments on earlier creations. The creators of movies like "The Addams Family,"

> Having fun with bad taste, rather than trying to be good.

"Dick Tracy" and the "Batman" films spend millions of dollars to turn old cartoon and comic-strip characters into big-screen extravaganzas. Madonna gives reprises of the likes of Monroe and Dietrich in her videos and shows, sending up their personas even as she capitalizes on their fame. And post-modernist writers — from Kathy Acker to Robert Coover to Donald Barthelme — revive and reinvent the likes of Don Quixote, Pinocchio and Snow White as a means of satirizing the contemporary world.

In some cases, the spoofing of earlier art forms is gentle and nostalgic, as in the long-running Off Broadway show "Forever Plaid," which re-creates the musical world of the Four Aces and Perry Como. In other cases — as in Ms. Acker's "Don Quixote" — the satire is more pointed. Either way, the artist abdicates responsibility for creating genuinely original material, instead taking on the role of a commentator or critic, standing apart from his or her creation, and inviting the audience to share this detachment with a coy wink.

This attitude of detachment also animates cult television shows like "Moonlighting" (which allowed Bruce Willis and Cybill Shepherd to address the audience with comical, exasperated asides) and "Twin Peaks" (which parodied soap operas while at the same time exploiting their conventions). It's there in the performances of actors like Bill Murray and Chevy Chase, who always act as though they're a bit astonished to find themselves in whatever role they're playing.

And it's there in "Late Night With David Letterman," which puts quotation marks of mild bemusement around everything it does — from Stupid Pet Tricks to Dave's Top 10 lists. Occasionally, the humor on the show is patronizing: asking ordinary, unsophisticated people to give their opinions to an audience of smug, willfully hip New Yorkers; more often it is simply stupid, like crushing bowling balls in a hydraulic press or dropping objects off tall buildings.

A similarly moronic humor animates such recent hit movies as "Wayne's World," "Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure" and "Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey" — films that feature pairs of teen-age boys who try to outdo one another in idiocy. Bill and Ted, who have also inspired a television show, "Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventures," on the Fox network, call Socrates "Sock-rates," while Wayne and his friend Garth spend their time coining cute euphemisms for throwing up. The movies trade on knowing, snide references to such popular culture phenomena as Grey Poupon mustard ads, "The Exorcist" and assorted heavy-metal bands; indeed, the films assume the audiences' familiarity with People magazine trivia the way serious literature once assumed a reader's familiarity with the classics.

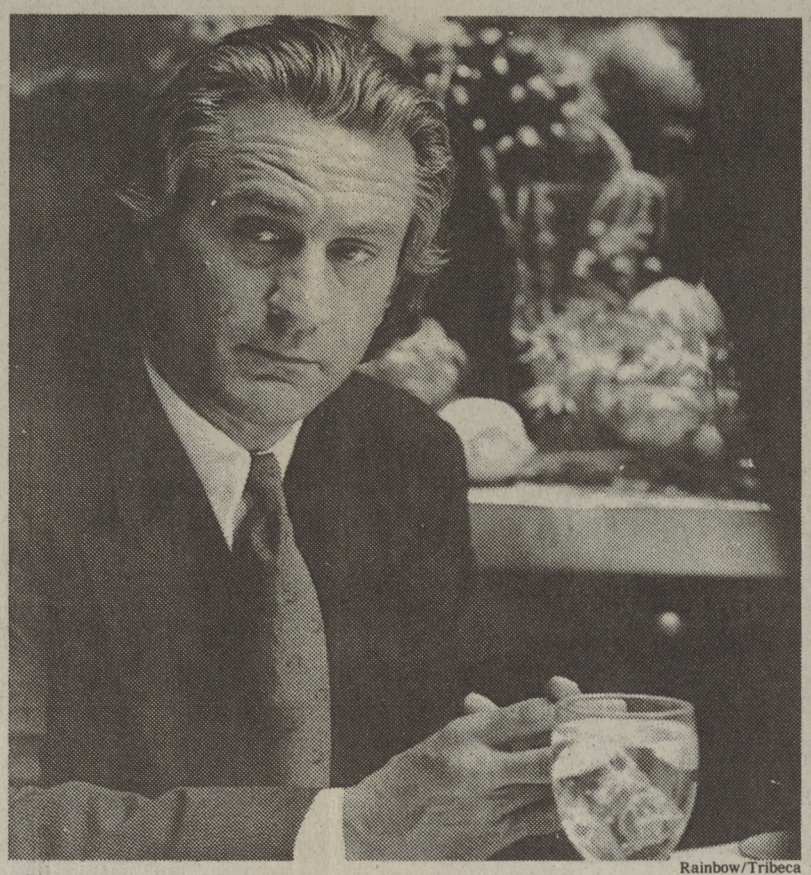
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To some longtime observers of Cheese, movies like "Bill and Ted" represent the decline of Cheese, evidence that its adversarial impulses have been co-opted by the mainstream commercial culture it originally poked fun at. "It's done a 360," says Harper Simon, "like everything else that starts out hip and becomes embraced by Middle American culture."

Like other manifestations of Cheese, movies like "Bill and Ted" play to audiences' feelings of superiority, and in inviting audiences to laugh at their dimwitted heroes, the films, in effect, mock themselves, eschew responsibility for their own inanity and bad taste. It's a stance not unlike the "bad faith" defined by Sartre in "Being and Nothingness," a stance in which a person steps outside himself, thereby relinquishing his subjectivity, his freedom, and his responsibility for decision making.

In the end, this Cheese attitude toward the world is cynical and defensive. Its message is, hey, I'm cool, you're cool and we won't endanger our coolness by ever admitting to a genuine emotion or serious ambition. We won't try to come up with an alternative to the trashy culture we see around us; we'll simply make fun of it by showing we can be trashy, too.

The result is entertainment that's safe, nihilistic and disposable. Processed cheese with a bad aftertaste.



Rainbow/Tribeca

Robert De Niro in a scene from the film "Mistress."

Review/**Film**

And Merrily We Go Dealing in Hollywood

By STEPHEN HOLDEN

In the opening scene of "Mistress," Barry Primus's deliciously spiky satire of life on the fringes of the movie business, Marvin Landisman (Robert Wuhl), a failed screenwriter and director, sits in his darkened Los Angeles apartment morosely studying Jean Renoir's film classic, "Grand Illusion." His cinematic reverie is interrupted by a phone call from Jack Roth (Martin Landau), a once-successful producer reduced to grasping at straws. Jack excitedly tells Marvin he has found a possible backer to finance a movie from an abandoned screenplay of Marvin's, which he has just re-read and insists is "more timely than ever."

"The Darkness and the Light," the property that Jack hopes to revive, isn't just any old screenplay, but a project that consumed five years of Marvin's life and that represents his heart and soul. The project, the story of a misunderstood artist who commits suicide, would have made it to the screen but for an act of God that is revealed in flashbacks toward the end the film.

The would-be producer, George Lieberhoff (Eli Wallach), turns out to be a canny old clockmaker who is looking for a vehicle for his girlfriend, Peggy Pauline (Tuesday Knight), an aspiring actress and pop singer with no discernible talent. At her audition, she squeaks out something called "I'm a Sex Goddess" in a wilted Betty Boop voice.

•

George becomes the first of three producers whom Jack lines up to put money into the project. The two others, Carmine Rasso (Danny Aiello) and Evan Wright (Robert De Niro), both successful businessmen, also turn out to have girlfriends with movie-star ambitions.

Carmine's lover, Patricia Riley (Jean Smart), is a would-be comedian and recovering alcoholic who is even more desperate for marriage than for fame. Evan's mistress, Beverly Dumont (Sheryl Lee Ralph), is the only one of the three women with any acting talent. Imperious and demanding, she knows exactly what she wants and skillfully manipulates her slick, know-it-all lover by playing on his sexual jealousy. The story builds to a climactic deal-signing party at which the three girlfriends suspiciously rub elbows while the producers into caricature or sentimentality. Mr. De Niro, one of the producers of "Mistress," is particularly impressive as the slick, eagle-eyed owner of a string of tennis clubs who exerts total control over everyone except for the crafty Beverly. Mr. Aiello, as his less successful friend, is appealing as a blubbering dolt who knows much less about the world than he assumes. Mr. Landau uses his huge blue eyes to project a blend of frazzled fanaticism and sad-eyed vacancy. Ms. Ralph and Mr. Wallach give strong, uncompromising portrayals of tough operators who know exactly what they want and won't settle for less.

Ernest Borgnine makes a cameo appearance as himself. Jack and Marvin spot the actor as he is leaving a supermarket and rush at him as though he were a superstar who could be the answer to their prayers. Their crazed response amusingly illustrates the desperate, self-abasing extremes to which these characters will go to hold on to the grand illusion that they are bona fide Hollywood film makers.

•

"Mistress" is rated R (Under 17 requires accompanying parent or adult guardian). It includes some strong language and adult situations.

Mistress

Directed by Barry Primus; screenplay by Mr. Primus and J. F. Lawton, based on a story by Mr. Primus; director of photography, Sven Kirsten; edited by Steven Weisberg; music by Galt MacDermot; production designer, Phil Peters; produced by Meir Teper and Robert De Niro; released by Rainbow/TriBeCa. Running time: 109 minutes. This film is rated R.

Marvin Landisman	Robert Wuhl
Jack Roth	Martin Landau
Stuart Stratland	Jace Alexander
Evan M. Wright	Robert De Niro
Rachel Landisman	Laurie Metcalf
George Lieberhoff	Eli Wallach
Carmine Rasso	Danny Aiello
Beverly Dumont	Sheryl Lee Ralph
Patricia Riley	Jean Smart
Peggy Pauline	Tuesday Knight
Warren Zell	Christopher Walken
Ernest Borgnine	Himself
Hans	Vasek C. Simek
Stagehand	Tomas R. Voth
Shelby's Waitress	Mary Mercier

EXTRAORDINARY ENTERTAINM

Critics and Audien

"★★★★! THE MOST DE
– Patri

"IF YOU LIKED 'A R
'HOWARDS END', YOU'L
– Jeff Craig, SI

"A PERFECT
A pure wish-fulfillment story... shimm
– Michael Wilmi

"MESMERIZING... UPROARIOU
Joan Plowright is uproariously funny.
Polly Walker makes a mesmerizing i
– Janet Maslin, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"A VACATION IN RAPTUR
A SEDUCTIVE FAIRY-TAL
Joan Plowright's in high form and Polly
radiates a soigné sexiness."
– Richard Corliss, TIME MAGAZINE

MIRANDA RICHARDSON JOSIE LAWRENCE

ENCHANT

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PHOTOGRAPHY VIEW/Roberta Smith

Polke Turns Old Magic to a New Medium



Photographs from the Museum of Contemporary Art



Sigmar Polke's "Untitled (Quetta, Pakistan)," above, and "Paris," both on view at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles— Suggestions of ghosts, poltergeists and emanations flitting across the images of an irreverent improviser.

LOS ANGELES

SIGMAR POLKE, ONE OF THE most influential painters of the postwar era, has serious competition. It's Sigmar Polke the photographer, who is making his presence felt in an impressive survey at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles. "Sigmar Polke Photoworks: When Pictures Vanish" consists of 120 photographs, a great number of which have never been exhibited. Organized by MOCA's chief curator Paul Schimmel, it is the largest exhibition of Polke's camera work yet assembled as well as the first to be seen in this country.

Of course, the two Polkes are not easy to separate. The paintings of this artist, who was born in Silesia in 1941 and moved to West Germany at the age of 12, are known for their seductive fusions of found images and painterly nonchalance. Acerbic, worldly and beautiful without ever trying to be, they are vital signs of the staying power of painting in an age of mechanical reproduction.

In contrast, Polke's photographs, on view through March 24, begin life as images actually made, rather than simply appropriated, by the artist, and are usually then subjected to rampant darkroom experimentation during which he takes extreme license with developing procedures and solutions. The images that emerge from these sessions can be layered together by using multiple negatives, clouded and stained with diaphanous chemical veils nearly to the point of obliteration or printed on paper that has been folded repeatedly.

Because Polke sometimes eschewed fixative, a few images have disappeared altogether, leaving dark gray surfaces, looking like graphite, that bring to mind the early drawings of Brice Marden. In all, few bodies of photographic work are so infused with a painterly sense of touch, gesture and accident, or are so inclined to be abstract.

The MOCA show almost doubles one's respect for Polke's achievement and suggests that had his only tool been the camera, his reputation would still be considerable. And yet this show conveys something other than the usual awe-inspiring validation of greatness. (The work it contains is far too sloppy and freewheeling.) Nor does it merely present the staples of Polke's art — the recognizable images mixed with random reservoirs of dripped and poured fluids — in a new combination.

For reasons that may be endemic to photography, this show is like a refracting lens. It breaks the artist, his processes and his final images into separate elements, parsing and isolating their characteristics for easy apprehension. For these reasons, this show is far more personal and illuminating than the retrospective of Polke's paintings at the Brooklyn Museum several years ago.

In the early photographs from the mid-1960's and early 70's, we encounter Polke the clown, the irreverent improviser whose penchant for esthetic satire is softened by an odd strain of tenderness. To make these early images, the artist slightly rearranges life: floating bits of detritus in his children's bath water, piling up wooden tables and stools into temporary sculptures; covering his studio floor with potatoes connected by long thin sticks (a Northern European version of Arte Povera) or placing his young daughter among a forest of overturned paper cups topped with lighted candles.

When Polke takes to the road, as he has regularly since the early 1970's, he has done some of his most overtly romantic work, notably in a series that mixes and matches negatives shot in Paris, juxtaposing images of a woman's face or naked body with a Classical statue in the Louvre. Further afield, he tends to be drawn to people on society's margins, making images that underscore his own sense of outsiderness. During a 1973 visit to New York, he photographs Bowery bums, using excesses of developing fluid, which gives the prints a dank, grim, oil-burning darkness, as if they were taken by a turn-of-the-century reformer who hadn't quite mastered the medium.

An implacable, reportorial curiosity is apparent in one of the show's most disturbing sequences, taken in the mountains of Afghanistan: a series of clouded images of a heart-rendingly unfair fight between a chained bear and dogs, a spectator sport for tribesmen, who watch while smoking pot. While in Quetta, Pakistan, Polke photographed opium users, hand-coloring the images with special attention to the random scratches and dots left in the film when sand accidentally got into the camera. As a result the smokers inhabit spaces that seem full of some indecipherable data, a kind of Morse code revealing their thoughts, emotions or spiritual energy.

A show of a painter's photographs suggests that had his only tool been the camera his reputation would still be considerable.

The idea that things, people and artworks have auras or spirits that can be made visible is ubiquitous in this wonderful show, with its continual suggestions of ghosts, poltergeists and emanations flitting across the images. As Maria Morris Hambourg, curator of photography at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, points out in her contribution to the MOCA catalogue, these pictures are in constant motion. They reveal, in a kind of suspended animation, the continual process of life being transformed into art, and for all their roughness of technique and irreverence of tone, they point much more directly than do his paintings to the essential mysticism and faith that fuels Polke's art.

The Polke of this show, which travels to the Corcoran Gallery in Washington in September, is less a great artist than an amazingly daring, restless and hard-working one who pushes relentlessly at the boundaries of his medium and his own personality. This makes the show inspiring but not predictably awe inspiring, because it offers inspiration that other artists, and the rest of us, can easily recognize: be yourself, use everything around you, don't be afraid. □

ART VIEW/John Russell

A Window on the World of Mansions and Mastiffs

ARCHITECTURE VIEW/Herbert Muschamp

In Cyberspace, Seeing the Forest for the Trees



"The Last of the Mohicans," above, painted by Thomas Cole in 1827, and an environmental monitoring station in Black Rock Forest—Two emblems, past and present, of Hudson River schools of thought.

PEOPLE ARE RIGHT TO FEAR the negative impact of cyberspace. When we can sit at our home PC's and call up a virtual town square, why should anyone bother to venture into the real-life — or in cyberspeak, the RL — public square? Why should dwindling public resources be used to keep RL streets clean, safe and attractive? Aren't we already close to auctioning off our public squares to private developers with the entertainment know-how to turn them into sanitized Public Square theme parks? Isn't this the tragic destiny post-modern architects are fated to embrace?

But cyberspace could also turn out to be the salvation of some RL places. Like, maybe, the planet Earth. By the end of the year, for example, Internet surfers may be able to dive into their computer screens and come up inside the leafy glade of a virtual forest. It will be a pleasant place for a virtual stroll: an Arcadian vista of trees, flowers, lakes and scampering wildlife.

The developers of this World Wide Web site expect it to be more than a green screen saver for wired techies. It is being designed to offer visitors to the virtual forest an ongoing real-time report on the ecological status of the RL environment — Black Rock Forest, 40 miles north of New York — based on information collected through a system of environmental monitors.

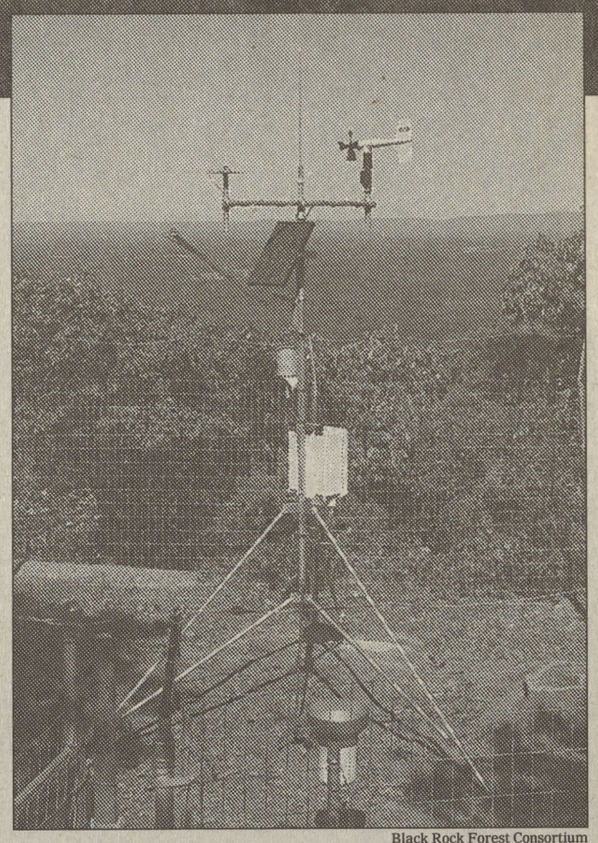
Rethinking the art of making places, on the site where artists of the Hudson River began to define America's cultural identity.

With a click of the mouse, visitors will be able to look at a tree on the screen, for example, and check the moisture content of the soil in which it grows or the quality of the air in which it stands. Another click will enable them to grasp the connection between soil conditions and the quality of the drinking water that comes out of the taps in Manhattan.

Nature, at this web site, will be presented not solely as an escape from the confinement of urban life but as the ultimate infrastructure on which a city's viability depends.

The Virtual Forest Initiative, a working title, is being developed by Jean Gardner, an educator and environmentalist who is a consultant to the Black Rock Forest Consortium, a group of educational and research institutions. The consortium was established in 1989 to study the ecology of the 3,750-acre Black Rock Forest in Cornwall, N.Y., near West Point. In addition to gathering hard scientific data about the Hudson River watershed, the group hopes to influence public policy on the management of natural resources and to educate the public about its stake in the decisions Government makes on its behalf.

Black Rock Forest and nearby Storm King Mountain are emblematic of the possible consequences of such decisions. In 1963, they were proposed as the site of a Consolidated Edison hydroelectric plant. The 2 million megawatt plant at the base of Storm King would have pumped water from the Hudson River to a mountaintop reservoir set largely on Black Rock Forest, then owned by Harvard University, killing large numbers of game fish in the course of drawing and releasing river water.



