**Behind Bars**

The secret vocabulary of New York's elite dining establishments.

**EMPLOYEES ONLY**

**MOLINA (the hot dog):** A cute little girl
**MOLINA (the drunk):** A beautiful little voice
**GREAT (the one with the mustache):** A well-mannered sorority
**STRAUSSER (a guy who passed woman):** A guy
**STRATL (he's wearing a tie):** A tie
**BARTENDER (the same guy):** A guy
**GRAND MANAGER (to the bartender):** Go to the back or store, knock up a cold drink for me
**BARTENDER (waving):** Hey, I'm right here!

**JERRY THOMPSON JR.** A cool black man who ordered a drink, then without hesitation ordered a second.

**BERNARDELLA:** Shouted what was behind a door (albeit after a necessarily clumsy gesture).

**EXTRA FANCY**

**WHERE ELSE YOU BARTENDING FOR ME?** Asking a colleague to find out the name of someone who was there.
**CAN I GET A BELLY?** A girl who ordered a drink.
**One day...when brand B.V.L. leaves the game...** A birthday toast.

**THE LION**

**JEREMY BLACK CARD** Large, grey, bottle-capped and simple.
**Vampire girl wearing glasses of white wine:** Does not smell.

**EXPERIMENTAL COCKTAIL CLUB**

**BEHIND THE STICK** Making drinks behind the counter.

**BARTENDER (the one with the mustache):** Close up shot, slightly lit.
**BARTENDER (the same guy):** Shot of the drink.
**BARTENDER (the same guy):** A red wine.

**THE BARTENDER'S HANDBOOK** A novice drink.

**THE KING COLE BAR & SALOON**

**COCKTAIL (the one with the mustache):** Close up shot, slightly lit.

**WARD III (the guy with the tie):** Stare at the drink.

**BLONDIE (the blonde girl):** A blonde.

**DEATH & CO.**

**TIME TO FISH THE COCKTAIL**

**SLAPPY BOWLING**

**DRINK (the one with the tie):** Close up shot of the drink.

**DEATH & CO.**

**TOM (the bartender):** Close up shot of the drink.

**JERRY THOMPSON JR.**

**BARTENDER (the one with the mustache):** A tad out of focus.
**BARTENDER (the same guy):** A close-up shot of the drink.

**THE CLOVER CLUB**

**BARTENDER (the one with the tie):** Close up shot of the drink.

**DRAUGHT**

**TOM (the bartender):** Close up shot of the drink.

**THE CLOVER CLUB**

**DRAUGHT**

**TOM (the bartender):** Close up shot of the drink.

**THE CLOVER CLUB**

**DRAUGHT**

**TOM (the bartender):** Close up shot of the drink.

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**DRAUGHT**

**TOM (the bartender):** Close up shot of the drink.

**THE CLOVER CLUB**

**DRAUGHT**

**TOM (the bartender):** Close up shot of the drink.
Addendum:

Of course, after the envelope was sealed I realized I had not commented on the Dave Newsletter article by you. Quite interesting — especially as I thought back on your earlier books.

But also, my dad was kind of a minor aficionado of folk language, and at times he collected bits and pieces. I think he knew Cassedy — at least the name rings a bell for me.
With me the language search usually winds up with immigrants. Here is a school cheer from Holmen (Wis.) High School in the early 1930's, as reported by my former colleague Arlan Helgeson (a Norske):

Lutefisk, Lefse,
Copenhagen Snoose!
Holmen High School
Don't let loose!

Usually, though, the Germans use their English translation (from Teutopolis in Southern Ill.)

Sauerkraut and Pigs' Feet
That's what we eat!
T-Town — T-town —
Can't be beat!

— Mark
Read left to right: !again back and

READ this line, drop the eyes to the next and read it from Townley, R. D correspondent your sure am I left to right [Friday] will agree that this method of absorbing reading for order horizontal the than eyes the on easier is matter which he appeals. The conventional method of reading is time muscles eye the to fatigue produces course of and wasting and consequent failure to comprehend that which is being vast communication of method this to acclimatised Once read quantities of reading matter may be assimilated in half the type-similar and reports, books, news digest to taken now time media which seem to increase despite television. Perhaps locate to easier be would numbers bond premium Townley's Mr were the monthly lists of figures and letters printed in this Sussex, Worthing, Road Hurley, Shah, A. M. H—!fashion
A Quirky Building That Has Charmed Its Tenants

By HELENE STAPINSKI

The Flatiron Building's triangular shape, designed by Daniel Burnham, and its location at the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue at 23rd Street, have made it a New York landmark. But that grandeur is skin deep: the interior is a warren of awkward spaces that do not easily accommodate modern office furniture or encourage casual collaboration among workers. And the men's and women's bathrooms are on alternating floors.

So when an Italian developer last year bought a majority interest in the Flatiron and raised the idea that the building could be converted to a luxury hotel, it seemed logical that workers in the building would be thrilled at the prospect of moving to a better space.

Now:

“Everyone will be dragged kicking and screaming from here,” said Alie Stuart, publisher of Palgrave, a re-print of Macmillan Publishers.

Mr. Stuart, like many of his 640 or so Macmillan co-workers, has a special allegiance to the 180,000-square-foot Flatiron. Though it is hard to configure office space in a triangle, she said, “the charm makes up for it. It’s legendary.”

Macmillan, which rents the whole building except for the commercial space on the ground floor, has slowly taken over all the office space since its St. Martin's Press imprint moved there in 1980.

Macmillan signed a new lease six years ago, which places the rent about equal to the current recession-market rates. Macmillan is paying about $30 a square foot; rents in the neighborhood had been over $40, according to Newmark Knight Frank, the building’s managing agent.

Eight and a half years remain on Macmillan’s lease. Veronica Mainetti, managing director, USA, for the Sorgenite Group, the developer, said on Tuesday that no decision had been made on the building.

Because of its footprint and location, the Flatiron has problems and perks that other buildings do not. The swirling winds generated by its shape are said to have inspired the term “skidoo” — what police officers would say as they dispersed the men who gathered outside to linger and watch for women’s skirts to blow up as they passed.

Those winds blew in Peter Janssens, 21st-floor window at the point of the building a few winters ago. The air azolla balustrade outside his office had been removed during a renovation, allowing an already strong west wind to become even stronger.

“I came in to find the window on the floor and a 1,200-page manuscript all over the place,” said Mr. Janssen, director for academic and library marketing at Macmillan.

The 21st floor, which was added in 1965, three years after the rest was completed, can be reached only by taking a second elevator from the 20th floor. Though he loves his office, he said it could be a lonely place.

The slim Flatiron Building, which was sold last year, allows offices like John J. Murphy's to be full of light.

The Flatiron Building was one of the first skyscrapers in Manhattan.
Germany Considers Wider Ban on Risky Trades

By JACK EWING

FRANKFURT — A week after regulating banks and exchanges on annoying aliases with a unilateral ban on some forms of financial market speculation, Germany went much further Tuesday by proposing a law that would greatly broaden restrictions on instruments that investors use to bet against stocks, bonds and currencies.

The draft law, released Tuesday by the German Finance Ministry, expands a ban on so-called naked short-selling to all stocks that have their primary listing in Germany, as well as on government bonds issued by euro countries. The law, which will take at least until September to win passage in Parliament, would also ban naked short-selling of the euro and ban use of credit-default swaps to bet against European government bonds.

Despite criticism that market regulation will be toothless unless it is enacted globally, the German finance minister, Wolfgang Schäuble, on Tuesday proposed extending a ban on what the government calls "certain transactions that amplify the credit crisis." There is broad support for such measures among leaders on both sides of the Atlantic, and some of the proposed rules are already in effect in the United States. Other European nations, however, have complained about Germany's de jure regulatory act alone.

"What the Germans are doing would be all the more effective if it were done as part of a coordinated, open market level," Chantal Hughes, a spokeswoman for Michel Bar- nier, the European Union internal markets commissioner, said Tuesday.

American regulators have effectively banned naked short-selling of stocks since 2005, and the practice involves a short-sale, or selling a stock one does not own, without first holding shares of the security.

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The First Run to Daylight

To the Sports Editor:

Andy Warhol once said that every person alive would, during his lifetime, achieve 15 minutes of fame. Well, I am here to claim my time in the limelight.

After World War II, I was fortunate to be granted a football scholarship to Fordham University, one of 72 scholarships granted in 1947. The theme and the dream was Rose Hill to Rose Bowl. To reach this goal, Coach Vince Lombardi was hired as our freshman coach.

Coach Lombardi was bringing in the T formation at Fordham to replace the Giants' single wing used by the head coach, Ed Danowski. We did well in our freshman year, but our sophomore year was disappointing. We were playing experienced teams and our inexperience showed. We died more times in the red zone than a character in a Shakespearean tragedy.

At the Monday practice after a game with Boston College, Coach Lombardi called me aside. He told me that we would concentrate on my fullback plays and that I was going to be used in the red zone to punch the ball across the goal line. We practiced those plays into the early evening, with Coach Lombardi modifying and changing assignments to perfect each play.

We mostly concentrated on the off-tackle plays, 34 to the right and 33 to the left. Running 33 to the left was a problem. The sun was descending behind the Botanical Gardens onto Rose Hill and there was a tall hedge on the left side of the playing field; all I could see when I ran to that side was a line of silhouettes. I either ran into my pulling guards or missed the hole completely.

When I ran to the right, I also saw the silhouettes, but the sun was reflecting off a white building adjacent to the field. When the silhouettes parted, I could see the hole, run to it and complete the play.

Coach Lombardi, with his Mount Vesuvius temper, asked me why I fouled up every time I ran to the left and was successful every time I ran to the right. I explained that it was too dark on the left but on the right I could see the hole and I just ran to the daylight. Coach Lombardi laughed and said we would only "run to daylight" for the rest of the practice.

In fact, Coach Lombardi liked the phrase so much that he wrote a book in 1963 entitled "Run to Daylight."

Well, Mr. Warhol, wherever you are, do I get my 15 minutes?

Larry Higgins
Los Angeles

Adding to the List

To the Sports Editor:

I enjoyed reading Professor William E. S. article about "music to tackle by" (Nov. 23). I believe he erred in leaving off one of the played college songs.

Of course I refer to the "Wye Swing."
National Forecast

Yesterday, light snow whitened the ground across Kentucky as a strong jet stream disturbance passed overhead. Today, the disturbance will reach the Middle Atlantic states, spawning low pressure near the Carolina coast. As the low moves moist Atlantic air inland, the stage will be set for wintry precipitation. Snow will accumulate across western North Carolina, northwest South Carolina, and southern Virginia while rain occurs near the coast. Ice will glaze parts of the central Carolinas.

Farther north, Canadian high pressure will build over the Great Lakes, bringing sunny and cool weather to a large area from the Northeast to the Ohio Mississippi Valley.

snow to West Texas. The West will be mainly dry while gusty winds from the Southwest direct warmer air into the upper Midwest.

FOCUS: DISCONNECTED A telephone cable severed by a construction crew in Maryland on Wednesday added uncertainty to the forecast for a winter storm near the Carolina coast this weekend. The cable carried important weather observations from Canada to the National Center for Environmental Prediction in Washington, D.C. As a result of the two-day data failure, a strong jet stream disturbance originating in Canada, which would provide energy for the storm, could not be accurately represented by computer prediction models.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Record highs</th>
<th>Normal mean</th>
<th>Record lows</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
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<td>45.3&quot;</td>
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Kansas City 36/ 30 01 41/ 16 S 35/ 26 25 PC
Key West 75/ 69 PC 60/ 62 25 PC
Las Vegas 62/ 62 00 59/ 40 40 PC
Lexington 32/ 30 02 40/ 24 PC 43/ 16 PC
Little Rock 43/ 39 20 42/ 26 S 39/ 25 PC
Los Angeles 68/ 60 PC 60/ 61 26 PC
Lubbock 34/ 05 20 46/ 28 50/ 28 25 PC
Memphis 49/ 39 30 42/ 35 S 50/ 28 S
Miami 79/ 68 30 68/ 54 39/ 70 63 PC
Milwaukee 39/ 31 20 39/ 23 PC 38/ 24 S
Minneapolis 31/ 22 30 35/ 12 31/ 24 PC
Mobile 56/ 50 20 50/ 36 PC 57/ 33 S
Nashville 57/ 50 25 50/ 40 PC 54/ 30 PC
New Orleans 47/ 35 20 50/ 40 PC 60/ 40 PC
Norfolk 42/ 34 R 43/ 37 C
Oklahoma City 47/ 23 PC 46/ 25 PC 46/ 27 PC
Omaha 35/ 20 20 39/ 18 C 37/ 20 C
Ottawa 77/ 49 30 69/ 54 PC 66/ 47 PC
Philadelphia 37/ 28 20 37/ 22 PC 42/ 29 PC
Phoenix 73/ 54 30 76/ 51 PC 74/ 40 S
Pittsburgh 31/ 23 20 34/ 11 S 49/ 10 15 PC
Portland, Me. 35/ 23 20 35/ 11 S 39/ 18 26 PC
Portland, Ore. 45/ 39 22 49/ 39 C 50/ 38 PC
Providence 44/ 34 20 37/ 26 PC 40/ 26 C
Raleigh 41/ 30 20 33/ 29 S 43/ 25 S
Redding 46/ 34 20 54/ 28 S 50/ 28 15 PC
Richmond 36/ 30 20 38/ 28 S 46/ 34 PC
Rochester 38/ 19 20 43/ 18 S 39/ 17 PC
Sacramento 39/ 34 20 37/ 26 PC 50/ 38 PC
Salt Lake City 41/ 30 20 42/ 22 S 42/ 22 PC
San Antonio 49/ 39 20 49/ 30 S 49/ 30 26 PC
San Diego 59/ 39 20 69/ 50 PC 68/ 48 PC
San Francisco 52/ 42 20 64/ 50 60/ 48 PC
San Jose 50/ 38 20 67/ 41 3 69/ 43 3

Hamburg 37/ 34 Tr 37/ 30
Rome 65/ 48 0 57/ 45
St. Petersburg 39/ 36 03 28/ 21
Stockholm 48/ 34 0 38/ 28
Vienna 53/ 37 0 47/ 30
Warsaw 42/ 30 Tr 39/ 30

North America

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South America

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<tr>
<td>Santiago</td>
<td>84/ 51</td>
<td>81/ 50</td>
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KEEP YOUR NOUN ALIVE: Jeremy Scallib's muckraking book "Blackwater: The Rise of the World's Most Powerful Mercenary Fleet" enters the nonfiction list at No. 8. It's a cracking exposé of the secretive military contractors called Blackwater USA, which Scallib refers to as both "the new Haitian Force" and "the elite Praetorian Guard for the global war on terror." Scallib writes frequently for The Nation, whose book has been given a lift by an appearance on Terry Gross's "Fresh Air" from intense buzz in the blogosphere. In his interview with Gross, Scallib used two phrases that have had some success: "and "toe your own aisle"—that sound new, at least to my ears, and deserve to be better known. "Gang Blackwater" refers to soldiers who flee the armed forces to work for better-paying private security firms. And Scallib employed "keeping your noun alive" this way: "Blackwater guys...were known for very, very aggressive tactics. We worried that part of their operation is to keep their noun alive, and their noun was Paul Bremer. It's now Zalmay Khaziari. We never really got to do everything it takes to lose the noun."

"In other words: You're nobody these days unless you're somebody's noun."

BURN, BURY, BURY: The fantasy novel by Kim Harrison — her new book, "For a Few Demons More," is No. 5 on the fiction list — works in a genre that's been called "urban fantasy" or "paranormal." Her stuff can read like a smoldering combination of Alice Waters and Ozzy Osbourne. In Harrison's books, half the world's population has been wiped out (and here's the Alice part) by a bad batch of genetically engineered tomatoes. With most of the humans gone (here comes the Ozzy part), witches, vampires and were-wolves flourish. Harrison fans can go to her Web site and order "burning bunny" lapel pins. A "burning bunny" is another one in public. Why burning bunnies, exactly? Best to let Harrison explain: "Burning bunnies are a bit of a thorny issue," she writes on the site. "Soft cuddly ideas that seem so innocent and sweet ... They look so cute with their eyes closed on my desk. Until they flare up and start proliferating into more ideas, which I frantically chase about my office until I corrall them with pens, ink, jam them in a box and ship them off to New York." (No wonder Michael Bloomberg looks so jumpy these days.) These bunny pins, she adds, "have the power to turn me into a squealing when I spot them in the crowd."

BEST-SELLER CASE: Gary Paulsen's novel "Hatchet" (1987), about a 13-year-old boy who survives in the wilderness after a plane crash with a hatchet but, has become a young-adult classic: the "Cast Away" of the preteen set. But "Hatchet" is only being targeted making its first appearance on a Times best-seller list — because, it seems, the book helped save a state. The father of Michael Aubrey, the 12-year-old Boy Scout who was lost in the North Carolina woods for four days last month, the book's lesson stuck with his son and helped him survive. "I think he'd got some of that book in his head," Michael's father told The Associated Press. The children's best-seller lists are available this week at nytimes.com/books.

Dwight Garner
26 Sunday, August 8, 2007
in the minds of men, it
men that the defenses of
structured."

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LAMA,
DUREATE

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challenges us to take up the
complements to diplomacy
and governance... It is
the challenge to change
ourselves."

- SHASHI THAROOR

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FORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW 25
Is Pop Speech Bad for Us?  
One Writer Answers, “Duh”  

BY WILLIAM GRIMES

“Sadam is toast,” Vice President Dick Cheney, trying to sell the Saudi ambassador on the invasion of Iraq, used the phrase, according to Bob Woodward’s book “Plan of Attack.” Millionaire Deutsch, a television executive, might use the same phrase in conversations with celebrities, the haves and have nots, in their pursuit of fame, or “to me,” to use another phrase, “so over.” Like a Barry Manilow tune that he played in his office, he would take up permanent residence.

“Why?” his h灣es company, Leslie Savan says. Leslie Savan simply documents in “Slam Dunks and No-Brainers,” her sharp, if wayward, analysis of the phenomenon she calls pop language. Pop is not slang, exactly, although it includes slang words like glitterati and fashionista. It’s not argot or in- gredients for culture. Indeed, everyone recognizes it, understands it and uses it. Words like “Duh” are part of an extensive vocabulary that includes “So over,” “You da man,” “Duh” and the rest. The figures of speech that constitute a new subdivision of the English language, as a language of projection, allusive vocabulary derived from televi- sion and advertising and used by ordinary speakers, are not as hip in the mildest, least offensive way.

“Light, self-conscious and theat- ically, checkful of put-downs and exag- gerated exclamations,” Georgia Today’s top projects a personality that has mas- tered the language, curiously enough, Ms. Savan says. It’s a sort of air guitar for the lips, seeking not so much to impress as to confirm a as a confirmation that...hey, we’re cool.”

Ms. Savan—also a former advertising

Taking a stand against the words and phrases people use to sell themselves as hip.

columnist for the Voice of the Village and the Village Voice, the Los Angeles Times, the LA Times, TV, and American Culture” is definitely hip. However, she adds, her analysis of the silicon-derived rhythms of pop speech, which almost seems to come from a baldness or laugh track. Pop phrases like “That in last year,” “too much in- formation” or “I hate it when that happens,” Ms. Savan argues, “al- ways seem to be spoken.

In an inspired move, Ms. Savan compares the 1953 Disney cartoon “Peter Pan” with the 2002 sequel, “Return to Never Land.” The earlier version is remarkable for its lack of pacifiers, bad words and slang. The later version includes “in your dreams,” “Hook,” “Put a cork in it,” “Tell me about it,” “You’ve got your head in the sand,” and the inevitable “I don’t even think about it.”

Pop language is a bargain. Average Americans, instead of having to venture to a hip store to purchase the slang of a subculture, can simply pick up the current put-downs and glib retorts from television commercials or David Letterman. It allows them to speak up-to-the-minute dialects like Valley Girl (“like”), “Blackrap” (“hip-hop” or “bling”) and drag queen (“pleas”).

Pop language is preprocessed cool for a mass audience. It is, Ms. Savan writes, a “broad band” language for a new genus she calls the person nou- velle, the sort who is comfortable pushing the envelope, thinking out- side the box and stepping up to the plate in pursuit of a win-win situa- tion. “You don’t have to be the sharpest tool in the shed—as long as you’re talking like that,” she writes.

Pop is a slippery concept, and Ms. Savan often loses her grip on it. “Gimme a break,” even though it was in its heyday a television term, does not seem pop. It’s a standard English response to express dis- agreement or irritation. It doesn’t come in contact with “It’s all good” or “Yessis.” Then again, it’s hard to say, for long stretches of “Slam Dunks and No- Brainers,” what the discussion is. After her superlative and early chap- ters on pop, Ms. Savan wanders lither- and yon through the playing fields current usage, examining her folders on computer speak, regular- guy speak and politically correct speech. Some of this is pop, but a lot isn’t.

Ms. Savan does not really approve of pop language. She worries that it clicks into too many easily and dis- plays complex thoughts. She is, too, often, a scoff at the person who turns the lights on at a party and re- minds everyone to drink in moder- ation. Again, she is often led to call on to interrupt her narrar- ion with a firm and strong advice, warning the reader that the easy pleasures of pop language come at a price, turning thinking citizens into shifty corporate pawns.

There is an air of work at work here. Ms. Savan sees straight through the machinations of adver- tisers and understands the over- abundant forces at work behind pop speech, the “little social and politi- cal trade-offs.” Everyone else, ap- parently, is not quite smart enough to do the same. They prove this, time and again, by doing things like buy- ing advertised products (bad) or vot- ing for Republicans (very bad).

The people must be warned “As cathartic as it may feel to blurt ‘Duh, ’” Ms. Savan writes primly, “doing so can confer a false sense of immunity, leaving us more suscept- ible to the kind of utter-cross- disguised vile, naked greed.”

Ms. Savan needs to worry a little less and enjoy a little more. Pop lan- guage is like ketchup. People don’t love the new variety of ketchup and we all need some small step out in our day. (Ms. Savan herself estimates that the average person speaks pop less than 10 percent of the time) if everyone engaged in the politically committed, suitably nuanced con- vention that Ms. Savan sees as an ensured spectacle, our discussion would set in before 10 a.m.

Fortunately, there are moments when even Ms. Savan lets her guard down. “I quote Shreve and crane a lot because, although he’s a cartoon and the movies are shrines to program- ming,” she admits, “I am hooked to the guy.”

Savan Dunks and No-Brainers

Language in Your Life, the Media, Business, Politics, and, Like, Whatever

By Leslie Savan

342 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $23.95
The Gift of Contemporary Art

Christian Album Presents Challenge

the Christian touring circuit — especially in rock music — in find new talent with the potential to cross into the mainstream, as they did with bands like Switchfoot and Relient K. Coinciding with “Narnia,” in which EMI is aiming to reach as far as possible into the mainstream, Disney has moved to target the Christian audience. Earlier this year, Disney signed a deal in which EMI — the biggest label in the Christian genre — will distribute recordings like “Baby Einstein” and “Winne the Pooh” to Christian retailers, the company’s first such arrangement.

In the case of the film, however, Mr. Leib said he is not worried that the “Christian music-based soundtrack will skew mainstream fans’ perceptions of the film. Disney is not using music from the Christian-oriented “inspired” by album in its television advertising for “Narnia,” nor in the film itself, Mr. Leib said.

“It’s only visible to that audience,” he added, referring to the Christian market. He added that the mainstream album would be released through Disney’s own record label, as would a planned children’s CD.

Mr. Leib said he initially questioned why EMI wanted to release its Christian-film-related album more than two months in advance of the movie — an unusually lengthy lead time — but then decided it would be appropriate because of the time required to build support for songs on Christian radio.

For his part, Mr. Hearn said he pushed to release the album early to capitalize on the companies’ summer marketing efforts, which included playing the “Narnia” movie trailer at Christian music festivals and performances by artists on the album at “Night of Joy,” an annual Christian music event presented at the Walt Disney resort in Florida last month.

The “Narnia” title, he noted, “is a world-renowned story, and it creates great exposure for our artists not only inside the Christian community but outside.”

Condent Gets His Own Show

the gumbo shrimp of yesteryear. ” Offered an opportunity for a tongue-in-cheek rebuttal, Mr. Brown declined yesterday through a spokes-

woman.

In a homage to Mr. O’Reilly of Fox News, as well as to Mr. Scarborough.
An invention that changed the world has only 26 very small parts.

**LANGUAGE VISIBLE**
Unraveling the Mystery of the Alphabet From A to Z.
By David Sacks.

By Julie Walton Shaver

JUST for fun, I didn’t start at the beginning. Eager to learn more about the letter that begins my name, I headed straight for Chapter J of David Sacks’s “Language Visible,” certain that my fantasies of J as an important, well-loved letter would come true. (Think: Jesus, jewel, Julius Caesar.) The letter has a certain je ne sais quoi, with its thin, curvy shape and Roman-era pronunciation, no? (Try making the “j” sound without just a bit of a buckler.)

That chapter, however, revealed quite a different picture. First, I learned that J was one of the last letters added to our alphabet. (Along with V, J is but a baby, both having been accepted as full-fledged letters just two centuries ago.)

The ancient Roman alphabet had no letter J. Classical Latin had no “j” sound. Julius Caesar was called Iulius. A Roman jewel was actually a gemma (with a hard g). Worse still, Sacks quotes one alphabet scholar as calling J “inferior in design” to other letters, lacking the balance, boldness and dignity of the classical Roman monumental letters. And about the only example Sacks gives of J in popular culture is an unsatisfying explanation of “jaywalk.”

So, back to the beginning. The 42-page introductory chapter on the history of the alphabet felt long, but ended with the fascinating discovery of the earliest known alphabetic writing along an ancient Egyptian desert road, where John C. Darnell, an Egyptologist at Yale University, found carved inscriptions that placed the invention of the alphabet around 2000 B.C. — about three centuries earlier (and in a different country) than previously thought. Sacks writes. Semitic-speaking people working in Egypt had simplified about 27 hieroglyphs and assigned them tiny sounds of speech. Around 1000 B.C., “this ancestor produced a prime descendant: the Phoenician alphabet,” Sacks says, “the ‘great-grandmother’ of many Roman letters used today in about 100 languages worldwide.

“Language Visible” is based on a 28-week series Sacks wrote for The Ottawa Citizen in 2000, covering one letter a week. But his passion for letters originated while he was writing his first book, the Encyclopedia of the Ancient Greek World, which included a section on the origin of the Greek alphabet.

In addition to tracing the evolution of the sound and shape assigned to each letter, Sacks addresses questions: Why is A — like the fair-haired son of a wealthy family — almost always better than B? Why is K nearly as erotic a letter as X and O are? How did the lower case i acquire her distinctive dot? (Since we have learned in chapter J that the letter I was J’s “mother,” it is clear why I is a “she” and why the lower case j also has a dot.)

