hella

--Marjorie Kittle heard from high schoolers on bus in '07: used as if, "I was hella drunk last night."
Mary Jane is under stress.

"O'shizzle, I'm going to get bella crank tonight." The first slang word is a variant of "for sure"; the second, bella, is an adjective meaning "very, a lot, really," perhaps a clip of "helluva." But the word that's sweeping the high school playgrounds and college campuses is crank, a blend of "crazy" and "drunk," which has elbowed aside wasted, just as faded has replaced stoned. A hard drinker, loud but not yet a crank, is a dauncb.

The main interests of high-school seniors and college students include not just drinking, but also sex, reverse peristalsis, superlatives for handsome and ugly, sex, derogations of the stupid, bodily waste, fast automobiles and sex. Accordingly, they create words for these subjects that sometimes last up to three years before they are adopted by adults and then — as the insider quality of the lingo is lost — are hurriedly dropped by the originators.

Vehicles — wheeels, as they were once called — are now whips. "Have you seen Joe's new whip? It's a stretch Hummer." An ordinary car is called a ride, while a large passenger car out of style or otherwise low on prestige is not a whip, but a scrapar. "A vintage Buick — or, as they call them in the Bay, a scrapar — pulls up, and all four doors pop open."

What is the latest term for the old cool (including its emphasis, too cool for school) and the more recent pbat and rad? Try tight, which is making a comeback, as in "Did you see his pimped-out ride — it was tight." The meaning is extended to innocent intimacy with someone: "Charlie's my boy. We're tight."

The antonym to tight is not "loose" — logic has no place in the coinage of neologisms — but jankly, also spelled and pronounced jinky or jainky. This slow developer (it started at least a decade ago) has picked up meanings ranging from "substandard" to "weird." An expurgated citation goes, "That janky camo boy got some stuff on the side of my ride." (Camo is fashion slang, short for "camouflage," used to describe outdoorsy wear that blends in with jungle greens.) On the gripping post-election cover of The New Republic, the editorial cartoonist Mark Alan Stamaty drew a crowd of recriminating Democrats blaming John Kerry for every possible campaign error, including "He shouldn't have worn camo."

What are the current derogations of what used to be dorks? They are now dill-weeds and dipsticks, the latter an instrument to determine the amount of oil in the engine. An obnoxious male showoff seeking to attract females is derided as a floss or as engaged in flossing, which may have a dental origin. The old to hit on of unwelcome flirtation has morphed into to mack. Contrarily, what used to be "man's man" and is now "a guy's guy" is called a bloke, a borrowing from British slang.

"Good-looking," male or female, is bangin'. At the top of the heap of desirability is the adjective blaze: "that guy is blaze!" means that he is exceptionally attractive. (In the canine world, a blaze is a stunning showing of white fur on the chest of a Bernese mountain dog. My own dog, Sebastian, has a magnificent blaze, much admired by my bitch, Geneva.) A cruel floss may derogate a young woman with an attractive figure but a less-than-appealing visage as a butterface, the term not a dairy derivative but from the phrase "but her face."

Superlatives coming on strongest are off the hook, which has topped the old "wow"; uber, as in "His whip is uber-fast" (from the German for "over, super"); and wooka, as in "That movie is wooka-sweet." Lexicographic Irregulars willing to speculate on the origin of wooka are urged to e-mail onlanguage@nytimes.com.

Though the popularity of smoking pot seems to be getting stale, the lingo of aging Mary Jane (marijuana) maintains its freshness: dank, which in Standard
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English means “disagreeably damp,” in current slang describes the high-grade illegal product, and the adjective’s meaning is extended to anything highly rated. On the other hand, the standard English noun *stress* is used as a synonym for the cheaper variety of weed: “I’m not gonna smoke this stress.”

The state of excitement generates new verbs. The old *pumped* has lost its zip; *stocked*, from the poking of a fire, is a dying ember in slang. *Amped*, from amphetamine or ampile, meaning “frenetic activity, perhaps drug-induced,” is current, but this category could use a fresh volt.

I am going to cop out on the latest descriptions of copulation, which — along with new phrases for reactions — relentlessly spice up youthful slang. The old euphemisms for coupling — from yesteryear’s all-but-forgotten *sleeping together* to the last generation’s more mechanical *parallel parking* to the more recent *booking up* — have been replaced by short, less imaginative verbs. The latest slang term for defecation, how-

**Old euphemisms for coupling — sleeping together, parallel parking and hooking up — have been replaced by less imaginative verbs.**

ever, is *dropping the kids off at the pool,* which offers hope for a new generation of euphemistic suburbanites.