Black Rock Forest Consortium

The Storm King project became the green equivalent of the destruction of Penn Station a decade earlier. The controversy raged for 17 years. Just as the station's demolition galvanized preservationists into action, so Storm King became a national symbol of resistance for environmental groups. The Black Rock Forest Consortium is one result.

The consortium is now in the process of installing a system of environmental sensors throughout the forest and its waterways and developing a digital data base for environmental studies.

Some of the data to be collected — wind direction, barometric pressure, solar radiation — sound no more impressive than the evening weather report. What makes the project significant, however, is the way it proposes to link nature and culture — enabling visitors to the web site to visualize the connections between the look of a tree in a forest and the quality of daily life in a built-up metropolitan region.

A drought, for instance, could become something more than a newspaper headline, or a reason given by public officials for turning off fire hydrants in inner-city playgrounds. It could also become an occasion to rethink public policies. Soil is a natural system of water filtration. If it is eroded, contaminated or built over, a nearby city may be forced to spend billions of dollars on filtration equipment to preserve water quality.

But the story behind this project is not merely about science or government affairs. It is also a cultural story about a movement to rethink the art of making places. The Hudson River Valley was where artists began to define America's cultural identity in terms of our relationship to the land. The Virtual Forest Initiative uses modern technology toward a similar goal, redefining that idea in contemporary terms on the same site.

Jean Gardner began her career as an architectural historian specializing in the work of Frederick Law Olmsted, the designer of Central Park. Like William Morrish and Catherine Brown, who run the Design Center for American Urban Landscape at the University of Minnesota, she is both updating Olmsted's legacy and revising our view of it.

Only a generation ago, the name Olmsted had become mainly a synonym for picturesque landscapes. Today, there is wider recognition that Olmsted's parks were part of a sweeping vision that encompassed infrastructure, urban development, natural ecology and social thought. The Virtual Forest Initiative reunites these elements in contemporary form. The infrastructure is electronic and the trees are virtual, but, like Central Park, the project is strongly rooted in an ethos of public responsibility.

That's where it differs from the Federal project now under way to convert Cold War spy satellites into stations that will monitor the environment on a global scale: the public will have no access to data gathered by the satellites. Officials of that program say disclosure could compromise national security. Perhaps they fear how the public would react to more bad news about the ozone layer. Whatever the reason, the Government project treats science as a covert C.I.A. operation.

Ms. Gardner's main mission is public education. A major part of her job is to devise curriculums for elementary and high school students who will be visiting the Black Rock web site in science classes. They will use "the visualizer," software now under development, to track the impact of New York's fluctuating levels of air pollution on the water, soil and vegetation in Black Rock Forest.

USING THE INTERNET IS AN important education in itself, Ms. Gardner believes. She considers cyberspace a new form of space, not just a fancy metaphor for interconnected computers. Cyberspace, she says, is comparable to the space Brunelleschi opened up in the 15th century by formulating the laws of linear perspective. Perspectival space fixes the viewer in one place. In cyberspace, people can experience two or more places in real time simultaneously, depending on how many windows are open on the computer screen.

Ms. Gardner hopes that this experience will make people more attuned to the way ecosystems work. She says people tend think that environmental events occur in a linear sequence, like a five-day weather forecast. Today, sunshine; tomorrow, snow. In fact, an ecosystem is a complex of events that occur simultaneously and often interact. In this sense at least, the earth itself resembles cyberspace, an RL worldwide web. □

By David Quammen

DIRTY WORD, CLEAN PLACE



HENRICK DRESCHER

AT SOME POINT DURING THE past 25 years we have perverted a word, and that semantic perversion has brought upon us a perverted idea. The perverted idea is well intentioned, innocent-seeming, currently rather fashionable, and dangerous. The perverted word is "environmentalism." A sawmill foreman in Oregon, a liability lawyer for Exxon, an Assistant Secretary of Agriculture in the Bush administration might not agree with much of what I'm about to say, but I suspect that they each would agree (for their own reasons, antithetical to mine) with this point at least: Environmentalism, word and idea, is inimical to all that's precious.

Bear with me a moment. The fact that a lawyer for Exxon might agree with some notion doesn't necessarily make that notion false. The next stage of the argument is: dangerous and perverted compared to what? I'm not talking about environmentalism versus development, or environmentalism versus business, or (the phoniest, most duplicitous dichotomy of them all) environmentalism versus jobs. I'm talking about environmentalism versus conservation. My complaint is that people keep fussing about "the environment" when they should be concerned with something more intricate, less flat, less peripheral, more important. What's more intricate and more important than the environment? This is: the collective assemblage of beings and relationships and processes and physical objects that we might choose to call by the term "nature."

Semantic perversion on the planet of weeds

.....

An alternative term is "the biosphere." Another alternative, less precise but just as accurate, is "the world." We live in the world, we're destroying the world. The world is more dimensional, less subordinate, than the environment. The world consists of granite and rivers and wind and limestone, of beetles and falcons and rhinos, of rainforest and chaparral, of predation and competition and pollination and mutualism, as well as a bit of concrete, a bit of steel, and five billion *Homo sapiens*. The world is foreground whereas the environment is background. This is not just a matter of words. This involves the concepts and attitudes to which words give shape and power. The term "environment" implies a set of surroundings for some central, preeminent subject. That central subject, under our prevailing assumptions, is human life. Therefore the very word "environment" entails a presumption that humanity is the star of a one-character drama around which everything else is just scenery and proscenium. Still, "environmentalism" is an apt bit of terminology for use by whoever might want to declare themselves utterly, unapologetically anthropocentric. "Nature," on the other hand, implies something deeper and more meaningful than a set of surroundings, and "conservation of nature" is an enterprise of far wider ambition than getting asbestos off the market or keeping tap water fit to drink. Conservation admits to the premise

that nonhuman species and natural systems are intrinsically valuable; environmentalism is utilitarian. That distinction is a huge one. For a conservationist to talk about "the environment," as though it were synonymous with "nature," seems as jarringly wrongheaded as for a white liberal to talk about "darkies" and "gooks."

Of course I've done it myself. You've done it. We all speak the words that are familiar and handy and streamlined. But then sometimes there comes a point where we rebel. We become sensitive to subtext and context, as well as text. We begin to choose better, less damaging language.

There's a place for the word "environmentalism." It's an appropriate label for a certain, limited set of concerns: nontoxic water, nontoxic air, nontoxic tomatoes, no used hypodermics littering the beaches of Long Island or Massachusetts or California, and the freedom for humans to go on expropriating every inch of the planet without fear that someone might get poisoned. The last of those items—freedom from toxic feedback while we overrun the planet—is not an explicit part of the environmentalist program, but it does lurk in shadows among the language and the priorities. Granted, no popular movement should be held culpable for everything it omits, and I want to be fair as well as harsh. So I'll state the obvious: The fight to reverse our species' inclination toward industrial-strength biochemical suicide has a noble history, dating back at least to Rachel Carson, and that fight is rightly called "environmentalism." But we ought to be clear about what it denotes, what it connotes, and what it ignores. I started this argument with wild talk of perversion. Environmentalism is not in its essence perverted. It's just an understandable campaign of self-interest, by our species, with potentially dire implications for the world at large. What does seem perverted is confusing environmentalism with conservation.

Several months ago Michael Oppenheimer, a senior scientist at the Environmental Defense Fund, noted passingly in a book review: "Environmentalism is no longer about wilderness protection; it's about saving the collective neck of humanity." Unfortunately, he's right.

But what Oppenheimer suggests, with this statement, is that environmentalism in the course of its maturation has gotten bigger. I think it's gotten smaller.

"CONSERVATION" IS A RESPECTABLE OLD word. When did "conservation" become "environmentalism"? I consulted the *Oxford English Dictionary*, which tells us about the history of our language as well as its present condition.

The adjective "environmental" has been around for at least a century, though its meaning has changed. The noun forms seem to be slightly newer. Back in 1923, in a book titled *Early Civilization*, A. A. Goldenweiser used "environmentalism" to label a school of thought that interpreted forms of civilization in light of environmental conditions. About the same time, that usage was echoed by a certain F. Thomas, in a volume called *The Environmental Basis of Society*. According to Thomas: "The environmentalist holds, for example, that the snow house of the Eskimo is determined by the surrounding Arctic environment." In 1931, the *Encyclopedia of Social Sciences* declared that "environmentalism is the tendency to stress the importance of physical, biological, psychological or cultural environment as a factor influencing the structure or behavior of animals, including man." In 1940, R. S. Woodworth wrote of the "age-long dispute between the hereditarians and the environmentalists," and as late as 1959, in *Architectural Review*, "Environmentalists" with a capital E was applied to architectural thinkers holding particular views of the relationships between buildings and spaces. But by the time of the first Earth Day, in 1970, a completely new meaning was in place.

Environmentalism is not in its essence perverted. It's just an understandable campaign of self-interest by our species.

That year, in *The New Yorker*, it was reported that "Dr. Robert N. Rickles, a thirty-four-year-old chemist and an environmentalist," had become head of New York's Department of Air Resources. Dr. Rickles seems nicely appropriate as the earliest environmentalist (in the modern sense of the word) to be recognized by the *Oxford English Dictionary*, in that he was professionally responsible for air quality in the city of New York. No one should confuse that job with the conservation of nature.

What was it that occurred between 1959 and 1970 to give a new definition to this protean word? Well, that was a hectic time, as you might recall. We were thumping around like beached belugas, trying to redefine ourselves as a civilized culture. Plenty happened. One of the more consequential events, I suspect, was the publication in 1962 of Rachel Carson's most famous book, *Silent Spring*.

Carson was trained as an aquatic biologist. She worked for the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries, then for the Fish and Wildlife Service. Her earlier books, more descriptive than polemic, were about the sea. *Silent Spring* was her last, and it was part of a different era; in fact, it was the heraldic horn-blast to that era. Before her, we had been blessed with some pioneer conservationists such as John Muir, Gifford Pinchot, Aldo Leopold, Charles Elton, whose hearts were in the woodland and whose expertise (except for Muir, no expert but profoundly an amateur) was in forestry or ecology. Rachel Carson brought biochemistry into the picture. She didn't use the word "environmentalism" (unless I've missed it, in looking back at her book), but I suspect that she more than anyone else caused it to come into being. She did declare, before such statements were fashionable, that the "most alarming of all man's assaults upon the environment is the contamination of air, earth, rivers, and sea with dangerous and even lethal materials." And she did write: "The problem of water pollution by pesticides can be understood only in context, as part of the whole to which it belongs—the pollution of the total environment of mankind." Although Carson seems to have cared deeply about the integrity of ecosystems and the survival of other species, her central and stated concern in this book was the poisoning of the "environment of mankind," and to that concern she did eloquent service.

Without the work of Rachel Carson, Dr. Robert N. Rickles might not have been labeled, in 1970, an environmentalist. Maybe he would have fought the same skirmishes under some other flag. Or maybe, in the absence of Carson, there might have been no New York Department of Air Resources for him to command.

The only bad aspect of Carson's legacy is that her influence, so timely and potent, may have led the rest of us to commit that act of perverting synecdoche. We have mistaken the part for the whole. We have confused environmentalism with conservation.

I WANT TO POSE YOU A DIRE HYPOTHESIS. Let's imagine that the world had nothing to protect it but environmentalism.

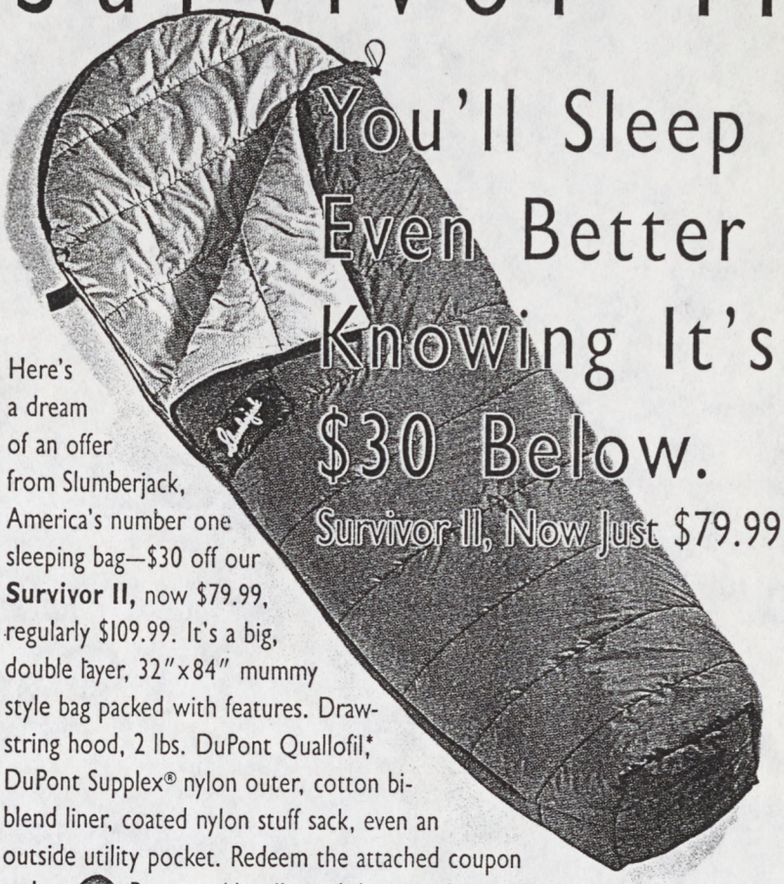
We would all enjoy clean water. The soil would be certifiably free of plutonium and arsenic. The air would be filtered, scrubbed, ceaselessly monitored, invisible, and pure. Our electric buses and cars would emit no hydrocarbons, the ozone would be intact, and the problem of global warming would be solved, don't ask me how. We're on board the flying carpet of fantasy, remember, sailing into a future where all this is plausible. Our tomatoes and our cotton are grown without pesticides. We carry our groceries in cloth bags. Malaria is prevented by window screens. Love Canal is a showcase community full of vigorous children and organic asparagus, the most improbable rehabilitation since Richard Nixon's. We have invented ways to detoxify our environment and keep it detoxified. We are all healthy, and the Earth is a miserable, desolate, lonely place.

It's clean. But ecologically it's empty. Simplified. Depleted of biotic diversity. We share the planet with just a small number of other species, and they all tend to resemble us in ecological character, if not in physical shape: rats, gray squirrels, raccoons, crab-eating macaques, mongooses, feral pigeons, crows, coyotes, white-tailed deer, cockroaches, *Ailanthus* trees, *Cecropia* trees, sea lampreys, Nile perch, European starlings, burrowing owls, *Spartina* grass, geckos, muskrats, rabbits, and possibly black bears, though certainly no polar bears and no grizzlies. The list isn't random. They are all stubborn, forgiving survivors. What we ourselves have in common with this relative handful of virtually ineradicable species is the ability to thrive on a disrupted landscape, to tolerate a wide range of conditions, to subsist on a wide range of foods, to colonize new places, and to reproduce quickly. In other words, we are all weeds.

That's why I call this gloomy vision the Planet of Weeds scenario.

We have abolished rainforest without depriving ourselves of oxygen. (Sadly, that may be possible.) We have also clear-cut and pulped the last of the temperate forests, elbowed the spotted owl into

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There's been a pleasant surprise: The life-support capacity of the continents and the oceans and the atmosphere has not collapsed in ruins, as some people predicted it would. We have not, as it turns out, destroyed ourselves by destroying most of the other species on Earth. In the process of transforming wild habitat into cities and suburbs and fields full of soybeans and corn, we have reduced global biodiversity by 99.9 percent, yes, but so what? The world continues to function. It simply has fewer moving parts. It seems to be reasonably stable, and when it waggles askew from the equilibrium state we can nudge it back with ingenious technological fixes. We and our handful of fellow weed-species seem to be doing just fine. The predictions of doom—the doom that was promised to follow our elimination of all those rich ecosystems, all those other species—haven't come true. We can laugh with relief. The planet is clean, it's healthy, and it belongs completely to us.

Human population has leveled off at a comfortable ten billion, and yet for some reason everybody feels lonely. Environmentalism is the leading global religion.

In the United States, that religion is professed unanimously; it's as American as apple pie. Apple pies are made only with the single surviving brand, Red Delicious. The apple pests have all gone extinct, but spots and blemishes are painted on cosmetically.

I'M NOT THE ONLY PERSON UNHAPPY WITH "environmentalism" and the set of priorities that term implies. An admirably cranky fellow named Colin Tudge had his own say on the subject some months ago in the magazine *Wildlife Conservation*, and I saved his piece in my environmentalism-be-damned file. Tudge agrees that the E word is either a bad label for a good idea or a good label for a bad one. He reminds us that "it is not enough to keep the beaches clean and the air fit to breathe, or even to keep parrots in the trees. We could make a world that was wonderful for humans—vast numbers of humans—and yet perpetrate a mass extinction." Another man who seems uneasy about sheer anthropocentric environmentalism is in far better position than either Colin Tudge or myself to do something about it: William K. Reilly.

In the Planet of Weeds scenario, the predictions of doom haven't come true. The earth is clean, it's healthy, and it belongs completely to us.

As you know, Mr. Reilly is head of the Environmental Protection Agency. He is America's official scourge of toxicity. As you may or may not also remember, he was formerly president of the U.S. branch of the World Wildlife Fund, a private conservation group dedicated precisely to forestalling the Planet of Weeds scenario. I can recall thinking, when the incoming Bush administration announced his appointment, that if Reilly was acceptable in such august Republican circles, it was a shame to see him wasted on the EPA. Let him be Secretary of the Interior, I thought, and maybe he could save a few old-growth forests or rescue a few threatened species. But George Bush seldom seeks my advice on these matters and he probably saw clearly that as Secretary of the Interior a real conservationist could cause real trouble. Anyway, Mr. Reilly is now generating some interesting ripples where he is. In January he appeared at a Senate hearing to explain his view that the priorities of the EPA need a fundamental reassessment.

Reilly, with help from his Science Advisory Board, has bravely concluded that the most truly serious "environmental" concerns are not the same ones that loom biggest in the minds of the American public. What worries the public? Oil spills rank high, probably because oil spills are easily comprehensible, make for dramatic TV, and can be blamed on somebody else. Hazardous wastes, industrial accidents like the one at Bhopal, and radioactive leakage are also devoutly abhorred. And who could deny the nastiness of such things? But the actual significance of those problems, in the judgment of Reilly's advisory scientists, is minor compared to such slightly more abstract concerns as habitat destruction, species extinction, overall loss of biodiversity, and global warming. Environmental cleanliness, say the EPA experts themselves, isn't enough.

William Reilly's task—selling this reordered set of priorities to the American people and to his own boss—won't be easy. Language is part of it, and the language is stacked against him. Possibly he should start by asking Congress and the public to let his agency take a new name.