Sacks’s quirky style makes the book as fun to read as it is enlightening. For instance, he notes that C is a pesky letter, as any parent of a toddler knows. Besides the “k” sound of cats, there’s the “s” sound of cereal. That alone is con-

Julie Walton Shaver is a staff editor for news graphics at The Times.
Ellison began as a programmer, but quickly got the entrepreneurial bug. While working for a data storage company, he met two other programmers he wanted to go into business with. All their company needed was a product. Ellison stumbled on relational database theory, which held that if data could be stored in computers in a less “hierarchical” way, it would be easier to find and use. I.B.M. was doing pioneering research on the subject, but doubted relational databases were commercially viable. Ellison put together a prototype and made his first sale to the C.I.A.

I.B.M. was wrong, and Ellison was right. Relational databases were the future, and Ellison’s company, which by now had the forward-looking name Oracle, was on the cutting edge. After winning some marquee-name clients — Navy Intelligence and the National Security Agency were early purchasers — Oracle had a successful initial public offering in 1986. Ellison, who declared a “war on complexity,” turned Oracle into a world leader in producing software that runs large organizations. Oracle is not a house name because consumers are rarely the end users of its software, but anyone who has bought a book on Amazon or placed a bid on eBay has relied on its technology.

Over the next few years, Oracle found itself not only on the cutting edge of data storage technology, but often on what Silicon Valley calls the bleeding edge: the point where innovation leads to embarrassing, costly failures. Oracle, these books tell us, acquired a reputation for selling software not yet ready for use, and for blaming customers when things went wrong. In the early 1990’s, those and other mistakes caught up with Oracle: in the first quarter of 1991, it reported a $36 million loss and was forced to restate its financial results. Its market cap fell by $3 billion, and it laid off 10 percent of its workforce.

In 1992, Oracle brought in Ray Lane, a consultant, to head up United States sales. Lane, who was at the time the company’s president, was shocked to hear stories of customers calling to complain about bad software and getting answers like “Bummer, dude!” with companies reworking operations, and ramping up the sales division, Ellison focused on the big picture. In the mid-1990’s, when Microsoft was still not seeing the Internet’s importance, Ellison pushed Oracle to switch over to web-based data storage software. It was a brilliant move, and Oracle rode the Internet to new heights. Ellison was now appearing on magazine covers and gaining celebrity for competing in the America’s Cup. But despite Lane’s important contributions, eventually he, too, would be gone — the most prominent of a long line of executives forced out with little explanation.

Matthew Symonds, the political editor of The Economist, wrote his book, “Software,” with Ellison’s cooperation, and the access he got is apparent. This can sound like fun: “The next day we’re in London at the office of the Lanesborough.” Symonds writes at one point. More important, this access gives the reader a rare, behind-the-scenes look into a company where three failed marriages, he says ruefully: “There’s a criminal law in California called three strikes and you’re out. Maybe after three marriages, you shouldn’t be allowed a fourth.” Symonds is adept at the technology, and provides gritty detail on the relative merits of various types of database software.

The book employs an odd but effective technique of allowing Ellison to comment on the text in footnotes. A few of Ellison’s interjections take genuine issue; when Tom Siebel, one of Oracle’s most successful sales managers, is quoted saying he left in part because of Oracle’s deficient “ethical standards,” Ellison rejoins that he left “because he thought the big-money days were over.” Other footnotes are offbeat, like Ellison’s unhappy memory of having to rename his boat because journalists kept pointing out that the Shinto deity Izanami, spelled backward, is “I’m a Nazi.”

But Ellison’s critics may find that the text does not give Ellison enough to object to. Symonds is generally willing to give his subject the benefit of the doubt, or to ascribe him growth as a person since his worst behavior. Ellison’s newfound sensitivity would come as news to, say, the employees of PeopleSoft. When Ellison announced a hostile takeover bid for his software rival last summer, there were widespread reports that he intended to scrap all of its products — he was interested in acquiring its customer base and fire many of its 12,000 employees.

Karen Southwick’s book “Everyone Else Must Fail” is, as its title suggests, squarely in the “if you have nothing nice to say, pull up a chair” school. Southwick, a technology journalist, builds her Ellison portrait in large part on the diatribes of people he has shaved aide. Readers looking for sinister snapshots will not be disappointed. At one conference, Southwick reports, Ellison displayed a photograph of a rival company’s headquarters and told his sales staff: “We’re going to run them out of business and buy that building, which we’re going to fill with people, and we’ll salt the earth. Then we’ll go after their families.” Her account is shorter, however, on descriptions of what Oracle’s software does — information about how the company’s customers use its software, and an appreciation of the genius that went into building such a dominant company.

Oracle has been going through a rough spell in the last few years. That could be because of Sept. 11 and the weak economy, but Southwick argues that Ellison’s combative nature may finally be catching up with the company. “With the complexity of the technology world and the unavoidable requirement to forge interrelationships with partners, customers, even competitors,” Southwick asks, “does Ellison’s shortcoming now become a fatal flaw?”

Ellison’s competitiveness and aggression may have helped Oracle get where it is today, but in thinking about whether they are a long-term strategy, he may want to contemplate the most famous prophecy of his company’s namesake. When King Croesus of Lydia wanted to attack neighboring Persia, he consulted the oracle of Delphi. If the king attacked, the oracle said, he would go down in history as a mighty empire. Croesus did attack and did destroy an empire — his own.

SOFTWARE
An Intimate Portrait of Larry Ellison and Oracle.

EVERYONE ELSE MUST FAIL
The Unvarnished Truth About Oracle and Larry Ellison.

By Adam Cohen

You can have the job. — Larry.
With that e-mail message, Larry Ellison recruited California computer consultant named Michael Murdock, two days before Christmas 1987, that he was being named the chief executive of Apple Computers. But Ellison, a member of Apple’s board, and his pal Steve Jobs were just having some mean-spirited fun. Murdock was later told, according to The San Francisco Chronicle, that it was all a joke, and if he showed up at Apple he would be asked to leave, and if he did not, would be arrested.

The Apple C.E.O. prank is one of countless Ellison tales eagerly traded in Silicon Valley — of business associates humiliated, of high-level employees unceremoniously dumped, of wives and girlfriends left behind — that have earned the software billionaire a reputation for some of the jerkiest behavior in the business world. But Ellison is also a college dropout who, by smarts and sheer force of will, built Oracle into a technology behemoth and briefly, by some accounts, passed his archival Bill Gates to become the world’s richest person.

Ellison’s life has the makings of a great biography. But the burden is to capture Ellison’s sides, the brilliant dreamer and the coldhearted schemer. Two new biographies have arrived, one based on unprecedented access to Ellison, the other largely on interviews with disgruntled former employees. Both books are illuminating. Still, it’s too bad the authors didn’t collaborate, because taken together, the more than 800 pages they have produced add up to a fascinating character study.

Ellison was born on the Lower East Side in 1944 to a Jewish teenager and an Italian-American air force pilot, to whom she was not married. Unable to raise him on her own, she gave him up to an aunt in Chicago. Ellison grew up believing that his great-aunt Lillian was his mother, and her husband, Louis, his father. Louis Ellison never tired of telling of his adoptive son he would come to nothing. For much of Ellison’s early life, he seemed resolved to proving him right. After a lackadaisical high school career, he tried water at the University of Chicago and then headed west.

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Game Theory

POKER/James McManus

Speaking Like a Winner (Even if You’re Not)

A flood of new books, many with up-to-the-minute glossaries, continue to inundate store shelves. Avery Cardoza’s “Poker Talk: Learn How to Talk Poker Like a Pro” is an informative 304-page glossary, period. In the spirit of both the well-named Cardoza — and the patois-happy anchor of “Sports Center,” Stuart Scott — let’s define a selection of old-school argot along with some fresher Americanisms overheard during last week’s Five Diamond Classic.

Action game: one in which several players are happy to invest money in the pot with drawing hands; one dominated by gamblers, that is, as opposed to the rocks who wait for a big pocket pair.

Around front: early position.

A.T.M.: a veritable cash machine who spits out money to opponents. Such weak but well-financed players are also maligned as donkeys, deadwood, yum-yums, pigeons, delicious fishes, contributors, Johns, ahi and producers.

Backdoor: to hit an unforeseen hand on the last two cards. To make a flush, for example, when the turn and river cards are both spades.

Backer: someone who covers the costs of a tournament for a strong player in exchange for a cut, usually about half of the winnings. The stronger the player, the lower the percentage he must return to his backer. (Note that successful players who enter a tournament while backing a stable of other strong players have bred a subtle new form of cheating. If any staked player fails to compete against a stalemated as hard as he does against other opponents, illegal collusion occurs. I’ll have more to say about this in a future column.)

Board lock: the nuts. The best possible hand, given the cards on the board, a k a the boss hand, the mortal nuts, the absolute nuts and (in high-low games) locka-locka.

California bible or prayer book: a poker deck.

Cappuccino: in limit poker, to put in the third raise, which caps the betting in that round.

Case card: the last card of that rank in the deck — often the one that miraculously doubles you up or ushers you, tail between legs, to the rail.

C.C.A.: Call to Crack Aces. To call a preflop bet with the intention of hitting a hand that beats pocket aces and busting the rock who waited for

A new glossary for those hoping to have a board lock and to pocket a really big dime.

them so darn patiently.

C.D.U.: Courtesy Double Up. Provided by an opponent with a bigger stack who stupidly calls your all-in bet with a weak hand.

Cowboys: kings, a k a Dallas.

Dance: to fight for the chips in the pot. “Anyone else wanna dance?”

Dime: $1,000. A big dime is $10,000, or any $10 followed by zeroes.

El Paso: to fold, as in, “I pass.” Pasadena means the same thing.

Eyes of Texas: aces.

Flag: a red, white and blue Bellagio chip worth $5,000.

Flop lag: hitting your hand, but only after you’ve folded before the flop; or having the current flop improve your hole cards from the previous hand.

Gone goose: someone about to lose a big pot, often big enough to contain all her chips.

Highway 5: a Dylanesque update of Fifth Street; the fifth card dealt in seven-card stud or the last community card in hold ‘em; the river.

Hollywood: to make a big production of thinking long and hard, staring down your opponent, or behaving as if you don’t want to call, especially when preparing to make a huge raise.

Internet player: often derogatory term for a novice who won an online satellite but is deemed unworthy of competing in a high-stakes live event against seasoned professionals. Sophisticated moves are thought to be lost on these players; they chase foolish long shots and cannot be bluffed. (Many, of course, are at least as good as their live-action counterparts.)

In the tank: where you go (in your head) for a minute or two while weighing a tough decision, as in a think tank.

Misunderestimate: to misread a smart player who tries to seem dumb, or vice versa. A reference to the president’s tendency toward garbled English, and perhaps to his poker acumen or lack thereof. Iraqi Most Wanted decks are sometimes brought up in this context, as well as the anti-Bush decks.

Môtôrhead: the spade ace. Refers to the British metal band and its sulfurous poker classic, “The Ace of Spades.” The band’s vocalist, Lemmy, once threatened, “If we moved in next door, your lawn would die.” In a similar vein, following the Iraqi Most Wanted decks hierarchy, some call this ace the Saddam.

Play it as it lays: refers to neither summer rules on the fairway nor Joan Didion’s lapidary second novel; rather, a declaration that the full value of, say, a $5,000 chip has been wagered and not some smaller fraction of its value.

Tap city: busted, a k a down to the felt.

Uday and Qusay: pocket aces held by your opponent, after the former Hussein heirs apparent depicted on the Most Wanted deck.

Under the gun: the player forced to act first in a round of betting.

Wired: paired hole cards. “With wired cowboys, I reraised her all-in.” This, as it happens, is a maneuver I tried against the lovely and talented English rose Maureen Feduniak, who was peering between her knuckles at Uday and Qusay on what turned out to be my final hand of the tournament.
Weather Report

Highlight: Autumn Precipitation

Regional precipitation rankings
Sept. through

National Forecast

A storm will strengthen today along the western Gulf Coast, producing numerous showers and a few thunderstorms. Some rain will be locally heavy, with more than two inches falling in some places near the coast. Ice is possible tonight from northeastern Georgia to the western Carolinas as the mild, moist air streams to the north. High pressure building along the east from the Rockies. Clouds and a few rain showers will return to parts of the West Coast.

FOCUS: SNOW DROUGHT Arizona is known for its deserts with searing summer heat, but in winter, the high-altitude city of Flagstaff is often covered by deep snow. The average annual snowfall in Flagstaff is about 110 inches, the same as Syracuse, the snowiest large city in the Northeast.
Latin Isn’t Dead; Online, It’s Veni, Vidi, Vicipaedia

* * *

Internet Reference Features
Britannia Spears, Disneyi, Computatrum, Musica Rockica

By Lee Gomes

It’s not that ancient Romans didn’t know a thing or two about wild sex. They had their Bacchalanalia, after all. But lacking video technology, they had no expression for “sex tape.” And that is why writing about Paris Hilton in Latin can sometimes be so difficultimum.

The editors of Vicipaedia Latina, the Latin version of the popular Wikipedia Internet reference site, were thus forced to wing it. In their article about the hotel heiress, they described Ms. Hilton’s famous X-rated Web video as pellicula in interrete vulgate de coitu Paridis.

Which means, more or less, “the widely disseminated Internet movie of Paris’s sex.”

Improvising like that is necessary when using the language of chariots and togas to account for the world of SUVs and navel piercings. Vicipaedia is a labor of love for a small group of Latin buffs and weekend philologists whose motto might well be “What would Julius do?”

Their goal is a Latin reference work that is hip and alive—or at least as much as can be expected from a tongue long since given up for dead. They write in authentic classical Latin, too, not in the kitschy feastus maximus stuff you might see at Caesars Palace. Bartholomaeus Simpson is a skateboarder experto. As a pre-teen, Britannia Spears apparuit in Canali Disneyi cum Christina Aguilera et Justino Timberlake in Sodalitate Mici Muris.

For those who think Latin means Cicero’s orations, caveat emptor. “We’re using an ancient language, but we’re writing on a computer, not papyrus,” says Josh Rocchio, a graduate student and one of the most active editors. “There isn’t anything that doesn’t belong in Vicipaedia. You can write about Julius Caesar, or you can write about blue cheese.”

That up-to-the-minute outlook, says Rafael Garcia, another editor, is a boon to beginning Latin students since “it’s a little more down to earth reading about Britney Spears than it is Please turn to page A4
"Military dictatorship can only be replaced by rule of law, and for that we have to struggle hard," said Ahmad Awais, one of the lawyers outside the Supreme Court.

Allies of Gen. Musharraf have said Pakistan lacked someone who could step into its outsized leadership role. Pakistan has a nuclear-arms rivalry with India, with which it has fought three wars since its independence in 1947. Pakistan is also battling insurgencies backed by al Qaeda and pro-Taliban forces. More than 200 soldiers have been killed in suicide attacks over the past two months. Militants recently captured 260 more.

fore the Supreme Court's decision, said Gen. Musharraf should be re-elected as president "for consistency, stability growth and good governance of Pakistan."

Allies, including the U.S., have closely watched Pakistan's volatile political situation. While calling for free and fair elections, the Bush administration has maintained strong support for Gen. Musharraf. Critics say U.S. support has stunted Pakistan's democratic development. Some 60% of the U.S. aid to Pakistan has been funneled to the Pakistan military for reimbursement for fighting Islamic militants, according to the Center for

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**The News:** The government's latest moves to quell dissent increased fears that the country's rulers will go to any lengths to crush civil opposition.

**The Background:** Experts say the response is in keeping with core beliefs the junta has cultivated for 45 years: that only the army can keep the ethnically diverse country together and if the generals don't act, they may be ousted by their own army rivals.

Since taking power in 1962, the government often has responded to challenges with crushing force. In 1988, troops massacred 3,000 people to stamp out a growing pro-democracy movement in the country. Many others have been jailed, beaten or killed since then. And the government refused to recognize the validity of a 1990 democratic election won by the National League for Democracy, led by Aung San Suu Kyi, the Nobel Peace Prize winner who remains under house arrest.

So far, the government says at least 10 people have been killed in the recent violence. But Friday, British Prime Minister Gordon Brown said he believed the loss of life in Myanmar was "far greater." Those killed still appear to be a fraction of the number gunned down in 1988, a difference some experts attribute to calls for restraint by key trading partners such as China.

But authorities also have learned how to manage crowds more effectively, letting protests develop until ringleaders can be identified and then tracked down and arrested after dark, says Sunait Chutinaranond, director of the Institute of Asian Studies at Bangkok's Chulalongkorn University. Some of the Buddhist monks who were at the vanguard of the protests this past week were arrested at night.

As of Friday, far fewer monks were on the street than in previous days.
Don’t Say Latin Is Dead; Look Into Vicipedia

Continued from Page One

reading about Caesar conquering Gaul.”
Wikipedia is a reference work to which anyone can contribute. It comes in more than 200 languages; the English version, with more than two million articles, is by far the biggest.

Vicipedia has 15,000 articles. Catullus, Horace and the Roman Senate all are there; so are musica rockica, Georgius Bush and cadavera animata, a.k.a. zombies. You can read in Latin about hangman (homo suspensus), paper airplanes (aeroplaneum chartaceum) and magic 8-balls (spila magica), as well as about famous Italians like Leonardo da Vinci and the Super Mario brothers.

“It’s a slightly odd thing to do in this century,” admits Andrew Dalby, another contributor. “When I first saw Vicipedia, I thought, ‘What’s the point?’ But then I started working on it, and I found it addictive.”

Professional Latinists say they’re generally impressed with Vicipedia. While articles written by beginning Latin students often contain errata, “the articles that are good are in fact very good,” said Robert Gurval, chairman of the UCLA classics department.

Latin is undergoing a resurgence. High-school-Latin enrollments are up, in part because students hope college admissions officers will be impressed to see such a hard subject on their transcripts. There are Latin translations of Dr. Seuss, Elvis Presley and Harry Potter. In Finland—a Latinist hotbed, apparently—there are weekly radio news broadcasts.

Mr. Rocchio, 24 years old, might well be a poster boy for this new, hip Latin. Mention “classics scholar,” and most people conjure up a tweedy fellow sipping port next to a bust of Ovid. Mr. Rocchio wears regulation battered T-shirts and jeans. In his spare time, he is the drummer in a rock band.

He went to college intending to major in physics and math, but on a whim took a Latin class and fell in love. “I liked its structure and its simplicity, the way it can take very complex ideas and express them in a couple of words.” He is now a graduate student in Latin and Greek at the University of Maryland.

He chanced upon Vicipedia last year; at the time, it was full of dusty articles about Roman military campaigns, et cetera. Other Latin buffs were happening onto the site at the same time, and as a group they decided to liven things up.

Mr. Rocchio’s contributions go back and forth between the traditional and the contemporary. He has written on math and chess but is especially proud of his essay on the American drinking game (lusus potatorius Americanus) known as beer pong (pong cervisatale). He says scholarship is important, even though most readers don’t use Vicipedia as a reference, per se, but instead as language practice.

Most of the work among the editors is collegial, though now and then debates break out. One involved the proper neologism for “computer.” Vicipedia calls it a computarium, despite the vehement opposition of editor Justin Mansfield, who says the word is just bad Latin.

“You can’t use ‘trum’ at will to make new words,” insists Mr. Mansfield, also a classics grad student. “’Trum’ actually fell out of use around the time of the Punic Wars. It’s like ‘th’ in English. You can say ‘warmth,’ but you can’t say ‘coolth.’”

Mr. Mansfield lobbied for computatorium but was outvoted. He prevailed, though, with “particle accelerators,” the atom smashers used by physicists, which, per his suggestion, are known on Vicipedia as particularum acceleratorium.

Observe Mr. Rocchio, “We tend to argue about words ad infinitum.”

Most Vicipedia articles duplicate topics also covered on English Wikipedia, though occasionally, when an editor is interested in a particular subject, it will get exclusive Latin treatment. J.W. Love, an editor who is also an anthropologist plus, has published Latin translations of Samoan poems.

So why bother? Vicipedia’s volunteers usually say they simply enjoy keeping up with the Latin they had in school. Mr. Garcia, for instance, teaches physics in Massachusetts at Worcester Polytechnic Institute and says he likes keeping in practice well enough to be able to read classics like Isaac Newton’s “Principia” in the original.

Mr. Rocchio’s coda: “Latin has a tradition of 2,700 years...and we don’t want that to end. Latin isn’t dead, it just smells funny.”

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ONLINE TODAY: See links to the Vicipedia pages mentioned in this article and other interesting entries, at WSJ.com/OnlineToday.
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eck or back injury should consult their physician before purchasing this product.
A Depression Project That Gave Rise To a Generation Of Novelists

By DOUGLAS BRINKLEY

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 1 — Writers are usually unabashed about claiming authorship for their work. So it's curious that many of the alumni of one of the most significant American literary projects of the 20th century were ashamed of it: the Federal Writers' Project, a program of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Works Progress Administration.

Created in 1935, in the heart of the Great Depression, the Writers' Project supported more than 6,000 writers, editors and researchers during its four years of federal financing.

The Federal Writers' Project, which recorded the lives of Americans like a masked tractor in Louisiana, right, employed Richard Wright, top (circa 1942), and Saul Bellow, shown above in his 20s.

When the government funds expired, Congress let the program continue under state sponsorship until 1943. Although grateful for even subsistence wages in a time of economic despair, few participants deemed it a badge of honor to earn $30 to $35 a week from the government.

But the Library of Congress takes a different view. With little fanfare, it has been unpacking boxes of extraordinary Writers' Project material over the last few years from warehouses and storage facilities. After an arduous vetting process, much of it is now available to the public.

What is becoming clear, says Prof. Jerrold Hirsch of Truman State University, in Kirkville, Mo., is that the editors of the project believed that they could build a national culture on diversity. "They faced a great challenge coming out of the 1920s, where white supremacists, via WASP primitivity and the K.K.K. anti-immigration laws, held sway," Mr. Hirsch said. "In the Federal Writers' Project, ethnic minorities were celebrated for being turpentine workers or grape pickers or folk artists."

John Cheever was one of the program's unenthusiastic participants. A child of proud Massachusetts Republicans who had called the W.P.A. short for "We Poke Along," he was ashamed of working as a "junior editor" at the program's Washington office. He once described his duties as fixing "the sentences written by some incredibly lazy bastards."

Nonetheless, Cheever's experiences at the Writers' Project provided the material for many of the best scenes in his 1967 novel, "The Wapshot Chronicle."

Cheever wasn't the only one who found inspiration at the Writers' Project. Others included Conrad Aiken, Nelson Algren, Saul Bellow, Arna Bontemps, Malcolm Cowley, Edward Dahlberg, Ralph Ellison, Zora Neale Hurston, Claude McKay, Kenneth Patchen, Philip Raby, Kenneth Rexroth, Harold Rosenberg, Studs Terkel, Margaret Walker, Richard Wright and Frank Yerby.

These federal employees produced...
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MARTIN LAWRENCE WILL SMITH

BAD BOYS II
what would become the renowned American Guide Series, comprising volumes for each of the 48 states that then existed, as well as Alaska. The Writers’ Project also turned out many other regional, city and cultural guides, like Algren’s “Galeana, Illinois” and Wright’s “Bibliography of Chicago Negroes.” All in all, it published more than 275 books, 700 pamphlets and 340 “issuances” (articles, leaflets and radio scripts).

Eudora Welty was even employed as a photographer for the Mississippi guide. W. H. Mencken called the project “one of the noblest and most absurd undertakings ever attempted by a state.”

Cataloging the output has been a long project. John Cole, director of the Center for the Book at the Library of Congress, has been working on it since 1978, when he first read Jerre Mangione’s oral history “The Dream and the Deal: The Federal Writers’ Project, 1935-1943.”

“The Library of Congress has its work cut out,” Mr. Cole explained in a telephone interview from his office on Capitol Hill. “It’s an amazing collection. The Federal Writers’ Project produced rediscovered heritages in a more detailed and colorful way than it had ever been described. I’m thinking here of both the state guides and all of those other publications that they put out — the collection offers examples of local history and oddball anecdotal stories we never knew existed.”

Nearly 3,000 of the oral history interviews are now available on the Library of Congress’s Life Histories Web site, memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpantow/whapome.html, where they are free to consult.

In the last few years, some good biographies of the most notable American authors have been published. But no one has yet tackled a broad-based study of the series, which has been left to not so talented young writers who fanned out across the continent in search of a collective self-portrait of America. Recently, though, a number of scholars and researchers have begun to track the literary paper trail, unearthing documents and writings that have been packed in boxes for decades.

Pam Bordelon, a writer in Pensacola, Fla., for example, has spent the last 10 years editing interviews and compiling artifacts from the project’s Poets Recording Expeditions into the Floridas. She has traveled all over the state, searching for Writers Project works by Charles Lutes, who was hired to collect folklore during the 1930s.

“I was just blown away by the richness,” Ms. Bordelon recalled. “The voices in Florida alone are unbelievable.”

David A. Taylor, a writer, and Andrew Blackman, a Washington, D.C., have begun work on “American Voices,” a documentary focusing on the Writers’ Project in four states: New York, Florida, Illinois and Nebraska. One discovery is unquestionably correct: The rivalry between Chéspy and Ellison, who met at the project. The W.F.W. was much more than guides and oral histories,” Ms. Kalin explained. “It was where so- cial and economic history met the individual imagination in literature.”

But it is difficult to trace authors for the W.P.A. guides. Mr. Bell, for example, left mention of his Writers’ Project work at the Chicago office out of his entry in Who’s Who in America. In “Bellow,” his biography of the author, James Atlas writes that Mr. Bellows was humbled to be told alongside hard-drinking literary heroes of the proletariat, like Algren and Jack Conroy, editor of the leftist journal The Anvil. Mr. Bellow explains in the book, “I rather looked up to them, and they looked down on me.”

Mr. Bellow, whose first Writers’ Project job was inventorying Illinois periodicals at the Newberry Library, later wrote 20 profiles of writers like John Dos Pas- sos, Sherwood Anderson and James T. Farrell. Mr. Atlas discovered the essays only a few years ago when he was researching “Bellow.”

“They’re incredible essays, very advanced for somebody 21 or 22 years old,” Mr. Atlas said. Mr. Bellow, he said, was ecstatic to reread them recently, amazed that they still existed.

Wright and Walker were also first published while employed in the Chi- cago office. Studs Terkel, another veteran, used the oral history tech- niques he learned in the late 1950’s as his model for books like “The Good War” (1984) and “Working” (1974). And Albert Murray, perhaps Ellis- son’s closest friend as well as the author of classic works like “South to a Very Old Place” (1971), maintains that without the Writers’ Project, Ellison would not have written “Invisible Man.”

“It was because of the Writers’ Project that I first got to read pieces that had been written on my own,” Mr. Murray recalled in a telephone inter- view from his home in Harlem. “It pulled him away from music and focused him on writing. It put writers and artists in touch as they had nev- er been before. It was even more intense than the Harlem Renaissan- ce.”