Frankly, if I were to accost a young person and say, “What’s the current term among your contemporaries for ‘desirable, attractive’?” the likely response would be, “Filthy, Gramps.” This would follow slang’s frequent linguistic pattern of semantic reversal, with *ba-a-a-d* meaning “superb,” with *shut up* meaning “tell me more” and *junk* no longer pejorative, instead updating the meaning of “awesome.” The word *sexcellent*, for “awesomely sexy,” strikes me as a strained coinage, but as a *silverback,* I would not inspire trust in the young interviewee. (Although *silverback* is defined in the O.E.D. as “a mature male mountain gorilla,” current slang uses it to mean “old man.” It strikes me as more dashing than geezer, but it’s not easy swinging from trees.)

Therefore, I sought intermediaries who have close rapport with users of current youthful slang. These include Pamela Munro, professor of linguistics at U.C.L.A.; Connie Eble, professor of English at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill; the Cassandra Report, published by Youth Intelligence; and Grant Barrett, editor of “Double-Tongued Word Wrestler” on www.doubletongued.org.

Though *chill out,* meaning “relax,” is still in use, it is warming up to *marinating,* a culinary term that has gained the sense of “taking it easy.” Anything tasty is *apple sauce,* and “money” is *cheddar.*

Totally time to clip. Gotta bounce.
Spring semester:

From the Experimental College's spring catalog were these intriguing offerings:

"Superheroes 101"
"Sand Sculpting as an Art"
"Sculpture and the Body: A Mixed Media Approach"
"Africa Is Not a Country"
"Real Strudel for Real People"
"Living with Grizzly Bears"
"Better Eyesight (Without Surgery)"
"Avalanche Awareness"
"A Conversation: A Context Shift from a Patriarchal Framework to Matrilineal"
"What Every Procrastinator Needs to Know"

"I Love Seattle": Where were you and what were you doing when you decided that Seattle was the city for you? That was the question we've been asking, and the answers have started to pour in. Coming soon to a column near you will be a list of our favorites, so keep calling the Time & Again Line at 464-8474. Meanwhile, here's a trailer: "The day after I came to Seattle I was on my way to a temporary job in Bellevue and I was riding the bus across the bridge and watching the sun coming up on the water with the mountains in the background. It was one of the most beautiful sights I'd ever seen in my life. I looked around at the other people on the bus and thought, how can they just act like this was normal? It was just so spectacular. I'm from Kansas, so it was quite a change. That's when I realized that I'd rather be here than anywhere else. I still celebrate May 9 as a holiday. That's the day I came to Seattle five years ago." — Jody Harnish.

● Duh: Now that MTV is re-broadcasting "My So Called Life," a critically acclaimed drama about teenagers, we thought it might be useful to review some of the slang you might run into, because the teens on the show actually talk like teenagers with their own lingo, just like you probably did when you were young, but you're, like, now too old to remember. Virany Krung, an avid fan who helps maintain the show's Internet fan club, supplied this list: "duh squared": usually said to someone who has said or done something extremely dense; "ummm": often used as a verb, as in "Jordan ummed Rayanne"; "we had a time": generally denotes that fun was had; "this doesn't seem like (insert day of the week)" vague, undefined feeling that something's somewhat askew; and "complete sex": even if you have gotten really old, this one shouldn't need any explanation. Fans of the show are also likely to use the characters' names as adjectives: a "Jordan" is the noun meaning the person you pine for day and night; a "brian" means a socially unskilled nerd or someone who's in love with you but you can't stand; a "danielle" is one's annoying bratty sister; and a "paty" means a mother, usually an uptight one. ● Drive-by reading: From downtown's Lusty Lady marquees: "Happy Earth Day, Do Something Dirty."
DEAR ABBY

15 reasons to drop a lover: signs of an abusive mate

Abigail Van Buren
Syndicated columnist

DEAR ABBY: I recently saw a letter in your column from a woman who was troubled about her husband's domineering behavior. She had a right to be troubled.

I just completed a course in self-defense, and one of the classes featured "abusive relationships." We were given a list of warning signs to look for in an abusive personality. I am enclosing a copy.

— Kim C., Eugene, Ore.

DEAR KIM: I'm sure many women will appreciate it. "15 Reasons to Leave Your Lover: Warning Signs of an Abusive Personality" is worth clipping.

(It's adapted from "Signs to Look For in a Battering Personality," with permission from the Project for Victims of Family Violence, Fayetteville, Ark.) Read on:

"Something's just not right in your relationship, and you can't put your finger on it. So, here's some help. If your mate is displaying a combination of these behaviors, then you may have a potential batterer on your hands.