While we're at it, Congress and you and me, we could reshape a few bureaucratic jurisdictions. Get the national forests out of the Department of Agriculture, for God's sake, and put them within this newer, less utilitarian entity; incorporate also the entire Department of the Interior, with the exception of Manuel Lujan; add a directorate for monitoring biodiversity in America, a directorate for promoting ecological research with the same zeal as the National Science Foundation promotes physics, and a soft-handed directorate for helping the rest of the world find ways to conserve their own wild landscapes while nevertheless feeding their own people. We're a big country so why think small? Give the new entity cabinet-level status, of course, and let the presentable Mr. Reilly be in charge. Create an official seal depicting the snail darter. We could do worse than call it the Department of Nature. ◘

WALTZING IN THE ATTIC. By P. B. Parris. (Doubleday, $18.95.) P. B. Parris's first novel spans 60 years in the life of Hannah Meier, a woman so oppressed she bears more resemblance to the mice skittering across the attic floor than she does to the young girl who once waltzed in front of its mirrors. Living under the iron thumb of her dogmatic father, then of her erratic brother and illegitimate sons, Hannah finally cracks. One senses a better novel lurking in this saga of a rural Nebraska family ruled by Bible-thumping patriarchs whose hypocrisy is topped only by their ignorance. But in the hands of a clumsy first-person narrator — Hannah herself — the material rarely rises above the level of bad television. There are certainly enough florid plot twists to fuel a mini-series: a car wreck that paralyzes the narrator's sister and kills her boyfriend, an incestuous rape and a baby born during a tornado, no less. What finally trips Hannah's wire is the sight of her brother and sons sitting glassy-eyed in front of a pornographic videotape. And her actions trigger the sort of blood bath we now find almost daily in the morning newspapers. In the final pages of "Waltzing in the Attic," spent in the crazy labyrinth of Hannah's mind, the novel loses its pedestrian quality and approaches art. But by now it's too late. JEFFREY ANN GOUDIE

NONFICTION

POWERSHIFT: Knowledge, Wealth, and Violence at the Edge of the 21st Century. By Alvin Toffler. (Bantam, $22.95.) In "PowerShift," as in his earlier books "Future Shock" and "The Third Wave," the provocative social thinker Alvin Toffler urges us to contemplate, anticipate and act upon the extraordinary economic, social and political changes we face at the end of the 20th century. Mr. Toffler sees wide-ranging connections among the many separate events taking place in all these spheres. Thus the breakup of the Communist bloc, Michael Milken's exploitation of junk bonds and the increasing influence and sophistication of computer networks are all only symptoms of a larger "powershift" throughout the world. Bit by bit, in nations and in giant corporations alike, Mr. Toffler argues, the vast stores of information generated and made widely available by computer technology and by the mass media have taken power away from the centralized few at the top and given more to consumers, voters, workers and small businessmen. This has coincided with the growth of what Mr. Toffler calls our "super-symbolic" economy, one that is primarily based not on the production of goods but on the creation and dissemination of information, images and ideas. "PowerShift" is dense with jargon and buzz words: "For the new fact is that, as nations make the transition toward the advanced, super-symbolic economy, they need more horizontal self-regulation and less top-down control." And as is almost inevitable with an attempt at so sweeping a synthesis, some readers may grow uncomfortable with Mr. Toffler's relentless barrage of generalizations. These flaws should not overshadow his larger contribution, however. By placing the accelerated changes of our current information age in the larger perspective of history, Mr. Toffler helps us to face the future with less wariness and more understanding. DIANE COLE

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SUPREME FAITH: Someday We'll Be Together. By Mary Wilson and Patricia Romanowski. (HarperCollins, $19.95.) It was only the beginning of the difficult years for Mary Wilson of the Supremes. The year was 1970. Florence Ballard had been fired from the trio; Diana Ross, the lead singer, performed her final concert with the group before pursuing a solo career, and Ms. Wilson was soon to discover that only $100,000, not hundreds of thousands, had actually been placed in her account by her record company. In "Supreme Faith," Ms. Wilson's sequel to her memoir "Dreamgirl," she gives a broader behind-the-scenes look not only at the popular singing group but also at Berry Gordy's record empire, Motown, which in the 1960's recorded many of America's top black artists. The story she tells, with Patricia Romanowski, her collaborator on "Dreamgirl," is not a pretty one. Corruption, financial mismanagement and favoritism were commonplace under Mr. Gordy's reign, Ms. Wilson charges. Unfortunately, much of "Supreme Faith" reads like a vendetta against Berry Gordy, Motown and particularly Diana Ross. (Miss Ross is mentioned 20 times in the preface alone.) Devout Supremes fans will be more fascinated by the chapters devoted to Ms. Wilson's private life, her love affairs with Steve McQueen and Flip Wilson, her marriage to an abusive husband, her children and her solo career. These sections are a quick and entertaining read. But when it comes to settling old scores, perhaps Ms. Wilson should have taken the advice of that old Supremes hit and stopped in the name of love.

ANITA M. SAMUELS



The Supremes, 1968; at right, Mary Wilson.

PAUL BAILEY

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A NEUTRAL CORNER: Boxing Essays. By A. J. Liebling. Edited by Fred Warner and James Barbour. (North Point, $19.95.) "The problem for Liebling and *The New Yorker*," Joyce Carol Oates wrote in "On Boxing," "must have been to sell a blood sport like boxing to a genteel, affluent audience. . . . It is a problem that, for all his verbal cleverness, Liebling never entirely solves." One is tempted to reply that, in fact, A. J. Liebling is the only boxing writer who ever worked his way around this contradiction. The reason — as readers of "A Neutral Corner," a collection of Liebling's previously uncollected boxing essays edited by Fred Warner and James Barbour, who teach English at the University of New Mexico, are quick to discover — is that he was a great journalist. Unlike the celebrated boxing writers of today, Liebling went to a prize fight to report it, not experience it. Ms. Oates, Norman Mailer and others who cover only an occasional heavyweight championship fight always seem to be groping for the meaning of boxing; Liebling found meaning *in* boxing. Of course Liebling, who died in 1963, was fortunate enough to have lived in the last era when there were enough good fighters around to sustain interest in boxing more than once every two or three years. Not that he was all that taken with the era that inspired his best boxing pieces: "Nineteen-fifty was no Golden Age of boxing, but, compared to 1960, it was at least gold-plated." (But then, as he himself cautioned, "the exact period at which it was better . . . varies in direct ratio with the age of the fellow talking about it.") Liebling managed to find just enough gold, and, like Pauline Kael writing about bad movies, when his subjects were dull he turned lead into gold. ALLEN BARRA

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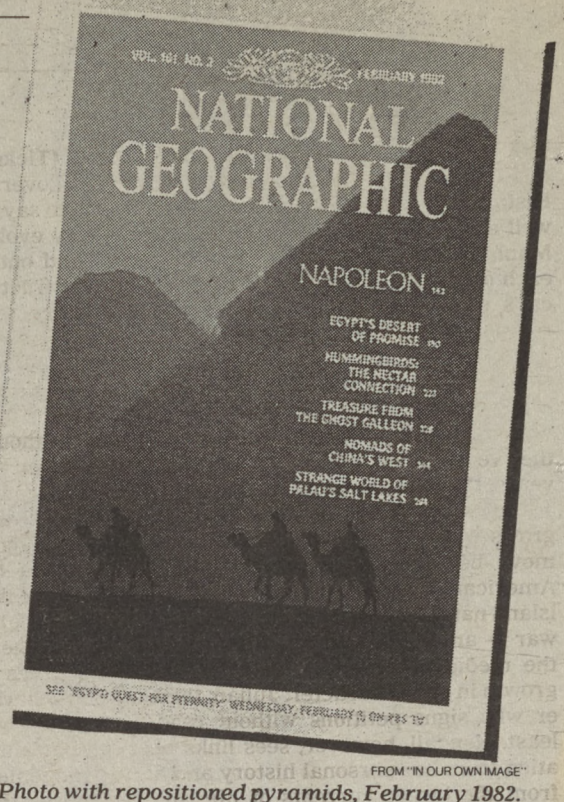
KEEPER OF THE GATE. By Selwa (Lucky) Roosevelt. (Simon & Schuster, $21.95.) To work in protocol is to be eternally vigilant. That's the message of "Keeper of the Gate," a behind-the-scenes saga written by Selwa Roosevelt, the Reagan Administration's chief of protocol. Wearing certain colors, serving certain foods or beverages, proffering certain gifts, sitting a certain way would be sufficient to set off an international incident, she tells us. To work in protocol also requires forbearance (in a fit of pique, England's Prince Phillip slammed the door of an armored car in Mrs. Roosevelt's face), diplomacy (Mrs. Roosevelt managed to charm the Moroccan protocol chief, who was insulted that the United States was offering only five limousines for a state visit) and an economy-sized sense of humor. The stories Mrs. Roosevelt tells are frequently funny and revealing. That's what's good about this book. The problem is that Mrs. Roosevelt comes across as self-righteous ("I believed in the shining City on the Hill — and when [Ronald Reagan] asked me to join his administration, I was grateful and ready to do my small bit to illuminate the American dream"), patronizing ("My protocol officers preferred the black African visitors above all others. With only a few exceptions the Africans were the kindest, the most gentle and compassionate. They . . . looked to my staff for guidance about everything"), and overly hostile toward Israel ("Terrorism was introduced into the Middle East," she writes, "as an instrument of national liberation by none other than the Israelis themselves").

JOANNE KAUFMAN

The Camera Does Lie

In February 1982, National Geographic published a cover photo of the Great Pyramids of Giza, one of which had been repositioned by means of a new computer graphics technology. The earth moved in the world of photography. Although photographs had been altered in various ways almost from the beginning, the degree of manipulation possible had increased dramatically. One could efficiently add, subtract or move parts of a photographic image without leaving any evidence. Fred Ritchin, in his illustrated book of essays, **IN OUR OWN IMAGE. The Coming Revolution in Photography: How Computer Technology Is Changing Our View of the World (Aperture, Paper, $15.95),** explains how this technology works and speculates on the ways it will evolve; its implications for photography and, in particular, for photojournalism concern him deeply. Mr. Ritchin, a former director of photography for The New York Times Magazine and the founding director of the photojournalism program at the International Center for Photography, makes it clear that the ethical and esthetic issues involved affect all of us. If we can no longer rely on photography as our witness of time and place, he writes, then what we perceive as reality is suddenly malleable. Mr. Ritchin sees potential harm — an almost infinite capacity for deception — in the use of these technologies, as well as a great opportunity for the renewal of a medium that he feels has lost much of its power in recent years. Mr. Ritchin brings to his discussion a passionate interest in the social role of photography — which, he says, should challenge our easy assumptions about the world by reflecting its complexity and richness.

ROSEMARY RANCK



FROM "IN OUR OWN IMAGE"

Photo with repositioned pyramids, February 1982.

Books From The Times

THERE'S A COUNTRY IN MY CELLAR. By Russell Baker. (Morrow, $20.95.) Russell Baker wrote his first column for The New York Times on July 16, 1962. Now, 3,800 columns later, "give or take a hundred," the author says, he offers a selection of the best. Arranged under such headings as "Family Matters," "Places I've Been," "Serious Nonsense" and "The Old Cuisine" (don't miss "Francs and Beans"), these 10 dozen mini-essays provide a gifted humorist's perspective on a quarter-century of the ridiculous and the sublime.

Nov. 4, 190

"SPIDER

draws you in with its first sentence...and after that you're entangled....SPIDER is as creepy as a fleshy incarnation of an Edward Gorey drawing....McGrath aims to fascinate you. And you are fascinated; you're enthralled....He looks like a writer we can count on. He may captivate us, first sentence to last, year after year."
—Barbara Jones, *Newsday*

"Touchingly, menacingly brilliant...



it's a sadly disturbing, wholly absorbing novel...this author ...has mastered the art of music and language—as well as the imaginative potential of paranoia."
—Margot Mifflin, *Chicago Tribune Books*

"Elegantly macabre." —*Kirkus Reviews*

"A small classic of horror—a model of authorial craft and control."
—Michiko Kakutani, *New York Times*

"An admixture of Poe and the comic vulnerabilities of Beckett, this tale lingers long and disturbingly in the mind....A closely observed study of madness, memory and storytelling."
—*Publishers Weekly*

PATRICK McGRATH

Author of The Grotesque



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Their Vietnam

RUSSIAN ROULETTE
Afghanistan Through Russian Eyes.
By Gennady Bocharov.
Translated by Alyona Kojevnikov.
187 pp. New York:
A Cornelia and Michael Bessie Book/
HarperCollins. $18.95.

By John Kifner

THE conscript soldiers cling to the sides of a tank, a modern engine of armored destruction suddenly vulnerable, watching for an unseen, primitive but effective, savage enemy. They have no idea why they are in this strange land; they know only a desperate desire to survive. That and fear. Familiar enough, it seems, but these draftees are Russians, not Americans.

If Afghanistan was the Soviet Union's Vietnam, then Gennadi Bocharov is its Michael Herr. Like Mr. Herr's "Dispatches," "Russian Roulette" is a deeply felt, close-to-the-bone, often sardonic, set of vivid sketches of the grunt's war. In one telling section, Mr. Bocharov, a young Soviet journalist who traveled with the troops and whose reports were a startling counterpoint to the party line, asks in turn a refugee, a soldier and the commanding general, a tough professional he clearly admires, why Soviet forces are in Afghanistan. No one can answer. The general says: "I'm commander of the Army. This question should be addressed to others." In a brief afterword to his gut-wrenching description of soldiers killed, maimed, maddened and otherwise destroyed, Mr. Bocharov concludes: "And so it was, during all those years of the war, the longest waged by Russia since 1813: the people lived in grief, and officialdom basked in the glory of doctrine."

This is clearly the kind of book that would have been impossible to publish in the Soviet Union a few years ago. In pre-glasnost days, Russian readers were limited to such works as — I am not making this up — "A Tree Grows in Kabul," about a world-weary foreign correspondent who finds love and meaning as the Russians help out their poor Afghan friends. But in "Russian Roulette," they can read about "the luckiest soldier in Afghanistan" returning home dazed and partly paralyzed; about a good simple soldier from the countryside killed defending his comrades, who later visit a memorial to him "with the dilated pupils and moist eyes of drug addicts"; about an attempted cover-up of a massacre; and about a naïve, eager young doctor going into an "amputation frenzy" in his first battle, trying to cut the head off a soldier climbing out of a tank.

Alternating with these stories are chapters that present the voice of the journalist, freely admitting his fear as an Afghan mob attacks his hotel during his first days in Kabul, or expressing his increasing disillusionment. He is constantly asking why. It is a question that seems to have no answer.

The parallel to Vietnam is directly drawn in a chapter on a military hospital. Mr. Bocharov writes that several years after his tour in Afghanistan he visited American veterans suffering post-traumatic stress syndrome. Their problems, he notes, were similar to those of the Soviet soldiers he saw, as were the wars themselves. "For instance, there is trouble with identifying the real enemy, being a war waged in the midst of a civilian population; there is the necessity to fight when most of your contemporaries and your homeland are living a normal, peaceful life; there is the feeling of alienation upon return from a far-off front; and there is frequently a painful disillusionment with the aims of the war." Indeed, over the last year or so, American Vietnam veterans' groups have been meeting with their Russian counterparts, both here and in the Soviet Union, and have been overwhelmed by the similarities.

"Russian Roulette" is like many American books on Vietnam, too, in that the Afghans appear only as a kind of malevolent background, mysterious, fanatic, ultimately unknowable. With the notable exception of Frances FitzGerald's "Fire in the Lake," American writing on Vietnam has tended to be ethnocentric and dehumanizing, concentrating on the suffering of our own. Here, the Afghans are called "spooks."

IN both the American and Russian cases, this distancing may be what comes of trying to impose a foreign way of life on a resistant native culture. In Afghanistan, shortly after the Soviet invasion, an Afghan rebel told me of the atrocities committed when the Afghan Communists came to his village.

"They tried to teach everyone to read," he said. "Even the women." Attempting to look properly shocked, I asked what had happened. "Well of course we killed them all," he said.

Mr. Bocharov's soldiers are mostly victims, not villains. There is some acknowledgment of the brutalizing effects of the war — "the remains of the village smoldered in the sun," he writes tersely of the aftermath of a popular soldier's death — but what is lacking here is a sense of the enormous devastation and suffering inflicted on Afghanistan, including the mines and explosive devices, estimated in the millions, that the Soviets left scattered behind. These will be killing and crippling for years to come.

Over all, however, this is a sad, true, rather remarkable book, capably translated by Alyona Kojevnikov. And it suggests that there is possibly a certain universality not only about soldiers, but also about attempts at empire. □

John Kifner is a New York Times correspondent who has traveled in Afghanistan a number of times with the Mujahadeen rebels and who has also reported from Kabul.

Afghanistan Was No Parade

He saw the dead, ruined villages along the roads — oh, so many of them! He encountered Afghan peasants — probably the most oppressed and poor creatures on earth, with their inevitable wooden plows and primitive hoes. He had peered into damp, mud-brick huts filled with dirty, ragged children, who darted around with the feral speed of rodents.

Yes, he saw. But seeing and understanding are two different things. All that he had seen did not come together into an integral, meaningful picture in his mind. It was all fragments of an alien and, in many ways, frightening existence. No more than that....

The words revolution and internationalism did not, as concepts, arouse any special emotions in Nikolai's breast — neither positive nor negative ones. Admittedly, when he heard them on the parade ground, standing in line with flags flying and music playing, he did experience something akin to emotional uplift. That was so. And felt himself to be a defender of something elevated and necessary. But that was only on the parade ground. Not when he was just by himself.

Ideas and causes were heady wine to others. He was merely a conscientious, reliable, ordinary soldier.

From "Russian Roulette."

Asking for Wisdom

Native American Reader
Stories, Speeches and Poems
Edited by JERRY D. BLANCHE
Denali Press, $25.00 cloth, ISBN 0-938737-20-1;
PO Box 021535, Juneau, AK 99802-1535

The Singing Spirit
Early Short Stories by North American Indians
Edited by BERND C. PEYER
University of Arizona, $24.95 cloth,
ISBN 0-8165-1114-4

Native American literature continues to revitalize itself and its readers. Ancient and oral in its conception and tellings, this literature has long manifested itself in song and singing and has generally found the various poetic forms of primitivism and modernism (whether lyric or narrative) easily companionable.

Speeches and oratory inherent in tribal affairs, organization, administration, and perpetuation, have—like poetry—a long history of rhetorical purpose and strategy: exposition of necessity tending toward persuasion and propaganda, whether in peace or in war. In adapting its impulses and forms to accommodate contemporary fiction—novel or short story—the changes have, again, resulted in some seemingly natural, masterful artistic achievements.

What volumes like Jerry D. Blanche's *Native American Reader* and Bernd C. Peyer's *The Singing Spirit* demonstrate, with their respective revelations, is that contemporary Native American literature has not just revitalized itself by accommodating "writing" and ostensibly Euro-American forms, such as the fictions of novel and short story, it has, in turn, contributed to revitalizing the forms which have affected it. To read almost any random selection—speech, poem, or "short story"—from these books is to listen again to urges that confirm the revitalizing, empowering forces of literature itself.

The poems and stories in *Native American Reader* are at once obscure and familiar, works to be remembered and recognized, though never previously read. The poets represented—Choctaw, Mohawk, Chippewa, Caddo, Osage, Cherokee, Navajo—are diverse and tribal, yet they share a common, pan-Indian devotion to the enduring rhythms of earth and heart, of birth and death.

The truths and lessons of the sixteen "Indian Wisdom Stories," also from diverse tribal traditions, are the verities of parable and fable, of allegory and archetype. Coyote, Yellow Jacket and Ant, Swan, Buzzard, Wood-Tick, and Mosquito all make their personified, heroic, and villainous appearances. All point the way to greater knowledge of the cosmic and social scheme of things and humanity's need for greater moral and ecological perspective. All ask for wisdom in balancing the human and the divine, and for redefining "nature," "maturation," "responsibility," "progress," and "civilization" in complementary ways. As such, they are wise lessons toward caring and conscience in the raising of children and in adult relationships of friendship and love.

It is, however, the collection of speeches, old and new, which brings the greatest distinction to *Native American Reader* and makes it essential reading and a prime candidate as a required text. Here, in historical panorama, are representative American Indian orators of the last century, with emphasis on the last thirty years. With, perhaps, the exception of the Oglala Sioux Four Guns, speaking in 1891, on the power of memory and the spoken word, there is little worry about transcription or translation because most of these orators preach or cajole or excoriate in English.



We hear again and can analyze in the stop-time of print the anger and dismay of Dennis Banks in 1974, asserting the irrelevancy of urban Indian education. We listen with mounting anger to Leonard Peltier's "Statement to Judge Paul Benson" in anticipation of his sentencing to two consecutive life terms at the federal prison in Marion, Illinois. We are moved to celebratory excitement by the contagious exuberance and constructive agenda set forth by Wilma P. Mankiller at her 1987 inaugural address as new Principal Chief and first elected female leader of the Cherokee Nation. LaDonna Harris impresses us with her hard-headed good sense and resolve in commenting on the need for maintaining tribal and ethnic identities in the face of "un-American" allegations and attacks.