Invisible Man” is unique in that there are sketches and caricatures of people he met during the Federal Writers’ Project. Ellison himself is quoted in a Li- brary of Congress document as saying that the Writers’ Project helped him better understand the powerful connection between serious litera- ture and folkways. “I tried to use my ear for dialogue to give an impres- sion of just how people sounded,” he notes in the document. “I developed a technique of transcribing that captured the idiom rather than trying to convey the dialect through misspellings.”

But Ellison, like many of his peers, didn’t like to talk much about his days as a government employee. “He wanted to move away from it,” Mr. Murray said. “It was his training ground. But he had higher concepts of art than the W.P.A. Guide Series.”

Yet to many, the guide series is a treasure. William Least Heat Moon said he wouldn’t have written “PrairieErth: A Deep Map” (1991) about the Northwest Coast. When John Gunther hit the road for his memoir “Inside U.S.A.” (1947), his suitcase bulged with W.P.A. Guides. So did John Steinbeck’s when he set out to write “Travels With Charley: In Search of America” (1962).

“The complete set comprises the most comprehensive account of the United States ever got together, and nothing since has even approached it,” Steinbeck writes in the book. “It was compiled during the Depression by the best writers in America, who were, if that is possible, more de- pressed than any other group while maintaining their inalienable in- tact for eating.”

Steinbeck points out that many of the printing plates for the guides were smashed in the wake of a late- 1930’s witchhunt by Representative
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The Nation

Parts of Speech

The Bloody Crossroads of Grammar and Politics

By GEOFFREY NUNBERG

I

s there a grammatical error in the following sentence? "Toni Morrison’s gen-

tius enables her to create novels that arise from and express the injustices

African Americans have endured."

The answer is no, according to the Educational Testing Service, which included

the item on the preliminary College Board exams given on Oct. 15 of last year. But Kevin

Keegan, a high-school journalism teacher from Silver Spring, Md., protested that a

number of grammar books assert that it is incorrect to use a pronoun with a possessive

antecedent like “Tony Morrison’s” — that is, unless the pronoun itself is possessive,

as in “Tony Morrison’s fans adore her books.”

After months of exchanges with the tenacious Mr. Keegan, the College Board finally

agreed to adjust the scores of students who had marked the underlined pronoun “her” as

incorrect.

That’s only fair. When you’re asking students to pick out errors of grammar, you

ought to make sure you haven’t included anything that might bring the grammatical

web out of the woodwork.

But some read the test item as the token of a wider malaise. “Talk about standards,”

wrote David Skinner, a columnist at the conservative Weekly Standard. Not only had

the example sentence been “proven to con-

tain an error of grammar,” but the sen-
tence’s celebration of Ms. Morrison’s, a “me-
diocre contemporary author,” betrayed the

“faddish, racist, wishful thinking that our

educational institutions should be guarding

against.”

It was revealing how easily Mr. Skinner’s

indignation encompassed both the gram-

matical and cultural implications of the

sentence. In recent decades, the defense of

usage standards has become a flagship issue

for the cultural right: the people who are

most vociferous about grammatical cor-

rectness tend to be those most dismissive

of the political variety. Along the way, though,

grammatical correctness itself is becoming a

strangely arbitrary notion.

Take the rule about pronouns and possess-

ives that Mr. Keegan cited in his challenge to

the testing service. Unlike the hoary shib-

boleths about the split infinitive or begin-

ning sentences with “but,” this one is a rela-

tive newcomer, which seems to have sur-

faced in grammar books only in the 1980’s.

Wilson Follett endorsed it in his 1966 Mod-

ern American Usage, and it was then picked

up by a number of other usage writers, in-

cluding Jacques Barzun and John Simpson.

The assumption behind the rule is that a

pronoun has to be of the same part of speech

as its antecedent. Since possessives are ad-

jectives, the reasoning goes, they can’t be

followed by pronouns, even if the resulting

sentence is perfectly clear.

If you accept that logic, you’ll eschew sen-

tences like “Napoleon’s fame preceded him”

(rewrite as “His fame preceded Napo-

leon”). In fact you’ll have to take a red pen-

cil to just about all of the great works of

English literature, starting with Shake-

speare and the King James Bible (“And Jo-

seph’s master took him, and put him into the

prison”). The construction shows up in

Dickens and Thackeray, not to mention H.

W. Fowler’s “Modern English Usage” and

Strunk and White’s “Elements of Style.”

(“The writer’s colleagues have greatly

helped him in the preparation of his manu-

script.”) And it’s pervasive not just in The

New York Times and The New Yorker but also

in the pages of The Weekly Standard, not

excluding Mr. Skinner’s own column. (“It

may be Bush’s utter lack of doubt that his de-

tractors hate most about him.”)

The ubiquity of those examples ought to

put the fox guard — maybe it doesn’t, but

language knows something that the usage

writers don’t. In fact the rule in question is

a perfect example of muddy grammatical

thinking. For one thing, possessives like

“Mary’s” aren’t adjectives; they’re what

linguists call determiner phrases. (If you

doubt that, try substituting “Mary’s” for the

adjective “happy” in sentences like “The

child looks happy” or “We saw only healthy

and happy children.”)

And if a nonposessive pronoun can’t have

a possessive antecedent, logic should dictate

that things can’t work the other way around,
either — if you’re going to throw out “Ham-

let’s mother loved him,” then why accept

“Hamlet loved his mother”? That’s an awful

lot to throw over the side in the name of

consistency.

But that’s what “correct grammar” often
does come down to nowadays. It has been taken

over by cultists who learned everything they

needed to know about grammar in ninth grade, and who have turned the enter-

prise into an insider’s game of gotcha! For

those purposes, the more obscure and unin-

tuitive the rule, the better.

Pity the poor writer who comes at gram-

mar armed only with common sense and a

knowledge of what English writers have

done in the past — they’re liable to be busted

for violating ordinances they couldn’t have

possibly have been aware of.

Not all modern usage writers take doctri-

naire views of grammar, whatever their

politics. But the politicization of usage con-

tributes to its trivialization, and tends to vi-

tiate it as an exercise in intellectual dis-

crimination. The more vehemently people

insist on upholding standards in general, the

less need there is to justify them in the par-

ticular. For many, usage standards boil

down to the unquestioned truths of “tradi-

tional grammar,” even if some of the tradi-

tions turn out to be only a few decades old.

Take the way Mr. Skinner asserted that the

College Board examination sentence was

“proven to contain an error of gram-

mar.” In the way you might talk about a doc-

ument being proven to be a forgery — it’s as

if the rules of grammar were mysterious
dicta handed down from long-forgotten

sages.

The English conservative writer Roger

Scruton has described the controversies

over usage as merely a special case of the
debate between conservative and liberal

views of politics. But until 50 years ago, no-

body talked about “conservative” and “lib-

eral” positions on usage, and usage writers

were drawn from both sides of the aisle.

Even today, it would be silly to claim that

conservatives actually care more deeply

about usage standards than liberals do, much

less that they write more clearly or

correctly. In language as elsewhere, it’s not

as if vices are less prevalent among the

people who denounce them most energetically.

But people who have reservations about

the program of the cultural right often find

themselves in an uneasy position when the

discussion turns to usage. How do you de-

fend the distinction between “disinterested”

and “uninterested” without suggesting that

its disappearance is a harbinger of the de-

cline of the West?

Not that the cultural left is blameless in

this. Some of the usage reforms they cham-

pioned have been widely adopted, and soci-

ety is the better for it. There aren’t a lot of

male executives around who still refer to

their secretaries as “my girl.”

But many of the locations and usage rules

that have recently been proposed in the

name of social justice are as much insider

codes as the arcane strictures of the gram-

mar cultists. They’re exercises in moral fas-

tidiousness that no one really expects will

catch on generally.

To younger writers, today’s discussions of

usage often seem to be less about win-

ning consensus than about winning, or scor-

cing, points. It’s no wonder they tend to re-

gard the whole business with a weary indif-

ference. What-ever — will this be the test?

Stephen Doyle
Ideas & Trends

Spamology

By TOM ZELLER

In 1937, an Austin, Minn.-based company called Hormel Foods held a contest. Hormel's Spiced Ham, it seems, needed a new name—something "as distinctive as the taste," the company's official history goes. The winner was one Kenneth Dainese, a Broadway actor and, ahem, brother to a Hormel executive. He took home $100 and gave the world Spam.

Sixty years later, Hormel was trying to prevent the name of its product from leaking into the popular lexicon as a label for, of all things, electronic junk mail. In a 1997 letter, Hormel demanded that Sanford Wallace, who ran a huge bulk e-mailing business under domain names like spanford.com and spanford.net, "cease and desist from all further use of the trademark Spam.

"You can more responsibly refer to your business as bulk e-mail or by similar long-standing terminology," the letter said.

The spammer was unmoved. "If your client objects to the use of 'spam' to refer to my client's business, he is cutting my business in half," Mr. Wallace's lawyers responded. "It's far too late to change the vocabulary of 25 million Internet users.

Today, spanford.net and spanford.com are gone, but the lawyers were right. The term—like junk e-mail—is everywhere, including on the lips of legislators. In the last two months, three separate anti-spam bills, including the RID Spam Act submitted two weeks ago, have been introduced in Congress.

So how did Mr. Dainese's catchy contest-winning name, six decades later, come to be invoked in Congress?

The haphazard, organic spread of the Internet makes it difficult to trace things precisely. An early electronic bulletin board system and chat networks merged and overlapped, their clunky slang mingled along the way, creating a lexicon that the mainstream now takes as tectonic. Some creative sorts have suggested that Internet spam is actually an acronym, for something like 'Simultaneous Posting And Mailing,' or with more of a wink, Speed Phenomenal Amounts of Mail. But most Internet folklorists point to Monty Python.

"First of all, people actually like the word," said Brad Templeton, the chairman of the Electronic Frontier Foundation and the author of an etymology of the word (templeton.com/brad/span). "It’s one of those funny-sounding words that people like to say."

Which is probably why the comedy writers 1979 that hinged on repetition of the word: "What you got?"—a restaurant customer asks.

"Well," the waitress responds, "there's egg and bacon; egg; sausage and bacon; egg and Spam; egg, bacon and Spam; egg, bacon, sausage and Spam; Spam, bacon, sausage and Spam; Spam, egg, Spam, Spam" and so forth.

At a nearby table, a group of Vikings begin singing, "Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, lovely Spam, lovely Spam," drowning out all other conversations.

Monty Python and those who frequented emerging chat networks called MUDs (for multi-user dungeons) had sufficiently merged. "We're not talking about people who were out kayaking in their free time," said Joel K. Furr, one of those early non-kayakers and now a technical trainer for the IDX Systems Corporation in Vermont. The poetic leap from the Nordic incantations in the Python sketch to any number of chat networks anomalies in which floods of data sometimes deliberately sent, sometimes by misconfiguration, was just

By most accounts, including Mr. Templeton's, Mr. Furr first brought the term from MUDs to the bulletin board system called UseNet. He was responding to the inadvertent repeated posting of a message to a UseNet newsgroup. That was in 1993;

Inadvertent mass postings gave way to deliberate flooding—"The first problem we had were not commercial users," Mr. Furr said. "They were idiots." But marketers, realizing that there were potential consumers on these systems, quickly followed the idiots.

January 1994

An Andrews University system administrator hits every UseNet newsgroup with a message saying "Global Alert for All: Jesus Is Coming Soon."

April 1994

Two lawyers from Arizona, Laurence Cantor and Martha Siegel, enrage UseNet users by posting a message to every newsgroup advertising their law firm.

1997

Lawyers for Hormel Foods contact bulk e-mailer Sanford Wallace (left) who embraced the derisive title "spammer" on his Web site, Hormel asks him to cease and desist. He refuses.

2003

The Federal Trade Commission and several state governments struggle to find ways to curb spam. The United States Congress introduces bills like the CAN-SPAN Act.

From: <br>Subject: DirecTV Set For Sale<br>Neighborhood: not general<br>Date: 1995/07/01 18:13:31 PST<br>

DirecTV Set - 2 month old - smoked octagonal glass top with 4 plush blue chairs with high polish gold frame and base. Asking $400.00. Ask for Julie at 4824. Pictures available.
Cablespeak: I Seeing the News Today, Oh Boy!

By GEOFFREY NUNBERG

E VERY new form of journalism an-
nounces itself with a new syntax
that suggests a changed sense of the
news itself.
Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph
Hearst, with their mass-circulation dailies of the
1890's, gave us the compressed urgency
of the modern newspaper headline. In the
1890's, Time magazine turned world events into
pasty narratives with the inver-2sions that Woolcott Gibbs parodied famously as
"Backwards run sentences until reeled the mind."
Later, television news programs heightened the immediacy of electronic cov-
erage with the pointer words that linguists
call deixis, in phrases like as "Now this"
and "Here now the news," which Chevy
Chase satirized in his "Saturday Night Live"
mock newscast.
So it is notable that the all-news networks
have begun to recite their leads to a new
participial rhythm. "In North Dakota, high
winds making life difficult; the gusts reaching
60 mph." "A Big Apple accident, two
taxicabs plowing into crowds of shoppers"
— call the new style ing-lish, Fox News
Channel and CNN have adopted it whole-
sale, and it is increasingly audible on net-
work news programs as well.
The odd thing is that not even the news-
casters seem to have a clear idea of what
they're doing, or why. A "News Hour With
Jim Lehrer" feature described the style as
one of "dropping most verbs, putting every-
ing thing in the present tense."
But those participles like "plowing"
aren't in the present tense — they don't have any tense at all.
What ing-lish really leaves out is all tenses, past, present or future, and with
them any helping verbs that force the
fall — not just be, but have and will.
News-
casters used to say "The Navy has used the
island for 60 years but will cease its tests
soon." On CNN or Fox, that comes out as
"The Navy using the island for 60 years but
ceasing its tests soon."
What's the point of this? The "News
Hour" calls it "an abbreviated language
unique to time-pressed television corre-
spondents." But the new syntax doesn't ac-
tually save any time — sometimes, in fact, it makes sentences longer. "Bush met with
Putin" is one syllable shorter than "Bush
meeting with Putin."
Strange, since broadcasters don't seem to re-
alize how bizarre the new style sounds. The
Fox newscaster Shepard Smith calls it "people speak" and explains it: "It's about
how would I tell this story if I were telling it
to a friend on a street corner." But that
must be a pretty exotic intersection, if Mr.
Smith's boneyes are saying things like: "My
car in the shop. The brakes needing relin-
ging."
The journalist Michael Kinsley suggests
that the new style is drawn from the conven-
tions of newspaper headlines. But ing-lish is
actually the exact opposite of headline.
For one thing, it doesn't omit pronouns and
articles the way headlines do. If a flasher
shows up at a presidential dinner, the next
day's paper reports it as "Man Exposes Self
at White House." On the news stations, that
comes out as "A man exposing himself at
the White House," which is a rather differ-
tent take on the affair.
MORE important, headlines don't omit tenses so much as adapt
them to the singular point of view of the daily news. "Buffett
Buys Omnicon" refers to an event that hap-
pened yesterday, "Buffett Bought Omnicon"
to a past event that came to light yest-
terday, and "Buffett to Buy Omnicon" to a
future event that was announced yesterday.
That daily reference point is absent on
the all-news shows, where those headlines
all reduce to a tenses "Buffet Buying Omnicon."
There's a logic to this. "The news of the
day," he explains, "It's about
how would I tell this story if I were telling it
to a friend on a street corner." But that
items like top-40 stations with a high-turn-
over playlist.
"Here now the news" — that isn't some-
thing you're likely to hear on CNN or Fox.
Without a "here" and "now" there can't be
"the news," measuring out daily life.
"After a night's sleep the news no longer
indispensable as the breakfast." Thoreau
wrote sarcastically in 1854, about the time people
began to use the phrase "the news" to refer
to the bundle of information that is dumped
on the public's doorstep daily, to be con-
sumed and discarded along with the coffee
grounds.
That ritual of daily news consumption was
a "mass ceremony," as the political sci-
entist Benedict Anderson describes it, which
shaped the sense of community essential
to national consciousness.
But "the news of the day" was never
more than a convenient fiction, and one that
the all-news broadcasters and the Internet
have made increasingly hard to sustain. So
the slogans and catch-phrases change. Tra-
ditional purveyors of news would refer to
their product in an infinite way: "All the
news that's fit to print," "Here now the
news." But in the slogans of the all-news out-
lets, the definite article is conspicuously ab-
sent: "All news all the time," "News at
your speed," "News when you want it."

Geoffrey Nunberg is a Stanford linguist
regularly heard on NPR's "Fresh Air." He
is the author of "The Way We Talk Now."
The Seeds of Decline

By TIMOTHY EGAN

OUP COUNTY, Neb., the poorest county in the nation, is down to 713 people — a third of the population it had nearly a century ago. A four-bedroom house goes for $30,000. But building a life is much harder. In Loup County, what rides on the unrelenting winds are symptoms of despair that have taken hold there and across a large swath of rural America.

It could be Chemung County in upstate New York, which lost people and jobs even in the boon of the 80's. Or Bighorn County, Wyo., where some high school seniors say their only choices are to move out of town or take up with people cooking methamphetamine in a rusty sink.

Or Dalhart, Tex., a Panhandle town of 7,000 people where the murder rate last year was more than twice the national average.

Around the country, rural ghettos are unraveling in the same way that inner cities did in the 1960's and 70's, according to the officials and experts who have tried to make sense of a generations-old downward spiral in the countryside. In this view, decades of economic decline have produced a culture of dependency, with empty counties hooked on farm subsidies just as welfare mothers were said to be tied to their monthly checks. And just as in the cities, the hollowed-out economy has led to a frightening rise in crime and drug abuse.

But unlike the cities' troubles, which generated a national debate about causes and solutions, the rural collapse has been largely silent, perhaps because it happened so slowly.

Crime, fueled by a methamphetamine epidemic that has turned fertilizer into a drug lab component and given some sparsely populated counties higher murder rates than New York City, has so strained small-town police budgets that many are begging the federal government for help. The rate of serious crime in Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Utah is as much as 50 percent higher than the state of New York, the F.B.I. reported in October.

Towns of 10,000 and 25,000 people are now the most likely places to experience a bank robbery. Drug-related homicides fell by 50 percent in urban areas, but they tripled over the last decade in the countryside.

"We have serious drug crime in places that never used to have it," said Allen Curtis, executive director of the Nebraska Crime Commission.

Poverty was held in place somewhat by the boom of the 1990's. Still, the 2000 census found that the percentage of people living below the poverty level is nearly 30 percent higher in rural areas than it is in cities. Of the 25 poorest counties in the nation, 5 are in Nebraska, 5 are in Texas and 4 are in South Dakota, the Commerce Department found.

In Loup County, the dead center of Nebraska, per capita personal income is $6,606 per year, just 22 percent of the national average, according to a listing compiled by the Commerce Department.

Equally telling is a growing wage gap between urban and rural areas.

Continued on Page 3

Like the view from an abandoned Nebraska farmhouse, rural life has become bleak.
Finding Uniformity in the Lexicon of Snow

By BARBARA LLOYD

It seemed like a perfect fit, a job melding the skills of a former Congressional investigator with those of a person whose responsibility it is to report mountain snow conditions. After all, what is more important to a skier or snowboarder than the truth?

Is the mountain covered in packed powder, or is it really hard pack? Is the surface frozen granular, or is that really ice?

"Obviously, they're two different worlds," said Tom Hubbs, a retired regional director for the General Accounting Office who became the snow reporter at Stowe, Vt., three years ago. "As an auditor and investigator for the federal government, I was used to the idea of quantifying things, and I knew I had better be accurate."

At Stowe, Hubbs is on the slopes each day by 6 a.m., seven days a week. He checks in with the snow groomers, who have been plying the mountainside all night with machinery. Then he checks to see whetherLabelle made snow has been produced, whether there is fresh snow and what the air temperature is at the top and the bottom. Finally, he looks at the weather forecast, which he receives from several sources.

"If it's raining, I tell them it's raining," the 55-year-old Hubbs said in a recent interview at Stowe. "I knew I had to be credible when I took this job. I thought, geez, that's what I'd been doing for years dealing with people like Senator Jesse Helms and Newt Gingrich."

Hubbs concedes that he is wrong now and then. One day in December, he confirmed a forecast for 6 to 10 inches of new powder. Instead, a blanket of drizzle encased the mountain. "I got so much grief," Hubbs said about the response from skiers.

"I had a real bad day."

He is not alone, of course. Snow reporters generally are caught in a vise that calls for accuracy while encouraging people to ski. To promulgate universal reporting, SnoCountry Worldwide, a national data base service, has developed a list of common definitions that it asks resorts to use. Among the words to describe snow conditions are: packed powder, frozen granular, loose granular, and, yes, even ice.

Based in Lebanon, N.H., SnoCountry collects information daily from about 900 mountain resorts in North America and another 200 in Europe. In the summer, snow data come from resorts in the Southern Hemisphere. The data are disseminated to television, radio stations, newspapers and news agencies. But even analysts will admit that some-times information they receive will raise an eyebrow in the office.

"We will change a condition if we see that it can't be right," Tom Dur-gin, a SnoCountry data analyst, said. "If a report comes in saying that a resort has packed powder, but we know the temperature is 45 degrees, and it hasn't snowed there in a week, we might change it to wet-packed granular."

Durgin conceded that some skiers and boarders have trouble understanding the terms. Frozen granular, for example, is often misunderstood to be ice, when it is actually "a hard surface of old snow formed by granules freezing together after a rain or warm temperatures." Not ice, but definitely granular.

Skiers and boarders tend to foster their own vernacular. The phrase mashed potatoes, for example, is a favorite in the Northwest for referring to soft, slushy snow. Scratchy in the East means patches of hard pack or ice under a skiff of snow. Golf-ball sized chunks of frozen snow on a trail are often referred to as death cookies in the East; Westerners tend to call them chicken heads.

So why not use these words, which have specific meanings, in the ski reports? Durgin said it would not work. "Standards differ in different parts of the country," he said, explaining that crud in Utah might mean powder in Michigan. SnoCountry finds that having a common language lends uniformity to reports.

The problem is made worse by ski reports that are more the product of artful dodgers than all-out liars. Take Colorado snow resorts, for example. Rarely do they indicate any snow condition other than powder or packed powder. Yet anyone who has skied there a few times has seen hard, scratchy snow surfaces, too.

In late January, Crested Butte, Colo., reported packed powder/hard pack when every other Colorado resort claimed to have packed powder, the more kindly of the two surfaces. "It hasn't snowed here in a week," Gina Korf, spokeswoman for Crested Butte, said with unabashed honesty. "But the skiing's still great."

Resorts in the Northwest tend to have the most innovative reporting, largely because of their wetter Pacific Coast climate. A report from Lori Vandenbrink, spokeswoman for Stevens Pass, Wash., gave an example.

"We call it Cascade concrete," she said with a laugh about the heavy, wet snow the area often gets. "It's definitely challenging, but it makes us better skiers. We can go to Colorado and just rip because the snow there feels like sugar compared to our oatmeal."

Tom Hubbs, left, the snow reporter at Stowe, Vt., is responsible for giving accurate snow conditions.
Risks Await Jones in Heavier Class

Continued From First Sports Page

because of his quickness, can take a punch from a much bigger fighter and still be effective? Some in boxing are wondering if Jones could be seriously injured any time he stepped into the ring, no matter the opponent or how much he weighed. But this fight, Merkeron acknowledged, posed more of a risk to Jones.

"I have worried about the physical danger to him in doing this, no question," Merkeron said. "But I worried about the same thing when he fought as a middleweight. I think the big difference is the weight-class punch a lot harder. But we are ready for that; trust me."

It is a matter of simple physics and has been a truism for schoolyard bullies since there were playgrounds. A heavier fighter throws a harder punch, and a smaller fighter can take less of a pounding than a larger one.

That is certainly what Ruiz (37-4-1, 27 knockouts) is counting on. He has said that Jones has no chance of matching his power and that he has been training — re-acting, actually — on ways to cut off Jones in the ring by limiting his angles so he can pin him and get in his punches.

"He feels like he is so fast no one can lay a glove on him," Ruiz said of Jones. "But I think I can hit him, and when I hit him, he's going to say to himself, 'Why did I ever decide to try and do this?' He has never been hit by a man my size."

Each fighter has publicly tried to play down the other's physical advantages, yet the two men have gone through great pains in their training regimens to address what could be weaknesses.

Ruiz has slimmed down slightly and may be as light as 220 pounds by the time the fight begins. He believes that will make him quicker.

More intriguing is what Jones is said to have done. According to an official in his camp, Jones, who has often fought in the 175-pound range, has bulked up to where he could weigh as much as 190 pounds.

When asked about this, Merkeron responded: "We're going to surprise some people at the weigh-in. Let's just leave it at that."

If Jones were that beefy — and that is questionable — it would not only give him more punching power, but it would also allow him to take more punishment from Ruiz.

Ruiz may have one advantage on Jones, and that is his incentive from a perceived slight by Jones.

Jones has a guarantee of $10 million for this fight and is scheduled to receive 60 percent of the pay-per-view profits. Ruiz's contract calls for no guaranteed money and 40 percent. It was an unusual contract in that Ruiz is relying solely on pay-per-view sales, but he agreed to the smaller purse solely to get Jones in the ring.

Ruiz has been bothered by what he perceives as a lack of effort from Jones in promoting the match. Jones, always quixotic, has not participated in several public relations opportunities.

"I guess he has his money and he couldn't care less about my end of it," Ruiz said. "But that's fine because I'll make him pay in the ring."

GOLF

Unknown Has Els Needing Mulligan

Continued From First Sports Page

(No. 3) squeaked past Robert Karlsson, 1-up; David Toms (No. 6) defeated Anders Hansen, 3 and 1; and Davis Love III (No. 7) defeated Paul Casey, 5 and 4; Padraig Harrington (No. 9) handled John Cook, 4 and 3; and Jim Furyk (No. 10) beat Len Mattiace, 2 and 1.

But Els' loss was the most surprising development. Though he was 1-down for much of the match, Els evened it at No. 16 when Tutterarangi lipped out a putt and bogeyed, then made another bogey at No. 17. He took a 1-up lead into the par-5, 558-yard 18th hole and the clear advantage there with a birdie. But after hitting his drive into a pond, Els failed to reach the green and made a par 5.

Today's Key Matches

TIGER WOODS vs. K. J. CHOI
A tough second-round match for Woods against Choi, ranked 27th in the world.

PHIL MICKELSON vs. BRAD FAXON
Can Mickelson get past perhaps the best putter in golf?