1. A PUSH FOR QUICK INVOLVEMENT: Comes on very strong, claiming, 'I've never felt loved like this by anyone.' An abuser pressures the woman for an exclusive commitment almost immediately.

2. JEALOUSY: Excessively possessive, calls constantly or visits unexpectedly, prevents you from going to work because you 'might meet someone,' checks the mileage on your car.

3. CONTROLLING: Interrogates you intensely (especially if you're late) about whom you talked to, and where you were, keeps all the money, insists you ask permission to go anywhere or do anything.

4. UNEARLISTIC EXPECTATIONS: Expects you to be the perfect woman and meet his every need.

5. ISOLATION: Tries to cut you off from family and friends; accuses people who are your supporters of "causing trouble;" the abuser may deprive you of a phone or car or try to prevent you from holding a job.

6. BLAMES OTHERS FOR PROBLEMS AND MISTAKES: The boss, you — it's always someone else's fault if anything goes wrong.

7. MAKES EVERYONE ELSE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS FEELINGS: The abuser says, 'You make me angry,' instead of 'I am angry,' or 'You're hurting me by not doing what I tell you.' Less obvious is the claim: 'You make me happy.'

8. HYPERSENSITIVITY: Is easily insulted, claiming that his feelings are hurt when he is really mad. He'll rant about the inapace of things that are just part of life.

9. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND TO CHILDREN: Kills or punishes animals brutally. Also, may expect children to do things that are far beyond their ability (whips a 2-year-old for wetting a diaper) or may tease them until they cry. Sixty-five percent of abusers who beat their partner will also abuse children.

10. PLAYFUL USE OF FORCE DURING SEX: Enjoying throwing you down or holding you down against your will during sex; finds the idea of rape exciting.

11. VERBAL ABUSE: Constantly criticizes or says cruel, hurtful things, degrades, curses, calls you ugly names. This may also involve sleep deprivation, waking you up and keeping you up with relentless verbal abuse.

12. RIGID SEX ROLES: Expects you to serve, obey and remain at home.

13. SUDDEN MOOD SWINGS: Switches from sweetly loving to explosively violent in a matter of minutes.

14. PAST BATTERING: Admits hitting women in the past, but says they made him do it or the situation brought it on.

15. THREATS OF VIOLENCE: Makes statements like, 'I'll break your neck' or 'I'll kill you;' and then dismisses them with 'Everybody talks that way' or 'I didn't really mean it.' If he has come this far, it is time to get help, or get out.

(Copyright, 1995. Universal Press Syndicate.)
Nothing new in lexicon of modern slang

By Howard Goodman

Dear Abby 3D

38

Comics Ed 79

TV 70

D


12-17-38

June Cline

Q: Do you believe in magic?
A: Yes, I do.

12-17-38

June Cline

Q: Why do you believe in magic?
A: Because I believe in what's right and just, and I believe that the world is full of miracles.

12-17-38

June Cline

Q: Have you ever seen a miracle?
A: Yes, I have. I've seen people who've recovered from illnesses they were told were incurable. I've seen people who've found love after years of searching. I've seen people who've overcome great obstacles to achieve their dreams.

12-17-38

June Cline

Q: What do you think magic is?
A: Magic is the belief in the power of the universe to change things for the better. It's the belief that anything is possible if you have the courage to believe in it.

12-17-38

June Cline

Q: How can magic help us?
A: Magic can help us by giving us hope and inspiration. It can help us to see beyond our problems and find solutions. It can help us to see the beauty and wonder in the world.

12-17-38

June Cline

Q: What is the difference between magic and science?
A: Magic is based on belief and the power of the mind, while science is based on evidence and observation. Magic can help us to achieve things that science cannot explain, but it should never be used to replace science.
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What's a Dweeb to Do in a Funky Fresh World?

By BrooKE Kroeger

The first time a 12-year-old walks the door for "some cold, cold lampin'," parents know that something has changed. A teen-ager has arrived.

Though some words of the moment are ubiquitous, others vary from school to school, neighborhood to neighborhood and city to city, a function of both the similar and diverse realities adolescents encounter.

"It's a sound and scientific fact of the field of linguistics," said Geneva Smitherman, professor of communications at Wayne State University in Detroit. "Language grows out of culture and experience."

Erica Buehrens, 14 years old, is an eighth grader at Hunter High School and her sister, Mary, 11, is in the sixth grade at Public School 6, both in Manhattan. In a telephone interview, they dissected the language of their times, not at all concerned that their father, John, listened in as they spoke, trying to "diss" them at every opportunity.