We hear with our own special mounting pride the pride in and respect for Native American heritage expressed by Muskogee-Creek Phillip Deere, and Ojibwa-Chippewa Clyde Bellecourt. And we resolve to demand that Russell Means' description of "The State of Native America" in 1988 be required reading in every American school. Especially in his assembly of speeches, editor Blanche confirms, too, the no-exceptions need for Native American literature's integration into the mainstream American literary canon.

Peyer, as editor of *The Singing Spirit*, perhaps attributes a bit too much derivation from Euro-American evolutions of the short story to contemporary Native American short fiction. As with the contemporary Native American novel, other narrative forms—fable, tale, myth, autobiography, history, etc.—all contribute in marvelous ways to whatever essential differences go into identifying and differentiating the American Indian novel from the American novel. Ultimately, a good story is a good story, however it has achieved its form. And yet, the achievement and distinction of Peyer's collection of North American Indian stories is in his chronological arrangement of stories from the 1850s to the 1930s. He chooses to stop just short of the real renaissance of contemporary Native American short fiction of the 1960s, carried out in large part by authors also responsible for the now classic Native American novels of the last thirty years.

Most of the authors included in *The Singing Spirit* are long forgotten, with the exception of D'Arcy McNickle, whose previously unpublished story, "Hard Riding," concludes the volume and points the way to the Native American literary revitalizations of subsequent years.

Susette La Flesche, Pauline Johnson, Angel DeCora, William Jones, Gertrude Bonnin, Charles A. Eastman, Alexander Posey, John M. Oskison, and John Joseph Mathews are not altogether unjustly neglected authors. These stories, by whatever ethnic or literary benchmark, are not of the first order. This is not to say, however, that they are not entertaining and enlightening in theme and technique. Characteristically, they all reveal a penchant for a story within a story format and thus dramatize oral occasion and the importance, if not the heroism, of the storyteller as cultural and educational conduit. Many deal with the themes of family and tribal responsibility and with the struggles of marginality, with one protagonist after another stepping precariously between old and new worlds and ways. While some brother/sister, mother/father/child stories are saccharine and lachrymose in their romanticism and stereotype, the majority are realistic (or naturalistic) and achieve some significant level of universal comment about the human condition.

In this latter slot is Gertrude Bonnin's "The Soft-Hearted Sioux," which affords the reader some sense of pathos in the fateful criminal path of a well-intentioned Sioux son and convert to Christianity. John M. Oskison's humorous account of "The Problem of Old Harjo" is one of the volume's most entertaining stories, notwithstanding its own degree of pathos in Harjo's frustrations at not being allowed his own Christian conversion because of his refusal to give up one of his wives. John Joseph Mathews' "Ee Sa Rah N'eah's Story" is one of several hunting stories, incorporating folk traditions of tall tale. Alexander Posey's two letters of Fus Fixico afford significant historical insight into Oklahoma Territory and statehood.

But for most readers, McNickle's "Hard Riding" and hard writing will shine forth as the most accomplished and spirited of the collected "singing spirits" represented. In this story, as in much of his fiction, the relationships between Indian ward and Indian federal agent is explored, demonstrating again the need for Indian self-sufficiency and autonomy and the absolutely ludicrous lengths to which the federal government has gone in addressing its continuing "Indian Problem."

Both *The Singing Spirit* and *Native American Reader* prove that the only real problem facing Native American literature is a mistaken exoticism by the general reader. This is not quaint stuff, curios for either collection or ornamentation. This is essential reading, for its Native American/Euro-American traditions and evolutions to be sure, but also on its own terms as reaffirmation of the revitalizations of spoken and written language and the attainments of art. □

TOWARDS SUNSET AT CAMINO CIELO

Again a warm day for November, and we
stand above the harsh cut of the ravine,
the green wake of brush slicing through
the amber delays of autumn. The sun
drops slowly behind us and slides
its dark fingers over dried twists
of sage, toyon, and manzanita—shadows
of rotted stumps, fence posts gape
like missing teeth and one of those
air-grey posts leaps suddenly as you
raise your arm and wave at the silence.
You want nothing more than to know
where we stand in this thin evening tide
ebbing toward the canyon floor.

Like dark water, the shadows lengthen
and we know that if we could
we'd circle high above this gorge
and dive down straight into
the quiet, open eye of the mind
with the studied aim of a red-shouldered hawk
seeking its space upon the earth,
taking with us this sliding shale,
these scrub oaks with branches gnarled
like babies' fists at birth,
these outcroppings of Matilija sandstone
formed when even the ocean was uncertain,
and so leave nothing for the spring
but the blue-white bloom of ceanothus
and a blood-red smear of light
on the hard chaparral of heaven's road.

Maurina Sherman
SAN DIEGO, CA

COBALT

He leadeth me beside the still waters . . .
I remember that,
So many times, him holding the minnow bucket,
Leading me down the dock
To a boat whose prow lifted and sank
In the wake
From some idiot water skier.
Sputter of motor,
Blue oil slick—
I don't know a more beautiful blue—
Deepest cobalt, spreading in our own small wake.
Drifting in lily pads,
We took northern pike, crappie,
Inedible dogfish,
Hated perch, always small and too bony
And full of worms, they said,
Whatever came our way,
Still bobbing among the power boats.

Then the lake's surface
Went from yellow to tangerine
To a lucky penny,
And we were alone there,
Ringed by a stillness of black trees.
I'd like to tell you
We opened out of ourselves
And talked,
But, as I try to bring it back,
I see us losing
Each other's faces in silence,
But in a silence that was not a loss.
We were best at saying
Nothing, lost in a quietude
Pure as cobalt.
Sometimes the motor wasn't started again:
The fish on their stringer,
Moon-mouthed,
Bumping the side of the boat,
Perch and dogfish
To be buried in the garden,
To feed roots white as their flesh,
Pike and crappie
For the table,
His hands, my hands,
Then both of us pulling our hands
To his chest, my chest,
His chest,
Under the opening stars.

C.G. Hanzlicek
FRESNO, CA

REVIEWER: **Robert F. Gish**'s most recent book is *Best Men: Hunters in the West*, forthcoming from Iowa State University.
ILLUSTRATOR: **Gina Kuwamura** is an artist/printmaker who lives in Denver, CO.

Becoming a Familiar of the Land

An Interview with Stephanie Mills by Gary Paul Nabhan



I can remember, as a high school dropout in 1969, picking up a news story about a Mills College commencement address in which a young woman proclaimed the future to be a cruel hoax, with overpopulation ensuring the doom of our species and others. The "shocking" quote from that address, and the one which the media and the environmental movement immediately picked up, was that the speaker had been "terribly saddened that the most humane thing for me to do would be have no children at all."

That sort of forthrightness catapulted Stephanie Mills into the environmental arena in the days when Paul Ehrlich, David Brower, Gaylord Nelson, Norman Cousins, and Stewart Udall were among its senior spokespersons. Talk shows and lecture circuits made space for a woman who spoke from the heart, unabashedly, about a variety of "Earth Day" issues. But conviction and courage were not all that Stephanie Mills had, nor did the passing of the first Earth Day slow her down. Over the following years, her other talents and skills became evident; writing, editing, and "divining" the paradigms that would emerge as wellsprings critical to further growth in the environmental movement. Mills excelled as an editor and writer for the ill-fated *Rolling Stone* offshoot *EarthTimes, Not Man Apart*, and for Stewart Brand's *Whole Earth Catalog* and *CoEvolution Quarterly* (now *Whole Earth Review*).

For years, I had above my desk a clipping from *Not Man Apart*, a funny little tirade of hers against barking dogs, motorcycles, and whining children. More than noise pollution, it railed against their ultimate ecological effects. These days, she gets annoyed by ill-trained dogs, snowmobiles, ATVs, and loud, abusive parents. "I'm still not all that crazy about the company of small fry," she adds, "but I don't hold it against *them*."

Much of her involvement in the emerging environmental movement is recounted in her fine book *Whatever Happened to Ecology?* (Sierra Club, 1989), part of the Sierra Club Nature and Natural Philosophy Library. Particularly moving are the passages about her decision to root herself in rural Michigan and to focus her energies on the Great Lakes bioregion. This change was not a simple romantic leap "back to the land." It turned out to be a painful transition; as priorities shifted, human relationships altered and old assumptions became obsolete. Mills also began to devote her intellectual attention to the bioregional movement, ecofeminism, and restoration ecology.

Her most recent effort is a commissioned anthology entitled *In Praise of Nature* (Island Press, 1990). It is an attempt to elucidate the philosophical underpinnings of the environmental movement—in short, to promote "ecological literacy" among a wider audience. Organized in sections—"Earth," "Air," "Fire," "Water," and "Spirit"—it offers new perspectives from some of conservation's most eloquent spokespersons about what they consider to be the benchmark works contributing to an environmental ethic.

This interview was conducted between the May 1990 Restoration Ecology meeting in Chicago, and the Sitka Summer Writers Symposium in June, where Stephanie lectured on "Renewing the Covenants that Sustain Us."

The Bloomsbury Review: *We've just survived the fanfare surrounding Earth Day 1990. Around the time of Earth Day 1970, you were often on the soapbox talking about overpopulation, the effects of excessive consumption of natural resources, and other environmental issues. What new environmental sensibilities have emerged over the last twenty years?*

Stephanie Mills: Ecological radicalism is what interests me. Hence, I think the most interesting "new" content is supplied by the bioregional movement and Earth First!

Radical, decentralist, nonviolent solutions have to be understood collectively, and in depth. They have to be arrived at face-to-face; not debated or contested, but developed and weighed by the groups that will be responsible for effecting them. Hence, the idea of a bioregional congress, or an Earth First! Rendezvous. Tributary to those discussions among equals is a mountainous amount of intelligent scrivening that goes on in special interest periodicals, where some questions—like the duke-out between deep ecologists and social ecologists—can be aired in the depth merited. However, some of these questions, which have fundamental ethical and strategic implications for the environmentalist mainstream, are too esoteric for the mass media.

TBR: *You mean that the general public may still see ecological implications in issues such as Latin American immigration, one which distanced the late Ed Abbey from Marxist ecologists?*

SM: Just so. Where do you see "mainstream" environmental debates, anyway? I don't watch television or subscribe to a daily paper, but I question the caliber of discussion possible in those media. Part of the problem at that level, I suppose, is the fragmentary nature of the coverage—talking heads, horrific images of oil-soaked birds, the nefarious sound bites. These are not formats that lend themselves to a concerted reevaluation of the market system that makes environmental problems inevitable, especially because that system contains the publishing and broadcast industry.

TBR: *Aside from the question of the electronic media being "bought out," aren't you saying that you doubt their intrinsic capacity to provide a meaningful context to a complex environmental issue?*

SM: Yes. Mass media simply doesn't render subtlety, complexity, and interaction very well. Thus, they cannot and will not function as a forum for developing some genuine understanding of environmental issues, let alone a reckoning of ecological truths. On television, Earth First!ers are terrorists. In the dailies, bioregionalism is quaint and impractical. The organizers and theorists of these movements are stating the issues in the most unequivocal terms, and often the only media available to them are placards and newsletters. This is not coincidental.

If ultimately I am going to restore my land, I'm going to have to become familiar with it . . . become its *familiar* . . .

One of bioregionalism's mentors, Phil Holliday, a one-man thinktank, suggests that the next move is beyond civilization. We need to digest that. Within my anthology *In Praise of Nature*, even Earth Day chairman Denis Hayes concludes his interview by saying, "This time we must not make the mistake of asking too little of ourselves." I doubt that Denis means it in the way I take it, but I think we need to move beyond civilization to a vibrant, place-located bioregional governance. National and state capitals would become ghost towns. Corporate headquarters in New York, Dallas, Chicago, and San Francisco could be retrofitted by the likes of the New Alchemists to provide self-reliant housing for the homeless. Perhaps that would be enough to ask of ourselves.

TBR: *Can nature writing play much of a role in helping us reinhabit and rehabilitate the land? You've commented to me that while pulling together* In Praise of Nature, *you became overwhelmed by the riches we possess in this land as expressed through nature writing and its kindred genres.*

SM: Part of reinhabitation—the essential part—is that it is place-specific. Reinhabitation takes place *some place*, not just any place. And I guess the sheer epiphany of such works as Annie Dillard's *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* (Harper & Row, 1989), Barry Lopez' *Arctic Dreams* (Scribner's, 1986), Richard Nelson's *The Island Within* (North Point, 1989), or your [Gary Nabhan] essays in *The Desert Smells Like Rain* (North Point, 1987) might inspire some reinhabitory and rehabilitory tendencies in a responsive reader. Such writings tell "nature lovers" that they are not insane, that their affection for a world that does not consist entirely of sociology and melodrama is shared, and is a bona fide source of inspiration for other souls.

The challenge is to keep the literature of nature from becoming a reliquary. Too much nature writing idolizes its subject and is awfully breathless. Maybe this hinges on a question of intent. Is the writer telling you of a place with inside, detailed knowledge, or asking you to behold a pretty story about a pretty subject? When it's not natural history, it's the writer's mind in dialogue with a particular landscape, running the risk of using the landscape as a palimpsest for their philosophy, their talents for description and phrase-turning. I fear I've been prey to this.

TBR: *What works come to mind as ones that are on target; works readers can use to deepen their understanding of the land?*

SM: There has been a recent spate of wonderful anthologies—Thomas Lyon's *This Incomperable Lande* (Houghton Mifflin, 1989), The *Antaeus* collection *On Nature* (North Point, 1987), Stephen Trimble's *Words from the Land* (Gibbs Smith, 1988), Robert Finch and John Elder's *The Norton Book of Nature Writing* (Norton, 1990)—any and all of which would be great sources for readers new to this literature. Those books sure chagrined my scant knowledge of a vast literary terrain. And there's more to come: *Sisters of the Earth: Women's Prose and Poetry about Nature* (Vintage, 1991), edited by Lorraine Anderson. So this land has urged many people to words.

TBR: *Perhaps the sudden rash of nature anthologies signals the coming of age, or "eutrophication" of a genre. It seems to me that another sign of maturity in any movement*

INTERVIEWER: **Gary Paul Nabhan** is the recipient of a 1990 MacArthur Foundation Fellowship. He is currently living in Organ Pipe Cactus country along the U.S.-Mexico border, editing an anthology on desert bighorn, and completing *Pilgrims on a Changed Trail*, an account of landscape change in American deserts since the arrival of Europeans.
PHOTOGRAPHER: **David Poinsett.** © 1990.

is its ability to relax and laugh at itself. There are wonderful moments of humor in your book, Whatever Happened to Ecology? *For instance, the confession that many members of our generation were first "turned on" to nature while on chemical highs, flipping through the fantastic photos in Sierra Club books. Where do you see signs of healthy humor in environmental literature today?*

SM: Thanks for appreciating my humor; a lot of it got misread as naiveté. A lot of it I didn't intend. Goddess bless the unconscious, source of all that's funny!

Your question has set me to wondering how much more effective we might be, we dour environmentalists, if we didn't take ourselves seriously. It's all very well and good to feel righteous, but it does begin to get lonely at the top . . . Clearly, more playfulness on all fronts is called for, especially as the saga of the human species seems to be proving to be slapstick—we are the Katzenjammer Kids of evolution, the Five Billion Stooges, the Marx Brothers and Sisters with Mother Earth as Margaret Dumont, standing there with Valdez Mousse dripping down her elegant profile into her decolletage.

I think Earth Firstlers are the primo ecological humorists, with their street theatrics and irreverence. For instance, they offer a bumper sticker for clandestine application to other people's four-by-fours. It reads: "If your pecker was as small as mine, you'd need a muscle wagon, too." You gotta love a sensibility like that.

TBR: *Your new book for Island Press draws upon a format elaborated by the* Whole Earth Catalog *staff, of which you were a member: reviews of landmark books concentrating on their ideas and distilling them to their essentials. Once, in a conversation with your former co-editor Peter Marshall, we compared these reviews to haiku in light of their elegant minimalism.*

SM: The original challenge, as Stewart Brand put it, was to introduce a book to the reader and then get the heck out of the way. *Whole Earth* book reviews were not meant to be occasions for literary essays. It is no mean feat to abstain from writing an essay about a significant book, and even harder to refrain from shooting off right past it to tout your own ideas, à la *The New York Review of Books*.

In Praise of Nature offered our reviewers a little more room than *Whole Earth* usually does, because we felt blessed by the willingness of these fifty-four authors and activists, each quite equal in stature to the work they were reviewing as their contribution to the book. Perhaps the trick for which we are most indebted to *Whole Earth* is the use of quotes from the books that are long enough to give the peculiar sound of the work.

TBR: *What was the driving force behind* In Praise of Nature?

SM: The concept of doing a sourcebook for ecological literacy came from Island Press, and it was smart. There is a lordly amount of current publishing on environmental subjects. The wheel is being reinvented, which is all the more reason to recall the founding fathers and mothers who set it rolling in the first place.

Individual actions constitute the world. That's reality. If we don't dignify our own actions with their true consequences, then we're not worthy of our own lives, our own personhood.

TBR: *Who do you look to as the founding mothers and fathers?*

SM: Things have moved so fast these days that at the tender age of forty-something, one begins to feel like an elder, and carrier of cultural memory. I deemed that there were some thinkers, like Rachel Carson, Carl Sauder, E.F. Schumacher, and Frances Moore Lappe, who nobody should fail to know about. *In Praise of Nature* winds up being a "philosophical" collage that harkens back to a slightly earlier, more holistic sensibility about the nature of ecological concern.

TBR: *After being associated with "Whole Earthers" and "Gaian biospherians" who urge us to consider the effects of our actions on the planet in its entirety, you have chosen to work more at the bioregional level, assuming that local action is the crucible for real change. Wes Jackson has argued that no one can really work tangibly from a planetary perspective, that the concept is inoperable. What is your current perspective on the "think globally, act locally" truism?*

SM: I'm staying true to my school, which is bioregionalism, but I must concede that I am always happy to get a hearing outside my bioregion. I do wonder, however, whether the realm of information and opinion dissemination might not be a place where it is possible to act globally with good effect. Consciousness-raising on such planetary issues as rainforests and dolphin slaughter has, evidently, worked.

Global sloganeering, though, costs specific detail. Specificity is everything in ecology. At the Society for Ecological Restoration we heard about the current global mania for planting trees. Planting any old kind of tree, anywhere, could, through promoting the introduction of exotic species, bring about a slow eco-catastrophe; such simplification might lead away from the stability-in-diversity that tree planting and replanting strive to produce.

Maybe there are humans who can work responsibly and harmlessly at a planetary level, but I doubt it. That scale of action calls for a demiurge, and anyone who aspires to such has got to be highly suspect. At the planetary level, it seems to me that the only useful thing to do is pray to Gaia and let evolution roll.

TBR: *To a large extent, I see the trajectory of your writings over the years as one in search of root causes, and one which enables more and more personal, direct responses which disarm the destructive tendencies in our society. Recently you've boiled the ecological dilemma down to this question: "What would it take for me to rehabilitate this land and to pare down my consumption?" What is your tentative answer?*

SM: If one's own personal actions in one's own community don't make any difference, then nothing will. Individual actions constitute the world. That's reality. If we don't dignify our own actions with their true consequences, then we're not worthy of our own lives, our own personhood.

I am in the process of taking on a large quantity of Michigan acres, all of them in need of something beyond benign neglect. But I just don't see my solitary self as equal to the task of restoration, so the irony; the answer that first occurred to me when I distilled the basic question to what it would take for me to rehabilitate and pare down was community. Blood, sweat, toil, and voodoo are probably all called for. And, no doubt, some of Tom Sawyer's innocently shameless ability to get the other kids to help paint the fence for only the price of a frog, or a sack of marbles.