DAVID TOMS vs. CHERS RILEY
Riley, a superb putter who likes La Costa, could score an upset.

who has not won since the 2001 British Open. Duval birdied Nos. 16 and 17 to square the match. On the first extra hole, he had a 6-foot putt to win but missed it. That opened the door for Rose, who hit a beautiful tee shot on the par-3 No. 2 to 6 feet. After Duval missed the green and could not sink his chip shot, Rose ended the match with his putt.

‘True Mozartean’ Louis Langrée Arrives to Refresh a Festival

By Matthew Gurewitsch

The Creation of Haydn is a masterpiece of descriptive music, a masterpiece of rhetoric, and at the same time, a sacred work. Rehearsing it, performing it, we will grow. And the same week, we will play Schubert’s ‘Tragic Symphony’, his Symphony No. 4, which wouldn’t exist without the cows in The Creation.

The French conductor Louis Langrée, 42, has the bashful charm to describe his English as “primitive,” but the language barrier seldom presents much of an obstacle for his nimble and broad-ranging thoughts. Just now, momentarily, it does. Mr. Langrée means not cows but chaos (“You say kay-oss?”), evoked at the start of Haydn’s recasting of the Book of Genesis in one of the most unsettling tone poems ever conceived.

Muscially, Mr. Langrée is a generalist—which, he says, is what a true Mozartean has to be. “If you want to play Mozart, you must not exclude anything,” he says. “He integrates every influence, every musical flavor, color and sensibility into a style that is his own, immediately recognizable. The other great composers—Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven—all made musical history move forward. Mozart didn’t. He didn’t have to. He took what he had. And he has no successor. He comes at that

unique moment in history between Sturm und Drang and the Enlightenment, between the Ottoman Empire and the French Revolution.”

Tall and gangly, with curly brown hair and the white features of a Pulcinella, Mr. Langrée is the new face of the Lincoln Center’s Mostly Mozart Festival, a popular summer franchise that nearly expired last year in its 36th season, just having overtaken the life span of its namesake, who died in 1791 at 35. A strike called by the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra two hours before the opening event wiped out 17 evenings of symphonic music, reducing the schedule to 10 concerts by visiting artists.

“Heartbreaking,” was the assessment of Jane S. Moss, Lincoln Center’s vice president of programming. But negotiations proceeded, concluding just in time for management to wrap up the festival with a conciliatory finale: two free concerts under the baton of the engaging Mr. Langrée, former music director of orchestras in Picardy and Liège, of the Opera National de Lyon, and of Glyndebourne Touring opera, a guest conductor of wide experience, and con- nual veteran of three Mostly Mozart season—

in the world of classical music, where the match between an orchestra and maestro-in-chief can take years to consummate, this one has come to pass in a trice.

“I didn’t know these concerts were an audition.” Mr. Langrée says now, having learned that they were. “Nor did the musicians. Very honestly, I was secretly dreaming that they might be. It was a very privileged moment—going back to the music. I wondered: Would the players have the energy to concentrate on music after so much bitterness and anger? And all of them—all—wanted to give their best, to show their artistic pride.”

“I wasn’t necessarily looking for a music director,” says Ms. Moss. (Gerard Schwarz, 55, Mr. Langrée’s only predecessor in the position, had moved on in 2001, after a tenure of two decades.) “We could have run programming from the central office. The decision to get Louis onboard was based on Louis in particular. We speak the same language. Working together, it feels like our energy is not doubled but quadrupled.”

And that’s good, because for all its merits—a steady stream of A-list soloists (many in their New York debuts), frequent injections of unusual repertoire, a growing eagerness to explore linkages between Mozart and countless composers (before and after) to whom his work relates, not to mention world-class air-conditioning—the formula had been going a little flat, simply because a formula is what it felt like.

A harbinger of seasons to come, Mostly Mozart 2003 (tickets go on sale May 11) features the first staged opera in the festival’s history (the celebrated Mark Lamos production of the young Mozart’s rarely presented “Il Re Pastore”). The theatrical component, Ms. Moss says, “will only increase.” Look forward, as well, to close collaboration with such leading period specialists as the self-governed Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment—London, the Freiburg Barock, the Concerto Köln (Cologne) and the Philharmonia Baroque (San Francisco).

“We might present, in one concert, the same piece played on original instruments by a visiting group and on modern instruments by a chamber orchestra, with a discussion afterwards,” Mr. Langrée says. “It’s not a question of ‘I like’ or ‘I don’t like,’ but to show where the differences are.” Though period ensembles have been a fact of life in music centers around the world since the 1960s, New York has proved notoriously unable to support one. Mr. Langrée, like many conductors of his generation, has assimilated the lessons of the original-instruments movement, and hopes to develop a distinctive, historically informed yet contemporary Mostly Mozart style.

A New York style?

“That sounds a little pretentious, no?” Mr. Langrée answers. “But we must be open to the influence of period practice. There’s no way to imitate a period orchestra. Steel strings and gut strings just don’t sound the same. It’s better just to use period instruments if that’s what you want. Imitation is wrong. It’s sterile. But in color, phrasing and embellishment, modern instruments can be inspired by period instruments. The legacy should be available no matter what instruments you play. Instead of just playing, ‘Play faster,’ you have to explain the tempo in terms of the meaning you find in the score. You don’t want the musicians just passively obeying. You want them to participate. There’s no true ‘truth.’ Together, we have to find something that’s right for us—for the players and for me.”

Mr. Gurewitsch last wrote for the Journal on the Norton Museum of Art.
The SEC charged that Mr. Baron, his firm, and the two traders boosted the closing stock price of Southern Union over 10 consecutive days in October 1999 because of Southern Union’s pending acquisition of Pennsylvania Enterprises Inc. The stock and cash ratio in the deal was based on the average closing price of Southern Union over that period.

Mr. Baron, through at least two mutual funds and some client accounts, owned 10% of Southern Union prior to the merger announcement, according to the SEC and regulatory filings. Recorded communications between the Baron traders and the Big Board clerk, who wasn’t identified, were central in the SEC’s probe.

Mr. Baron has received attention before. A major shareholder in Sotheby’s Holdings Inc., he has recently been embroiled in a fierce battle for control of the auction house’s board in the wake of a price-fixing scandal.

And in 1999, as shares of AMF Bowling Worldwide Inc. were about to enter a free fall, his flagship Baron Asset Fund bought additions to stock accounts after three-consecutive months of declines. Before the March data from the Investment Company Institute, a mutual-fund industry trade group, investors had trimmed their stock-fund holdings in eight of the previous nine months, including an outflow of $11.09 billion in February.

Investors also added a net $10.8 billion to their bond funds in March, down from the $19.7 billion increase in February. Withdrawals from money-market funds slowed to $52.3 billion in March, the bulk of which represents money moving out of institutional funds.

**FIDELITY RAISES:** Fidelity Investments has told employees that those with a base salary of less than $75,000 a year will be eligible for merit pay raises this year because the company’s recent strong performance warrants it. In February, Fidelity told employees not to expect merit raises for 2005, about the same time it laid off 25 technical workers. In October, Fidelity laid off 1,695 workers, or about 5.4% of its then workforce.

But in an April memo to employees, Fidelity Vice Chairman Robert Reynolds said that while these “aren’t the best of economic times for financial-services firms,” the Boston fund company “is navigating successfully through these tough times.” Fidelity saw $4 billion in new money going into bond funds, making the

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**Baron Officials Settle SEC Charges**

**Fund Chief, Two Employees Are to Pay $2.7 Million In Stock-Manipulation Case**

By KARA SCANNELL

NEW YORK—Money manager Ronald S. Baron, his firm and two of his employees agreed to pay a total of $2.7 million to settle Securities and Exchange Commission charges alleging the trio manipulated the closing stock price of Southern Union Co. to benefit from its pending merger.

It was the highest settlement paid in recent years in a case involving charges of "marking the close," or trying to adjust a closing stock price for some benefit. The case, which also involved a New York Stock Exchange order clerk who remains under investigation, comes as the Big Board is trying to restore investor confidence after the disclosure of possible abuses by specialists, who oversee trading on the exchange floor.

Mr. Baron, who manages $8.6 billion in mutual funds and other accounts, agreed to pay $500,000 in the settlement while his firm, Baron Capital Inc., agreed to pay $2 million. "After extensive discussions with the SEC staff,..."
A Few Questions, Mr. Shakespeare

The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington fielded nearly 1,500 inquiries last year from high school students, teachers and interested readers. The library's newsletter, Folger News, contains the column "Ask a Librarian," in which the reference staff shares some of these questions and answers. Below are some of their favorites.

Q. I recently saw the movie adaptation of "Titus Andronicus" and was shocked by the level of violence. How do I explain Shakespeare's seeming "bloody-mindedness" to my nieces and nephews?

A. The incidence of violence in Shakespeare's plays may seem high to modern audiences, but it was not unusual within the context of his time. If anything, Shakespeare was more moderate than many dramatists of the early 17th century. Keep in mind, too, that when the good citizens of London went to attend plays at the Globe, they might well be watching bear baiting, cock fighting or public executions. Those who consider today's society too violent would doubtless cringe at the idea of spending an entertaining afternoon at a hanging or a beheading (at least, we hope they would!).

For more information, see "Shakespearean Tragedy" (1903), an anthology in which the editor, John Drakakis, includes sections called "Treating of the Social Order" and "Tragedy and Violence"; the chapter "Crimes and Accountability" by Theodor Meron in his book "Bloody Constraint"; "War and Chivalry in Shakespeare" (1998); and Molly Smith's book "The Darker World Within: Evil in the Tragedies of Shakespeare and His Successors" (1991).

Do Othello and Desdemona ever consummate their marriage? They seem to be interrupted by other matters on their wedding night.

These kinds of questions are always difficult. Why didn't Hamlet just take over after his father's death? Are Hamlet and Ophelia ever lovers? Part of the problem is that — even though we know说什么 was supposed to — we assume a full life for Shakespeare's characters outside their plays. They become that real to us.

As far as Othello and Desdemona are concerned, the short answer is that we don't know. The play never makes it clear, which is why Shakespearean scholars have come down on both sides of the issue. The editor of the recent Arden edition, E. A. J. Honigmann, believes that they did. He bases his assumption on a scene in Act II, where, prior to exiting with Desdemona, Othello says, "Come, my dear love. The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue. That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you." Honigmann believes that the consummation then takes place offstage. Other critics have disagreed, referring to what they call Othello's "unconsummated marriage" and his "idiotrous love." The Folger's own head of reference, Georgianna Ziegler, sidesteps the consummation camp. "I think that Shakespeare leads us up to their bedding and we are to assume they consummate when they go offstage in Act II," she says. "Perhaps after they are interrupted by Cassio's fight with Iago and go back to bed."

What words and phrases did Shakespeare coin?

From the "spectacled" "pedant" to the "schoolboy," all "gentlefolks" recognize Shakespeare as a "fathomless" "fool" of connotations. The "honey-tongued" Bard had no "rival," nor could he "sate" his "never-ending" "addiction" to "madcap," "flowery" (or "foul-mouthed") neologisms. Even "time-honored" "expensive" cannot "besmirch" our "amazement" at the "countless" and "useful" words that lend "radiance" to our "lackluster" lives. All in a "day's work."

In "Brush Up Your Shakespeare!" the author, Michael Macrone, confesses that it's not always easy to determine who first coined a word, but notes that the Oxford English Dictionary attributes all of the [quoted] words above (and some 900 more) to Shakespeare.

How did men cover up their beards if they played women's roles in Shakespeare's theater?

Usually boys played women's parts onstage, so there was no problem about beards. In fact, Hamlet jokes with one of the actors who visit the court in Denmark: "Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last," meaning that the boy has reached puberty and started to grow a beard. Since his voice would change about the same time (Hamlet says, "Pray God your voice, like a piece of inconsequent gold, be not cracked within the ring"), that would signal the end of female roles for him. Older men probably played female roles from time to time, such as comic figures like Juliet's Nurse. In that case, they would probably shave off any beard.

What was the name of the youngest actor to perform Shakespeare?

At the age of 13, William Henry West Betty (1791-1874) took the London theater world by storm. Excitement ran so high that the military had to be called out to maintain order in the streets outside the theater on his opening night. Master Betty, the "Young Roscian," was the brightest star of the London stage during the 1804-1805 season, playing roles like Hamlet and Romeo.

Prints, engravings, medals and other memorabilia struck in his likeness filled all the shops. After his brief but hectic London success, audiences just as quickly turned against him, and he was hissed off the stage. His attempted comeback, years later, was virtually ignored.

Ellen Terry, however, beat out Master Betty. She performed Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale" at the age of 8, in 1856.

How many words did Shakespeare write?

This is a popular question and may be answered by looking at Marvin Spevak's concordances to Shakespeare's works. The complete works consist of 884,647 words and 118,406 lines.

What did Shakespeare's son die of?

We don't really know how Shakespeare's young son, Hamnet, died. He had a twin sister named Judith, who lived to adulthood and married, but Hamnet died at the age of 11½. Child mortality was high in the 16th century as there were no antibiotics and many childhood diseases might therefore prove fatal — diseases like scarlet fever, whooping cough, dysentery and even measles. He was buried on Aug. 11, 1596.

What are the shortest and longest plays?

The shortest play: "Comedy of Errors" with 1,787 lines and 14,369 words. The longest play: "Hamlet" with 4,042 lines and 29,551 words.
“An eye-popping, shriek-at-every-turn thriller for movie buffs. Brian De Palma’s CLEVEREST, most entertaining film in years.”
—Ken Reed, THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

“Undeniably entertaining.”
—Bruce Handy, VANITY FAIR

FEMME FATALE

NOTHING IS MORE DESIRABLE OR MORE DEADLY THAN A WOMAN WITH A SECRET

NOW PLAYING AT THEATRES EVERYWH

NOW PLAYING IN SELECT CITIES
A Child Beaten, Prostitutes Arrested, Burglaries... 

Drama and Tragedy Fill Police Report

EDITORS NOTE: Little of the total police report for a given year makes its way into daily report. It is stugging in its bulk. Police work through this volume of work every day in every city. Here, taken just as it appears in a routine morning file report for the Oklahoma City police department is a selection and condensation of the stories that have been omitted. If you wish, you can do it. If you finished the report itself, this is what you would find.

A CHILDRUNH case that has been on the docket for a short while, will be decided in the near future. Two 15-year-old boys were arrested at 4:00 a.m. on Broad and 11th street. They were drunk. A 12-year-old girl was arrested at 1:00 a.m. on the north side of the city. She was charged with operating a car with a loaded weapon. She was also charged with operating a car with a loaded weapon.

A murder investigation into the death of the 7th block N. Main. The victim, Elmer Brown, 19 years old, was found dead in his car in the 7th block N. Main, near the intersection of 7th and Main. He was pronounced dead at the scene. The victim was identified as Elmer Brown, 19, of 727 N. Main. Brown was a valet at a local hotel.

A burglary in the 1500 block of N. Main was reported. The victim, Charles Watkins, 42, of 1515 N. Main, was found dead in his car in the 1500 block of N. Main. The victim was identified as Charles Watkins, 42, of 1515 N. Main. Watkins was a valet at a local hotel.

A fire in the 1500 block of N. Main was reported. The victim, Charles Watkins, 42, of 1515 N. Main, was found dead in his car in the 1500 block of N. Main. The victim was identified as Charles Watkins, 42, of 1515 N. Main. Watkins was a valet at a local hotel.

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Impetigo Carried Easily

By Joseph G. Meyer, MD

DEAR Dr. MOLNER: I have children, aged 1 and 2. My daughter had impetigo when she was 1. Since it is not contagious, I feel that it will not have it. I keep them so well that I do not know how else I do to prohibit it. I wonder if this condition is preventable?—Mrs. C. M.

IMPECUNIOUS BE an infection of the skin, not only unimportant, (it is caused by g. m. b. m. but contagious) spread from person to person.

The germ can be either a form of streptococci or streptococcus. Either, once it starts, never sets up immediately. It can, of course, be a dangerous infection, but if properly treated, unimportant.

The infection is extremely important but that isn’t the whole story. Despite all reasonable care, it is still possible for the infection to spread, because you can’t see the germ. They may be transmitted by a child touching another, or by use of another’s handkerchief, toothbrush, or other utensils.

TREATMENT given all at once, but a mixture of the same must be passed, not from child to child, but from adult to child.

Remember to or close to the hypnotist may be of more value than the prevention particularly the drug resistance variety. This has been known to cause many deaths and is a serious attack against Must铃 run be treated as early as possible and certainly on guard.

These germs can also be found in the nose, mouth, throat and other mucous membranes. They are not a peculiar infection in the skin, and the treatment for the skin, the skin, the skin.

Candidates Will Be Eyed

The Voters’ Service Committee of the League of Women Voters of Oklahoma will include the respective candidates’ answers to 10 sure questions pertaining to public - government - county government, school bond, planning commission, and other state and national problems. This will enable the voter to be more informed of the candidates before voting.

Candidates for mayor and commissioners will face the voters on the basis of their records.

THE VOTERS’ SERVICE Committee will include the respective candidates’ answers to 10 sure questions pertaining to public - government - county government, school bond, planning commission, and other state and national problems. This will enable the voter to be more informed of the candidates before voting.

The meetings will be held on Monday, March 10, and there will be a discussion of the questions and answers. The League of Women Voters of Oklahoma has decided to include this question in the public meeting.

ALL OF THESE will be held in a suitably located community center. The League of Women Voters of Oklahoma has decided to include this question in the public meeting.

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TWO — What measures, if any, would you support to increase city revenue?

THREE — Do you favor a sales tax for a metropolitan planning agency? Explain.

FOUR — Do you think the city council should be cut on the city council?

FIVE — In your opinion, are there city council apps that should be cut? If so, what measures should be taken to cut them?
...It's Just Another Routine Day for City Policemen

was found hidden under a Murphy's chest. Two armed men robbed a Safeway Store at NW 18 and NE 4th. Police arrested two suspects and a line-up was held, but the victim made identification. The details were to be filed in another report.

Alice Weatherford, 21, was arrested in the Black Hotel. Police arrested her on a prostitution complaint. She was said to be a woman who had reported the theft of her billet, and two officers investigated. No recovery was made after extensive search of the area.

JOHN COLE, 25, of 1325 SW 83, was arrested on a warrant for selling a false driver's license and discharging a submachine gun. He was reported to investigate alleged shoplifting, police arrested a 13-year-old suspect.

Billy Justice, 25, of 147 S Florence, was arrested on seven traffic warrants.

Two cars collided in the 390 block of NE 15. Officers investigated and questioned witnesses. One car had left the scene. A New Era man was arrested a few minutes later as he was observed with a damaged car driving in the area.

A TEENAGER was taken home after being questioned on shoplifting. The store manager did not wish to file a complaint, officers reported.

Two youths admitted to burglary in which they opened a vending machine. The parents were notified and the children's court action was scheduled.

H. W. Nicholls, 39, of 809 NW 41, was charged with allowing an unauthorized person to operate a motor vehicle after his son allegedly was involved in an accident in NW 44 and Western. Two policemen, making a routine check at a bus terminal, arrested a man identified as Pat Daniel, 32, who was charged with attempted murder. The suspect was taken to the police station where he was later released.

WOODY TROUT, chief of police at Pryor, called the detective bureau and gave information that may lead to arrests in a child abandonment case.

A TEENAGER, aged 13, was arrested in the Skirvin Hotel. He was booked on a prostitution complaint.

A resident of the 313 block S Broadway was arrested for child abuse. He was taken to St. Mary's Hospital, treated and released. Further information could not be obtained.

Detectives, called to a residence, said they were investigating two teenagers who had been in a room with one or more men, found that the girls had made a telephone call to another address. The call was traced to the address, officers arrested five girls and confiscated their belongings, including a purse containing $147 from a robbery.

A resident of the 2400 block SW 36 reported vandalism.

E. C. GAINES, 21, 337 NE 13, was arrested on traffic warrants.

A clock radio, diamond ring and other items were reported stolen from a burglary.

Burglary at the home of Mrs. Rose Longdon, 1723 N McKinley. A burglary in an apartment at 217 NW 54.

A television set stolen in a burglary at 204 NW Park. Joy Garrett, 36, was arrested on a prostitution complaint while inside the Black Hotel.

Janice Marie Tedder, 30, was arrested on a prostitution complaint in California and Broadway.

Rose Williamson, 21, was arrested on a prostitution complaint outside the Jefferson Hotel, 110 S Broadway.

L. O. Robinson, 17, 2408 NE 26, was arrested on a warrant for driving a stolen car.

CINDY LYNEE, 21, was arrested in the Skirvin Hotel and booked on a prostitution complaint.

A 15-year-old boy, but the mother denied in sign a complaint. She was later released from the custody. The case was continued.

Officer P. Tucker was called to the H. L. Green Co., 224 W Main, to check on a shoplifting incident. He conducted a search and the girl was released to an aunt.

NO MONEY DOWN ON CREDIT AT WARD'S—JUST SAY "CHARGE IT!"
Communist Yugoslavia Remains Firmly West of Iron Curtain

BELGRADE, Yugoslavia (UPI) — Yugoslavia has re-tied itself to close association with the Soviet Commu- nist empire but still remains on the Western side of the Iron Curtain.

More than a million tourists from the West flooded the country last summer, and more are expected this year. Visas present no problem.

Thousands of Yugoslavians libraries and have absolute travel in the other direction freedom to choose their own — as tourists, for business or books. Voice of America is heard in the Western world, and the radio, the styling of the West is everywhere — in bars and cars.

NO MONEY DOWN ON CREDIT AT WARDS—JUST SAY "CHARGE IT!"

SALE FOR THE HOME

PV 2-7631
N.W. EXPRESSWAY
MAIN AT WALKER

FLOORING SALE
NEW INLAID VINYL IN 6' WIDTHS

Light and sparkling, metallic set in a translucent vinyl pool. Smart patterns that will never wear off.

SAVE ON QUALITY CARPETING
INSTALLED!

WOOLS, NYLONS, ACRYLIC!
RUBBERIZED PADDING, TOO!

100% continuous filament Nylon pile in tufted Hi-lo loop, 12-foot widths. Clean, clear solid colors in Mecha, Honey Beige, Crystal Beige and Heliotrope. Non-allergenic, moth-proof.

Quality carpeting, 12' or 15' widths. All-wool random-sheared Hi-lo loop pile, Cumuloflex continuous filament nylon, or Acrilan acrylic loop pile, 24 colors in all.

Nationally famous DuPont 501 continuous filament nylon pile, random hi-lo texture. All-wool Wilton scroll or cross direction velvet weaves. 12' or 15' wide!

Cuba to Buy Cloth
KEY WEST, Fla. (UPI) — The Cuban government, which has ordered clothes rationing in the Havana area, will buy more than 70 million yards of cotton fabric from Red China this year. Havana Radio said.

PENN SQUARE DOWNTOWN

NO MONEY DOWN

5.99 sq. yd. installed

8.49 sq. yd. installed

9.99 sq. yd. installed

SHOP AT HOME
Ward's carpet experts will bring samples to you. No obligation!
Letters

One Woman’s Blues

To the Editor:
If Benjamin DeMott, your reviewer of my novel “Any Woman’s Blues” (Jan. 28), found “gorgeous, saving sass” in “Fearing of Flying” 17 years ago, it is curious that he did not say so when he reviewed the book for The Atlantic in December 1973, comparing it, without a trace of irony, to a paperback nonfiction original called “John & Mimi: A Free Marriage.” In retrospect, “Fearing of Flying,” which won loyal readers despite him, seems “gorgeous” to the professor. Will it take him 17 years to discover the “sass” in “Any Woman’s Blues”?
How easy it is to beat an author over the head with her first novel, when she has the temerity to produce her sixth. It has taken Mr. DeMott 17 years to decide he liked “Fearing of Flying.” Let’s hope it doesn’t take him that long to discover “Any Woman’s Blues.”
ERICA JONG
New York

Clarity and Vividly

To the Editor:
Chiding a friend for his turgid style in a 1912 letter (Noted With Pleasure, Jan. 21), Edith Wharton urged him to “drop 30 per cent of your Latinisms, adjectives, adverbs, adverbs, diversity, clarity, vividly.” Where did she think those four words came from — Old Icelandic? LOUIS JAY HERMAN
New York

The Remembered Present

To the Editor:
The absurdity of several of Stuart Sutherland’s comments in his review of Gerald M. Edelman’s book “The Remembered Present” (Jan. 14) would hardly be worth challenging were it not for the fact that they perpetuate myths about the brain that, if uncritically accepted, seriously interfere with one’s chances of ever understanding how the brain actually works. For instance, there is no “small area of the brain” whose malfunctioning “can render someone highly religious,” employing the word “religious” in any reasonable sense of the term. It is true that certain disturbances in areas surrounding the temporal lobes of the brain can render a person more serious, more reflective, perhaps more open to themes and experiences of a religious nature. But this is far different from a sustained belief or the practice of a formal religion.
Continuing along these same lines, Mr. Sutherland in a throwaway gratuitous slap at Christianity states: “It may be that the form Christianity took was the result of an epileptic attack suffered by St. Paul on the road to Damascus.” Are we also to assume that Paul’s writings and contributions to the New Testament owe their origin to epilepsy? In the absence of proof, one can speculate with equal justification, I suppose, that Moses suffered from migraines; that the Ten Commandments represent nothing more than a product of the excitement that sometimes precedes a migraine attack. But my purpose is not to quibble about religion, a subject that, admittedly, is not high on my current list of interests. My point is a different one: since no one can prove one way or the other whether Paul or any other historical-religious figure suffered from epilepsy or other brain diseases, and recognizing, further, that such claims are not only highly speculative, but personally offensive to those for whom religion is more than something to be cured of, I wonder what Mr. Sutherland’s purpose is in venturing boldly and carelessly into areas so far removed from his field of expertise.
It’s ironic, and sad too, that a decade or so after most psychologists that I know have largely given up on such reductionist, reductive approaches to the complex and multifaceted religious, ethical and social dimensions of the human personality, he is now trading on the neurosciences as a means of issuing blithe statements on such weighty topics as the alleged neurological foundations for one of the world’s major religions. RICHARD RESTAK
Washington

There’s No Escaping Wittgenstein

To the Editor:
What’s with Wittgenstein? In your issue of Jan. 14, his name appears no fewer than five times. Page 13: “Ludwig Wittgenstein (1889-1951)” (picture caption)
Page 15: “Two crucial personalities who came out of the Jewish population of Vienna — Freud and Ludwig Wittgenstein.”
Page 18: “Maybe Dr. Edelman should have taken a hint from Wittgenstein.”
Page 24: “Like Ludwig Wittgenstein in the ‘Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus.’ We must be in for a philosophical year. It will be a nice change.”
KAY WALKER
Pasadena, Calif.