(Diss - verb. 1. to show disrespect, to get the last laugh. 2. to give someone the cold shoulder, as in, "I didn't really mean to 'diss' her, but she was getting on my nerves.")

Hot, Cool or Fresh

The word cool, the girls explained, is still important, but hot means more. It means cool and extremely good-looking, because you can be cool but not very cute. (But no one says cute anymore.) You might call someone who is extremely cool "fresh," or if he or she is even cooler than that, "stupid fresh." A "stud" is someone who thinks he is stupid fresh, but is not.

The opposite, of course, would be a "nerd." Two sixth graders at St. Bernard's School in Manhattan, William (Gibby) Harris and Jamie Ross, offered "dweeb" as a word with the same connotation.

Both agreed that when a boy and girl decide to be a couple, they are "going out," but "going out" rarely involves going anywhere. It usually means talking a lot on the telephone and holding hands in the halls at school. Boys usually do the asking, but sometimes girls do, Mary said.

"There's still a base system," said Erica, explaining how the physical progress of such relationships are measured. "In sixth grade, first base is holding hands and second base is kissing on the mouth." For older children the system becomes more accelerated.

Jennifer Rudin, a 15-year-old student at the Professional Children's School in Manhattan, said "pseudo" is a prefix of choice to describe a person you do not think much of. This is often hyphenated to "pseudo-rebel" or "pseudo-hippie." "Cheesy" means phony. "Gnarly" means disgusting.

Pretentious Is Not Deep

Not surprisingly, "deep" and "intense" are both good things to be at the Professional Children's School, a private school for children in the performing arts. "Pretentious" is not.

Erica Buehrens said a problem youngster at Hunter is known as a "J.D." (as in juvenile delinquent), a "druggie" or a "pothead."

It is not cool at Hunter to flaunt good grades, she said. "I make straight A's but I never talk about it," Erica said. "It's cool to do really badly. If you are interested in school and you show it, you're a nerd."

In the suburbs of Washington, "get a grip" is what you tell your mother when she "loses it," and such variations as "chill out" and the more eloquent "take a chill pill" are heard throughout the Northeast.

In Oakland, Calif., where Vanessa Mandel, 14, is in the eighth grade at the Head-Royce School, the language of youth is just about the same, save a few California touches. Nerds can also be "goobs" or "tools," while the old Valley Girl terms "rad" and "icy" still describe the very cool, and "funky fresh" means offbeat but fun.

Someone totally focused on school? "A bookhound," she said. "And it's past nerdiness."

As in New York, a couple are said to be "going out," but no one talks about bases. Delinquents, she said, are referred to as "stoners" or "losers.

For seventh and eighth graders at the Children's Storefront School, a private school in Harlem, delin-
“I couldn’t put it down. This fiction explains more than the real known facts do as to how the tragedy came to pass and what really happens when intelligent adults lose their reason, their civilized veneer, their morals, and their restraint from the continual use of drugs. Waverly Place is a key to understanding.”
—Liz Smith, Daily News

“A gripping story and convincing portraits of a violent, manipulative man, a battered woman who wouldn’t—or couldn’t—get out, and of the child who became the next inevitable victim.”
—Kirkus Reviews

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Crossword

ACROSS
1 Cordon bleu
5 Feudal peasant
9 Mother-of-pearl
14 Comedian from New Rochelle
15 Relative of etc.
16 Lubricated
17 The Tentmaker
18 Bahn preceder
19 Group of three
20 Busy depot in London
23 American’s main course
24 A Siouan
25 “—Yarrh! Grrr! Argh!”: Kipling
27 Genetic material
28 The 33rd U.S. President
31 R.b.l. or e.r.a.
34 “— and his money…”
36 Debt letters
37 London legislative body
41 Pinna
42 Preface
43 White House worry
44 Snoop
45 Strauss’s “— Heldenleben”
46 Raced
49 Constellation called “the Altar”
50 CBS newscaster
51 Where to see Lord Nelson
52 Surroun

DOWN
1 Spice for balsam
60 Sister’s garb
61 Finished a sky dive
62 —— impasse (deadlocked)
63 January, in Zaragoza
64 Locale
65 Soaks, as flax
66 Cee or Cram
67 Give attention
68 Endure, as Edinburgh
69—
What's a Dweeb to Do
In a Hot and Icy World?

Continued From Page 17

Quents are "baseheads," "crackheads" or plain old hoodlums. When you want to tell a delinquent to stay away from you, you say, "I ain't with it" really fast, so it comes out "Ian-widit." Of course, if you are "with it," as the expression used to go, meaning you are a real pacesetter, you "be down."