However, the abiding questions for me are: "Who am I?" and "What am I bringing to this community?"

Oh, the quest for root causes and some definition is the endlessly fascinating inquiry. What is the true nature of the human? The only human I have the slightest hope of knowing directly is *me*. I can know imaginatively what artists and other kinds of thinkers have posited about the shape of character and the soul, but those are either generalizations or artifacts. I can only hope to know my friends and lovers enough to respect and love them exactly as they are, and in depth. I can try to perceive them as objectively and compassionately as possible, but other humans are the ultimate mystery.

So I've got to take the deep dive and go within to study myself as "the human." That I did this in my first book struck some readers as narcissistic. I hope that's not all it was. I have only one life to offer, to work with, and I try not to take it too personally. I don't categorically deny that it may be possible to live a harmless, even positive life on the basis of outer direction. It just so happens that I can't . . .

We both heard Wes Jackson say recently that our children will have to be better people than we were. Having no children, and having a sense that the time is *now* in my life, I've got to let my better self come to light. Sometimes that takes effort, sometimes a cessation of effort, refraining from action, coming to a standstill in an attempt to let all my senses become part of an integrated consciousness. If ultimately I am going to restore my land, I'm going to have to become familiar with it, indeed, become its *familiar*; "an attendant spirit, often taking animal form," is how my dictionary defines that function. Visions of my restoration, and my land's, seem to glimmer in the periphery, not at the center of my focus, sometimes under the cover of nightfall. □

Ecofeminism

(Continued from page 5)

Editors Irene Diamond and Gloria Orenstein have grouped the topics into three categories. The first, "Histories and Mysteries: in the Beginning," introduces ecofeminism as a social movement and philosophy. Some ancient cosmogonic myths are interspersed with modern scientific theories of planetary origins. Sometimes female artists and male scientists seem to be saying the same thing but using different vocabularies. The "big bang" theory, for example, posits an enormous explosion fifteen million years ago and was given a military, warlike name. In feminist language, it becomes the "Great Birth" metaphor, referring to elementary particles bursting apart in trillion-degree heat to become stars—similar to the swelling of an egg which breaks open, and mysteriously engenders biological life.

Parallels are drawn between the Gaia hypothesis and goddess worship. The scientific Gaia (Greek name for Earth) hypothesis proposed by biologists Lynn Margulis and James Lovelock proposes that our planet is a living system designed to maintain and nurture life. Futurist Riane Eisler, author of *The Chalice and the Blade* (Harper & Row, 1987), claims the Gaia hypothesis is, in essence, a scientific update dealing with belief systems of goddess-worshipping prehistoric societies. The mysterious cosmic energy beyond life was in early times referred to as the "Great Mother."

The second section, "Reconnecting Politics and Ethics," treats topics closer to this reader's experience. Susan Griffin, author of *Women and Nature* (Harper & Row, 1979), analyzes the dualistic system underlying Western civilization and perpetuated through the Judeo-Christian views of the world. She blames this dualism for separating nature from divinity. Carolyn Merchant, chairperson of the conservation department at the University of California, Berkeley, identifies the involvement and goals of different types of feminists. Liberal feminists want to reform laws protecting the environment; radical feminists analyze environmental problems with a critique of patriarchy and offer theoretical alternatives which liberate women and nature in the process; and social feminists analyze capitalist patriarchy and would restructure society via a socialist revolution.

Knestry King from the New School for Social Research in New York, identifies three forms of domination over nature: domination of persons, domination of non-human nature, and domination of inner nature. She sees mothering and nurturing as the "bridge between nature and culture."

Marti Kheel, cofounder of Feminists for Animal Rights, and Michael Zimmerman, a philosophy professor at Tulane University, present discussions on deep ecology. The writing deals with self-realization and biospherical egalitarianism and may be too theoretical for the general reader.

Section three gives several practical contributions of specific individuals. Rachel Bagby's interview with her mother about Philadelphia vacant lots that were recycled into blooming urban gardens provides real relief from abstractions. Here is one woman leading a community to understand and connect with nature beyond the overwhelming horizon of concrete and asphalt.

Margaret Ehrenberg's *Women in Prehistory* makes a fine contribution to our expanding knowledge of how women have interacted with nature. As a trained archeologist and instructor of European prehistory at the University of Leeds in Great Britain and the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, she enlightens our understanding of women's roles and contributions in the earliest human societies. Not long ago, prehistorians were stereotypically describing Paleolithic males as brutes that often clubbed each other and dragged women by their hair.

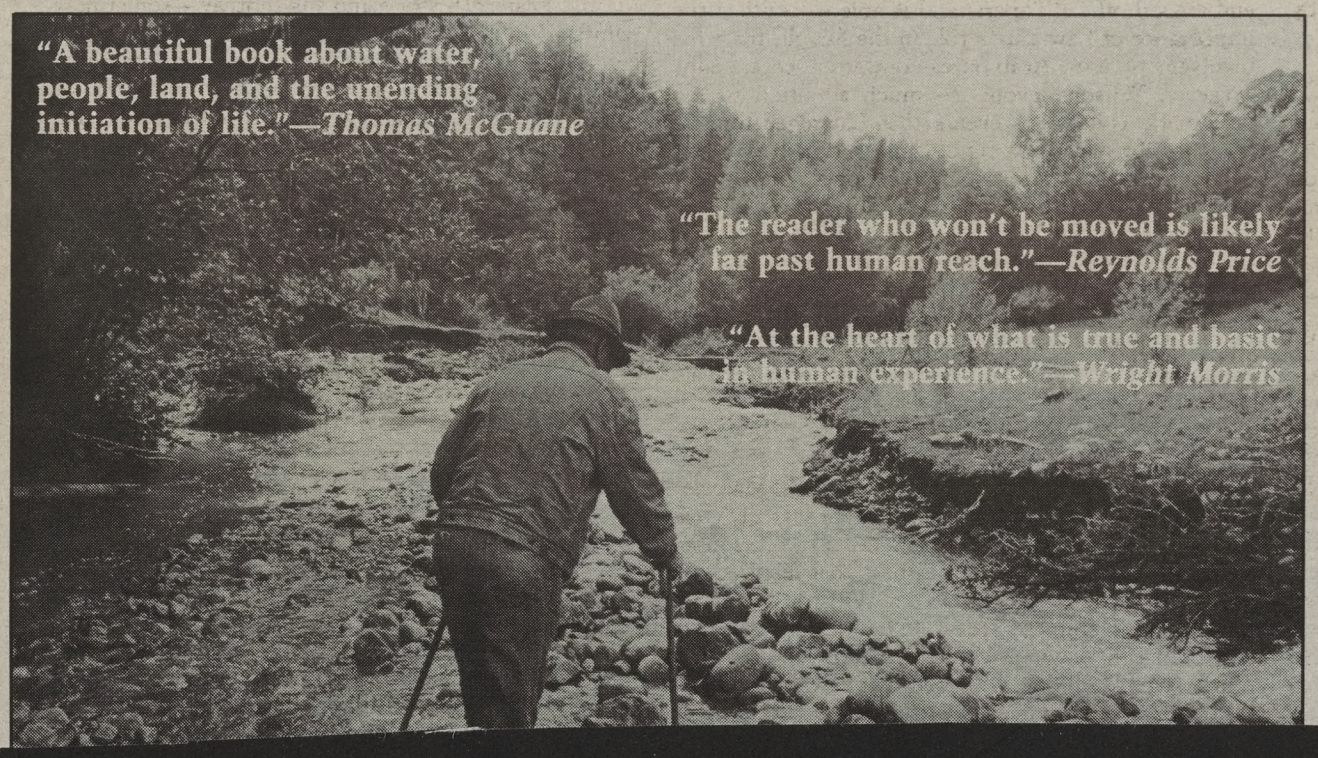
Data from recent excavations, corroborated with anthropological studies of contemporary foraging communities, reveals that prehistoric peoples were sensitive and sophisticated, and that women in Europe—during the Paleolithic Era to the Iron Age—played important roles in cultural evolution, particularly in the discovery and development of agriculture. Ehrenberg's work includes a glossary, updated bibliography, and notes.

Finally, *I Hear a Seed Growing* by Edwina Gateley is a real treasure; powerful and gripping, hard to put down. On several levels, Gateley combines intellect and spirit with activism. One level depicts five years in her life as a British Catholic lay missionary. Her first year was spent isolated in the woods, in deep contemplation. After listening to God internally, she carried out a decision to work with prostitutes in Chicago, ultimately founding Genesis House—where over 4,000 women have been given assistance—as a home for her ministry.

I Hear a Seed Growing penetrates the deeper meanings of the human condition. Its focus on the causes and effects of prostitution, one of the oldest methods of female abuse in patriarchal societies, is shared by emotional experience rather than theoretical argumentation. Gateley's spirituality is greatly challenged and enriched by contact with Chicago's homeless, alcoholics, and streetwalkers. She befriends prostitutes—most of whom were abused as children—the pimps who control them, and the johns who seek their services.

Free-verse poetry enriches the narrative:

God in the Brothel
I went to the brothel
and took God
with me.
The Madam cursed and spat
fury and hatred,
spewing it out
all over the kitchen
and all over God.
The girls sat listless,
in dreadful despair,
waiting for the customers,
with their dirty minds,
and cold, cold lust.
The men,
furtive and awkward,
in their smart business suits,
itching to rape,
and to steal,
before driving home
to the wife and kids,
and barbeque
on the lawn.
I went to the brothel
and found God
within.
And, through all



and writing and organizing in France no opposition would be possible for them today at home. Certainly, they have nothing to say to the Beurs who call with news—only yes, a lot of people were killed during the demonstrations, or no, the referendum on "reforms" held after the demonstrations did not mean much but was at least an opening, the first public admission since the revolution that Algeria was not an entirely happy place to live. More than two hundred and eighty-six thousand of the Algerians in France, including Beurs, registered to vote in that referendum, and eighty per cent of them did vote. It was the week the French were having *their* referendum on New Caledonia, and they did better than the French—only thirty-seven per cent of the French registered to vote voted—but from Oussedik's point of view it was not a very useful exercise. Oussedik says that the real questions a young Beur should be putting to himself are not about small reforms in Algeria—not about whether the Prime Minister in Algiers should answer to the President or the parliament—but about why he is here in France and how he got here. This will tell him more about Algeria, and his relation to Algeria, than he learns at an absentee-ballot box installed by the F.L.N. in Saint-Denis, or on the TF1 nightly news.

Nordine Chérif comes from Saint-Denis. He went to the Institut d'Études Politiques, or Sciences Po, and writes sometimes for papers like *Libération* or *La Croix*, and he is trying to start a group called Génération Beur, to get his friends together, he says, "in a political way." He is not talking about the politics in Algeria (although he often talks about the politics in "Palestine"). He is talking about the politics in Saint-Denis, where he says twenty-five per cent of the people are Beurs or immigrant workers. Chérif has not voted yet in Saint-Denis—he is too old, at thirty-three, to have been an "automatic Frenchman," like his brothers and sisters who were born here since 1963—but he has just got his citizenship, and now that he has it he wants to run on the Socialists' list for the Saint-Denis town council. Saint-Denis is in the *banlieue rouge*, and the Communists control the council. The town has been Communist for so long, and with such fidelity, that it does not take well to people like Nordine Chérif talking about "a new Beur politics." The Communists tolerate Arabs in Saint-Denis as long as they are Arabs like Chérif's father, who has kept his Algerian citizenship and leaves the politics of France to Frenchmen.

Chérif says sometimes that he is like the word "Beur"—"*deux fois renversé*." He means that he is having trouble deciding who he is and where he is going, but he knows that he is not going to Algeria. The life he has is his life in France. He is only seven years younger than Abdelkader Djeghloul, but Djeghloul's life is really in Oran, and he longs for home, and that—they both say this—puts them psychologically in different worlds. The problem for Chérif and his friends is not Algerian censorship or the *rapport de force* between the F.L.N. and the Algerian Army or who it was who actually sent out the soldiers to shoot at demonstrators in Algiers. The problem is being ashamed of the soldiers and still not wanting to abuse Algeria to a smug French neighbor. It has to do with explaining patiently to that neighbor that Algerians are not waiting for the second imam or the second coming, that there is a big difference between the mob in Teheran, camped outside the American Embassy, shouting "Death to Devils," and the men of Algiers on the street, praying. The problem is being French and Arab at the same time. Trying to "*conjuguer les deux*" is what Chérif's girlfriend calls it.

Chérif says that his father worked for the *mairie* in Saint-Denis for forty years, and his mother had ten children in the Saint-Denis hospital, but when they talk about their lives they always talk about "Algeria." Algeria is an imaginary place, a dream of home. In forty years, they have never suspected that home was here. This is why Chérif talks about a "*génération Beur*." He says that his parents have memories but his generation has a kind of gut collective memory—*les tripes*, he calls it—which has less to do with place than with empathy. It has to do with staking out common ground and registering voters and getting elected in Saint-Denis. The mission my friend the *conseiller* describes is here in France now. —Jane Kramer

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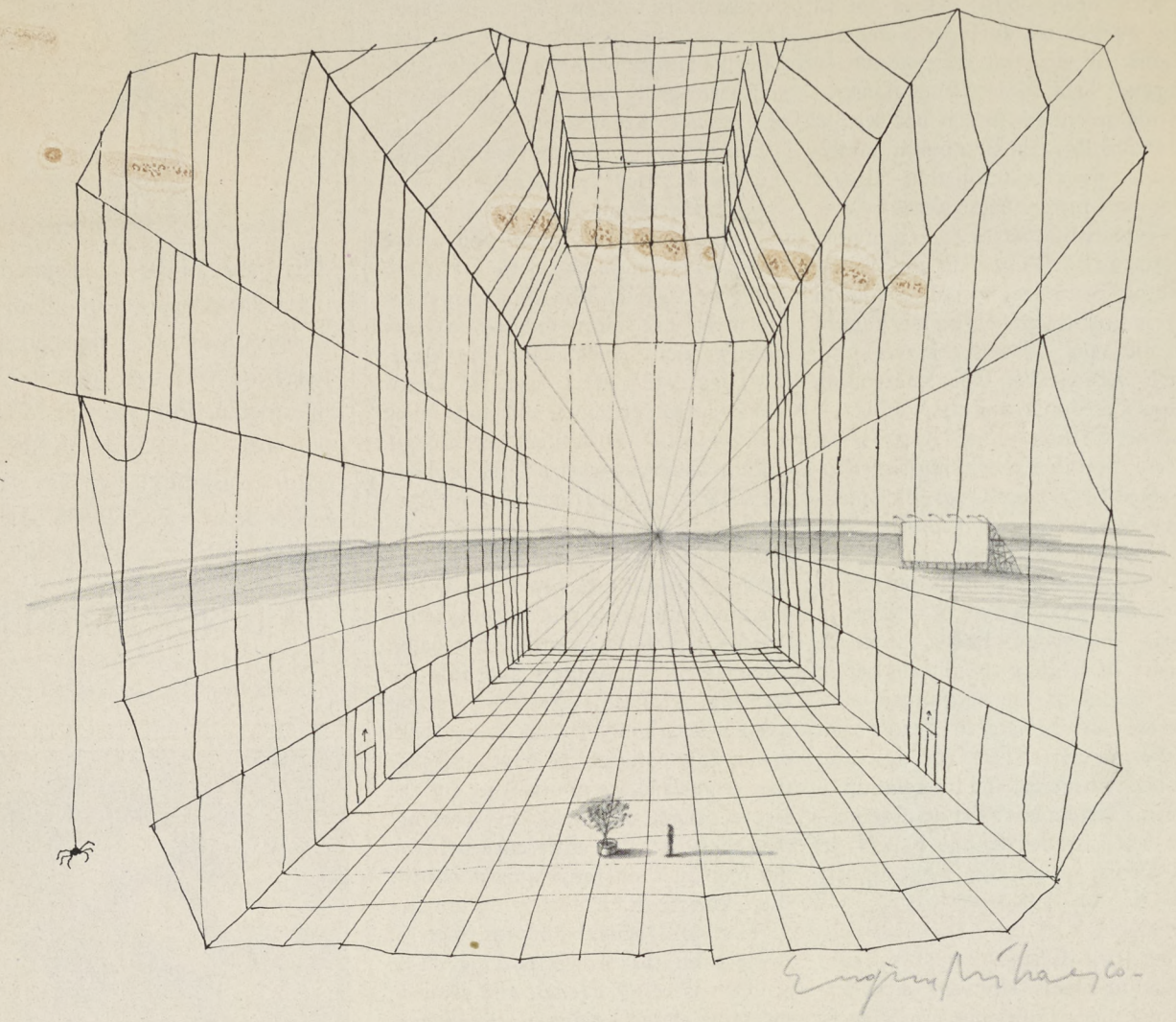
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EMPTY OR NEARLY SO IN HOUSTON



THIS hallway leads to the Sky Lobby of the Phoenix Tower, a new office building in Houston. Well, it isn't exactly new. It was completed in 1985 and has stood empty, because the economy of Texas, dependent on the health of the energy industry, has been in a crisis; so it looked *new* when it might otherwise have looked *experienced*. Its original owners ran into money troubles, and new owners took it on. In September, 1986, although it had suffered no wear, it was given a "renovation": new upon new.

In the spring of last year, I walked down this hallway to the Sky Lobby. There was a sense of utter luxury: new, rather beautiful in a cool way, and empty, utterly empty.

"The skylobby . . . was gutted to its bare structure and rebuilt from top to bottom," a press release describing the renovation of the Phoenix Tower states, and it goes on:

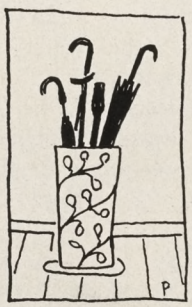
> Polished rosa porina granite, flamed with small rosettes, was used for walls and floors, adding a basic sense of warmth and strength to the area. All of the building's directional graphics were sandblasted into the granite walls. . . .
>
> A smokey grey carpet with coral accents, grey leather couches, a low glass conversation table and a rosa porina granite-topped black lacquered desk with credenza were custom made . . .
>
> The skylobby also houses a security station containing state-of-the-art television monitors, access control computers, HVAC energy management controls and a digital tenant directory housed in a custom-built granite enclosure manned round-the-clock by security supervisors.

You know how, in America, certain things are promised, over and over, and never delivered? "*The last word in luxury. Enter a private world—why settle for less? You deserve . . .*" Yet here it was, all for me, I felt: a thirty-four-story office building, ready to go—brand new, and then *renovated*, because as it was first conceived it hadn't met all my needs. I entered the Sky Lobby. "It was originally dominated by glass, chrome and a hallway of mirrors which inhibited traffic flow and conflicted with the timeless design of the exterior," the release says. I later discovered that as the office market in Houston *sorted itself out* (there had been such wild overbuilding that at the end of 1987 over thirty per cent of the available space stood empty) people in the business turned ruthlessly against chrome and glass. These people are reluctant, over all, to fix blame or accuse any specific persons or any specific human qualities—other than overzealousness and an understandable

wish to do almost too well for oneself —because, after all, these people are oneself, one's employers, and so forth, and because the human qualities of zeal and enthusiasm, which created the glut of buildings, are now being put to use to try to fill them up. In this situation, people have turned against *certain building materials* (chrome and glass), and against the buildings constructed with these materials. It is as though in the midst of a financial debacle a woman blamed herself for not having stuck to haute couture; it was cheap clothes that were to blame.

The fact is that Houston has lost control of its financial institutions. Perhaps these buildings are the only new ones Houston will have for a while: this is the hand that has been dealt. The chances are that if a *really* new building were to be built—one being designed now, to open in the nineties—someone from out of state would have to approve the decision.