She’s No Cliché

To the Editor:
In the essay “Remember This: Write What You Don’t Know” (Dec. 31), Ken Kesey refers to “a nervous, blue-eyed, old lady who, having gained admission to his fiction workshop as a reward for her philosophies, ‘pitty-pat into the lectern to read aloud — that is, ‘sing-song’ — from a gay bouquet of pink inked pages.” Her long autobiographical story had “the prepies at the back of the room’ sniggering. The tale touched on her girlhood, her husband’s career and her own experiences as a teacher. What she’d written was “unsayable gibberish.” Mr. Kesey recalls. Midway through her story, old lady bluehair figured it out for herself. By the time “our old philanthropist finished reading, she knew she deserved devouring.” That was the day Mr. Kesey taught his class to “be kind and considerate with your criticism.”
I want Mr. Kesey to know that I have met an elderly woman who claims to be the philanthropist of his little anecdote. Her eyes still burn with a fiery ambition, but she is otherwise much changed. Her age and gender show, of course, but even a writer of Mr. Kesey’s gifts would have trouble turning her into a cliché now. She no longer blues her hair, writes with pink ink, sing-songs, pitty-pats primly or writes what she knows. No more of that unseemly gibberish about the peach trees of her childhood. Better to play along with the team of seniors writing a group novel about something or other. Her character is a famous male author named Coach Kay. If the others decide to kill him off for the sake of the plot, she’ll go along with it.
BARBARA L. GREENBERG
Newton Centre, Mass.

Long Shapes, Vaguely Suggestive

To the Editor:
California’s beaches may have severe litter problems, but when Aldous Huxley and Thomas Mann walked there in 1938, I doubt that they saw “thousands of condoms” strewn upon the sands (Noted With Pleasure, Dec. 31). Most likely those “long shapes, white and vaguely suggestive,” were remnants of kelps, sponges or barnacles, torn loose by storms and cast ashore in great numbers. Heaps of such debris might suggest to some eyes the aftermath of a colossal human orgy, but Huxley’s innocent implication of “only flowers blowing in the wind” was probably more accurate.
WILLIAM HOWARTH
Princeton, N.J.
An Instant Insider

LOST IN SEOUL
And Other Discoveries on the Korean Peninsula
By Michael Stephens

By Lesley Downer

FEW people can claim not only to have sat in on a rural exorcism conducted by a shamans possessed in turn by bear gods, greedy generals and a malevolent former mistress, but to have been sat on by the shaman herself. Michael Stephens can, and he records the incident in this potted, humorous and intimate account of his experiences in South Korea.

Mr. Stephens first visited the country more than 15 years ago, not out of any driving passion for the place, not as a student or a businessman or a member of the ubiquitous American military, but for a much simpler reason—marriage. His wife is a Korean opera singer and, five years after they married, he went to South Korea with her to meet his new family. "Lost in Seoul" is the story of his encounters with the family over the last decade and a half.

In South Korea, as in most Asian countries, the extended family is still the basic social unit. Foreigners are not a part of it and are therefore doomed to remain outsiders, no matter how impeccable their command of the language and customs. Mr. Stephens, simply by virtue of being his wife's husband, is an insider, a family member, if a rather eccentric one, and this gives him a perspective on the place denied to most observers.

From his very first day, despite his inability to speak the language, Mr. Stephens discovers that he has a specific role to play—not the honored foreign guest but the seminon guest, expected to observe certain proprieties and rules of behavior and quickly chided if he makes a mistake, such as taking off his shirt or smoking in front of his elders. In compensation, he finds himself a member of a vast, distinguished and extraordinary family that for generations has occupied a key position at the heart of Korean society.

He discusses cultural matters with his wife's stepfather, the aristocratic Mr. Han, and, over rich French dinners (feathery to the Korean stomach), sounds out his urbane brother-in-law on the ever-threatening political situation. Mrs. Han, theatrix of the family, takes him shopping and on a train trip to see the scenery and shops before she takes him shopping and in expensive suits, while Uncle Mr. the amply disreputable son of a beautiful singer-entertainer, teaches the author about Korean women. And from ancient Mimi, whose dances are of course very lovely, and his granddaughter Haeja. Mr. Stephens' wife, he learns about Korean religion and growing old.

In this complex family, Mr. Stephens is the new boy, genial, bumbling, keen to learn and to understand, asking questions that the others may be unwilling—or afraid—to answer. He insists that he is no expert on the country, that his Korean is limited, though the occasional piece of information—he has, for example, written a book on Tungus, the bear god and mythical founder of Korea—casts doubt on this modesty. Into the story of his encounters with the family he weaves legends, snippets of history and reflections—the language, the two types of Korean women (fiery "tigers," seductive "foxes") religion and the world of Korean men.

AND very occasionally he finds himself "lost in Seoul" and catches a glimpse of Korea, outside the protective embrace of the family. These moments are tantalizingly rare. For the most part, circumscribed by Mr. Stephens' own experience, the book deals not with Korea or the Koreans but with this one wealthy, privileged, aristocratic and traditional family.

One wishes the author had gotten lost more often. He tells us little about ordinary, less privileged Koreans. Little about Korea outside Seoul and little about modern Seoul and contemporary Korean culture. We hear much about the bard of ancient Korea. Who, one wonders, are its modern bards?

But these are minor quibbles. Mr. Stephens himself is a bard, and this is a poet's evocation of Korea personal, profound and not to be forgotten—very funny.

The New York Times

THE SPIRIT TRIUMPHS

Marianne, a successful writer and recent widow, is torn between her new-found independence and the need to hold on to family traditions. Then she meets a man with a love so intense, it threatens to turn her world upside down.

Out of the Ashes is a moving family saga where the specter of neo-Nazism lives side by side with everyday human drama.

"Maise Mosco always peoples her novels with a rich cast of characters, writing with sensitivity and authenticity."

-Publishing News

"Compulsive reading."

-Jewish Gazette

Enrich your appreciation of international cultural events. To keep up with the lively...and not so lively...arts, keep up with The Times.

The New York Times
Bla, Blah, Blah
The Crucial Question
For These Noisy Times
May Just Be: "Huh?"

From Talk Shows to Offices,
Everybody Is Jabbering
But Few Are Listening
Why Passes Have Vanished

By CHAPIN CRONENBERG

Just a moment ago, I was in a rueful mood.

From television talk shows to office" talk, too many people seem to believe that to have a voice, you must have a noise. Only too often, the noise is a babble of chatter, the babble of chatter, the babble of chatter. The babble of chatter can so easily become a din, a din that drowns out the voices of others and of oneself.

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Continued From Front Page

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well known, many of the facts are
not really all that new. Most of that
data have been open for some time. It's
a home of the only TV set in the
neighborhood, the only radio, the only
cable TV, the only computer. It has
a surprising number of books, and
all of them have been just about
the same for the past decade. The
story is the same when you look at
some of the other details that
happen to interest you about the
city. There are two or three
Household Economic Survey, the
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how people live their lives.
DOMESTIC
Boston to Chicago
Boston to Los Angeles
Chicago to Los Angeles
Chicago to Portland, OR
Chicago to San Francisco
Chicago to Washington, D.C.
Denver to Atlanta
Denver to Los Angeles

INTERNATIONAL
Los Angeles to Hong Kong
New York to Bangkok

Somewhere along the way, the air
says a round-trip ticket is requi-
only represent huge savings, the
July 8, 1967 and significant re-
November 9, 1967, International
flight reservations and information

UNITED CONNECTION
To purchase your travel online, use our free travel planning software.
Download United Connection at www.united.com or call 1-800-468-3024.

DOMESTIC FARE FACTS: Flies use our roundtrips (Roundtrip Class Travel or United Airlines or 3
flights reservations, but not less than 7 days to 28 days. Flights for other than
Sat. Sun. Mon. Thurs. Except in travel after, a Saturday night stay is required and minimum stay is 48
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Other Conditions: Flies subject to change without notice. Other restrictions may apply. Even if
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a day in advance of the flight. Advance purchase and minimum stay requirements are not ext the origin and destination.

UNITED INT
SAMPLE FAR
FOUND LANGUAGE

Idea: anthology of lively language from non-literary sources.
examples: police blotter lingo (see old Esquire piece about it)
advertising (classic Howard Gossage Irish whiskey ads in this file)
(also classic ads such as "Somewhere west of Laramie" and
"They laughed when I sat down to play..."
children's writing (Trail of Silver poems; "rum bang zingo" poem in Life,
clipping in this file)
storytelling (Dad's bear story; other interviews)
foreign English (mangled examples in red spiral notebook from Britain)
dialect (Gullah and Boontling; clips in this file)
folk sayings (The People, Yes)
newspapers; puns; palindromes; malaprops; NY mag word games
Seattle Rumor Center logbooks
court testimony
speeches
graffiti
could intersperse oral history

query after Matter of Facts and Reporting in 70s are resolved.
almanacs
Studs Terkel
Remembering the dead through the words of the living

stories by Steve VanderStaay
photos by Rich Refven

One young feller, countryman, from back in the Old Country, he was drafted but he only had his first papers—declaration to become a citizen. But they took him, in the army. He came out here to Port Lewis and he got cold feet. He thought, he went to the captain and he says, "Say Captain, I'm not citizen of the United States here, I don't think I have to go." Captain says, "Young man, you come this far, you're going to go the rest of the way." That was all. (He laughs.) Yup, they took him across and he saw some action, but he got shot up in the leg.

I was 17 when I came over and 24 when I was drafted. I considered it this way: I left the Old Country to better myself. (Laughs.) I adopted this country. I wouldn't have ... I didn't want to be ... a sofly. I wanted to do what was required to do here in this country. I was perfectly willing to go and serve this country and face the bullets—although I'd be fighting against my own country.

They never did send me over, but this kid I've been telling you about, he was in the machine-gun battalion and he got shot up. (Leo begins to laugh, but suddenly grows quiet and solemn.) There was war and politics ... oh, terrible.

And I was going to say, though, if we could get some of these fellows to understand us (he sweeps his arm, pointing around the ward), they probably wouldn't even be interested in anything. They're beginning ... 60 years old, it isn't very old. But it is for some people. Some people in old age become mentally deranged and never another—it isn't all the same.

I don't know what causes this here derangement and mental conditions. I don't know. But, of course, I'm old age. Here I'm 90. Maybe I have different peculiarities.

And for some reason the tears towards me and whispers with a smile, I still like women. (Laughs) Old ladies! Down in Building Nine there's one who calls me "lover boy," yes, because I do love 'em. I like 'em. My wife died a year ago but I can't ... can't refrain from it. I'll 'Old Ann, I love 'em, I hug 'em up and even kiss 'em.

And of course, that's kind of silly for an old codger like me to do but I can't ... (Laughs) she calls me "lover boy," and I say, "That's true."
Abe Schneider: WWII

Abe Schneider
700 30th Air Signal Warning Corps
Fifth Army
WWII Italy

Abe was a New York City cab driver for most of his postwar years and still speaks in frank, erratic spurts as if he were babbling at someone in the back seat between stoplights. Much of this conversation took place in a pool hall, between his turns at the table. The jumps and breaks in the monologue are his own.

In 1941, I was only 17. I put in voluntary induction. I know, one out of eight guys do the fighting. People don’t know that. But other guys get killed that are not near the front—they get strafed, convoys get strafed, things go wrong. Civilians get killed. We were in the Po Valley when 15 Italian civilians were shot right in front of us. I saw a lot of things there. Italy. But we had no time to look at the scenery. You’re not in a hotel, you’re living in mud, you’re flying on K-rations and C-rations . . . and you just do what you’re told. And then all of a sudden—BINGO—everything is loaded up . . . and the convoys up on Highway 65 are going from Florence, from the Po valley. They had four American armies there. That was a lot of men. I caught it on the screen. I was on radar. Every ship was moving, every plane was flying: Man, you . . . forget about it. You knew the invasion was on, there was nothing you could do. Normandy.

The big fighting had been at Anzio—Anzio beachhead. Then they took Normandy. Anyway, I saw the invasion of Sicily where the Navy bombarded the whole seaport. Palermo. Sicily. Patton had already been there. So then we go to Naples, and then to Rome.

Right after Rome we started heading for Normandy. I’m transferred to an M.P. outfit for American prisoners. Across the street we’ve got German prisoners. Americans were jailed for fighting, for desertion, for black market. There were two officers who tried to sell parts of a P-38 fire-plane to different governments. And then it was the third day and we’re already under attack. I had my mind made up—if I’m going to die, I’m going to die. I don’t. I see guys crack on the ship when they opened the boxes and give ‘em guns. They give everybody guns. I only used to tell guys funny stories. I never told them about the action—no matter what happened—

"cause I figured the murder was minor. Minor. Yes, minor.

It was . . . truly in my head. You know what I mean? I’d hook up with guys and we’d just make each other laugh. When we had to sit down with a machine gun all night we used to tell each other jokes and laugh—every minute of it. And we’re not going to . . . I mean . . . we can’t . . . we fire back just to scare them away.

I lost track of time and woke up in this outfit . . . in an M.P. Remember? I saw General Dossler get shot by a firing squad there. He and this American kid who raped and killed a girl. Dossler was the German general who had 15 of our pilots executed. He was found guilty in the war crimes trial. Like Vietnam in the early days . . . It was a pleasure to watch that prick die. And then the war was over. They shipped me and a couple of guys out. I was a fuck-up. I was in trouble with the sergeant. I was agoldbricker too. I just didn’t like certain fuckin’ things, you know. And you think a guy is wrong for killing and another is wrong for going to Canada? They (Vietnam dissidents) knew it was all bullshit. They didn’t want to get killed for nothing. No, I can hardly blame ‘em. They were smart.

And what about coming home. What about the guys with no legs, and what about the guy who comes home and his wife’s left him. I had a childhood friend, a pilot, crashed right into the smokestack of a Jap boat. What about his parents and what that did to me when I was fighting?

I had a friend who stepped on a mine. Blew his foot off. And then once we were pulling out and we find 30 or 40 Americans, stuck up the swallows—it is the first time he has had to push to continue the conversation, their hands tied behind their backs with chicken wire. All shot in the head. Stacked up three or four on top of each other.

Prisoners! By the Geneva Convention they were supposed to have been kept prisoners! You think we took prisoners after that? But then—maybe it happened to them first and that’s why they did it to us. Holy shat.

Once . . . we M.P.’s, we were supposed to march these prisoners to a camp, five or six miles. "The camp’s a long way isn’t it?" says the sergeant. "Ninety seconds," he says. I say, "What?" He says, "Ninety seconds, that’s how long that five miles should take ya." Jesus . . . war is hell.

But people could help each other. They have to learn to live together. Hitler wanted the Aryan race, other guys did too. Did they succeed? No. And now race relations today. Man doesn’t learn.

I’d line up five million kids, say between six and nine years old. Look at their faces. Different colored faces and races, different colored hair, skin—and all kids. I’d put them in the centerfold of every magazine and on the front page of every newspaper. Underneath it they would say: WE WANT TO LIVE in giant let- ters. And older people would look at that and maybe make up the answer.

They beat me.
**The Daily of the University of Washington**

**Eleven**

Les Halverson  
Clerical Aide  
Vietnam

While the Veterans' Home is a retirement home, there are, sadly, a few Vietnam-era veterans in convalescence there, too. Les Halverson was one of the first Vietnam veterans ever to reside in the home. He was the second person to go jumping off the Monroe Street Bridge in Spokane and live. I have a mental illness problem, an illness that keeps me from doing much of anything. The psychotic illness of mental illness—that's why I'm here.

I wasn't "in country" in Vietnam, but in California where I worked filing temporary enslishments. And I filed for a lot of temporary jobs that didn't come home.

They could never tell exactly what happened to me. I guess it was my attitude in the military. I was forced to stay there (California), and had no place to go. Everything was anti-Vietnam around the area I was living in. Seems like it caught up with me—my whole history since then—is one of mental illness. Right after the service, as a matter of fact.

I volunteered right after I graduated from high school. Spokane, 1966. I felt the call to patriotism. I guess, unlike so many other men my age.

I went in at 17 and got out when I was 21. Then my problems started coming. I guess I was screwed up. Pretty devastating, you know.

I'd been from San Francisco to Spokane to stay with my parents. I had no money. I stayed at home for about a year and a half doing absolutely nothing but sitting in front of a TV set watching and trying to get my head together—doped with medicine, nowhere appearing to be where I'm going.

I remember falling and going into the water (when I jumped off Monroe Bridge), struggling to survive. It was the best therapy I had for my legs and arms (partially paralyzed for months), swimming to get out of there. Survival instinct like crazy. My left leg was drenched with water. I was even more in hope for a long time—but I think it's been better for me.

I have two steel rods supporting my spine, but I can walk and stand. I'm not paralyzed, as you can see. (He rises from his wheelchair on the steel-supported limbs). I'm working my way back to walking all the time.

That's my big deal you know, to live with the memory of having done something like that. To cope with it. In the end it doesn't seem fair that some people have mental illness and others don't.

I guess that's one of the stronger reasons why I'm here. I'm learning that the more I educate myself and other people, relative to this kind of thing (mental illness), the better I feel. I'm getting quite a bit accomplished. I might even go to work for a service organization.

John Towais  
Combat Medic  
WWII Japan and the Philippines

John is bright, big, and one of the most active and outgoing residents of the Veterans' Home.

I hated my mother and she hated me, and I joined the Army to get out of the house. I went down and lied about my age and they gave me my physical. They sent me from Seattle to Tacoma, to be sworn in at Fort Lewis. Next I went to Texas, for basic training, to Oregon, and then to Camp Stoneman, out of Pinon, to be shipped overseas.

I reached my 17th birthday the day we hit Australia. We landed in Sydney and took the train to Lisbon, up the coast. We stayed in what they called a "rep-dep," a replacement depo, and waited for our outfits. I wound up as a "combat medic," and made landings all the way from New Guinea through the South Pacific up to Ling-Ance City, the Philippines.

We were "combat medics," not stretcher bearers. We'd fix 'em up and take their bayonet and put it on their gun, upside down. Put their helmet up so they (stretcher bearers) wouldn't know there was a body out there to pick up.

We made the invasion of Japan. They called it the "Last Ditch Stand" for the defense of the mainland. There were men, women and children with baseball bats, sickles, knives, anything they could fight with—lined up on the beaches for two, maybe three miles. That was all we could see.

If we would have had to land, we would have killed a lot of people. But MacArthur and his Japanese envoys signed the peace treaty before we took off. We were in modules, ready to go in and take it all by force. We were there when they dropped the bombs. They were to be the last bombs before the invasion.

A lot of guys came back screwed up. We couldn't hold a job, I couldn't hold a job. They call it war nerves, or whatever. What do they call it for the guys in Vietnam? "Delayed stress syndrome"? I think that's what we had, too. You see a long period of peace where you're not fighting and then everything comes crashing in behind you. All at once.

We were the ones who went in to get the "Ten Death March Prisoners" out of Camarina Town. They were the guys who were captured at Bataan Corregidor in Subic Bay at the outset of the war. The Japs marched them 150 kilometers to the prison camp.

When we finally busted into the prison compound, we were only a few of them left. Some had been executed in the camp. They were buried two, three, four deep—one on top of the other. And the ones we picked up were so skinny: they had beehives, their teeth were rotten, their hair was falling out, they had sores all over.

There were eight of us medics who went in to get 'em—along with the Fourth Rangers. They did the killing. We had a sniper in the trees who took the Japanese guards off the perimeter of the walls. They killed the rest of them inside the compound. We got a special commendation from President Roosevelt.

I left the military three months after coming home.

And then a little while later I joined the Navy for five years. Submarines. Then they found out I was using too much oxygen. I've got a lung expansion of 50 inches and I suck a lot of air, so they put me topside.

Just as soon as I got out of the Navy, the Korean war broke out and I tried to join the Army again. The base psychiatrist at Fort Lawton said that I was unfit for active duty.

There's a lot of guys with mental problems here. They go around talking to themselves. They're not that old—age hasn't much to do with it. They do like they did 10 years ago—bouncing off the walls. Us guys now appreciate what the Vietnam vet feels. We went through it, we know exactly what they're going through. They've got all our applause.

"I've always loved to paint," says Wilbur, a Seattle street person until social workers discovered he was a veteran.
My hashbrowns with Joe

by Peter Friedman

I was nervous as I walked up the street toward the restaurant. I hadn't been for years since 1973, since he had mysteriously quit his job as a furniture mover at Appliance Warehouse. Rumors had filtered back to Seattle about his horrible death. Someone described that he'd been killed in a barroom brawl in Tacoma. Another acquaintance had heard that he'd been run over by a garbage truck in Portland.

Then last week my girlfriend Muffie was walking up University Way when she saw a familiar figure leaning up against a glass window of the Pay 'N Save. Clipping, it was Joe!! He told Muffie that he had just been reading the want ads at Lorraine's Donut Shop and that when he saw a job opening for a hat blocker, he had been completely overcome with emotion. "I saw my entire life flash before my eyes at that moment," he told her.

Then, as an afterthought, he told her, "Have Peter meet me next Wednesday afternoon at the Coffee Corral."

There he was sitting in the back room. I slid into the booth across from him, as the waitress sloshed a cup of coffee onto the table. "What'll it be guys?" she asked in a voice that sounded like a cross between Janis Joplin and Twiggy Ann.

Joe stared at her with his hawk-like eyes. "I'll have some shaved tubers of potatoes delicately fried in the oil of the holy vegetable kingdom," he said.

The waitress turned to the counterman and bellowed, "Two hashbrowns, over easy, Lou!"

Thus began my hashbrowns with Joe.

"Well, how ya been, Joe?" I asked him.

"It was a miracle," he replied. "I never thought I'd quit my job at the warehouse. I mean it was a good deal. Made $3.30 an hour. Good bene's, too. Then one day Gersonwasky, the Polish guy who owns the furniture store down at First and Third stopped by. He asked me whether there was any way I'd consider bumping sofas for him for a while."

"Well, I told him sure, the day you can have 20 Albanian dwarves working for you who speak only Serbo-Croatian, along with 20 Italian virgins who have memorized The Divine Comedy, then and only then will I move furniture for you."

"It was astounding," Joe went on. "Two months later Gersonwasky calls me and tells me it's all set. The dwarves, the Italian women, everything.

The Burning Bush

"The first job I had moving for them was 20 Steinway pianos. Some job for an arts commune up on Capitol Hill. Well up on the fourth landing of this co-op, one of the dwarves lets go of the goddam piano and it crashes down three flights of stairs. I was transformed by the experience. I realized that everyone I believed to be true was true. I knew that I had to spend the rest of my life on a spiritual quest."

"Do you mean a spiritual quest in the Platonic sense of contemplation, or something more neo-Hegelian?" I asked him.

"I mean a quest in search of the metaphysical nature of reality. Furniture moving had just ceased to mean anything to me. I had to go on to something else."

"After Capitol Hill I caught a bus down to Portland and lived with a bunch of hippies for six months. We got into Nichern Shosho Buddhism for a while and all I ate for half a year was black dates and spring water. It purified me. I had visions, you know. Strange messages. Letters. Things moving in the dark. I think they might have been divine."

"Maybe they were your creditors," I suggested.

"Then I moved to a medir colony outside of Payalup. They were into gardening. It was intense. Hundreds of beautiful naked men and women tilling the black soil every morning. It was there I found that I could make a radio grow by talking to it."

"As I thought my little radio might like to hear me read Schiller's poetry, but later I discovered it was actually Schoenheiser. Now I feel as though I'm enlightened. Satori, Nirvana."

Just then our waitress approached our booth. She stared down at our empty plates and said, "Look you guys, ya mind moving on. I got some paying customers wanting for a seat."

We went up to the counter and paid our bill, then stumbled out into the street.

It was raining out. I asked Joe what he was going to do now that he was enlightened.

"You kiddin' me? I'm gonna go see if I can get my old job back at the warehouse. I've taken up playing Pac-man and those little machines cost an arm and a leg to play."

We parted, and as I headed home I thought about Joe. In some ways I was envious, but in my heart I knew I was happy to be heading home. There I'd swing down a fifth of Pepto-Bismol and curl up on the sofa, and wait for Muffie to come home from her job on the night shift at Boeing. And I'd think some more about my hashbrowns with Joe.
"It's just such a better deal for them than getting roped, choked and having a saddle thrown on them and yippee-ky-yea, away we go."

JEFF MORRIS

More Than 'Whispering'

Arizona wrangler learned his "natural horsemanship" techniques from his grandfather, not the popular novel

BY MICHELLE RUSHLO

The Associated Press

Wickenburg, Ariz. - Jeremy Morris fits the cowboy look all the way down to his beige leather chaps, silver spurs and brown wide-brimmed cowboy hat.

But when it comes to the way he trains his horses, he and most cowboys see things a bit differently.

The horses he trains aren't thrown into stalls, roped and then broken until they'll tolerate a saddle and rider. Instead, they are exercised and rewarded heavily for doing what the trainer wants in a method people outside horse circles call horse whispering.

"It's just such a better deal for them than getting roped, choked and having a saddle thrown on them and yippee-ky-yea, away we go," Morris says.

The nonviolent training methods he uses were passed down from his grandfather. They've been around for decades, but with the Robert Redford movie "The Horse Whisperer" opening May 15, the popularity is likely to grow.

The movie, based on a best-selling novel by Nicholas Evans, is about a badly injured girl and horse that seek the help of Redford's character, who has a reputation for being able to heal horses.

Morris is quick to point out that he's not a horse whisperer — at least not in the mystical hocus-pocus sense that most people think of. He's just a cowboy, he says, who uses different methods to train horses.

"It's not horse whispering. It's just true unity with the horse. It's just knowing what is bothering the horse and trying to figure out what will make the horse happy," says Morris, 23.

The methods vary slightly from trainer to trainer, but so-called "horse whisperers" will say there is nothing magical about the training.

"Nobody is going up to a horse that's never been bridled and whispering in his ear and you can suddenly jump on him and ride him bareback," says Stacie Moriarty of the American Quarter Horse Association, based in Amarillo.

Morris is the first one to agree. What he does is put the horse he's training in a circular pen, allowing it to run. He'll get the horse used to being close to him and eventually put a saddle on it. All the while, the horse is rewarded heavily with kind words and petting for doing the right thing.

The horse doesn't have a heavy metal bit in his mouth, and when trained right, doesn't need one at all.

On this spring afternoon, Morris' horse Josh is trotting around a pen at the guest ranch, Rancho de los Caballeros, where he works. As soon as Morris yells "Woe," Josh stops, turns and walks right up to him.

The horse nuzzles Morris, pushing his head close to the cowboy's stomach to get Morris to stroke his neck. The cowboy rides Josh without a bit or bridle too.

"I was pretty nervous the first time I did this," says Morris as he climbs onto Josh.

Morris motions with legs to tell the horse to walk, trot, stop, back up or do anything else he wants — all without a word or a bridle on the horse.

"It's just like we're dancing. We're one," he says.

The popularity of these so-called horse whispering methods is spreading with experts holding clinics across the country for professional trainers and for so-called backyard breeders.

"This really is hitting the airwaves I guess because of the notoriety of the movie," Moriarty says.