More Provocative Slang

Thomas Kochman, a University of Illinois professor of communications and an authority on slang, said black slang tends to be more provocative and has more "vitality of imagery" than white slang. "The words themselves would force you to figure out the reference," he explained. "White slang will be explicit and black slang, implicit."

Victor Catano, 12; Carlos Dais, 15; his brother Kimathi Dias, 13, and Oneshia Hull, 14, at the Children's Storefront explained that extremely intelligent students are sometimes referred to as "brainiacs," but that "nerd" is rarely used.

When a boy and girl pair off, they are known to be "messin'" and if you want to know what they are up to you would ask one of them to "Fill me in on the scoop." But if the answer is that your friend spent the weekend alone "hanging out" (as such lack of activity used to be described), he might say he did "some cold, cold lampin,'" an illusion to standing around a street lamp.

"Diss" is widely used at their school, the students said. "Snap," as in "Oooo, snap," is a related term that can mean a put-down delivered with great aplomb. Other words for "cool" include "fresh," "stupid fresh," "nasty," "hype" and "stupid hype."

In Detroit, Professor Smitherman added, "chillin'" is the latest word for "cool," and "des" (from death), a common rap term, is used to describe something that is the ultimate of its type, like a "des record."

The students in Harlem offered up "stink." If Kimathi tells Oneshia that she is wearing some "mighty stink boots," he means he loves the way they look. But if he turns to his brother and says, "You stink," he means it is time for a bath.

Be careful with "stink." It can really foul you up.
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Are These Seats in a Club
Or on the Stock Exchange?

By DAVIDSON-GOLDIN

SOUTHAMPTON, N.Y. — Most Saturday nights, Matt Handler and seven friends from his summer house reserve a table adjoining the buzzing dance floor at Jet East, the newest place to see and be seen in the Hamptons.

Mr. Handler, who is 27 and a natural-gas broker, thinks it's a nifty idea. "You go on the dance floor, come back and the alcohol is still sitting there waiting for you," he said. But here in the region's toniest resort area, that table has a price: with tax and tip, Mr. Handler's party coughs up $1,900 on their Saturday night out.

With a booming Wall Street just 100 miles away, many young clubgoers don't seem to blink at the latest extreme in a place known for extremes.

This summer, popular nightclubs in Southampton, the heart of East End night life, have added lounge areas — complete with banquettes and tables and seats in the form of king-size beds — to spaces otherwise stingy with places to rest your paws. But the tables come with a pricey minimum charge, which covers equally pricey libations sold only by the bottle.

The price varies, depending on the night and the number of people in a party. For example, at Jet East, which opened this season, two people would pay a $400 minimum; a table for eight carries an $800 minimum.

The Tavern, another popular late-night spot in Southampton that introduced a lounge area this year, charges $500 for a table for two or more, and $800 wants $200 for the first four people (add $200 for the next one to four).

"As opposed to the traditional cocktail-waitress bar, we make it feel like your own living room," he added.

And the club owners say it was just a matter a time before bottle-only service made its way from Manhattan to the beach.

The concept of serving full bottles of liquor instead of individual cocktails originated some 20 years ago in St-Tropez and quickly spread to other European resorts, including Cannes and Ibiza. City and beach club owners say that the idea was popularized in New York City with the opening of the midtown club Au Bar in 1987 and spread to the South Beach section of Miami Beach. Then last fall, several new Manhattan clubs, including Jet Lounge, Chaos and Cheetah, began offering bottle service at tables.

But unlike the beach, most Manhattan clubs don’t have minimum charges based on the number of people at a table, instead, they require each table to order at least one bottle, whether for 2 or 12.

With bottles at the Southampton clubs costing from about $200 for a basic vodka or gin to $600 for a high-end Scotch or Cognac, it is not hard to reach minimum charges. On a recent Saturday night at Jet East, the popular combination seemed to be a $250 bottle of Ketel One vodka, which retails for $20, mixed with orange juice or cranberry juice. Mixers are complimentary.

For those not willing or able to buy a seat, the typical $20 cover charge provides access to the dance floor and standing room only at the bar. But there's a catch: clubgoers without table reservations — or their names on a "guest list" — showing they are known to the owners or promoters — usually spend much of the night waiting outside on line.

"It's hard as hell to get into this place, so the minimums are definitely worth it," said Brian Abramson, 33, a Manhattan equity trader, who paid $125 on a Saturday night for his share of a table at Jet East. "Just look at all the girls!"

But not everyone is comfortable with what it all represents.

"It's a little bizarre and excessive," said Shreve Hicks, 28, a Columbia Records employee on her first visit to Jet East. She could not imagine paying the table minimum.