I did not think about this as I walked through the Sky Lobby. I thought, *How nice*. I thought about Fatehpur Sikri. Fatehpur Sikri is a wonderful city built in sandstone near Agra, in India. It was built by the conqueror Akbar on the site of the residence of a holy man who told Akbar he would have three sons. Akbar did have three sons, and he built a city in gratitude, but emotions—even gratitude—are not sufficient in the matter of city-building: there was not enough water at or near Fatehpur Sikri to support a population. But it is beautiful.



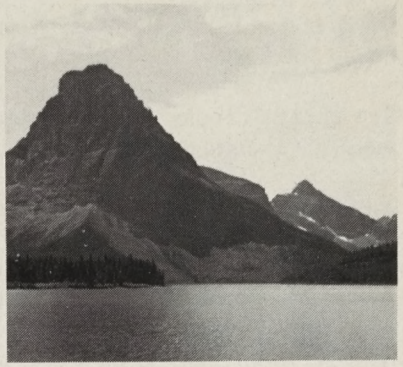
Still, Fatehpur Sikri may not be the right analogy for the Phoenix Tower. Perhaps the right one is Union Station in Kansas City, Missouri. Splendid, enormous, it was built just before the First World War; really, there weren't going to be too many more big railroad stations of this type. I remember walking through it three years ago, wishing I had seen it when it was *new*. All the big railroad stations were in trouble, more or less, by the time I got to see them.

It may not be a bad thing that there are no longer any traditions in America (on a national scale) except the economic: economic tendencies are often so violent and so full of hope and so empty of other motivation that the result is interesting, almost like art—apt to hold one's attention as certain works of art do. "What is *that*?" one asks after the announced intention is no longer plausible, or perhaps after no time at all. San Simeon, for instance: clearly the category "rich man's house" is too small to hold it.

I had a companion in Houston. He was Brian Levinson, of the Houston Economic Development Council. He is a young man, dark-haired, helpful, and enthusiastic. In the months since my return from Texas, he has sent me dozens of press releases documenting the energetic efforts of the Houston business community to deal with its economic problems. ("Houston Will Be Leading Center for Emerging Process Technologies," "Sugar Land Distribution Center Will Create 22 Jobs," "Davy McKee Corp. Opens New Corporate Office in Houston" were the headlines on three.) I was to meet him that day in the Phoenix Tower. I went into an elevator. The numbers of the floors served by the elevator were carved in granite. No chrome. As for traffic flow —really, it consisted of just me. Why should there be others? The air-conditioning was on. Who knows how many thousands of dollars it cost to keep *me* cool? The elevators were spotless. Over the elevators were new, delicate lights.

On a high floor, I was introduced to Carolyn Christian, a big, handsome young woman. A Texan, she is the senior development director of the Homart Development Company, an arm of Sears, Roebuck, which is the new owner of the Phoenix Tower. Miss Christian was such an active, friendly person it was impossible not to enjoy being with her, but she was puzzled when I told her that I liked seeing office buildings empty; in fact, she just could not seem to take it in. As many times as I praised her building for its splendid, near-absolute emptiness, so many times did she seem to imply that it was *full*, that there was emerging into the world a definition of "tenanted" which would include our building—the one we were in, the Phoenix Tower. It was miraculous: through her speech, a better world (from her point of view) took shape of its own accord around us, and as long as I didn't interrupt her this process

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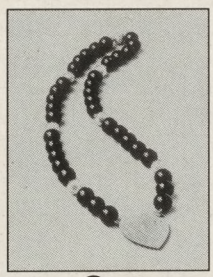
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continued—to stop it would have been to cast oneself as the Grim Reaper. But I will try to give you a sense of our physical situation. There were no crowds of people in the hallway (there was no one in the hallway); we had a wonderful hush of luxurious space in Miss Christian's office; we were in cool comfort; we looked out into bright sunlight; thirty feet below, there was a beautiful garden—it all had the air of the Beverly Wilshire at dawn, with the movie people sleeping late and the servants, those wonderfully trained Mexican hotel workers, keeping out of sight. As to the garden, there was no one in it. Later, after our meeting in her office, Miss Christian and I went out into this garden, where we were, of course, alone (except for Brian Levinson), and Miss Christian made one final attempt to drag me into a sensible assessment of the situation. She said something like "I can't let you go without telling you the way I feel." It was a kind of emotional scene, really: operatic, the way things are getting to be in America, full of feeling but a little out of kilter—we were, after all, talking about different emotional reactions to empty office space. But the beautiful garden! What a setting! It was far more elaborate, so it seemed to me, than the one down the middle of Rockefeller Center; there were far more flowers, all in bloom, and, of course, I had it to myself—I mean, almost to myself.

But to get back to my meeting with Miss Christian in her office. She told me so often that the Phoenix Tower was on its way to being full that finally I had to say, "Well, I guess I don't have a story then. I'm looking for empty office buildings; I want to write only about office buildings that are more than fifty per cent empty."

"Well," she said, "we're fifty per cent rented." And then she paused. "But we're not fifty per cent *moved in*." And then it sank in that I was really serious about *liking* these empty buildings. "Gosh, all of us have been so mind-set to fill these suckers up," she said.

I OWN a book called "Hotel Planning and Outfitting." It is four hundred and thirty-eight pages long, is of a large format, is well printed on good stock with some full-page color illustrations. The illustrations are rather remarkable, done from *paintings* —"Entrance Lobby of Webster Hall," "The Hotel King Cotton, Greensboro, North Carolina," "Venetian Dining Room, Hotel Book-Cadillac, Detroit." The Hotel King Cotton is particularly strange and beautiful. A salmon-pink building, it rises, in this illustration, against a blue sky; there are violet shadows; there are cars in the foreground, and people in a dream landscape of the twenties. This book had a magical importance for me when I was young, because it showed new the things I knew old. I grew up in the nineteen-fifties, and in the early nineteen-fifties you could go to almost any American city and not see any new buildings, and if you did see any they were this utterly new thing "modern architecture." What I was seeing was cities that had been built for the most part during the nineteen-teens and twenties, and no one seemed to think anything about them. They weren't discussed and, not only that, they seemed to have been almost discredited; that is, the people I knew were interested in older things or newer things. They were angry that nineteenth-century architecture was ignored or disprized, and they were angry or hopeful about the new office buildings on Park Avenue, but they had nothing to say, really, about most of what was before my eyes, and this seemed to be true of most of what made up our country—no one had anything to say about what it was or how it had got there.

"Hotel Planning and Outfitting" seemed to me to be a valuable piece of evidence. I liked the names of the hotels—"Hotel Grim, Texarkana, Ark." (Mann & Stern, Architects); "Hotel Hanford, Mason City, Iowa"



(Proudfoot, Bird & Rawson, Architects)—and I found a kind of reassurance in the serious way in which the dignity of these buildings was treated. In America, most dignity is intramural (the advertising industry dignifies itself out of all proportion with awards and citations, to take one example), and I must admit that "Hotel Planning and Outfitting" was published by the Pick-Barth Companies, hotel outfitters, but, even so, I was glad to read of "The Interesting Sunken Garden of the Coronado Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.," and I looked with pleasure at "Window and Cornice Treatment—Upper Portion of Auditorium Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio." The middle part of the book consisted of black-and-white photographs of hotel interiors designed and executed by the Pick-Barth Companies. For instance: "Main Lounge in The Graemere, a Chicago Apartment Hotel" (upholstered wing chairs, divan, octagon table, damask drapes); "Grill Room, The Park Central, New York" and "Gothic Room, The Park Central, New York" (this one had a mural with knights jousting); also the Italian, French, and Arabian Rooms of the Park Central; also "The Striking Spanish Lounge" of the Gaylord, Los Angeles; also "Lobby Executed with Pueblo Indian Decoration, Hotel Franciscan, Albuquerque, N.M." and "Another View of the Interesting Lobby of the Hotel Franciscan." There were chapters on "The Hotel's Carpet Problem" and "Some Things a Hotel Man Should Know About Glassware," and there was what you might call an overview—an essay called "The Modern Commercial Hotel," which ran just opposite the beautiful color plate of the Hotel King Cotton. Here is part of it:

> It [the modern commercial hotel] is the face which the town presents to the world, an outward expression of industrial and commercial virility. The town with a good hotel is on its toes—where hotel accommodations are poor there is apathy. . . . On the other hand too many hotels develop a condition perhaps worse than too few. If, through a condition of oversupply, the local hotel industry is on a non-paying basis there will certainly follow a situation which is conducive to neither good service nor good impressions. There will be losses to local investors and a general impairment of credit when a town is placed in the category of communities which cannot support their own local institutions. . . . Still we often go on blindly building, blindly investing—primarily because a community wants a new showplace or someone wishes to sell a centrally located

building site and because a few blind investors will take the grand project on faith, hope and ultimately charity.

I AM making a list: San Simeon; hotels from the boom of the twenties; office space in Houston. Each of these, I think, implies a system.

The system implied by San Simeon is interesting because it is fanciful. It is more democratic than the system implied by the palazzi of Fifth Avenue, in that it seems to invite participation. This was the tone of the Hearst papers, of course, which specialized in patriotism and gossip: you got to *salute*, and that is participation of a kind, better than looking dumbly on. The hotels described in the Pick-Barth book seem to be an extension of the San Simeon idea—an exaggerated eclecticism—and there has been a further democratization of San Simeon: you can go there now.

What of office buildings in Houston? These buildings and the landscape they create represent half of a *split*. The obviously vulgar, fantastic half of the tradition is absent, or almost absent, or is about to be banished—to the Disney parks, I think—but the dominant theme, which is the social aspiration of business to express itself and to achieve a work of the imagination, is here. My grandmother was a woman who knew how to *dress*. This is America: our achievements are often *peripheral*, however central we feel we have been. We are a nation enclosed in a beautiful line of talk—or an ugly one. The high art in Texas is the business conversation. An office building in Houston (the Phoenix Tower, for instance) is the business conversation seeking to express itself as art; an evanescent thing eager to be seen; a process *toward* an end eager to *be* an end; an expression of optimism eager to be its own proof.

Like "Star Wars," the wonderful overdevelopment of office space in Houston was based on a "what if" conversation, and beyond that lay a series of conjectures (about what businessmen call "the oil corridor") that constituted a kind of story, a fairy tale that would sort people out; that is, as in a fairy story, a successful person would react one way to the set of clues presented by the landscape (in this case, the landscape was a series of conjectures about a *possible* landscape), while another person would fail the test. This is how the situation was perceived by Texans six or seven years ago, but the circumstances of the story changed, to reward other qualities than the ones the original set of conjectures seemed to require. *That* situation seemed to require audacity and "boldness of vision." The story at the heart of the business conversation as it unfolds in Houston today requires (or reveals) *prudence* as the basis for success. The hero is a different man now. Nobody questions the story, however.

Perhaps the two stories (the one that seemed to be present in the set of conjectures and the one that has emerged up through the earth, as it were, in the landscape that really exists today in Houston) can be told best, in brief, by referring to two phrases; that is, if I were really to write a fairy story about the boom and bust in Houston during this decade I would postulate two men—brothers, perhaps, the sons of a rich old Texan—who both went to consult a sibyl and, because of their different characters, came away with different answers. I think of Jesse Jones, the old-fashioned Houston patriarch, as the father ("Get to be as rich and as prominent as I was" was his instruction), and Gerald Hines, the developer, as the sibyl. Hines built the Galleria, a complex of stores, on a site that was regarded (in the nineteen-seventies) as very far west of the old Houston downtown. This was his "vision" (as it has been interpreted by other ambitious men): that if you built big and well you could build away from downtown.

People have built all over in Houston. There are big office towers at Northwest Crossing, for instance, north of the city. From high up in a downtown office building (or from the Transco Tower, for instance, a sixty-four-story skyscraper in Hines's Galleria district), one sees a remarkable sight: low, flat land and then, suddenly, an eruption of towers. There is no zoning in Houston—it is the only important American city to build without some serious restrictive guide to development—and almost anything can happen anywhere. (I think of Tuscany when I think of Houston: city-states, some of great beauty—I regard Houston as a place of real beauty in its strangeness—appear on a landscape where a non-urban spirit is also honored and is in force.) One night, I

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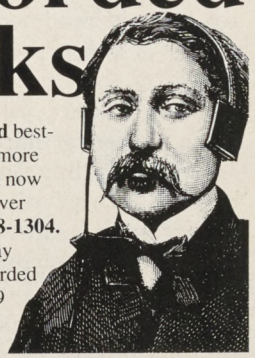
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went to a funky little crawfish fry at a funky little establishment near the intersection of two interstates. It was like an inn in a picaresque novel: different aspects of the city were being illuminated—cars were rushing by on the big roads, clusters of office towers stood all around, sparkling and new, and this crawfish fry was going on, unself-consciously, as the expression of some folk life beneath everything else. I went back to my hotel, a splendid old place in which the Mecom family (long prominent) had installed beautiful carved panelled doors (from the Hôtel Murat in Paris), to say nothing of a glass-fronted cabinet filled with *crowns*, and I was violently ill; the crawfish, I think, were to blame.

To return to the two stories and the two phrases. In my scheme, one son of the rich old man pursues the example of Hines's success and comes away with a story, which is the story of the *oil corridor:* how, inevitably, Interstate 10, which runs west from Louisiana to Houston, and then west into Texas, will fling prosperity at those who adhere to a belief—a belief in oil, a belief in the *oil corridor*, a belief in the processes of belief. The other son also looks closely at what Hines has done, but he comes away with a simple homily: "Make sure you have an *anchor tenant*." This son is perceived today as being in the best tradition.

I WANT now to talk about *words* —about how words influence, or can influence, action. I don't believe that the landscape of Houston would look the way it does if the particular phrase "oil corridor" had not been there to describe the vector that people were riding, and I don't think that the optimism that comforts Texans now would seem so nourishing as they seek to assemble a sensible landscape from what has been flung at them (or from what they have produced themselves by flailing around) if they did not have the phrase "anchor tenant." There is an area out along Interstate 10, very far west, called Westchase—a kind of miniature White Plains, only better—that is all ready to go, with office buildings, hotels, shopping districts, and even helicopter-landing facilities. Westchase is struggling today to find a reason to exist at all, though reasons were beautifully and wonderfully available while the phrase "oil corridor" still had magic. And there are, it seems, almost no lengths to which the owners of a building or their agents will not go these days in order to capture an "anchor tenant" for a building; the Italian developer Giorgio Borlenghi, the owner of a huge complex of commercial towers near the Galleria, bought a building so that its principal tenant could be moved into one of his new, empty buildings. *That* is what is called a *very* creative deal.

The city itself seems to be a line of talk; I mean, these buildings seem to be words in a certain kind of business conversation, which is still going on, and to which the participants are devoted.

Here is part of a real conversation. I am sitting in the office of Jim Peters, a senior vice-president of Cushman & Wakefield, talking to Warren Savery, a Houston real-estate broker whose firm handles the leasing of space from Borlenghi. We are on the thirteenth floor of an office tower at 1300 Post Oak Boulevard, near the Galleria. It is a magnificent new building, categorically *not* empty—this due in part to Mr. Savery's efforts. No. 1300 is part of a complex of buildings put up by Mr. Borlenghi. Mr. Savery says, "Giorgio had an in-house group that really had not been as successful as he would have liked. And he explained to me that the reason he didn't go with a third-party company on the front end was he didn't want to offend anybody, *and* he really didn't know who were the better firms. At any rate, we came on in 1984. About ten million square feet of space was leased in the Greater Houston area that year, and one million was leased here."

As to the *setting*, this building is very luxurious: what is called in Houston an "A" building. And this is what I mean: All this building, all this talk, is a kind of dance, a social event. It is intended to do something *socially*. What has happened in the Houston real-estate business since Mr. Savery began to work for Giorgio Borlenghi in 1984 is that "A" buildings have robbed "B" buildings of their tenants. "A" buildings continue to justify the dance, so to speak; they make a certain kind of conversation possible. Otherwise, we would be talking about a commodity, and we are not doing that yet.

What I mean is that in a commercial culture it is very important that *the commodity* not be just a commodity. In a socialist country, too (a thing it is almost impossible to find), a commodity is still not just a commodity; it is a thing geared to the needs of the people—something also, perhaps, taken away from someone else. Always, everywhere, a commodity is not just a commodity; it is also an idea. But in America the situation is aggravated by the fact of advertising. Before any commodity is mentioned, a submissive, stimulating generalization is laid beneath the message: WE ARE HERE TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT. Ah, but what is wanted isn't only the *thing*, we the somewhat reluctant prospect allow it to be known. What is it, then, that we want as well? To be allowed to speak of oneself as though one were important when, perhaps, one has done nothing important. I think "to speak" is the crucial phrase here. In Mr. Savery's speech I notice courtesy and sense, and a happy outcome. One must, in the end, be able to speak of oneself in this way, I think. It is the requirement. When I said that it is important that *the commodity* not be just a commodity, I meant that goods are always in a hierarchy, as speech is. All stores are justified by Bendel's, and that is why the "A" buildings are full in Houston.

And yet not *all* the "A" buildings are full. It was Mr. Savery's firm that handled the transaction by which Mr. Borlenghi bought a building to acquire an "anchor tenant"—Union Texas Petroleum. The Phoenix Tower is what you might call an "A-minus" building. And there is in downtown Houston a building called Heritage Plaza, fifty-three stories high, which you might call an "A-plus" building: at the time of my visit it was ninety-two per cent empty, because the developers had gone ahead with their project when the bust had already come (they are famous for having said that they hoped to find "a window in the market"), and because they were holding out for an "anchor tenant." Heritage Plaza was ghostly, dim, forbidding—and sad.

THE national destiny is usually discussed in terms of prosperity and fairness—sometimes it's prosperity on the one hand, fairness on the other. I think that, secretly, we are interested in neither of these ideas (although as a practical matter we want some money and personally we like to be fair). I think we are looking for the next vector—that is, the force we can ride through our everyday landscape so we don't have to look at it. Possibly we want a world in which all action will be brave, something that will win admiration. I decided to look at Houston's landscape in heroic terms.

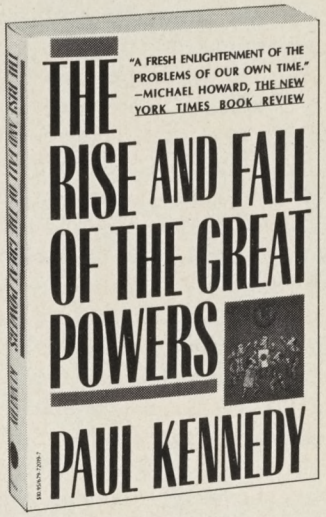
I set out to look at buildings. It was like looking for people: you had heard that a certain person lived, strangely, in a certain place. I did it by instinct. I had seen the city from above, and the underlying economic forces had been described to me. I had *heard* the conversation, and I set out. I had been given some guidance. Brian Levinson had shown me my first "knockdown"—a residential complex on Westheimer Road. A "knockdown" is a new building that it is cheaper to demolish than to let stand. And he had taken me to Westchase.

Now let me describe the first empty building I found while I was out by myself; it was the eeriest of all the buildings I saw in Houston. It was the kind of building that had been described to me as a "C" building, and it was faced with mirrored glass. It looked like a pariah. I had been warned against this kind of building so forcefully that it looked to me like a criminal, a representative of all the forces endangering the city. It stood (at the corner of Dolores Street and Chimney Rock Road) in a simple residential neighborhood; across Dolores Street was a small house in a small fenced yard. As I walked by the yard, an angry dog barked. Life. There was no life that I could see in the big building itself. It was six stories tall, and it looked a way I had never seen a building look. It looked like a failed *car*, a gas guzzler during a fuel crisis—like that. Suddenly, no one wanted it *at all*. Better to be the barking dog than a person involved in *that* building. One more thing: when you looked east along Dolores Street (the small houses on the left, the empty office building on the right), you could see the Transco Tower, the big new "A" skyscraper in the Galleria zone. It was *medieval*. I felt that I was outside the walls looking toward a place where there was real protection available to citizens like me. I wanted to be near, or *in*, the Transco Tower rather than where I was, which

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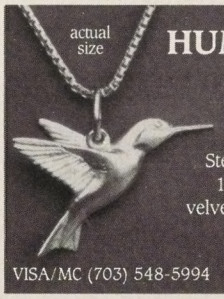
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was in a kind of empty land of threat.