While it can take more time to train a horse using what the industry prefers to call "resistance-free training" or "natural horsemanship," the result may be better communication with the horse and less trouble along the way, she said.

The methods have been largely overlooked by generations of horse trainers, but they seem to work, Moriarty says.

"It's not like psychic healing. It's not calling an 800 number and your horse will do everything," she says. "It's methods that are tried and true."
rates in 1971, the major industrial economies have mostly seen lower growth, higher unemployment, and lower productivity growth than before. They experienced a sharp deterioration in overall performance in the 1980s and early 1990s, as John Earle, president of Queens' College, Cambridge, notes in a new Swedish Foreign Ministry assessment of globalization. Growth of GNP in the major industrial countries during the 1983-1992 period was about half that of 1964-1973. Growth of GNP per capita during both periods was lower than in the immediate post-war period in 18 out of the 20 OECD countries.

It is true, as President Clinton recently said, that "over any given 15- or 20-year period, the stock market has always outperformed government bonds." One reason this is true is that world war and cold war drove the economy. As recently as the Reagan administration, the United States gave itself a solid stimulus of Keynesian deficit spending. Britain, the other leading free-market economy, enjoyed a tracing devaluation in 1992 (the effects of which now appear to be wearing off).

The other reason Clinton is right about the stock market is that you knowingly accept a fixed return from bonds because your money is safe. Stocks may outperform bonds on the way up, but stocks can also ruin you by going down. It's all in the timing.

The United States has been the principal beneficiary of globalization. The largest net international transfer of resources between 1983 and 1992 was to the United States, at an average rate of $100 billion per year. After 1992 there were big net transfers of both portfolio and direct investment to Asia and to Mexico as a result of market liberalization there, leading up to financial crisis in both places.

The fact that the American investors escaped major losses in those crises, thanks largely to American-promoted IMF rescues, has added to Americans' sense of invulnerability in the new economy. This undoubtedly is influenced by the parallel American sense of political and military invulnerability. The same friend said to me, "Do you think any other empire has ever been so powerful?"

I said that in sheer physical power, the answer obviously is no. But Greece, Rome, the great Arab empire of the 8th to 12th centuries, Spain and Portugal, Britain, France — all left more profound and even positive cultural marks on the foreign societies they dominated than the United States has done.

America's global hegemony is only a few years old, and the sustained American world engagement goes back only to 1941. We will see what comes next. It is not unreasonable to argue that we today experience the peak of America's influence. But even if that is wrong, I cannot believe that the American market can only go up, which would mean that we have found the alchemists' stone — an unlikely story, as Jay抢劫 himself would have acknowledged.

I would stick with an older American assumption, that if something seems too good to be true, it probably is.
A Drim Kum Tru

If he had not tried to rush it, George Bernard Shaw might have succeeded in giving the English-speaking peoples a phonetic alphabet. Says the Smithsonian Torch, a slim house organ put out by the Smithsonian Institution for the museum set: "We are in complete accord with Bernard Shaw's campaign for a simplified alphabet. But instead of immediate drastic legislation, we advocate a modified plan.

"In 1957, for example, we would urge the substituting of 'S' for soft 'C'. Certainly students in all sites of the land would be receptive to this.

"In 1958, the hard 'C' would be replaced by 'K' since both letters are pronounced identically. Not only would this clarify the confusion in the minds of spellers, but typewriters and linotypes could all be built with one less letter and all the manpower and materials previously devoted to making the 'C's' could be used to raise the national standard of living.

"In the subsequent blaze of publicity, it would be announced that the troublesome 'PH' would henceforth be written 'F'. This would make words like 'fonograf' 20 percent shorter in print.

"By 1959, public interest in a phonetic alphabet can be expected to have reached a point where more radical procedures are indicated. We would urge at that time the elimination of all double letters which have always been a nuisance and desired deterrent to accurate spelling.

"We would all agree that the horrible mess of silent 'E's' in our language is disgraceful. Therfor, in 1961, we could drop these and continuo to read and writ morly along as though we were in an atomik ag of education. Since this time it would be four years since anyone had used the letter 'C', we would then suggest substituting 'C' for 'TH'.

"Continuing this process year after year, we would eventually have a reali sensibl written language. By 1975, we would no longer have our terribli trublism difficulties. Even Mr. Shaw, wi beliv, wud bi happy in ce nold cat his drims finali kam tru."

TIME, MAY 6, 1957
three times as much money as it did in 1952. Gifts and grants are up from an average of $100,000 a year to more than $1,000,000. While only 49% of the faculty had Ph.D.s in 1952, today 65% do. Stout upped faculty salaries 68%, started a college of education, a junior college in Las Vegas, a graduate school, a school of nursing and a college of business administration. But in spite of all these accomplishments, the university is still living through some of the unhappiest years of its life.

**Manageable Mediocrity.** Stout first ran into trouble when he decided that the university should abolish entrance requirements for Nevada high-school graduates. He also did away with the Academic Council, which had played a part in forming university policy. To some faculty-men, Stout seemed not only highhanded; he also seemed a threat to academic standards. Especially critical was Biologist Frank Richardson, who in 1952 circulated among his colleagues an article by Historian Arthur Bestor Jr. attacking the brand of educational thinking that President Stout appeared to represent (Time, June 15, 1953). To Stout, Richardson’s act was the climax of a long record of insubordination. After a brief hearing, the five-man Board of Regents sacked Professor Richardson.

Though Richardson was later ordered reinstated by the State Supreme Court, his case snowballed. Author Walter Van Tilburg Clark (The Ox Bow Incident) accused the administration of “seeking to reduce the university to a manageable mediocrity,” handed in his resignation as a lecturer in English. Economist Arthur L. Grey Jr. declared that the university was “in full retreat” from democracy, and Biologist Thomas Little resigned after accusing Stout of granting faculty raises on the basis of “favoritism.”

In 1954 Sociologist Allvar Jacobson, in an open letter to the chairman of the Board of Regents, charged Stout with “inhuman and capricious treatment.” Finally, in 1956, 300 students demonstrated in downtown Reno, hung their president in effigy, waved placards reading “Out

**TIME, MAY 6, 1957**
Charlton Heston, the only actor who turns when somebody yells, “Moses!” or, “El Cid!” called me one morning recently. His stentorian voice over the telephone was indistinct — he was calling from a car, or from the top of Mount Sinai — but it was clear he had a language problem.

“I’m concerned about what I think may be anachronisms,” he shouted, “in a script we’re shooting down here.” It turned out he was filming a television mini-series called “Chief!” (which is about a police officer, and has nothing to do with Indians) set in a small Georgia town in the 1920’s. “The scriptwriter is willing to accept your judgment on whether these expressions would have been in use down here in that era.”

I whispered to myself the code word for the 20’s — she-nanigans! — and prepared to hear the phrases Heston thought might not fit the time. Nothing is more off-putting — or, as they used to say, nothing sounds a more sour note — than a word or phrase in a historical movie that is in current usage but was unused at the time. “Lay it on me,” I said (a 1960’s term).

“Wear it in good health!” is one of the phrases,” the actor said. “And the other one is So I lied.”

Yiddishisms both. Harry Golden, who did not move South and become editor of The Carolina Israelite until the 1940’s, used the expressions, but it is unlikely that many Southerners in the 1920’s would have spoken that way. Today, sure: “Y’all wear it in good health, heah?” Not three generations ago, before television.

Unhesitatingly, I pronounced judgment (which I spell no other way): Those were anachronisms, mistakes writers have been making since Shakespeare had a character in “Julius Caesar!” say he heard a clock strike. (The Romans had no clocks; they wore hourglasses around their wrists, or something.) If he wanted a second opinion, I told him to call Leo Rosten, author of “Hooray for Yiddish.”

He did. Later, I spoke to my friend Rosten to make certain the phalanx of experts was sticking together. Sure enough, Wear it in good health is the English translation of the Yiddish-German Trug es gezunderheit (though Lee’s mother used to say, “Vear it in good heil!”). So I lied is probably the punch line of a forgotten Jewish joke; it sets aside the most common meaning of so, which is the chronological “and then,” preferring a meaning synonymous with one of the many meanings of nu: a sly or ironic way of saying. “And what are you going to do about it?” To give the flavor of the intonation, the phrase would better be written: “So? I lied.”

Rosten’s point to Heston, who has a good ear, is: “Even if it’s right, it’s wrong” — that is, even if the expressions had been used in rural Georgia in the 1920’s, their use in a movie would distract an audience: “In 1924? Absurd.”

This episode led me to a file I have been building for months, with the help of Lexicographic Irregulars. The file is labeled “Chronisms,” the opposite of anachronisms. These are words quivering in the aspic of time, perfect for use by dramatists who want to give historical scenes the flavor of authenticity, starting Vera Similitude, my 1940’s hearthrob.

One class of chronisms deals with the names for objects no longer in use. Such rumble-seat chronisms include milk bottle in an age of containerization, slide rule on a platter of efficient chips, watch fob in a steady dose of digitalis, scooters for the skateboard generation, Butterfield 8 in the all-digit era, snood in the Hairspray Age. It is not the word that has disappeared; the thing itself is gone or going, and the word reverberates like a shimmering old photo. If you want Vera to seem at home in a by-gone era, have her tell her kid
to pull up his knickers and crank up the phonograph.

More interesting to the linguist are the nonce-word chronisms, those words that zipped through a decade like naked streakers of the 1960's or the twenty-three skidoo of the 20's. Uptown meant "ritzy," before ritzy became upscale. Peachy and keen merged, to be replaced by nifty and now cool. "We were pupils at school," writes Steve Cartwright of The Central Maine Morning Sentinel, a child of the Fabulous Fifties, "a bunch of boxos, but we were pals. It was swell." Atomic is a legitimate dictionary entry, but in its description of an age, it has been nounced out by nuclear.

The pre-euphemism chronism offers a scriptwriter a marvelous vehicle for Miss Similitude's scenes of, say, the 1920's. After a trip to the dime store or five-and-dime, (not the "variety store"), she blanched at her lover's false teeth (nothing dentured, nothing gained) and wore her corset with no idea it would become a "foundation garment." Rosie O'Grady was the floorwalker's girlfriend, not the "assistant manager's lady." You would never refer to a porno dealer in those days; that is today's euphemism for smut peddler.

To stud her speech with the talk of the time, Vera Similitude's creator should also employ backdated-label chronisms: words no longer in use for things still in use. Night-club is one, for what we now call a club, disco, or bistro, where she ordered a highball for what is now a mixed drink, served in a tumbler instead of a tall glass, and watched the floor show, now the revue. Getting out her compact to reach for a powder puff (rather than a brush for her blush), she would meet her beau in a luncheonette, not her live-in lover in a coffee shop, and feared he would be smitten by cheesecake in the 1930's or a pinup in the 40's, not freaked out by a centrefold. Certain words were risqué in the 20's and off-color in the 40's, and are talking dirty today. She would warn him not to get fresh, rather than come on to her, lest she be considered his doxy, now armpiece. If she ran off with him, they would pack their values, not their carry-ons — "carrying on" was what they were doing — and would promptly come down with the grippe rather than contract the flu.

The same backdated-label chronisms apply to activities still under way but under new names. Howard Singer of Marlboro, N.J., remembers the exercise classes of the 1950's, where one wore sweat suits; these are now workouts with warm-ups. Many Lex Irreges have noted that fooling around was relatively innocent; now it denotes the action of the sexually active, with its unprintable substitute paradoxically taking on the innocent meaning.

In a similar vein, chronicistic expressions mark the time: So's your old man is a caricature of a 1930's thug, but It's your nickel rings true for the 30's. When was the last time you heard It'll put hair on your chest? Or Much obliged?

Those assigned to write in rotogravure must look at life through sepias cheaters. Generations from now, scriptwriters yet unborn will mass-age their scene-processors to write about our times. Let us hope that, for Vera Similitude's sake, they will often hit the chronism key. It is a long step from now to then, with plenty of kvetching from bit-zters in store, but not to worry. Like El Cid, those are Yiddishisms.

Hold on. El Cid is not a Yiddishism, you say, but is based on the Arabic word for "lord," and was the sobriquet of a medieval Spanish captain named Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar.

So I lied.
It Is for You Defective Day Of Hats, No?

Even Helpful Translation Software Sometimes Weaves a Tangled Web

By TINA KELLEY

THE December opening of Alta Vista’s poverty instantaneous translation site on the World Wide Web was one giant step toward the golden vision of everyone around the planet chatting nicely together sans language barriers on the Information Autobahn.

Web surfers can now quickly get the gist of many foreign Web sites just by clicking a Translate button on Alta Vista or by using one of a number of Web-based translation systems or off-the-shelf programs. The easy availability of translations has helped Web bulletin board fans amuse themselves endlessly by lobbing Christmas carols into Spanish and back and has helped language students cheat on their translation homework. It has also meant more orders for companies doing business internationally.

But not so fast. If the world has lots to gain from accessible, accurate and affordable computer translation services, there is plenty to lose from anything less. Just as, to quote Robert Frost, poetry is what is lost in the translation, business (and face) can be lost from bad translations.

When run through the Alta Vista computer translator from English to French and back again, “I am a reporter for The New York Times” becomes “I am a journalist during times of New York.” “She is having a bad hair day” becomes, via Italian, “It is having a defective day of hats.” But if you want to grasp the major points of a Web page without learning five years’ of Portuguese or hiring a $25-a-word translator, it is a great convenience (babelfish.altavista.digital.com/cgi-bin/translate).

Many Web watchers and translation experts scoff, predicting eternal failure of machine translation, which they believe will never score much above 85 percent accuracy.

Kaiser Schulte, director of the Center for Translation Studies at the University of Texas at Dallas and the editor of Translation Review, said machine translation was very much in its infancy. Machines are unable to operate well contextually, he said, so they do not have a grasp of translating a world like “culture” properly unless they are told that they are talking to humanists or biologists.

“Machine translation, certainly in any area of intellectual pursuit, is pretty much useless,” Dr. Schulte said. “We’ll never get to the point, at least not in the foreseeable future, where machine translation can translate essays, fiction or nonfiction books. That, I think, is an illusion.”

At the University of Central Florida, however, a professor of German, Finley M. Taylor, said language instructors were using machine translation to help first-year students gain confidence.

Continued on Page 7

When Alta Vista’s computer translator is cranked up, “Stupid is as stupid does” gets a bit mangled.
It Is For You Defective Day of Hats, No:

Continued From Page 1

dence in their ability to recognize errors. "In doing this, we want to make them sharp- en their skills," he said. "It builds up their confidence. They can say: 'This is wrong. I can find mistakes.'"

For example, he said, "If you're going from English to Spanish, you have the word 'party,' and if you're talking about a legal party, any fool ought to know it's not a deal to." Accordingly, to what one might expect, concern for the death of translation as a profession and the demise of language study as an academic discipline appear to have been overblown.

"Not one translator is ever going to lose their job because of machine translation, not in the foreseeable future," said Teri O'Connell, a machine-translation expert at American Management Systems, a computer systems and consulting company. Machine translation is generally used there for triage, to determine if a foreign document has any value and should be translated by a person, she said.

Of course, human beings are long been capable of producing doomed translations without the help of machines. As Frank Feenburg, who wrote "It takes a tough man to make a tender chicken" can turn into "It takes a weak man to make a chicken affectionate" in some Spanish translations, according to a response to a letter in the magazine American Demographics in 1995.

Professor Taylor does not worry that free access to translation services will dampen a student's desire to learn languages. "It should, if used wisely, be used as a kind of bait to say, 'Let's learn it better, and learn it faster,'" he said. But some language teachers say that students have occasionally taken advantage of the ready availability of machine translation to get their homework done quickly.

"We now write essays in class," said Leslie Z. Morgan, a modern-language professor at Loyola College in Baltimore, who grew sick of seeing French homework from her students that had obviously been written in English, then anonymously stuffed through a software.

Without dipping too far into interior baseball, there are several levels of translation via computer: machine translation, done solely by the computer, at the sentence level; machine-assisted translation, in which a human translator cleans up a translation done by a computer, and translation memory, stored phrases and sentences, for boilerplate paragraphs in documents.

More advanced computer translation systems approach natural language, wherein new language rules and idioms are added to the translating system; the most documents translated by the program, the more skilled becomes. For example, for using Globalink technology, human translators have doubled their productivity in translating articles from the Sao Paolo, Brazil, Gazette Mercantil because the translation system has allowed for the addition of the frequently used words and phrases.

Gregory Roberts, head of Rambus, a Web site's group, says that anyone who successfully uses computerized translation software starts with a language database. He reached that conclusion after he tried to create a Web site in Spanish for patrons of Black and Blue, a nightclub in Pad of Florida, only to find that the Spanish spoken most of his web site in Spain wasn't Spanish. He went to the computer and here's the vocabulary, 10,000 words, and we'll never go outside those 10,000 words," he said. "Then it does get.

Globalink (www.globalink.com), based in Fairview, Va., uses natural language translation technology called Barcelona; it has helped clients use Barcelona in Internet chat sites for conversations that are translated using small, instantaneous. For about $1,500 a year, Globalink translates a company's Web site into German, French, Italian, Portuguese and various forms of Spanish. James B. Cantor, president of Eastern Avionics International, which sells electronics for small planes, said the company's international business had increased by about 10 percent since the Web site started using Globalink to speak in various tongues. He estimated that it would cost $100,000 a year to have a human translator keep the sites available multilingually.

"This may not be perfect," he said, "but for $1,000, it's the best bang for the buck. As with most aspects of life, the key to contentment with machine translation is reduced expectations."

The Los Angeles Times will soon offer its Calendar Live entertainment section in Spanish, French and Japanese, using translation technology from Ais Technologies (www.ais.com), based in Montreal. But Harry Chandler, the paper's director of new business development, has realistic expectations. "If you're thinking this will be a human translation that's perfect, you're going to disappoint you," he said. Of the paper's 4.9 million readers, 25 percent count Spanish as their dominant language.

Mr. Chandler said there were difficulties with a program that translates everything, like the names of Los Angeles streets, many of which are already in Spanish. And movie titles can be jumbled — "Titanic" can come "Muy Grande." Ais, which uses a variety of translating systems and some human translators, can avoid most of these problems, in a market where such lists are seldom available in other languages, the multilingual service will be better than, nothing, Mr. Chandler said. Readers will receive "big cavets," he said, but they're not the kind of thing that would be a problem in the future.

The translation program will use special rules for specific parts of the entertainment listings to make it more accurate. "If you can get into the 90 percent accurate range, compared to not having it at all, we think it's an advantage," Mr. Chandler said.

The translation program is aimed for the universal translator in Doug拉斯 Adams's "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy": a fish that slips into a person's ear. The program, which is still in an early form and can give different results from one day to the next, will translate as much as an entire Web page or any lump of text. It is the first free, widely available service to translate pieces of text, not just words.

"It's extremely fast, and it's good enough to get some value from it," said Louis Monier, technical director of Alta Vista, based in California. "It's not perfect. It's not pretty." Using Systran software (www.systransoft.com), the Alta Vista site finds about 400,000 translation requests daily.

The translations are most useful from an unfamiliar to a known language so the reader can fill in the gaps. Writing that has gone through an automated translation program should be labeled accordingly, but such translations can be quite useful. Robin Dow, 25, of Atlanta, who depended upon her grandmother to communicate with relatives in Fiungodimi, a small village in Sicily, but her grandmother died in January. Ms. Dow could find no one who spoke or wrote Italian, and only one person in the village could translate, so calling was difficult. A friend told her about the Alta Vista translator, so she used it on a letter she wrote in English and sent via snail mail.

"It was perfect for me," she said. "I could never have done it on my own, going through the dictionary."
In a Contest of Tech Trivia, the West Beats the East

By CAREY GOLDBERG

THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1998

Panelists, Start Your Brains

The following are excerpts from the questions asked at the 1986 Computer Bowl:

1. In the classic text-adventure computer game Zork, you are occasionally told, “It is pitch black.” What will happen, will you be attacked by a troll, fall down a well, be attacked by a dragon or be eaten by a grue?

2. Today 32-bit processors are common, with 16-bit processors just around the corner. But what was the first home computer with a 16-bit processor? Was it the Amiga 1000, the Apple Lisa, the Atari 520 ST or the Texas Instruments 99/4?

3. In the 1969’s, Bell Labs developed a paper computer. What was that computer called? Was it Brainiac, Cardiac, Simulac or the Paper PC?

4. There is some debate as to whether there are life forms on Mars, but there are now several microprocessors on Mars. How many microprocessors are currently on the surface of Mars? Is it 2, 5, 15 or 109?

5. Most people have heard of I.B.M.’s chess-playing software called Deep Blue. But there is also a world champion checkers-playing program. What is it called? Is it Chinook, Alberta, Checkers King or Jumpmaster?

6. In a famous sci-fi movie, the following line: “My instructor was Mr. Langley, and he taught me to sing a song. If you’d like to hear it, I can sing it for you.” Who spoke that line?

7. When you start up Windows 95, by default it makes a distinctive musical sound. That short piece of music was created by a well-known musician. Was it David Bowie, Mick Jagger, Brian Eno or Elton John?

8. Veronica is the name for an Internet search tool. The name Veronica is in fact an acronym. What do the letters in Veronica stand for?

9. One of the dreaded occurrences in computing is when a Windows computer crashes. When it’s Windows NT, what is the popular slang term for what you see on the screen when Windows NT crashes?

10. If you count the number of information technology jobs in the United States, the following states rank in the top three in this order: California, New York and Texas. What state ranks fourth?

(One could not help but think that maybe they’re all being exported to the West Coast.)

Philip Greenspun, an iconoclastic Massachusetts Institute of Technology computer scientist, said, “It was better in the old days when we were exporting VAXes.” Digital Equipment’s flagship minicomputers — “at a million dollars a pop.”

On pure technology, the West may be ahead, allowed Christopher Murray, president of the A.B.T. Corporation, a software company with bicoastal projects. “But making it useful is the East Coast thing.”

“Everything that happens on the West Coast, in the end, is providing a foundation for the East,” Mr. Murray said. “But without us creating the applications actually used by people to do real work, it has no economic value.”

The reason you’ll never be able to write off the East Coast is this incredible thing: our university system. Our biggest expert is Ph.D.”

Finding Liberation in Cyberspace

By ELLA VERES

Essay

Produced a roman-feuere, in addition to term papers, plays and journalism articles, paid off. No longer did I long for books that the libraries did not contain. I felt...
Hot dang! This is country at its worst
by Mike Harden
Sonic News Service

Spring is here. Chickens and cows are laying their eggs through the thawed earth. Mary is an especially productive hen this year. Most of all, though, it is time for the annual list for the worst of the Worst Country Song Titles Ever. Here is the list that I have put together.

1. "You Make My Heart Want A Dip Of Snuff"
2. "Make Love To You Is Like Eating Peanuts"
3. "You Take Me To Heaven Every Night"
4. "Your Abil Called Today"
5. "Too Many Dollars, Not Enough Sense"
6. "I Don't Feel Like Sinin' to Me"
7. "Living Here and Living There and Lying Between"
8. "Mary, Mary"
9. "I'm Just Poking Out What She Handed In for Christmas"
10. "Somewhere, Somebody Don't Know That I'm Mad As Hell Tonight"
12. "Touch Me All Over Again"
13. "Tell Me Lie, I've Never Loved Anyone"
14. "Anything But Out Night-mare's Comic Home"
15. "I Lay the Days Down To Clean"
16. "Somebody Buy This Cowgirl a Beer"
17. "I'd Like To See Jesus on the Midnight Special"
18. "Too Much of Not Enough Of You"
19. "She Did It To Him, She Did It To Me, She Did It To Us All"
20. "Don't Let Smoky Mountain Coal Get In Your Eyes"
21. "I Forget To Remember To Forget"
22. "The Rollin's All Gone Out Of This She's Sitting Down"
23. "Where Have All The Average People Gone?"
24. "Laughter Keeps Running Down My Back"
25. "Lunchtime-Lovers"
27. "Love's In Too Long"
28. "Let's All Get Prettier At Closing Time"
29. "Way Down Love"
30. "She's On The Menu"
31. "Look Out, Dead End Out of Me"
32. "Monky's Tootie"
33. "How Come Every Time I Think I've Written Something Good"
34. "Just Mark's Love Don't Make It Love"
35. "We Used To Kiss On The Lips But It's All Over"
36. "She Gave Her Heart To Jethro And The Bottom To Whole Danged World"
37. "I'm Just Like Jesus"
38. "I'm Drinking Canada Dry"
39. "You Can Go On My Conscience And At Least Leave Me Off Your Back"
40. "I Shelf My Share"
41. "Get Your Bucket In The Oven And Baste In The Rain"
42. "I Don't Know Whether To Kill Myself Or Go Boating"
43. "The Reason Our Kids Are So In Whole Danged World"
44. "Guess My Eyes Were Bigger Than My Head"
45. "You Won't Go Huntin' With You Take Me As Your Hunting Woman"
46. "My Whoa Ran Off With My Best Friend And A Million"
47. "Fingerprints Showed Up On His Cigarette Holder Whom I'd Find On Your"
48. "You Can't Have Your Kate and Edith Too"
49. "My Heart's In Heaven (Before You Take Me Home)"
50. "Let Me Love the Levites From Your Mind"

If you have a favorite country song that you think should be on this list, please let me know! I'm always looking for new material to add to my collection.
Korean roots are important

SEARCH

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kept the children's birth name as their middle name, and have
attended Korean lunar celebrations. While not in the
same country, they are in the couple plans to take them to Korea
and bring them to a Korean culture camp.

"It's certainly a part of them --
even the way they say 'very much American.'" Stephens said. "They can
choose when they're older how much the Korean culture is going
to become part of them, and how much of it they'll shed."

Last month, the issue of adoption for children adopted
in Korea got some unwel
come attention when Noor E-
stand's daughter, Kayla, in April.

"It was unfortunate," Shin said.
"I think the problem is with
inter-cultural adoption, my hope
is that other children will continue
to have that opportunity."
THE THIRD PARTY

Trying Different Approach, Perot Takes to the Campaign Trail and Goes on the Attack

By ERNEST TOLLERSON

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 31—As the 1992 campaign draws to a close, the nation is seeing another side of Ross Perot.

Four years ago, his enemy was George Bush, and his weapons were charts, graphs and homespun lectures on the economy that were broadcast from television studios.

At first this year, he tried the same tactics, but could not dig himself out of single digits in the polls. So now, he has switched strategies.

In the last week, the Reform Party candidate has embraced an old-fashioned kind of politicking by barnstorming across the country and trying to energize students and other young voters.

He has also more broadly attacked President Clinton, attacking his character. And with recent disclosures about questionable foreign contributions to the Democratic Party, Mr. Perot has been able to fresn his speeches with talk about campaign finance, his signature campaign.

The new approach may be working. For the first time in this campaign, he has climbed out of the single digits in some polls and has shown growing support in the major, daily tracking polls.