"This is very Roman," she said.
and world culture," said Nayyem Haftizka, the producer of "Gaach," who set up a display in the lobby to sell newly restored versions of some of Mr. Ray's films. "The struggle now," said Pradip Mitra, the chairman of this year's conference, "is to make sure that this second generation, which was raised in America and sees itself as very American, rightly so, does not lose touch with its language and its music."

India's Bengali community, centered in Calcutta, extends throughout Bengal and Bangladesh. In North America, the largest Bengali communities are in New York City, Northern New Jersey and Ontario, with some smaller clusters in Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles and Philadelphia, Mr. Mitra said. "Wherever there are Bengali communities, there is a Bengali language school," he said. "The language is the key element to preserving the second level into a replica, a square, a shi
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Some young experts will be looking beyond the
Summer Nationals to the World Junior Teams.

At the American Contract Bridge League's Summer Nationals in Albu
querque, so beginning on Friday, thousand of players will be seeking
titles, including the Spingold Knockout
Teams.

However, will be looking beyond: The World Junior Team Championsh
ips begin in Hamilton, Ontario, two weeks from today, im
mediately following the Nationa
The two United States teams and the two Canadian teams are likely to
be contending for medals, but will face strong opposition from Norway,

The United States team finished seventh and ninth in a field of 22 teams. An Italian

won, but is not qualified to play in

One of the most dramatic deals, shown in the diagram, resulted in a
gain for the Canadians, who held the East-West cards. North's three-club
jump over one spade was conventional, showing clubs and hearts in
the partnership style. Three diamonds therefore implied a strong
suit, and North took a shot at slam on the next round.

Mike Nadler, sitting West for Can
da, led a top spade and for want of
anything better continued with a sec
ond spade. If South had ruffed the first
in the dummy he would have been un
able to draw trumps, so he ruffed
correctly with the ace.

It was feared that there were four
trumps on his right, and considered
finessing the nine. In normal circum
stances, playing for a small singleton
the East-West suit would not be se

able, but knowledge that West began with at
least seven spades changed the odds
substantially.

South therefore finessed the dia
mond nine and went down in the

The mathematics were close,
but the finesse was a poor decision. If
it failed, the slam was down. But if
South played for the ten to fall and
East proved to have begun with four

trumps, the slam still had a good

Assuming that West has the club

king, South can finesse in that suit
da and ruff the third round. Then he can
cross to dummy with a heart lead

ON THE WEB
Bridge columns by Alan Truscott now appear daily, except Wednesdays and Sundays, on

www.nytimes.com

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apartments, food, fashion, health, parent

education, the law and media (not to spe

international news), keep up with Th

The New York Tim
Azinger Finds Himself Among Leaders Again

By TOM FRIEND

SCOTTSDALE, Ariz., Jan. 24 — His chemotherapy was three years ago, his back spasms were seven days ago and his last birdie was a minute ago.

Paul Azinger has visited his mortality, not to mention last place in Houston, but he is now at an old residence: the leader board.

Today he heard a “Norman roar I'm not used to getting” following a 12th-hole birdie putt that never swerved an inch.

Azinger is suddenly in position to win his first tournament since the day he wanted the definition of the word “lymphoma.”

“I will not lie,” he said after his prodigious eight-under-par 63 at the Phoenix Open this afternoon left him six shots behind the torrid Steve Jones. “I have wondered if I'd ever win again.”

Azinger has been in radiation, in a television booth and in his wife's doghouse since he captured his last tournament — the 1993 P.G.A. Championship — and the embarrassment of the Houston Open last May.

“I remember thinking, 'I don't need this,' ” he said.

Instead, he turned in a second-round scorecard today that left him tied for fourth place at 10 under (behind Jones's 16 under and Tommy Tolles's and David Duval's 11 under).

Azinger is four shots better than Tiger Woods. “I'm putting some weird spins on the ball,” said Woods, who is at 6 under after his second straight round of 68.

Azinger, meanwhile, felt a weird twinge in his lower back, after a routine session on the Stairmaster a week ago. A chiropractor worked on him for two days, and the result today was his most flawless round since a tumor was found in his right shoulder blade.

His comeback has been two years and a skull session in the making. His highest finish has been an eighth place in Las Vegas, Nev., and his lowest finish has been next-to-last place in Houston — the weekend he almost took his putter over his knee.

“I hit rock bottom there,” Azinger said of the tournament that, other than cancer, impacted on his life most of all. He had made the cut that May weekend in Houston, but he shot an 82 in the third round.

“Good for dead last,” he said.

Azinger had to play the final round by himself. He managed to sneak out of last place and then began whining to his wife, Toni.