There was forty million square feet of unoccupied office space in Houston at the time of my visit. I had planned to go to Dallas, too, but I couldn't find real-estate people who were willing to receive me. The situation there is desperate, too, and they do not have, in Dallas, Houston's kind of optimism; things are more protected in Dallas, less open. Texas has a simple tradition of victory. One set of masculine values has predominated.

I drove to the district called Northwest Crossing. There are some big buildings here that have been empty but are filling up, and many, many small developments that are utterly desolate. These are the kind of buildings that should house professionals or small "high tech" manufacturers but do not. I had the medieval feeling again at Northwest Crossing. Not only were there big buildings in oval shapes, rather like castles (they reminded me of the strange villages south of Sparta, in Greece, where clusters of towers, each one the home of a family, stand together without making contact with one another), but I came upon a strip of empty small offices which had a crenellated roof. I took a photograph of this, and when I had the picture developed I saw, reflected in the strip's mirrored glass, the image of an older building across the street, done in an echo of the adobe style of the Southwest, which can also have the aspect of a fort.

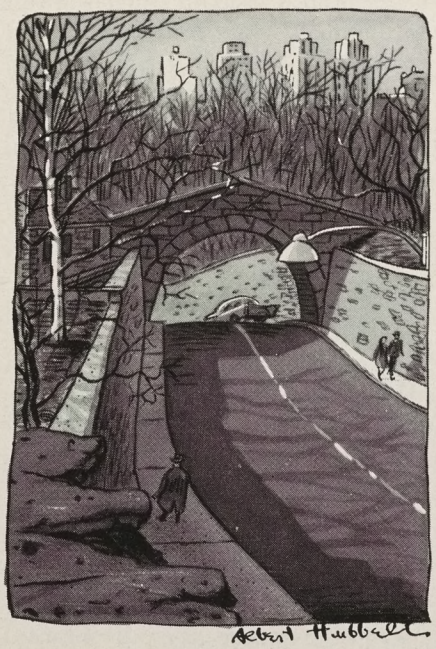
The human mind tends to skip and skitter, while optimism, which is not a thought but an emotional color, remains (or can remain in some people) consistent, so that one may be optimistic at one moment about living in a community so secure in the way it protects its "values" that no overt protection is necessary, and at the next moment one is energetically rallying oneself to live in an armed camp. It is a characteristic of one small group of people to be interested in why such a change (from unprotected to fully armed) should be necessary, and a characteristic of another, much larger group to find this question a waste of energy. It always seems to this larger group, whether it is making lots of money or losing it, that energy is in short supply and is needed for more important things than thinking, so that no energy, or almost none, ever seems to be free to fill in those places where the mind skips—to examine the flow of things.

ON my last day in Houston, I had an appointment with a real-estate broker called Buddy Clemons, who had promised to show me through the Rice Hotel. Mr. Clemons is in his fifties and is an old Houstonian, and the firm he works for, the Horne Company, is a prominent one. As a broker, the Horne Company handles "A" buildings only, and has done so with success. When I talked with the head of the firm, he told me that it had just about filled up 1600 Smith, a new "A" building that had been giving it some trouble, and that now most of the buildings it handled as leasing agent were filled. (Here is another distinction: a prominent firm, like Horne, will handle only "A" buildings as a leasing agent; as a *manager*, however, it handles many troubled buildings that have reverted to the mortgage holder or, perhaps, to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.) In this situation, Mr. Clemons has a special position, one that is, to all appearances, congenial to him. He brokers, among others, two big old buildings in the old downtown which are not only empty but in need of renovation. The Rice is one of these.

I have a booklet put out by the Rice. It is aqua in color. It has no date on it, but I would guess by the style that it's from the late fifties or early sixties. It looks like VistaVision, if you know what I mean. Everything is portrayed as "modern." On page 3 of the booklet is a photograph of the Rice's exterior (the Rice was built by Jesse Jones, the patriarch, on the site of the Capitol of the Republic of Texas, and had a kind of official importance in Texas; it is of the era and in the style of the boom hotels pictured in the Pick-Barth book), but given equal prominence are photographs of a "Drive-in Motor Lobby" and something called the "Television Registration Desk." It is as though the Rice were a little ashamed of being the Rice. And yet being the Rice was, after all, what the Rice had to offer, so this booklet (unlike the Pick-Barth book) seems slightly conflicted, slightly *split*. There are evocations of a proud heritage ("FLAG ROOM . . . a unique combination of incomparable cuisine, service and an atmosphere that makes dining a memorable event. Setting the motif for the room are the six flags that have flown over Texas [Spanish, French, Mexican, Republic of Texas, Confederate, and United States]. One of the nation's finest restaurants. . . . [The Rice] is actually part of a tradition as old as Texas"), but also a strange *unsureness*. Consider, for example, the text describing the "Television Registration Desk":

> Closed-circuit television lets you select your accommodations from 1,000 guest rooms and suites. A private elevator takes you to the main building, eliminating any need for going through the main lobby.

Not go through the main lobby? *Why not*? Well, because it's a little dull. (Somewhat the way *chrome and glass* on the façade of an office building are now.)



I walked through the Rice with Mr. Clemons and Weidy Weidman. (Weidy and his three assistants are the only ones working in the hotel these days.) We walked down a long red corridor. I looked into a room with dusty red leather banquettes. This was the Flag Room. "That was our gourmet dining room," Weidy said. We turned a corner and looked into a room with more banquettes. It was gloomy. "This was a private club, the old Capitol Club," Weidy said.

"Which was your favorite room?" I asked.

"All of 'em," Weidy said.

"When did you come here first?" I asked.

"In 1938."

"Where were you before that?"

"Well, I was in high school. I just graduated. Old Sam Houston Central." He turned to Mr. Clemons. "You remember Central High?"

"Oh, yeah," Mr. Clemons said. "Dad went to Central."

We went to the second floor to look into the Crystal Ballroom. Mr. Clemons said that the Crystal Ballroom had been the masterpiece of the hotel, and he showed us a picture of the way it had been in the nineteen-twenties. "Any developer would want to take it back to that now," he said. Interestingly, this room does not appear in the Rice booklet, which stresses instead the Grand Ballroom, a later addition, described as "unquestionably one of the world's most beautiful rooms." The Grand Ballroom is utterly forlorn now (I saw it later), and Mr. Clemons would not take a guess as to its future.

"These things are still up there." We were still looking at the old photograph. The photograph showed an elegant American neoclassical ballroom with a coffered ceiling and oriel windows. Weidy was pointing to the windows in the picture.

"They are above this ceiling?" I asked. The room had a dropped ceiling, from the fifties.

"The air ducts are in 'em now," Weidy said.

I spotted two murals in the photograph, one high on the north wall, and one high on the south. They seemed, as far as I could tell, to be on the theme of abundance—something like that. Weidy saw where I was looking.

"I still have that mural. It's locked up in a closet," he said.

"In this hotel?" I asked.

He nodded. "But the other one—There's one on each end."

"You feel that it's still up there?"

"That one is. This one was removed."

"But you have it?"

"It's got some holes punched in it, because they had those metal laths that go through"—Weidy was smiling—"and the metal-lath mechanic, he just punched holes in it. It's got quite a few holes in it."

"Do you know what it shows? What it looked like?"

"No."

We examined it, the three of us, peering down at the photograph.

"Like people are dancing, and it has some . . ." Weidy paused and looked again.

Mr. Clemons said, "It's hard to tell."

"AND this was the Rice Roof," Mr. Clemons said. Big, and with glass everywhere, the Rice Roof took up the top floor of the hotel, and felt to me like an ocean liner—all sunshine, and running on something unseen, like an ocean, below. Mr. Clemons, a friendly, interested man, seemed to be bigger, more of a presence, here on the Roof. First, we walked out over one wing, and then out over another. He said, "The Petroleum Club was here last. And then the Petroleum Club moved to the Exxon Building. And they were the last private— The last ones that occupied— This was later converted to the Ames Brothers' night club." We were walking toward a wall.

"See the gold record?" Weidy asked me. As I got closer, I could see that there were emblems of hit records on the wall, and *musical notation;* the wall had been decorated to represent a page of sheet music. Weidy was looking at a gold-colored emblem. "This is their design," he said. "They lasted—what? Nine months, in the fifties. I think they played— I think they were here for nine months."

FINALLY, I would like to report on a space that was *not* empty. This was the Brown Convention Center, a huge building that stands like a dam or a bookend on the east side of town. (It seems to be putting a *hold* on something, rather than making way for any kind of *corridor.*) I went inside. From the second level one could look into a huge space below. Here there were people—hundreds, perhaps a thousand, of them, each one bent over a desk, writing. I was not alone. A mature black woman stood next to me. She had a camera. She was worried that if she took a picture it would somehow disturb the people below. I encouraged her to take the picture, and she did. We looked at all the people. From a notice I had seen below, I knew that they were taking an examination to be accepted as Certified Public Accountants by the State of Texas. "I never saw so many people *testing*," the woman said.

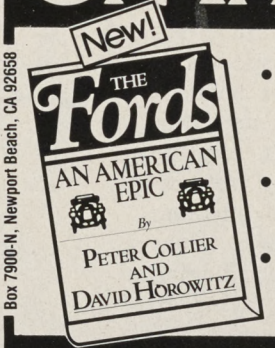
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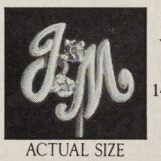
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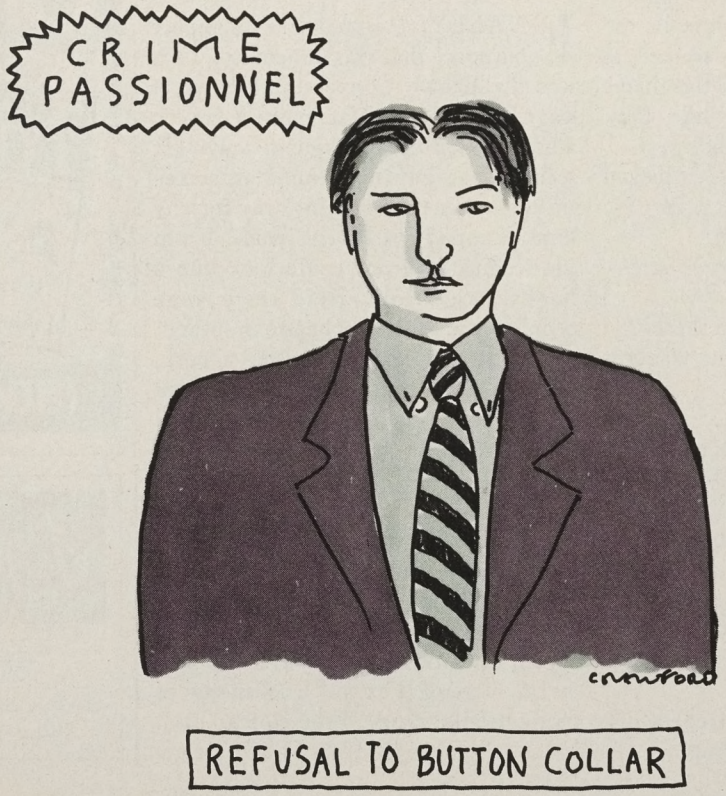
EDNA O'BRIEN's new novel, "The High Road" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $18.95), begins with fear and ends with a kind of banishment. In between are sex (or the promise of it or the memory of it) and despair. This is one of O'Brien's woman-on-holiday stories—like her 1965 novel, "August Is a Wicked Month," and several of her best short stories—and the point, as always, is that it's not so easy to get away from ourselves. Anna, the narrator of "The High Road," is a middle-aged woman of Irish descent who's on the run from a painfully busted affair. The novel opens with Anna waking, alone and disoriented, in an unfamiliar room: "My hand went instinctively toward the bedside table only to find that there was no lamp, nor table where a lamp could be, and then slowly and unnervingly it came to me that I was not at home, that I had come to this place, this new place, and gradually I remembered my walk of the evening before, the strange town, a mountain, and now this intemperate roar while it was still dark." She is, it turns out, on an island: one of those sunny Mediterranean places filled with tourists from the Continent, leisure-dazed specimens of the upper class, and sluggish, vaguely "artistic" expatriates. In her emotionally numbed state, this woman can't seem to find anything restorative, or even anything particularly new, as she moves from one lodging to another, trying to locate a room that will give her both comfort and the sense of a fresh start. When she's alone, she's subject to terrors and morbid flashbacks to the end of her romance; but the company of other people is just as bad—everyone she meets is like a carnival-mirror distortion, a grotesque image of what she could become. She just doesn't know where in the world she is; what she sees when she looks around her is beautiful but indistinct.

That's pretty much the way we feel, too, for at least the first third of this book. The hazy beauty of the prose is about all we can be sure of. O'Brien, writing her first novel in eleven years, takes her time settling back into the once familiar form. She dawdles over the landscape, shifts tones promiscuously from comic to melancholy and back again, strews minor characters all over the place, while keeping us guessing about her attitude toward her heroine. It's almost as if she were doing exercises, trying out her various gifts while she searches for her novelist's voice. And we don't mind, because the drifting course of the narration seems exactly right for the heroine's (and perhaps the writer's) state of mind: the style is tentative but expectant, alert with both anxiety and desire. The opening chapters of "The High Road" turn arbitrariness into an exquisite kind of tension.

What's exciting about the novel is that O'Brien never does fully resolve the tension. The story becomes, eventually, more linear—it follows the developing relationship between Anna and a young island woman named Catalina, who works at her hotel—yet we feel more and more uncomfortable and unsure of things as the book goes along. O'Brien is (has always been) a deceptive writer. She comes on very strong, with language that means to overwhelm, to seduce: its rhythms are insistent, and what's carried on her relentless waves of prose is most often some grand emotion, outsize and naked and almost punishingly clear. Here, for instance, is her description of Anna's reaction to a bunch of flowers that Catalina has left in her hotel room:

> My room was in semidarkness and yet I could see the flowers, feel them as if they were breathing. It was a fresh bunch, so beautiful, so immense that I knelt before it as at an altar. Opening the shutters, I saw they were sweet peas—airy, rampant, glorious; she had included every color: red, deep purple, pale purple, pink, and white. They were in such profusion it was as if they had not been plucked from their high, thin, curving stalks but had grown like that, in a shoal, a wayward profusion. She had added sprigs of myrtle, its pungent smell an echo of the forest, in contrast to the soft airy smell of the flowers.
>
> I hurried out of the room to thank her, buoyed now with some purpose. She was not to be seen. The flowers were piled one on top of the other, great breathing bunches, waiting for her hands to pick them up and separate them, to take the roses and pull them gently apart, the red, and the white, and the yellow roses, and to take the remainder of the sweet peas, which would be bruised if they were left to lie there too long; to put the tall, chaste, waxen lilies into tall, chaste jars.

This is not cautious writing. If we take it at face value, it's too urgent, too detailed, too rapturous for the simple event it's describing. But it is also, in its manic overelaboration, a perfect representation of the narrator's emotional state: in every run-on sentence we feel the hurtling, undirected energy of a very needy woman, a woman who's desperate to work herself up to an epiphany. We may notice, too, that the girl, Catalina, whose job it is to put



Peace in our time at Brookside Cottage

Inflation could hardly have gnawed much at the living standards of William. He was far too self-contained in his West Yorkshire valley. He lived out there with his sister Anne in a stone cottage above a pleasantly meandering and—then—unpolluted trout stream.

I doubt if they were ever troubled by rates. They drew water from an infallible well always naturally garlanded in spring with stitchwort and primroses as though for a pagan festival. Oil lamps served for lighting. Anne baked. The home fires had to be kept burning for six months of the year in that northern dale, but during summer William built up a stack of logs in the barn adjoining the cottage, like any Austrian peasant.

He selected the wood knowingly. "Logs to burn, logs to burn," he would quote, "logs to give the fire a turn". It was an old jingle that went on to define the burning qualities and failings of pine, oak, beech, holly and the rest: I have never been able to track down the full text, packed as it must have been with the accumulated rural experience of generations.

The economy of life in the cottage is perhaps worth a moment's reflection in these days of soaring food prices harrowing old people. William must have been about 65 when I first met him—at daybreak in a wood, of all times and places, as I was recording dawn birdsong. He pointed out that he had heard a robin singing in the darkness long before my first entry indicated. His sister was older, but sprightly. They always seemed to eat nourishingly enough, with few trips down to the town shops.

Anne used the larder of the countryside. She would make some kind of porridge from the tender young shoots of stinging nettle; a super-spinach as I recall it.

She could turn an apronful of *Coprinus comatus*, the shaggy cap fungus, into a delicious meal, better flavoured than any mushroom. Thinly sliced young puffballs became the basis for fritters. There was free cough cure in a syrup made from elderberries. Diluted, this made a wine like good port.



"Summer is not here until the elder trees are in flower", Anne would say. They both kept a lively awareness of the beauty in the progress of the seasons.

William was still a sure shot, even when the target was a woodcock barely visible among the camouflage of undergrowth. He supplemented his old-age pension by supplying artists with woodcock flight feathers for making paint brushes. Rabbits he usually snared with soft wire loops set—was it four fingers high?—over the runs. His sister stitched a long rabbit pocket inside his overcoat so that the dead animal could be carried home unobtrusively. Moleskins brought in a bit more on the side. I have known him get moles simply by whacking the ground with a spade when the runs came near the surface. One suspects the heron may spear them by much the same method.

In his homely way this Airedale countryman was a natural naturalist like many other north country working men. He was rich in rural lore. The little ivy-leaved toadflax draping the walls was Pedlar's Basket to him; possibly the gipsies had once used it in making their posies for peddling in the town? The wild geese clanging over in the winter night were gabbler-atches; perhaps the folklore authorities can explain the origin of that one. The chaffinch had a name I have yet to find in any book—piefinch.

He liked a broad-margined calendar so that he could jot down the arrival of summer migrants opposite the dates. "Swallows—April 15". They never varied more than a few days in their coming and William used to say (ringing could well have proved him right) that the same swallows returned to the same spot on the barn beams. He would leave the top half of the barn door open to welcome them, fixing a barrier of holly at each end of the beam to hold off the cat.

Once when he was kept in bed ill the swallows came home to a closed barn door, but they were soon flashing perilously in through a broken window pane. There were no bird books in the cottage, but William had noted for himself how parent swallows would feed young on the wing the food passing as their beaks brushed at the peak of a dizzy climb.

He showed me my first dipper nest stuck to the side of a packhorse bridge upstream, a compact domed cradle well out of reach of boys. This was his favourite bird. He had watched it closely but had long been baffled how it could walk along the stream bottom—until I drew his delighted attention to an engineer's explanation showing how the current downstream impinging on the bird's back pinned it down as it walked upstream, submerged. He in turn drew to my notice the fact that dipper and kingfisher had their territories along the brook, the kingfishers seemingly the more aggressive birds. They had their burrows in a sandy bank where town boys cut down through the turf to reach the nest, only to find not eggs but a scrawny batch of nestlings. William showed me these by simply lifting a circular patch of turf like a lid.

With such a setting for his daily life I sometimes wonder what William, a retired builder who had worked with a craftsman's pride in local stone, would have thought of the high-rise flats now soaring incongruously among the millstone grit of the town at the end of the valley: a human battery system compared with the quite individuality of his cottage. He had held on to something that Professor Trevelyan reminded us so many Englishmen lost when the Industrial Revolution drew them into the towns and divorced them from nature. Is it not this which people subconsciously seek to replace when they scurry from the cities to their country cottages, or simply to the country, at weekends?