Although the numbers by no means put him in a position to overtake the other candidates, they suggest that he may be connecting with more voters.

Here at the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Perot attacked Mr. Clinton and the Democrats on the issue of campaign finance.

"If you will give a $100,000 to the Democrats, you can spend the night in the Lincoln Bedroom," Mr. Perot said. "That offends me to my soul because working people — plumbers, electricians, people working the third shift — pay the full cost of the White House with their taxes. And if I am your President, you will have my word, we will put a sign across the field, people are lying out there in no man's land, you only got three survivors in your platoon and they are the three candidates for President, who do you think is going to come out there and drag you back to safety?"

Sharper speeches and a rise in the polls.

Mr. Perot, who served in the Navy, asked his audience here.

Applauding and laughing, the students roared, "Ross!"

Trying to remind his audience of Mr. Clinton's past marital problems and accusations that he was a womanizer, Mr. Perot continued: "Here's one for all of the dads in the audience. Which of the three candidates would you be very comfortable having your daughter work for?"

The crowd responded with more applause and laughter.

Mr. Perot then brandished a copy of an editorial in The New York Times last Sunday that endorsed Mr. Clinton but urged him to pledge not to pardon anyone convicted in prosecution arising from Whitewater matters or fund raising for the 1996 campaign, among other things, and to cooperate with any investigations into these matters.

"Read this editorial," he said. "They are basically asking this man to have a character and integrity change in midlife."

The 1996 Perot campaign not only sounds different than it did four years ago; it also looks different.

Barred from the televised Presidential debates last month and unable to buy as much prime television time as he has wanted for 30-minute infomercials, Mr. Perot is campaigning more in public this time, making two personal appearances on many days since mid-October. He plans to continue that pace until Friday.

Four years ago, he largely ran his campaign from television studios, relying on his appearances in the Presidential debates and on his 12 infomercials between Oct. 17 and Election Day to reach voters. During the same time span, he made only seven public appearances.

"Keep in mind, in '92 we were doing more studio time," said Sharon Holman, press secretary for Mr. Perot and the Reform Party.

In a speech at the National Press Club in Washington last week, Mr. Perot acknowledged he had been forced to abandon the television studio he prefers for the traditional stump.

"We've been pretty well frozen out this time around," he said, "but every now and then a blind hog finds an acorn."

Most of Mr. Perot's rallies and speeches in recent weeks have been before college groups that have invited him to speak. These audiences have mostly been friendly and curious.

Mr. Perot's advisers say he is getting more support because of the perception that a vote for Mr. Dole could be a wasted vote in the event of a Clinton landslide.

They say this perception could lead some voters to give Mr. Perot and the Reform Party another look.

Gordon Black, a pollster based in Rochester, N.Y., who advised Mr. Perot in 1992, said Republican moderates who want their vote to be noticed in a Clinton landslide will vote for Mr. Perot or Ralph Nader, the candidate associated with the Green Party.

In His Own Words

ROSS PEROT

Speaking at the University of Pennsylvania on Wednesday night:

"Pretty soon, you all will say: 'Ross, come home.' Tell us some local stories.

"According to The Los Angeles Times, two Clinton, former Clinton White House appointees began soliciting political contributions for the President in Taiwan. Their names are James Wood and Mark Middleton. Now that is two names you can relate to.

"This occurred while China was threatening Taiwan in 1995. Two Taiwan periodicals have reported this in August 1995 that Taiwan's ruling party, the major political party, gave $15 million to President Clinton. President Clinton sent an aircraft carrier group to protect Taiwan from China. Do you want a President who puts the lives of the armed forces at risk and manipulates foreign policy in exchange for $15 million in political contributions?"

"If you do, don't vote for me on Nov. 5 because hell will freeze over before I do that."

More national news appears on page C17.
Forgetting Pluralism as a Policy in Central Africa

To the Editor:

Your Oct. 31 front-page article about the ancient enmities continuing to cause clashes between the Hutu and Tutsi communities in Zaire, Rwanda and Burundi brings back memories of my experiences with the genocide in Burundi when I was the United States Ambassador there from 1969 to 1972.

The 1972 Hutu-Tutsi confrontation, resulting in more than 150,000 deaths, was brutal and ferocious. In my research on the two communities, I found that the Hutu-Tutsi alienation had been reported by the Germans and Belgians during their colonial administrations from 1894 until 1962. Outbursts of fighting were controlled by those colonial powers.

Since independence was granted to both Rwanda and Burundi in 1962, blood baths and genocides have occurred periodically: two in Rwanda and three in Burundi.

Now the whole area, including Zaire, is involved in bloodletting that gives the indication of turning into a hot pot.

In my final report to the Department of State, I urged the United States Government to support efforts to separate the two communities.

We Need to Track the Maps of Aggression

To the Editor:

In "Your Mission, Should You Accept It?" (column, Oct. 27), Thomas Friedman surveys the impact on American global leadership and interests of continued cuts in the foreign affairs budget, urging the next President to reverse the tide through negotiations with the 105th Congress.

A small fraction of that appropriation, Mr. Friedman implies, could yield huge dividends.

Indeed, the Pentagon itself would be a beneficiary of such a reversal.

Not only is the United States closing embassies, consulates and United States Information Agency libraries, but staff reductions elsewhere are impairing critical functions. Among the eliminated embassy posts is that of geographic attaché, whose tasks included the monitoring and acquisition of all maps published, officially and unofficially, in the country of record. Such maps provide insights into internal problems and external intentions, the latter often an early warning of aggression.

Years before Iraq invaded Kuwait, its Government had begun publishing maps that belied Baghdad's 19th province. In the absence of geographic expertise, the significance of this cartographic aggression was misinterpreted.

Today, officially sanctioned maps in Chinese textbooks stoke the fires of a nationalism that will become one of the world's 21st-century challenges. But is anyone monitoring them? H. J. DE BLIJ

Chatham, Mass., Oct. 27, 1996

The writer is a professor of political geography at the University of South Florida.

Those 'Objective' Tests Still Benefit the Rich

To the Editor:

To the fraud case against a California man who is accused of committing millions of dollars in financial fraud is $2,000 to have someone else take a test, or pay $1,000 to take a class themselves.

YWLCS CHIP TERRY


Agreement on Hebron Should Be Honored

To the Editor:

The Oct. 29 editorial "Dangerous Delay on Hebron" did not correctly reflect the Palestinian position on the issue of Hebron, the Israeli position or the overall context.

The Palestinian position during these negotiations has been that the extension of Israeli sovereignty over the entire city should be honored and implemented. The Palestinian side, however, did agree to look into additional steps to address Israeli security concerns without changing the agreement. The main step that was agreed to was the Israeli side having sought to reopen the existing agreement, introduce changes and reach a new agreement. This position prevailed even before the recent bloody events that took place in the Palestinian territory.

The Palestinian side has sought to preserve the unity and integrity of Hebron, while the Israeli side actually seeks to divide the city, albeit into a smaller Jewish part and a larger Arab part. Another point has been Israel's attempts to maintain at least some of the civilian authorities where settler exists or, at the minimum, limit the civilian authorities of the Palestinian side.

Your editorial seems to try to legitimize the overall context of Israeli settlers in Hebron. It even describes Hebron as "a mainly Palestinian city." Israeli law is clear: Those settlers are illegally in Hebron and the transitional agreement on the city does not lead to any legitimacy of their presence.
from Mark Wyman, letter of 3 April '82:

--possible source for Mont. lingo and lore wd be jury testimony, perhaps coroner's jury testimony, taken down verbatim; he found some at Cripple Creek.
MACACA THE DECIDER
SPRING-LOADING SANCTIMOMMY
GOD WINK DWARF LANTERN
VICE MAIL NEUROTS
MCSTEAMY GREEN EVANGELICALS
SUBZERO NO SNOW RAKES DESERTROIL
YOU BE TPO PIN
STAR THE COURSE REMOVAL
SHITS BROKEBACK
MEG GRISONS LEE PEN ANCHOR BABY
BROKEBACK VIDE
JEFF PLEEPE HUMORIDGE

A Buzz Saw of Buzzwords

In 2006, language cut deeply. Just ask a few politicians or a few perfect morns.

By FRANK BRUNI

I f you round up and study the choices of syllables, the catchphrases, the lexicon of the era, you end up with a thousand words that don’t quite convey even the essence of their meaning. The “decider” becomes “the decider,” the “southern strategy” the “southbound strategy,” the “grand strategy” the “grand strategy.” The “neurotic” becomes “neurotic,” the “sanctimony” the “sacred cow,” the “sanctimony” the “sacred cow.” The “MACACA” becomes “the MACACA,” the “sacred cow” the “sacred cow.” The “sacred cow” becomes “the sacred cow.”

The “sacred cow” becomes “the sacred cow.”

There was a truckload of baggage in those three ugly syllables. Mr. Allen’s undoing owed much to the rapid spread of his comments through Internet video sites, and it sounded warnings about people recording us when we might not expect it and having the easy means to share what they see. And so we talked of “You Tube” or being “You Tube’d,” coming a verb that was termed to the most prominent of those sites and, in addition to that, connected to our worries about the death of privacy, about the million of eyes on moose-calling fingers.

And what, on a lighter note, of “sanctimony”? It was used as a verb, now, as “sacred cow” or “the sacred cow.”

“MACACA” emerged as more than just an unpleasant epithet, uttered by Senator George Allen of Virginia about a man of Indian descent. It became the shorthand for an extraordinary fall from political grace, for the astonishing arc by which a predicted presidential contender became a vanquished candidate for re-election to Congress. It became something else, too, a jarring suggestion of bigotry in civic leaders who claim to rise above it.

Across Africa, A Sense That U.S. Power Isn’t So Super

BY JEFFREY GETTLEMAN

T HE rally was supposed to be against Ethiopia, Senegal’s neighbor and historic adversary, which in the past few weeks had sent tens of thousands streaming across the border in an attempt to check the power of the increasingly powerful Islamists who rule Mogadishu. But the cheers that should have filled the stadium (which had no roof, by the way) and riddled with bullet holes) were about another country, far, far away.

“Down, down U.S.A.” thousands of Senegalese yelled, many of them wearing Che’s berets. “Down, down to the imperialists.”

Not exactly networking words, especially when the passport in your pocket has three of those golden eagles on it. Senegal may be the place that best illustrates a trend sweeping across the African continent: After Sept. 11, 2001, the United States concluded that it needed more security, and Senegal was its point man. But anti-American sentiment on the continent has only grown, and become increasingly hostile. And the United States has provided the impetus.

A number of experts on Africa trace those developments in a sense of American power, but of its decline—a perception that the United States is no longer the only power that counts, that it is too haggled down in the Middle East to be a real threat, and so it can be ignored. That is a message that Americans are hearing from places as far away as those in Senegal’s capital, Dakar.

Since 9/11, Washington has felt the continental matters. But many Africans think America doesn’t.

The only power that counts, that it is too haggled down in the Middle East to be a real threat, and so it can be ignored. That is a message that Americans are hearing from places as far away as those in Senegal’s capital, Dakar.

But this is not just talking out loud—so the sense that the United States is not the kingmaker, it once was—gone beyond Mogadishu. It is Africa’s perception that the United States has lost its role in the world, and it is based on a changed reality: the emergence of other countries, regional powers, the emerging forces of African military forces in the region, even as the United States pumps in more troops, about 18 billion men and women, and calls on the Continent to be the

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Television enters my life.
Now what?
By William L. Hamilton

MERRY, WEARY CHRISTMAS | 3
Economic theory and your jangled holiday nerves.
By Steve Lehr

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Handicapping the military might of Iraq’s neighbors.
By Bill Marsh

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Frank Rich on Time magazine and you; Nicholas D. Kristof on how bake sales can help Cambodia.
Rip Van Winkle Awakens to a Flat-Screen Television

By STEVE LOWE

The return of rip Van Winkle from his 20-year nap in the Catskill Mountains is now a fact, and the effects are being felt throughout the land. According to reports, the legendary outdoorsman, who was known for his long periods of rest, has been rejuvenated by the arrival of modern technology, specifically the flat-screen television.

The story begins with a group of hikers who stumble upon Rip's hidden camp. As they step into the clearing, they are greeted by a familiar face, the face of Rip Van Winkle himself. 

Rip explains to the hikers how his time away from society has allowed him to observe the evolution of technology. Specifically, he has witnessed the rise of the flat-screen television and how it has transformed the way people watch and experience television. 

Rip then proceeds to demonstrate his own flat-screen television, which is unlike anything he has ever seen before. The picture is crystal clear, and the sound is rich and immersive. 

Rip describes how the flat-screen television has brought people closer together, allowing them to share experiences and watch shows and movies together. He also notes how the flat-screen television has made it possible for people to access a world of entertainment, from movies and TV shows to news and sports.

As Rip continues to speak, the hikers are left in awe of the technology and the impact it has had on society. They realize that Rip Van Winkle's return to the modern world is a reminder of how much technology has changed our lives and how it will continue to shape the future.
Hard cases create new terms: Plato, fluking orbital dominance, is kicked out of the club.

Astronomers invented the concept of a "protein" to describe a situation where a planet had been kicked out of the solar system. The term has since been expanded to include other celestial objects, such as asteroids and comets.

In 2020, after a series of close encounters with Earth, the planet 99942 Apophis was given the new nickname "Fluking." This was due to its irregular orbit and unpredictable behavior, which made it difficult to predict its future path. The term "Fluking" has since been adopted by other scientific communities to describe similar phenomena.

In the 2020s, the term "Fluking" was also applied to the phenomenon of "protein" formation in proteins, where certain amino acids would be excluded from the final product, resulting in a "protein" with altered properties.

**BUZZWORDS**

**Verbalization not being a strong suit, Bush chooses to be silent.**

In 2006, he backed off. "We've never been more certain of the need to bring democracy to the region," he said. But those presidential utterances couched mainly in speculations — can't compete with the president's most recent national address. The president's address to the American people can discuss this: The December.

Mr. Bush first used the phrase, back in April, to stress he would not fire Donald Rumsfeld, the secretary of defense. "I'm trying to get the job done," he said, and "I'm trying to get the job done." Mr. Rumsfeld got the best seven years of his career, he said. And the December presidential utterances couched mainly in speculations — can't compete with the president's most recent national address. The president's address to the American people can discuss this: The December.

The last word on the Bush administration was "the president's address to the American people can discuss this: The December."

For more on the phrase "the president's address to the American people can discuss this: The December," see the phrase in a second term.

**Stock options turn more tricks than a pony prostitute.**

One commissioner called it smart but said it would "be a very difficult thing for all of us" to allow. And the December presidential utterances couched mainly in speculations — can't compete with the president's most recent national address. The president's address to the American people can discuss this: The December.

Federal regulators have yet to bring a winning case against a public company for such allegations. The December presidential utterances couched mainly in speculations — can't compete with the president's most recent national address. The president's address to the American people can discuss this: The December.

Officials have had fun with the_width. Although spring-blooming flowers are the type of thing you ask a boy kid not to do in the house", said "The Rockefeller, the

And there was something known as the Securities and Exchange Commission's second divided on this issue.

**In a YouTube world, Little Brother overakes its snipping sibling.**

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**They scold, demand, ponder. They are the Rumford memo.s.**

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By CHARLES McGRAFF

The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary, the scaled-down, two-volume version of the mammoth 20-volume O.E.D., just got a little shorter. With the dispatch of a wafer-bouncing fly-speck, the editor, Angus Stevenson, eliminated some 16,000 hyphens from the sixth edition, published last month. "People are not confident about using hyphens anymore," he said. "They're not really sure what they're for.

The dictionary is not dropping all hyphens. The ones in certain compounds remain ("well-being," for example), as do those indicating a word break at the right-hand margin — the use for which this versatile little punctuation mark, a variation on the slash, the all-purpose medieval punctuation, was invented in the first place.

"What's getting the heave are most hyphens linking the halves of a compound noun. Some, like "ice cream," "fly leaf," "hobby horse" and "water bed," have been fractured into two words, while many others, like "bumblebee," "crystal" and "geothole," have been squeezed into one. That "ice cream" and "bumblebee" ever had hyphens to begin with suggests an excess of fussiness on the part of older lexicographers, and may explain some of Mr. Stevenson's annoyance. The issue of proper hyphenation has always been vexing for the Brit, far more than it is for us. and occasioned perhaps the single crankiest article in Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage," first published in 1926. "The chaos prevailing among writers or printers or both regarding the use of hyphens is discreditable to English education," he began, and about halfway through he threw up his hands and said of the examples he had been citing, "the evidence they afford" is "that common sense is in fact far from common."

Fowler was in favor of hyphens. They sprinkle his own text like dandruff and, along with his fetish for the ampersand, give it a musty, old-fashioned look. This is why designers hate to see hyphens fleshing the page, and indeed they are antiques, unnecessary marks in many instances.

But that's also part of their appeal. They're records of how the language changes, and in the old days, before the Shorter Oxford got into the sundering business, they indicated a sort of halfway point, a way station in the progress of a new usage. Two terms get linked together "titty-wink," let's say, or "cell-phone" — and then over time that little hitch is eroded, worn away by familiarity. In a few years, for example, people will be amused to discover that email used to be e-mail.

The greatest hyphenator ever was Shakespeare (or Shalk-speare in some contemporary spellings) because he was so busy adding new words, many of them compounds, to English: "sea-change," "leap-frog," "bare-faced," "fancy-free."

Milton also hyphenated a lot ("skew-drops," "man-slaughter," "eye-sight") and so did Donne, who loved compounds like "death-bed" and "passing-Sell," where the hyphen carries almost metaphorical weight, a reminder of what Eliot called his singular talent for yoking unlike ideas.

At the other end of the spectrum is E. E. Cummings, who turned his back on not just the hyphen but punctuation in general, and in this respect was way ahead of his time. Cummings wrote back in the age of real type, but looked forward to what might be called the sans-serifification of print: the way our computer versions of type are dropping all the little vestiges of metal fonts — the serifs, or pleasing little curves and points jutting out from a letter in traditional fonts, and, for that matter, the hyphen, the comma, the quotation mark. Our print, once a replica of hand-lettering, now aspires to the condition of the computer screen and the text message.

Even Mr. Stevenson puts in a good word for the hyphen especially beloved by grammarians and so vexing to civilians, the one that turns a noun phrase into a compound adjective. A slippery-eel salesman, for example, sells slippery eels, while a slippery eel salesman takes your money and slinks away.

Textbooks used to be full of examples like these (English-language lessons and English language lessons; an odd-looking glass and an odd looking glass) but except in places like The New Yorker, which punctiliously hyphenates all such phrases, ambiguous or not, this useful, elegant hyphen has become a nicety, resorted to only in cases of extreme confusion and sometimes not even then. Most of the time we're not troubled, either because we're good at figuring things out (a high school student is most likely someone attending secondary school rather than a pupil pulling a joint) or because we no longer pay much attention to punctuation to begin with.

In many cases the hyphen is probably an affectionation — like wearing spats, say. And if Mr. Stevenson is right about the general confusion over hyphen usage, a lot of us were putting on our spats improperly. We wore them with Bermuda shorts, so to speak. But they did look pretty good sometimes — spiffy and genteel — and gave our prose an extra strut. We may feel a little under-dressed — underdressed, rather — without them.
A Vote for Latin

By Harry Mount

At first glance, it doesn’t seem tragic that our leaders don’t study Latin anymore. But it is no coincidence that the dehumanization of politics — which encourages budding politicians to think of education as mere career preparation — has occurred during an age of weak rhetoric, shifting moral values, clumsy grammar and a terror of historical references and eternal values that the Romans could teach us a thing or two about. As they themselves might have said, “Roma urbs aeterna; Latina lingua aeterna.”

None of the leading presidential candidates majored in Latin. Hillary Clinton studied political science at Wellesley, as did Barack Obama at Columbia. Rudy Giuliani had a minor brush with the language during four years of theology at Bishop Loughlin Memorial High School in Brooklyn when he toyed with becoming a priest. But then he went on to major in guess what? Political science.

How things have changed since the founding fathers.

Of the 7,000 books originally in Thomas Jefferson’s library, only a couple of dozen are still at Monticello. The rest were sold off by his descendants, and eventually bought back by the Library of Congress. The best-thumbed of those remaining — on a glassed-in shelf in Jefferson’s study — is a copy of Virgil’s “Aeneid.”

Jefferson started learning Latin and Greek at age 9 at a school in Virginia run by a Scottish clergyman. When he was at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, a Greek grammar book was always by his side. Tactitus and Homer were his favorites.

Harry Mount is the author of “Carpe Diem: Put a Little Latin in Your Life.”

High school, Jefferson thought, should center on Latin, Greek and French, with grammar and reading exercises, translations into English and the memorizing of famous passages. In 1819, when Jefferson opened the University of Virginia in Charlottesville (built according to classical rules of architecture), he employed only classically trained professors to teach Greek and Roman history.

This pattern of Latin learning continued for more than 150 years. Of the 40 presidents since Jefferson, 31 have studied Latin, many at a high level. James Polk graduated from the University of North Carolina, in 1818, with top honors in math and classics. James Garfield taught Greek and Latin from 1856 to 1857 at what is now Hiram College in Ohio. Teddy Roosevelt studied classics at Harvard.

John F. Kennedy had Latin instruction at not one, but three prep schools. Richard Nixon showed a great aptitude for the language, coming second in the subject at Whittier High School in California in 1930. And George H. W. Bush, a Latin student at Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass., was a member of the fraternity Auctoritas, Unitas, Veritas (Authority, Unity, Truth).

A particular favorite for Bill Clinton during his four years of Latin at Hot Springs High School in Arkansas was Caesar’s “Gallic War.”

Following in his father’s footsteps, George W. Bush studied Latin at Phillips Academy (the school’s mottoes: “Non Sibi” or not for self, and “Finis Origine Pendet,” the end depends on the beginning).

But then President Bush was lucky enough to catch the tail end of the American classical tradition. Soon after he left Andover in 1864, the study of Latin in America collapsed. In 1905, 56 percent of American high school students studied Latin. By 1977, a mere 6,000 students took the National Latin Exam.

Recently there have been signs of a revival. The number taking the National Latin Exam in 2005, for instance, shot up to 134,873.

Why is this a good thing? Not all Romans were models of virtue — Caligula’s Latin was pretty good. And not all 134,873 of those Latin students are going to turn into Jeffersons.

But what they gain is a glimpse into the past that provides a fuller, richer view of the present. Know Latin and you discern the Roman layer that lies beneath the skin of the Western world. You open up 500 years of Western literature (plus an additional thousand years of Latin prose and poetry).

Why not just study all this in English? What do you get from reading the “Aeneid” in the original that you wouldn’t get from Robert Fagles’s fine translation, which came out just last year?

Well, no translation, however fine, can ever sound the way Latin was written to sound. To hear Latin poetry spoken smoothly and quickly is to hear a mellifluous, rat-a-tat-tat language, the rich, distilled, romantic, pure, heady blueprint of its close descendant, Italian.

But also, learning to translate Latin into English and vice versa is a tremendous way to train the mind. I think of translating concise, precise Latin into more expansive, discursive English as like opening up a concertina; you are allowed to stretch all sorts of original thought and interpretation.

As much as opening the concertina enlarges your imagination, squeezing it shut — translating English into Latin — sharpens your prose. Because Latin is a dead language, not in a constant state of flux as living languages are, there’s no wriggle room in translating. If you haven’t understood exactly what a particular word means or how a grammatical rule works, you are likely to be, not off, but just plain wrong. There’s nothing like this challenge to teach you how to navigate the reefs and whirlpools of English prose.

With a little Roman history and Latin under your belt, you end up seeing more everywhere, not only in literature and language, but in the classical roots of Federal architecture; the spread of Christianity throughout Western Europe and, in turn, America; and in the American system of senatorial government. The novelist Alan Hollinghurst describes people who know history’s turning points as being able to look at the world as a sequence of rooms: Greece gives way to Rome, Rome to the Byzantine Empire, to the Renaissance, to the British Empire, to America.

You can gain this advantage at any age. Alfred the Great, the ninth-century king of England, who knew how crucial it was to learn Latin to become a civilized leader, took it up in his 30s. Here’s hoping that a new generation of students — and presidents — will likewise recognize that “if Rome is the eternal city, Latin is the eternal language.”

ONLINE: THE LATIN VERSION

A translation of this Op-Ed piece is available online.

nytimes.com/opinion
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> V CAST Music ready
> Bluetooth® headset capable
Lesson Alternatives: 0 Temporal Mores!

To the Editor:


In my rural hometown, New Harmony, Iowa, in the late 1800's, students took two years of Latin with a gifted teacher. Mrs. Harlow, who believed that Latin was not "dry drudgery," but a medium of living language, the source of so many English words.

Mrs. Harlow enthusiastically led her students through the expanded readings and into the Gallic Wars, even encouraging them to write an essay and send it to the teacher's weekly newsletter. Her teaching has served me well; as a poet and arts-education specialist throughout New York State, I have the gift of those wonderful verbal and musical elements of language.

I lament that it is the rare school that offers Latin, and I can only hope that Mr. Mount's article will inspire a resurgence.


To the Editor:

Mirable dictus, Latin lives. But not as just a linguistic curiosity, but as the necessary means by reason of religious tradition. No, the vernacular of Virgin, Ciceri and Tacite still echoes with the echoes of times from the Western rule of law to the Constitution of a more perfect union to the ideal of an enduring peace among the nations.

Indeed, Pliny's exquitus Latin phrase best describes Rome's global commonwealth: "Immuta Roma, muta pacis maiestas"—the boundless majesty of the Roman peer. From Socrates to the Son of God and from the Iberian peninsula to the Enlightenment, Rome's Empire brought stability, prosperity and good governance to the non-Roman peoples of the time.

America's founding fathers derived much inspiration from Caesar Augustus' reformation of the calendar, the principle of an inequitable system of taxation and George Washington's "Washington's paria" was hailed as the American Cincinnatus.

Today's crop of presidential aspirants ought to brush up on their Latin. They might derive a measure of strength and not a little gravitas from mastering humanity's timeless tradition.

ROGALD A. IACOBS

The writer is vice chairman of the Judaic Institute of America.

To the Editor:

Three hearty cheers for Harry Mount's remarks on Latin and studying Latin. The indomitable Ms. Taft taught me all I know about Latin 20 years ago and inspired me to a lifelong love of the classics.

The most important lesson I learned through Latin is that Mr. Mount did not mention: that a student can tire only when they fail to uphold the ethical values up which we are taught.

MATTHEW B. Dwyer
Lexington, Dec. 3, 2007

To the Editor:

As a lifelong student of the classics, I read Harry Mount's Op-Ed article with great joy. The logic of the argument that prevents present-day study of the classics resulted in great leadership, however, was faulty. Simply because most previous presidents studied the classics and even same to a very high degree does not imply that present-day students fail only when they fail to uphold the ethical values upon which we are taught.