“I told her: ‘I stink. I'll never be any good again.’ ” Azinger said. “She was, ‘I don't want to hear that.' She got on me pretty good. She said, ‘You aren't into practicing anymore.' I'm, ‘Yes I am.’ She's, ‘No you're not.'”

“And she was right. It changed the way I looked at things.”

Azinger, mostly because of the cancer, had been ambivalent toward golf. “It was like I'd had a bullet whiz by my ear,” he said. “I looked at my bank account and then looked at my family and said I just want to live life for a little while.

“I felt like every day should be a vacation, but, at the same time, I expected to play the same kind of golf I was used to playing, and it wasn't happening.”

So, after Houston, his choices were to play golf or let golf play him.

“I told myself, ‘I either need to walk away or commit,'” Azinger said. “Did I almost quit? Oh yeah. I didn't like who I was.”

In his best year of 1993, when he pocketed three titles, he had been a glaring golfer who murmured under his breath and played with an edge. And after Houston, he decided not to be Mr. Nice Guy again.

“When I was sick, I never thought I'd lose my temper again,” he said. “But I have.”

Tourney leader Steve Jones hailing his eagle putt at No. 15 yesterday.

Azinger began practicing daily until dusk, and as recently as last week, he would stay awake at night thinking about golf.

“I've been playing this course in my mind for a month,” said Azinger, who has stuffed his face with pasta since his cancer was detected and has gone to 190 pounds from 172.

“I'm thinking every hole, every night. I'm thinking Phoenix, Pebble Beach, Hawaii. I'm way more focused. The way I used to be.

“If I continue to play well this weekend, it'll be difficult to keep my emotions in check. I haven't been in this position a long time.

“A long, long time.”
The Future Of Tennis Has Risen,

By ROBIN FINN

MELBOURNE, Australia, Saturday, Jan. 25 — Switzerland's adopted export, the Czech-born Martina Hingis, whose precision resembles that of a Swiss clock and whose temperament resembles that of a piranha, became the youngest champion in a Grand Slam event in 110 years today with a ruthless 59-minute annihilation of unseeded Mary Pierce in the women's final of the Australian Open.

The 16-year-old Hingis humbled Pierce, who won her first and only Grand Slam crown here in 1995, by a stunning 6-2, 6-2 to stake an early claim to what promises to be a prolific Grand Slam career. Hingis not only became the youngest Grand Slam winner since Lottie Dodd collected the 1887 Wimbledon title, but she also became the first player to win both the singles and doubles titles here since another Martina, Navratilova, took both in 1985.

"It's a great win for me, and next time maybe I'll play mixed doubles so I can win that too," said Hingis, for whom nothing seems impossible these days. Hingis already has won three times in Grand Slam events, the first last year in the Wimbledon doubles final alongside Helena

A role player with the Knicks, Anthony Mason is expected to have a bigger role with the Hornets. He was part of the big trade that brought L

Pete Sampras, above, will be seeking his 17th Slam title. He will oppose Carlos Moya
Word for Word / Hollywood Kids

Like, Duh: a Mercedes Instead Of A BMW for Graduation? As If.

For several years, Lauren Greenfeld, a 30-year-old documentary photographer, has chronicled Hollywood from a novel point of view — she focused not on the entertainment industry itself but on the children, from privileged high-school socialites to street-gang members, who grow up under its influence. The results, a series of striking photographs and equally striking interviews with the subjects, are on display in "Fast Forward: Growing Up in the Shadow of Hollywood." Her project is being presented simultaneously in a new book by that name (published by Alfred A. Knopf) and two Manhattan exhibitions (at the International Center of Photography Midtown, through July 13, and the Julie Saul Gallery in SoHo June 26).

Here are excerpts from Ms. Greenfield's interviews with her most affluent subjects. To give them some anonymity, she withheld last names.

DAVID CORCORAN

Emily, 10, shown at the Peninsula Hotel in Beverly Hills, where she lived with her family for several months:

My mom says my life is like the story "Eliza." It's about a little girl, just like me, who lives in a big hotel and is very good friends with all the stuff. I am good friends with a lot of stuff.

When you come to the door of the hotel, there are, like, 80 people welcoming you and talking to you. Every time you pass by one of the staff, they say, "Good day." It's part of their job to say that.

When my friends sleep over, we wake up at 7 and go to the pool and splash around, because everybody here wakes up at 7 and has breakfast at 3. They are sleepheads.

I can do more things here, like jump on my bed. It's kind of weird, though. You make a mess and when you go back to clean it up, people have already come and cleaned it. Every second they are cleaning your room.