Of course, Anne must sometimes have looked wistfully at my wife's modern kitchen and bathroom—her cottage got them soon after she died. But this pair of country dwellers, it should be noted, *were never bored* unlike some of the old folk I know in those towering flats. They always had something to do. No neuroses at Brookside Cottage; if William ever had any, he surely worked them out in the blade of his spade as he dug his vegetable plot. There was a composure and quite in their living which is hard to find and keep today.

If a moral or lesson lies somewhere in all this, possibly it is worth trying to find it.

Tom Hey

Times
Feb 10, '73
p. 16



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For eight years free movement from the Rock to Spain has been impossible and residents on Gibraltar share two expensive outlets by sea or air to Tangier and by air to London. Private boat owners can sail across the bay to Algeciras, if they are careful not to change crew and passengers too often. Others who want to go to Spain travel through Tangier or on the weekly flight to Madrid.

Mr Amery in his Churchillian statement was bearing tribute to the fact that Gibraltar has not collapsed. Constitutionally the community has evolved during the past eight years and achieved a large degree of internal self-government. British purse strings are the main limitations. Socially there has been a broader distribution of wealth, improved hours of work and recognition of adults at 18 instead of 21. Compulsory military service has been replaced by voluntary service.

Withdrawal of 7,000 Spanish workers resulted in their partial replacement by 3,000 Moroccans. They range from a small percentage of skilled people to well meaning, but unskilled labour. Apart from local labour, the working population is supported by expatriate British who enjoy the sun and a good price for their skills. The Moroccans can manage long weekends at home, regularly reinforced by their long festive periods.

For the British—the expatriates, the Services and their supporting Ministry of Defence and Naafi—the stay on the Rock is usually a two or three year tour. Most Britons who did not know the Rock when it had an open border enjoy the experience, particularly in the summer.

of 25,000. They live in crowded conditions in the old houses and military quarters that are stepped into the western side of the Rock and mostly contained by the city walls. An increasing housing programme did not begin until after the last war and return from evacuation.

Since 1950 2,400 flats have been built and a Gibraltar new town has sprung up under the north face of the Rock. Varyl Begg estate, named after the present Governor, is beginning construction on reclaimed harbour land and will look after 653 of the 1,460 families on the priority housing waiting list. That will be in 1975 and by then it is estimated there will still be 900 families in essential need of a home. The closed frontier accentuates the desire to be better housed.

A ready explanation for the congestion of cars in a place where most people could solve their travelling by a five-minute walk is that they become the sitting rooms and retreats for the owners. Young people crowd into an expensively outfitted car which has a radio, record and cassette player to have a party. Couples apparently gazing at the Spanish landscape over the bonnets of their cars are often holding hands and watching a portable television.

Mr Isaac Abecasis, the Housing Minister, hopes Gibraltarians soon will be able to buy their homes through a housing corporation. Until then he lives with the housing problem. As a part-time minister his basic employment is with a bank. Roof-to-floor glass frontage does little to hide him from the public, and a constant stream of house hunters keeps the bank looking much busier that it is. The strictly controlled priority list can



Looking no Avenue cros Spanish fron

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Dr James C been indispe raltarians, Gibraltar un siege as a lu tion camp. T that althoug real physic much psych is being dor fering from illness, he es about half practice. " to say you

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MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY
LECTURE

COMMON TEXTS

by
Gordon G. Brittan, Jr., Ph.D.
Professor of Philosophy

June 14, 1985

Common Texts

by

Gordon G. Brittan, Jr., Ph.D.
Professor of Philosophy

Honors Night Program
Montana State University
June 14, 1985

DEDICATION

The 1985 honors lecture is dedicated to the memory of Phyllis B. Berger.

Mrs. Berger's support and concern for the academic programs at Montana State University set an example for all to follow. In particular she demonstrated unwavering support for Native American people and for the preservation of the heritage of our region. In 1985, Phyllis Berger received MSU's Blue and Gold Award for distinguished service.

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COMMON TEXTS

Talk with someone who teaches the Humanities long enough, and eventually he or she will mention a book. Our experience is largely, although of course not entirely, of the book-side of things. We form communities of readers.

People who have read the same books belong to the same communities. They share something in common, a particular experience or idea, made uncommon by some author's having expressed it in a certain way.

It is simply a fact, I think, that to the extent that we have read the same books, and by virtue of this shared experience or idea and its expression, we can communicate more fully with one another, at the very least being able to presuppose common meanings and a wider range of associations.

By the same token, teachers of the Humanities, who are if nothing else "professional readers," have a certain measure of authority in these communities. Having read more, and perhaps more carefully, they can go somewhat further with the texts and use them to illuminate, if not also resolve, a variety of issues.

When a large number of people have read the same books, say Shakespeare and the Bible, then the authority of teachers of the Humanities is great indeed, and no one questions their competence to speak on matters of public policy.

For better or for worse, this is not the case at the present time, and we play a very much diminished role. Here are three indications of the changes that have taken place in the last hundred years or so.

When Granville Stuart and his brother were camped on Gold Creek during the winter of 1860, they were "famished for something to read." Hearing of a trunk of books over in the Bitterroot, they started for them, "a hundred and fifty miles away, without a house, or anybody on the route, and with three big dangerous rivers to cross. . . " Although it took some negotiating, and required half the money they had, the Stuarts managed to buy five books: Shakespeare and the Bible (in French), of course, and Byron, Adam Smith, and a book about Napoleon as well. Books are more generally available now, even in western Montana, but are there many people who still put such store by them or who have an equally profound knowledge of Shakespeare or the Bible, or, for that matter, who write so clearly and vigorously?

Both the extent and, for my purposes more important, the focus of this reading were part of a national pattern. So firmly and generally entrenched were certain texts, in fact, that during the decade of the 1890's five plays by Shakespeare, several poems by Longfellow, Gray's "Elegy" and Bryant's "Thanatopsis" were used in more than 25 percent of the schools of this country. Things are different now, however; *we* live in an era of "reading skills" and "interchangeable" rather than *common* texts.

What is less easy to document, but no less surely was the case, is the extent to which certain texts, especially the Bible, were shared at home. Richard Roeder has made a rather thorough study of the homestead reminiscence literature—books, diaries, letters—and reports as one kind of theme running through it the significance of reading in family life, particularly reading aloud in the evening, the father (typically, but not exclusively) not simply reading but commenting on the text as well—the Bible and Shakespeare, it goes

without saying, but also Robert Burns and the latest magazines. When was the last time anyone here read aloud at home?

A case can be made* that the loss of this sort of shared reading experience, the disappearance of common texts, was responsible for the decline (as documented by the massive decline in verbal SAT scores among the white middle class) in the national literacy level. At the very least, the two have gone hand in hand, and in other areas of the school curriculum, such as mathematics and science, where a common content continued in force, SAT scores, although declining, remained relatively much higher.

But this is not mainly what worries me at the moment, however much the decline in literacy, particularly at the national political level, is to be deplored. What worries me at the moment is the restricted opportunity for communication across our culture.

Admittedly my perspective is both limited and somewhat biased. After all, I teach reading and writing for a living. And, like other teachers of the Humanities, I have felt increasingly isolated from areas of contemporary concern, not as a citizen but as a teacher.

Let me illustrate. The Montana Committee for the Humanities, as the local re-granting agency of the National Endowment for the Humanities, sponsors a number of public policy programs across the state every year. Perhaps you have participated in some of them. They have dealt with the most important issues of our time, global issues of war, hunger and energy, more local issues of land-use planning, herbicide control, and implementation of the new water law. Under the terms of the federal legislation setting up the Endowment, scholars in the Humanities are required to take part in these programs, to lend our unique historical, philosophical, and literary perspectives to the proceedings. But all too often we play a merely token role, our comments not so much dismissed as ignored in what follows. The problem? My view is that at least part of it is that we don't share any texts in common with those who attend these programs: not rooted in the texts on which we're knowledgeable, our comments seem (and often are) vacuous; rooted in texts which no one else has read, our comments seem superfluous. Either way we lose, returning to the University to take up our more accustomed duties as curators of the museum.

But I think we lose in very much more important ways as members of a culture who no longer have a common bond of literacy between them, who cannot, for example, any longer summarize a complex of thought and feeling with a single reference to *Hamlet,* or whose mental and imaginative frontiers are restricted to their own experiences.

Well, what are we going to do?

In the first place, it's too late in the day to try systematically reviving Shakespeare and the Bible. They will always be read, of course, but not in the same very general and very deep way as formerly. My concern is not, in any case, so much that *certain* texts *continue* to be read as that *any* texts continue to be *shared.* New times require new texts, and I have no desire to see Gray's "Elegy" or Bryant's "Thanatopsis" reinstated as part of the canon.

In the second place, we can develop a more integrated program in our schools. In fact, here at Montana State University at the present time we're in the process of developing a Core Curriculum, trying to isolate and teach what should be central in the education of an American citizen toward the end of the 20th century, and emphasizing shared experiences, methods, and concepts. My hope is that the Humanities part of this curriculum will increasingly emphasize the classic texts, beginning with Plato and Homer, the foun-

*See E.D. Hirsch, Jr., "Cultural Literacy," in *The American Scholar,* Spring, 1983.

dations of our literature and of our thought. But our work here, and the work of others at colleges and universities across the country who are coming to the same conclusions, will, I think, be of limited effect, little more than a holding action, at least as far as the larger community of adult readers is concerned.

In the third place, we could give up on books, and turn to movies and especially television instead. These latter, certainly, provide commonly shared experiences; millions of people still go to bed with Johnny Carson. The difficulty is that, with the exception of a rare film, they do not sustain reflection. The economics of the media are such that they must for the most part have an immediate and popular reception. Anything that might stand in the way of that, some complexity or ambiguity, is invariably eliminated. Moreover, the vocabularies of film and television are largely visual, not verbal, and not easily appropriated by the rest of us for common use. Finally, watching a movie or a television program is inevitably more passive than reading a book: several senses are worked over at the same time and the pace set is not our own.

What I suggest is that we make increased use of our regional authors, in our case encouraging the reading of and responding to a very extensive Montana literature. Books by A.B. Guthrie and Dorothy Johnson, of course, but more recently others by Ivan Doig, Spike Van Cleve, and Norman Maclean, to name a few. These authors and their books still matter, still make a difference to people living here and elsewhere. They are accessible insofar as they illuminate in an uncommon way a landscape, events, and styles of life that are common to many of us, indeed some so close at hand that but for this illumination we would have missed their meaning, their humor, their beauty, and their sadness. They go some way toward showing us who and what we are, not surprising since we are as much reflections of the books we read as they are of us and our forefathers. My guess is that all of us in this room are linked by one or more of these books, that I can make real contact with you, at last, by mentioning one of their names, that you remember, as I do, some special insight or emotion you had in reading them. We can take them as our common texts. What's crucial is that the best of them sustain prolonged reflection. They are "regional" only in the most accidental senses of the word. Like all good reading, they take us outside ourselves, leaving us at moments drained, dazed, and happy.

Of all the books I might mention, the one that has been most important for me is Norman Maclean's *A River Runs Through It.* By anyone's standards, he is a legend and it is a classic. If by some strange quirk of fate you haven't already done so, I'm now going to persuade you to read it.

A River Runs Through It is Maclean's memoir, unsentimental and moving, of days some 50 years ago or so spent in and around fly-fishing some streams in western Montana with his brother Paul and his father, a Scot and Presbyterian minister in Missoula who drew no clear line between fly-fishing and religion. But it is also a great deal more.

In the attempt to say what more, allow me to look with you at a couple of passages.

The river that runs through it is the Big Blackfoot. In some sense it is both the center and the image of their lives, a symbol of time, of change, but also something permanent. Maclean is sitting on its banks, a young man, finished with his fishing, looking at the river, trying to forget the brother-in-law and his dubious woman friend who have tagged along, drunk the beer, and almost ruined the day.

> I sat there and forgot and forgot, until what remained was the river that went by and I who watched. On the river the heat mirages danced with each other and then they

> danced through each other and then they joined hands and danced around each other. Eventually the watcher joined the river, and there was only one of us.

To which Maclean adds humorously, "I believe it was the river." At least it was a selfless moment.

With all content removed, he begins to reflect on the river's form.

> Not far downstream was a dry channel where the river had run once, and part of the way to come to know a thing is through its death. But years ago I had known the river when it flowed through this now dry channel, so I could enliven its stony remains with the waters of memory.

In death, the form is fixed, whether of a thing or of a person, as it is of the past, which is also dead and gone. But the past can be recovered, reconstituted, and brought to life in memory.

> In death it had its pattern, and we can only hope for as much. Its overall pattern was the favorite serpentine curve of the artist sketched in the valley from my hill to the last hill I could see on the other side. But internally it was made of sharp angles. It ran seemingly straight for a while, turned abruptly, then ran smoothly again, then met another obstacle, again was turned sharply and again ran smoothly. Straight lines that couldn't be exactly straight and angles that couldn't have been exactly right angles became the artist's most beautiful curve and swept from here across the valley to where it could be no longer seen.

We can only hope for pattern or form because nowhere else is there coherence or significance. But this pattern is not simply found; it is also imposed. The smooth serpentine curve of the artist is contrasted with the crooked lines and sharp angles of the river itself. There are no perfect forms in nature. We derive them only by an effort of abstraction.

Maclean doesn't so much *tell* us there's a pattern as *show* us the pattern. The pattern is in his sentences, of course, but more especially in their rhythm and their sound. Notice how the rough rhythm of "Straight lines that couldn't be exactly straight and angles that couldn't have been exactly right angles" (it's difficult to read these words without stumbling) gives way, mid-sentence, to the smooth and flowing "became the artist's most beautiful curve and swept from here across the valley. . ." To say that Maclean is a great story-teller is to suggest many things, but it is first to insist that the stories be read with the ear. At one point, we are told about how fishermen "read" the water. But mainly we are supposed to listen to the river, to the words, and more especially to the voices and their cadences.

Story-telling is also teaching, Maclean likes to say, and here as elsewhere he draws on his knowledge of geology to take us inside the river and to deepen our understanding and appreciation of its form. For what is knowledge but knowlege of form?

> The Big Blackfoot is a new glacial river that runs and drops fast. The river is a straight rapids until it strikes big rocks or big trees with big roots. This is the turn that is not exactly at right angles. Then it swirls and deepens among big rocks and circles back through them where big fish live under the foam. As it slows, the sand and small rocks it picked up in the fast rapids above begin to settle out and are deposited, and the water becomes shallow and quiet. After the deposit is completed, it starts running again.

Finally, Maclean rejoins the river, generalizing this pattern to include his own:

> As the heat mirages in front of me danced with and through each other, I could feel patterns from my own life joining with them. It was here, while waiting for my brother, that I started this story, although, of course, at the time I did not know that stories of life are often more like rivers than books. But I knew a story had begun, perhaps long ago near the sound of water. And I sensed that ahead I would meet something that would never erode so that there would be a sharp turn, deep circles, a deposit, and quietness.

This is an important moment in the narrative. Life for the first time within it begins to take on the coherence of literature. For it is, after all, only in telling a story, about our own lives and those of others, that form beings to emerge, that events follow one another with a certain inevitability, that there is a beginning and an end; and that we start to see significance. Such story-telling is always after the fact; lived experience is for the most part formless and without meaning. Only later do we begin to discover patterns, unities, but only as we begin, in this case an old man, to recover that experience in memory and order it in words.

I've spent a long time with this passage, quoting much of it. For it seems to me to be a perfect example of the patterns about which Maclean is speaking, moving symmetrically from the initial thoughtless merging of writer and river, observer and observed, to reflections on ways in which the writer's forms are and correspond to the river's, to a thoughtful re-merging of writer and river through the discovery of a new pattern, a story, that embraces both of them. And, of course, I am very much interested, as a philosopher, in forms, in the shapes of things, and in whether we find or create them. But I've hardly begun to do it justice, there's so much richness and complexity. The best we teachers of the Humanities can do, in the final analysis so to speak, is to efface ourselves and direct attention to the text. And hope that the experience of sitting on a hot afternoon in the 1930's on the banks of the Big Blackfoot, the rhythm of the river, the insight into pattern, meaning, and memory, the feeling of perfect integration, between man and nature, life and literature, is shared. Brought to see the universal in particular, we sense a certain possibility for ourselves.

A second passage, toward the end of the story, has more to do with the Calvinist than the Aristotelian Maclean. I'll be much briefer this time. Again we're on the banks of the Big Blackfoot. Maclean and his father are sitting together at the end of another day, watching Paul demonstrate all his power and artistry in the catching of one last big fish, a copy of the Greek New Testament by their side. It's too deep for Paul to wade across, so tucking his cigarettes and matches in his hat, he starts to swim:

> My father and I sat on the bank and laughed at each other. It never occurred to either of us to hurry to the shore in case he needed help with a rod in his right hand and a basket loaded with fish on his left shoulder. In our family it was no great thing for a fisherman to swim a river with matches in his hair. We laughed at each other because we knew he was getting damn good and wet, and we lived in him, and were swept over the rocks with him and held his rod high in one of our hands.

We're swept along too. That's the gift of the great story-teller, to bring his listeners into the story, especially when he's trying to teach them something, even something difficult

like the 4-beat rhythm of a cast. This is the Paul they understand, in whom they do not merely live but exult. But there is another Paul whom they do not understand, a son and brother who is a creature of passion and can't come to terms with his own violence and is found beaten to death in an alley. Maclean gives us to understand that Paul had somehow fallen from grace and was beyond salvation by anyone, though not beyond their love. At the same time, although grace can never be recovered much less earned, Paul is a figure of grace, at least standing in the Big Blackfoot with a fly rod in his hand. "To him," Maclean says of his father, "all good things—trout as well as eternal salvation—come by grace and grace comes by art and art does not come easy." This, I suppose, was the riddle, some form of the problem of evil: Paul was graceful and could be understood and Paul was damned and beyond all human comprehension. The most that could be made of his life was to find or create a pattern that, even if it left some things, as it must, incomprehensible, restored Paul's grace by an art that is effortless and did not come easy.

For a very long time, I worried about the social significance of my teaching. Reading the philosophy texts which are my specialty, mainly from the 17th and 18th centuries, day after day, year after year—what did they have to do with eliminating the threat of nuclear war, or ending the African famine, or aiding the fight for social justice? Nothing, apparently.

But reflecting on the concrete reality of my reading, I have slowly come to see that there is something to it after all. Two things, in fact.

One of them has to do with community. I try to help form communities of readers around particular common texts, and beyond that around the long tradition that constitutes western civilization. These are living communities, felt as much as thought, resting on shared experiences and shared expressions and rooted in a common language. In a way, they are ideal communities, involving a communion between writers and readers stretching over time which transcends any sort of social relations, and invoking mutual trust. These communities are, I think, basic, presupposed by the political and economic communities to which we otherwise belong. It was for this reason that Jefferson put such stress on the creation of a "common reader" within our culture.

Communities of the book, communities within the book. Norman, Paul, their father, their wives, mothers, and girl-friends form a community, individuals like ourselves reaching out to one another, intermittently making contact, bound by common interests, psychological conflicts and love.

The other thing has to do with possibility. In reading texts together we not only share experiences, but become self-conscious about the ways in which they are expressed. There is nothing inevitable about forms. Here are some, there are others. But realizing the diversity of forms into which our experience has been cast traditionally, we are free to experiment with others, to create new forms. We have to know where the limits of our language lie if we are to go beyond them.

There is also more immediately and directly human possibility. In reading we go well beyond the range of ordinary experience, to possibilities only imagined. We see the dark side of human nature, Paul's self-destructive tendencies, but we are also exposed to the possibilities of grace.

Possibility and community, these are the watchwords. My hope is that my students will realize the deep sources of their communities and the vast extent of their possibilities and in the process discover not only why but how our world should be redeemed. I set this alongside of honor and achievement tonight. Thank you very much.


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