MARSHALL H. HALL
Boston, Dec. 4, 2007

To the Editor:

Harry Mount's Op-Ed article about what American leaders gain from study-ing a dead language reminds me of a letter I received 30 years ago after I wrote an article about Latin making a comeback in American schools.

The letter, from Rose F. Kennedy, said proudly that she had prepared Latin in a preparatory program for Wellesley College. She found that her background in Latin helped her "to understand the origin of words and figure out proper phrases and suggestions." This mother of a president and a few United States senators lamented, however, that her own children "must be teaching, milking in English grammar, and I have thought the words, "they had not the least idea of English grammar, which I learned was translated Latin classics into English.

John F. Kennedy had Latin instruction at his prep school, according to Mr. Mount, but the results may not have been as good as his teachers, a great number of his mother's friends.

GENE L. MARROFF
Edison, N.J., Dec. 4, 2007

The writer is a former national education correspondent for The New York Times.
BUZZWORDS 2007

All We Are Saying

By GRANT BARRETT

EW words are most happily received when they arrive without fanfare. When they appear with “ta-da!” or “look what I did!” and are touted as clever or cute, they feel like impositions on our time. We resent that they must try to exalt their makers.

On the other hand, when we revel in new words it’s often for the little jokes and puns implanted by their coiners. We delight in coining them, too, especially goofy throwaway blends in which two words combine syllables and meanings to make one. (How about “brunstance,” a strong relationship between two hot new men, which combines “bros,” from brother, and romance?)

A large part of the delight derives from the re-orientation that new words make possible. They are fantastical transportation—their syllables and improbable starships—into other cultures, workplaces, minds.

If you work in fields like politics, soldiering, science or technology, areas that frequently send new words bobbling up into the mainstream, it can seem strange to hear a normal day’s vocabulary talked about as if it were a novelty. For example, “blitz,” short for “blitzkrieg,” is a workaday term to diplomats and journalists when they’re referring to a meeting of two sides, but it’s unusual to outsiders. The incoherence can bring a sense of déjà fatigued, the stage beyond déjà vu: you’ve not only seen it before, but it hardly seems worth remarking upon. It’s ordinary.

What follows is by no means a complete list of the words that took our attention this year, but rather a sampling from the thousands that endured long enough to find a place in the national conversation. Although many were not first or writt en in 2007, they are nonetheless the tattoos, scars and medals that differentiate this year from any other.

astronaut diaper n.
A garment worn by astronauts when they’re in pressure suits and can’t get to a toilet. “We call them urine collection devices.” Mike Mullane, a retired astronaut, told The New York Times. The term was brought to popular attention when the astronaut Lisa M. Nowak was said to have been wearing one in February while she was driving across five states to confront a love rival. She denied she wore the diaper.

bacn n.
Imperious e-mail messages that are nearly as annoying as spam but that you have chosen to receive: alerts, newsletters, automated reminders and the like. Popularized at the PodCamp conference in Pittsburgh in August.

boot camp flu n.
An adenovirus that is usually innocuous but in its latest strain has led to pneumonia and death. The virus often occurs among military recruits, who are susceptible to it because they live in close quarters under stressful conditions.

boom n.
Left of boom describes the “before” strategy of the United States military, including efforts to root out insurgents and prevent military attacks; right of boom describes the military’s “after” strategy, including efforts to minimize the effects of attacks with battle-hardened equipment and improved medical care.

chief sustainability officer n.
A business executive hired to meet environmental regulations and to find ways to profit through environmentally friendly products and services.

colony collapse disorder n.
A disease that has killed millions of pollinating bees nationwide and threatens to harm the nation’s agricultural output. Suspicious culprits are a virus, mites and insects.

crowdsourcing n.
To use the skills or tools of a wide variety of freelancers, professional or amateur, paid or unpaid, to work on a single project.

Navy shower n.
A very short shower in which you turn off the water while lathering up. This old term is also known as a G.I. bath, but it’s new to many in the drought-stricken Southeast. Its antonym is the Hollywood shower, a long, wasteful one.

Ninja loan n.
No Ince, No Job or Assets. A poorly documented loan made to a high-risk borrower.

nose bidet n.
A neti pot or nasal irrigator, said to help with allergy symptoms.

pap n.
To take a photograph of someone or something, usually related to uses of Paparazzi, from which the word is derived. Also as a noun.

post-kinetic environment n.
In military jargon, the site of an explosion, severe gunfire or a destructive engagement.

Super-Duper Tuesday n.
Feb. 5, 2008, the day that 23 states will hold primary elections. Also known as Super Bowl Tuesday.

truther n.
Someone who espouses a conspiracy theory about the events of 9/11.

tumblelog n.
A Web site or blog that is a collection of brief links to quotes, from, or comments about things a person has encountered while Web browsing. It is a sort of digital commonplace book.

vegansexual n.
A person who eats no meat, uses no animal-derived goods and prefers not to have sex with non-vegans.

wide stance, to have a v. phr.
To be hypocrisy or to express two conflicting points of view. When Senator Larry Craig was arrested in a public restroom and accused of making signals with his foot that the police said meant he was in search of anonymous gay sex, Mr. Craig was puzzled and misunderstanding and that he just had a wide stance when using the toilet. The incident also popularized the derogatory term “toe-tapper,” meaning a gay man.

walkshed n.
The area that can be conveniently reached on foot from a given geographic point. Compare with foodshed, the area sufficient to provide food for a given location, and viewshed, the landscape or topography visible from a given geographic point, especially one having aesthetic value. All are patterned after watershed.
Enough of the Hills and Woods, Can I Send Grandma an E-Card?

By SARAH KERSHAW

O pressure, but spill it: How much do you love your family?

Does seeing Aunt Sheila and Uncle Charlie for Christmas merit two flight connections, a five-hour delay at La Guardia and a ticket that is 16 percent more expensive than this year? How about one connection and a two-hour delay? Four hours on the tarmac, or only two? What about mom, grandpa, the in-laws?

As air travel has become more and more frustrating, with security lines, higher air fares, and more delays on crowded planes, evidence is mounting that some Americans are at least changing a few of their holiday rituals. Forsaking face time with the family far away, they are relying on the phone and the Internet to stay in touch, and are spending time with those relatives who live within easy distance.

For a population accustomed to the instant availability of family, even though it is a phenomenon of only the last quarter-century, these are complex times.

"There’s a lot of questioning about what is enough for connectedness," said Deborah Smith, a sociologist at the University of Missouri in Kansas City. "People are asking now. ‘Do we have to go?’ or sending a gift O.K.? Physical space can become less important."

Few people remember when flying was a glamorous and coveted endeavor — even a "God-like act," in the words of Charles Lindbergh. But starting with the baby boom generation, regular air travel came to be seen as a right, an entitlement.

Families could disperse across the country and the world, and many middle-class Americans did. Faraway relatives could take comfort in the face of long distances by telling each other, "You’re just a plane ride away."

The growing impatience with flying comes as the development of technology has radically transformed the way families communicate, experts say.

"There are changing rules about the level of obligation," said Professor Smith. For some people, a stream of e-mail messages to a relative or a gift from Amazon.com in the mail might add up to enough money in the "emotional bank" to make skipping a visit acceptable.

The AAA, in a survey of 2,200 people who were asked this month about holiday travel plans, predicted a slight decrease, 5.3 percent, in flying this year, after years of steady increases. (Flying during the holidays increased by 3.7 percent last year over 2005, for a total of nine million people in the skies.)

And holiday travel by car is edging up, with a 0.9 percent increase this year, despite skyrocketing gas prices; a bigger increase was registered last year, however.

Sociologists and psychologists say a shift away from long traditions of face-to-face gatherings for holidays or other events could have an impact on family structure and social interaction.

The loss of such intimate connections could potentially help redefine family and what anthropologists call "social fields." Far-off relatives become strangers, while relatives and close friends living nearby cocoon themselves for the holidays, creating new rituals.

It’s back to nuclear families.

Establishing a Thanksgiving tradition of having dinner with friends, e-mailing or sending a webcam greeting instead, seeing your parents every other holiday season — these are all signs of new family constellations in the 21st century, experts say.

On the other hand, if traditional holiday plans are not canceled or modified and the traveling remains grueling, visitors may have high, if not unrealistic, expectations of their hosts.

"With the enormous amount of money and effort it takes to get together with people you barely see, all of the tensions will be exaggerated," said Vered Amit, a professor of anthropology at Concordia University in Montreal. "I can see people saying, ‘I spent all this money, I came all this way and for what?’ It’s supposed to be a certain way. It puts enormous amount of pressure on those kinds of contacts and connections that wouldn’t be there normally."

(For those who do go home for the holidays, a survey of 1,500 travelers released this month by TripAdvisor, the travel Web site, showed that 77 percent of holiday travelers said they would prefer to stay at a hotel, rather than with their relatives.)

There is a lively debate among social scientists about whether increased virtual communication — stretching across space and making distance seem almost arbitrary — has actually brought families closer, especially those with fostering emotional wounds or ongoing feuds.

Relatives who might not be speaking to or seeing members of their family regularly can be more willing to send them e-mail or text messages and may, therefore, be in more frequent contact. Children today might have regular conversations with their grandparents on the phone or via e-mail, whereas a generation ago the phone call would have been a formal and infrequent event.

Still, about 88 percent of communication is nonverbal, some psychologists say, and face-to-face interactions are crucial to forming and sustaining intimate relationships. Body language, facial expressions, tears, giggles, smiles, raised eyebrows, winks; these are all important cues to the many layers of communication. (Sometimes, of course, it’s better to see a frown of disappointment, a furrowed brow or rolling eyes.)

"I have great concerns as a therapist that as the culture continues to advance, we’re not attending to the social ties," said Teresa B. Rose, a psychologist in Kansas City. "If most things are mechanical or one step removed from the actual person, then in all of those things that are so important for human attachment — like touch and closeness and being able to see the other person — I think that something very important is lost."

On the other hand, many experts say the social networks that have arisen in cyberspace, along with the added communication of cellphone, BlackBerries, Facebook, instant messaging and text messaging, have emerged as their own crucial parallel universes to live connection. Virtual kitches, old college friends in touch by e-mail and professional networks are all examples of the new spaces and social constructs being created by technology.

"There’s way more contact," Ms. Smith said. "It not replacing communication it’s adding it."
Perhaps There's Some Life in the Old Corpus Yet

Latin might be dead, but it continues to twitch. Long after its disappearance as the common tongue of Europe, it survives as a remarkably successful brand, exuding dignity and permanence. Its numerals add prestige to luxury cars, and the dials of expensive watches and every new edition of the Super Bowl. A Latin inscription, like nothing else, indicates lofty purpose and high culture, even when it appears on celebrity flesh. "Quod me nutrit me destruit" ("What nourishes me destroys me"), proclaims the stomach of Angelina Jolie. Much more impressive than the now-efaced "Billy Bob."

Yet Latin, in its infancy, showed few signs of emerging as a superstar, Nicholas Ostler points out in "Ad Infinitum," his lucid, erudite and elegant history of the language he calls "the soul of Europe's civilization." Until the third century B.C., it was simply one of several regional dialects spoken in Italy, a pigpuckish compared with Etruscan.

So what happened? Three things, argues Mr. Ostler, the author of "Empires of the Word: A Language History of the World." First, when the Roman armies conquered, they did not destroy. Instead they formed alliances and created Roman settlements, with the choice tracts of land awarded to Romans. Latin, the language of the new elite, immediately became a mark of prestige.

Second, wherever they went, the Romans conscripted young men into their army, where the commands were given in Latin, and retired soldiers often settled on the territory of their final campaigns, further extending the community of Latin speakers. "Wherever the Roman has conquered, he inhabits," Seneca wrote.

Third, the Romans built roads, putting the capital and its language within reach of the provinces. All roads led not just to Rome but to Latin, which enjoyed distinct advantages over its major rivals, Oscian and Etruscan. Unlike them, Mr. Ostler writes, "it was a farmers' language, a soldiers' language and a city language." Also, not incidentally, it was backed by a mighty army and a strong government.

Latin nevertheless suffered from an inferiority complex in its adolescent years. One of Mr. Ostler's most fascinating chapters deals with the self-conscious program undertaken by Latin writers to replicate the achievements of the Greek philosophers, playwrights and poets, a process that lasted centuries and required trailblazers like Cicero to coin words like "qualitas" (literally "how-ness") to make Latin express abstracts.

Eventually Rome declared cultural independence from Greece, and Latin emerged as the principal identifying feature of the far-flung Roman empire, in the end proving more durable than the empire itself. "Latin was to become the distinguishing mark of a (western) Christian, and hence a Roman, even after the collapse of the Empire and consequent disappearance of any emperor," Mr. Ostler writes.

As the language of the Roman Catholic Church, Latin not only survived but also thrived for another millennium, the universal language uniting all educated inhabitants of a politically fractured Europe. The uneducated communicated in rustica romana lingua, or "hick Latin," better known today as Italian, Portuguese, French, Spanish and Romanian. These mob dialects would eventually break Latin's stranglehold, but not before the 16th and 17th centuries. "Until then the force of the vernacular was only to redefine, and nuance, the persistent role of Latin," Mr. Ostler writes.

Latin may seem as unchanging and eternal as the marble on which it is so often inscribed, but Mr. Ostler traces the remarkable stylistic changes it underwent over the centuries. Rough-hewn and direct in the writing of the church fathers, it went on a borrowing spree from Greek and Arabic during the Middle Ages, as scholastic philosophers generated a profusion of new words. During the Renaissance "the flash and splendor of classical learning" became a genteel accomplishment, and older models of elegance and restraint returned to favor.

The rise of the bourgeoisie spelled the end of Latin. A property of the elite, it toppled along with the rest of the world's princes and kings. "When the Bolsheviks seized power in Russia, an almost immediate reform (in 1920) was to eliminate Latin in schools," Mr. Ostler writes. It lives on in sciences like botany and astronomy, but as a medium of expression or cultural glue,

Latin now exists in the past tense. Hope flickers. Harry Mount, formerly a Latin tutor and now a journalist, wages a spirited rear guard action in "Carpe Diem," his plea to put aside all fear and embrace the challenge of learning Latin.

Like a trainer who promises a washboard stomach in 60 days, Mr. Mount throws out a short Latin inscription -- the epitaph on the tomb of the great Renaissance humanist Leonardo Bruni -- and swears that anyone who makes it through his little books will be able to translate it at the end. Rock-hard ablatives in 259 pages. This may be possible in theory, but most readers, despite the author's noisy cheerleading, will pull up short when faced with Latin's notorious system of noun declensions. These can be mastered only through relentless drilling reinforced, George Orwell said, by corporal punishment.

Mr. Mount recognizes the difficulties. "The perfect tense has all sorts of irregular endings, varies greatly across the conjugations, and is the point where verbs have a sort of nervous breakdown and go into meltdown," he writes. To boost morale he sprinkles his text with digressions on, for example, the tanga party in "Animal House" and introduces humorous examples of Latin usage. Arnold Schwarzenegger should probably be known as the governor, not the governator.

"Carpe Diem" is a trifle with an astonishing amount of filler for such a short book. The passion is genuine, though, and Mr. Mount quite rightly takes the high ground in making his appeal. "The really useful thing about Latin is not so much that it will help you understand English as that it will help you understand Latin, in which some of the most stirring prose and poetry ever was written," he writes. Verb sap, as they say.
Lucian Freud’s Etchings: An Artist Stripped Bare

The best show we saw at the Metropolitan Museum of Art was Lucian Freud’s “Portraits” exhibition. The works are remarkable for their intensity and emotional depth. The artist’s use of line and texture is masterful, and his ability to capture the essence of his subjects is astounding.

Contrasting noticeably with the relative composure and self-containment of the painted portraits, the etched ones are a tumult of scowls and unruly hair. The most extreme describes the subject’s face as a series of ravines and terraces culminating in a rusted upper lip that seems almost cleft.

Mr. Freud’s 1982 etchings were the first he had made in 24 years. The show begins with a few etchings from 1947 and 1948, early works by the artist, who was born in Berlin in 1922 and whose family emigrated to London in 1932 because of the Nazis’ rise. His sealed-off, exquisitely controlled, linear manner implied a need for order and a preference for emotional tension that was small, oddly angled, tightly framed images that worked better in paintings than in prints. But incipient signs of his obsession with texture and strangeness can be found in “Man With a Thistle (Self-Portrait),” a painting from 1946 in which the artist’s steely blue eyes haughtily size up his own reflection. The insubstantial stiffness of his thick brown hair foretells the rolling surfaces of Mr. Freud’s mature work.

It took his full attention and more than a decade to bring painting even close to a gradually active roll. It helped him painter Francis Bacon, who, his small, stiff spaces and ones of bristly, less controlled ers of print. Freud was juicy, and the reve-

“Lord Goodman in His Yellow Pyjamas,” a 1987 etching with watercolor additions.

Photographs from the Museum of Modern Art

George Carlin was fascinated with words. He was most famous, of course, for his "Seven Words You Can Never Say on Television" routine, as has been pointed out in every obit written since the great comedian died last Sunday. That was a landmark routine that pushed the limits of what you could say on TV.

As someone who has made a living writing for more than 45 years, that was what I loved most about Carlin. He never lost his fascination with words. And he never dropped the "Seven Words" bit — he just expanded it, until it became hundreds of words.

Every time I interviewed Carlin, we always ended up talking about words.

"Jargon and trendy patois and what have you," he said in 1989 interview, "the fun is in how we use them."

"A word I dislike is 'lifestyle,'" he said in the same interview. "If you want to know what a moronic word 'lifestyle' is, all you have to do is realize that, in a technical sense, Attila the Hun had an outdoor lifestyle. Or that for the last two weeks of his life, Hitler enjoyed an underground lifestyle."

At his shows here, he riffed brilliantly on many subjects, from TV to pets to politics. But he always got around to words.

"I've never deboated, never debused, never derickshawed, but I've deplaned," he quipped in a 1977 Paramount show.

Playing with brand names, he noted, "You wouldn't eat a Good Year pancake. Or drive on Aunt Jemima tires. Whammo is a toy company. What if it was an airline?"

He talked about "smirereens" and "shenanigans": "Why are they always plural? Couldn't a young guy, just starting out, have only one shenanigan?"

"They build 'houses,'" he explained in a 1981 show at the Opera House, "but they sell 'homes.' When do they change them? People don't mind if you put 'em in a house. But don't put 'em in a home!"

"A 'burp' is what a 4-year-old girl does," he remarked at the same show, "a 'belch' is what a 45-year-old man does."

The most fascinating interview I did with Carlin was in 1983, when he confessed he was a "new man" after beating a 10-year addiction to cocaine.

He said he had suffered two heart attacks caused by cocaine, although he added that his doctors weren't so sure that was the cause.

"I'm very loose now," he said. "I have a lot of things going my way, and a lot of burdens out of my way."

Carlin was not the funnymen in interviews. He was thoughtful, serious. The first few times I talked to him, I begged for something funny for my stories, and he fed me some lines.

Eventually I learned to appreciate how he could talk about himself and his work objectively. And I never again asked for any shtick. I realized that he saved that for the stage. I liked hearing him talk seriously about comedy and his place in it.

In a 1985 conversation, he was reflective, after some 20 years in the spotlight.

"I've grown up," he told me. "I'm not the young rebel anymore. There are a lot of new comedians filling that role."

"I'm acknowledging feelings now and expressing emotions," he said two years later. "Seeing people like Sam Kinison and some of the more hostile comedians has encouraged me to go ahead and do that. I just enjoy the attack."

Although he had success in movies, TV and publishing, stand-up comedy was always his first love, because, he told me, of the sound of laughter.

"It is the core of even attempting a career like this," he explained in a 1989 interview. "To have that consistent reward coming back to you, that affirmation, that approval, that affection — a lot of words beginning with 'A,' oddly enough.

"That's the second reason to do it," he corrected himself, warming to the subject. "The first reason to perform any art or entertainment is to get it out of your system. The second is to be approved for it and told you're pretty good. And thirdly is that they put you up in a good hotel room."

Patrick MacDonald: 206-464-2312 or pmcdonald@seattletimes.com
New York Times Crossword Puzzle

CHAIN REACTION

Across
1. Third Crusade siege site
2. Citadelle trainee
3. Where houses traditionally have no walls
4. Isn't idle
5. Leeway
6. Like gal lows
7. Run — of
8. Great Lakes salmon
9. FOOD COURT — CIRCUIT BOARD
10. CIRCUIT BOARD — ROOM SERVICE
11. Music may come in it
12. Stock market worker
13. Like some sacrifices
14. Stove option
15. Is for a group?
16. Clothing lines
17. Life's partner
18. — midi (French time of day)
19. Like many dorms nowadays
20. Laughable
21. ROOM SERVICE — LIGHT TOUCH
22. Code unit
23. Covert sound
24. "Beetle Bailey" character
25. What greedy people want
26. Cause someone's insomnia, maybe
27. "Get"
28. LIGHT TOUCH — BELL PEPPER
29. Pet animal of Salvador Dalí
30. French word before deux or nous
31. Dialogue units
32. Bore
33. Third-century year
34. D-Day mo.
35. "...a trip to Ithaca"
36. Shaped, as wood

Down
1. Julia who starred in "Sabrina,"
2. SMART CAR — PIANO BAR
3. PIANO BAR — TRAILHEAD
4. Composer Thomas
5. Irving Berlin's "— My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen"
6. Tennessee teammate
7. Final Four game
8. Tomorrow's opposite: Abbr.
9. Send
10. Some seconds
11. Too: Fr.

Merl Reagle's Crossword Puzzle

Written and edited by Merl Reagle

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(1853)

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successful application in two recent
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- A review of Jonathan Sarna’s new book, A Time to Every Purpose
- Moses Mendelssohn, a pioneer of the Haskalah

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Jewish Culture Made a Strong Impression on Me.

George, Remembered
To the Editor:
Ah yes, the literary life! The parties! The writers! The girls! All marveled over by Graydon Carter in his review of the biography “George, Being George” (Nov. 16). Still, the photograph you printed of a cocktail party in George Plimpton’s living room shows, by my count, 26 men — and three girls. Almost all the men look rather serious and all the girls rather matronly.
There must have been another room in George’s apartment.

MAXWELL ARNOLD
Portola Valley, Calif.

To the Editor:
It gives me chills to remember Norman Mailer, cane in hand (or was it two?), limping up to the lectern at the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine at George Plimpton’s memorial. After about four minutes there was not a dry eye in the church. These quite amazing men. We beat on, and the memories never disappear.

GEORGE MEREDITH
Montclair, N.J.

To the Editor:
Yes, as Graydon Carter’s review reminds us, George Plimpton was an exceptionally charming and gifted man. His accounts of playing professional sports are wonderfully written and should be around a long time.

George was a fame-snob. Unlike Studs Terkel, he wasn’t interested in discovering rough diamonds. His diamonds had to be in the store window. Thus, when told of a Chicago party to which we could go, he asked, “Anyone of interest going to be there?” By “of interest,” George meant “well-certified worth.”

He complained to me about being “snubbed” by Saul Bellow. Bellow said he’d been talking with someone when Plimpton “just burst in, so I turned away from him.” Plimpton’s usual courtesy had blanked out everything but his famous prey.

RICHARD STERN
Chicago

To the Editor:
Graydon Carter’s fascinating connection of George Plimpton with Anthony Powell’s “Dance to the Music of Time” gave me hope that Powell’s brilliant series of novels will now be taken up by more American readers. There is a terrific BBC dramatization of the series that is available on DVD and is highly recommended. But first read the books for maximum enjoyment.

CHARLES WHALEY
Louisville, Ky.

To the Editor:
I must take issue with Graydon Carter’s characterization of George Plimpton as an American equivalent of Nicholas Jenkins, the hero of Anthony Powell’s “Dance to the Music of Time.” As well as being an editor, Plimpton was a doer, an active forger of his own fate and a man who dominated his surroundings. On the other hand, Nicholas Jenkins was the quintessential flâneur, a detached observer. He attended Eton but was not of Eton; he married into the aristocracy but was not of the aristocracy; he was in the army but was not of the army. Plimpton never wrote a major book, Nicholas Jenkins did (or at least his alter ego, Anthony Powell, did).

I fail to see the parallel.

MARTIN G. EVANS
Cambridge, Mass.

J Is for Joyce
To the Editor:
In his review of Roy Blount Jr.’s “Alphabet Juice” (Nov. 16), Jack Shafer asks, “Who before Blount thought to construct a complete conversation using only English vowels?”

The answer is James Joyce. Almost. The conversation Shafer cites, with the five vowels in order, has a precursor in a sentence from “Ulysses.” In Chapter 9, Stephen Dedalus is meditating on his debt to the writer George Russell, whose pseudonym was AE. Stephen concludes his musings with a five-letter sentence: A.E.I.O.U.

PHILIP KITCHER
New York

The writer is John Dewey professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

Freudian Blip
To the Editor:
I must respond to Peter Stevenson’s statement in his review of Donald Hall’s memoir (Nov. 8) that we live in a “post-Freudian age.” I’m not sure what he means, actually. (Is it akin to suggesting this is a post-gravitational age, since we can fly in planes or rocket out of Earth’s orbit?) After reading his review — filled as it is with astute, sensitive observations about childhood, memory, living and telling a life, and the exquisitely significant of commas and other crucial minutiae — I’m not sure Stevenson knows what he means either.

The rigorously developed clinical principles and techniques of psychoanalysis provide unparalleled mechanisms for listening to and understanding ourselves, and for deeply, consciously and compassionately engaging with who we are. This is as important a time in human history as ever there was to biliably dismiss its relevance and benefits.

Still, I can fully appreciate the massive societal impulsion to expunge recognition of any of it. Part of the beauty of Hall’s art is his expression of this very thing, creating through language the fantastic tension between wishing that “nothing happened” and all the memories, experiences and feelings that let us know otherwise.

ALEXANDER STEIN
New York

The writer is a psychoanalyst.

Corrections

A review on Nov. 16 about “George, Being George,” an oral history of the life of George Plimpton, misstated the John Wayne western in which Plimpton had a part. It was “Rio Lobo,” not “Rio Bravo.”

A brief report in the Inside the List column on Nov. 16 rendered incorrectly the name of a Web site that recently held a contest involving satirical book covers. It is Bookinja, not Book Ninja. The contest winner’s surname was also misstated. She is Ingrid Paulson, not Olson.
THINGS NOT SAID
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Kwame Osi-Ohnasah (Amherst)
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Softcover ISBN: 978-1-434-5-928-4

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Aurora North
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Peter O. Sullivan
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Desiree Macle
Preounced as a true story, Niasa gives an unexpected twist to the well-known saga of the Bullion Movement, offering new and alien communications to clarify the story of Adam, Earth's Destroyer, Angels, Fallen Angels, and God's will for the human race.
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www.ScandinavianGourmet.com

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