Adam, 13, with dancer at his bar mitzvah party at the Whisky a Go Go in Hollywood:

The bar mitzvah scene is really glamorous. Everyone tries to compete for the nicest bar mitzvah. It just so happens I had a great bar mitzvah. I mean, for kids that can't afford it or are not as fortunate, I guess they are out of luck. People usually spend between 15 grand — 15 being the lowest, really low — to 80 grand. I had a glass blow and carnival games, lots of them. I had a sweatshirt maker, a make-your-own video game. I had dancers. I had a steel drum band during the appetizers, food and fake stuffed lions and porpoises. I felt really good after the bar mitzvah, and I was getting a lot of play with girls.

My parents know that money ruins kids, so they try to help. I go to camp in Michigan, and the kids there are so different that it is just sad. They are not really needed. They are nice. If you have a problem, they will talk to you. I mean, they are doing it.

I don't think it's good for a child to grow up in L.A. Education stinks in L.A. The kids stink. The kids are conceited. Not that I am not, partially. L.A. is not a good environment for kids or anyone. I hate how we have homeless people starving on the streets. I'm in a house with two VCR's and a cable. I mean, if we could just substitute one of the VCR's for those people — it would make such a difference in our world.

Alison, 13, shown doing abdominal exercises with her personal trainer at a track in Santa Monica:

I have a trainer, I have a counselor, I have a coach, I have a nutritionist, I have a singing coach. And I think that's it. Oh, yeah, I have a driver, too.

Everything kind of works together, because by working out, getting all my feelings out and literally working my butt off, it makes me feel a lot better about myself. I am getting thinner, and guys are looking at me more now.

Kids today grow up faster than kids when my parents were young. I look at my parents' yearbook pictures and people look their age. Now kids look older than they are. I don't think it is their clothes. Maybe it's the fact that kids now have freedom. Their faces just look older.

Lindsay, 18, shown at a Fourth of July party in Calabasas, wearing a nose guard three days after her plastic surgery:

I think there is a lot more plastic surgery in L.A. than anywhere else. It's not even a big deal. Most families in Calabasas can afford for their children to have plastic surgery. I mean, they can afford to get them their BMW's and their utility vehicles, so I think they can afford to get their plastic surgery done, too.

I have no idea what costs are for plastic surgery. All I know was that my friend's breast enlargement was less than my nose. My nose was an insane amount of money. I was shocked. I thought that nose jobs were just like a few grand, like $1,000 to $3,000, but I was wrong. Mine was about three times that amount. I think her breast enlargement was like four or five. So my nose was a good $3,000 more than her breasts.

It was definitely worth getting done. It changed the way I feel about myself. It definitely changed my life.

Wendy, 23, shown at poolside with her father, chairman of a talent agency:

It's very hard for our generation, Generation X. All my friends have started in the entertainment business and are just figuring out that they're not happy. It's not fun anymore. I think they thought it would be. We're all in this total confusion as to what we want to do. And there are not that many great jobs around to get excited about. There is unemployment all over the country. It's hard. I don't have the same life style I had when I was 14, because I can't afford to stay at the Kahala Hilton Hotel in Hawaii and my parents aren't going to take me anymore. I'm working harder than ever, and I certainly don't have what I had when I was younger.

I blame my father in a way, because when I graduated from college, it was sort of like "Here you go here. Here are all your bills. Now pay them." And a part of me is like, "OK, he's doing this for a reason." But it's really hard having grown up with so much and then having it all taken away. All my friends' parents pay for their apartments. And I can't afford one and neither could any of them. It's really difficult for me, and yet I know that to anyone else outside of L.A., it would be like, "Their parents are completely spoiling them." But it's still difficult when I see all my friends living on their own and I don't yet . . .

When I graduated from college, my dad wanted to buy me a new car, knowing that he was never going to get me another car again. Because he has two Mercedes, he has a very good relationship with the Mercedes people. I had a BMW really badly, and I was really uncomfortable about getting a Mercedes, but I didn't have a choice. And if that was going to be my last car, I obviously was going to accept it. I just didn't think it was an appropriate car for a 31-year-old. It's the stigma attached to a Mercedes.
Lexicon of Grunge: Breaking the Code

All subcultures speak in code; grunge is no exception. Megan Jasper, a 25-year-old sales representative at Caroline Records in Seattle, provided this lexicon of grunge-speak, coming soon to a high school or mall near you:

**WACK SLACKS**: Old ripped jeans

**FUZZ**: Heavy wool sweaters

**PLATS**: Platform shoes

**KICKERS**: Heavy boots

**SWINGIN' ON THE FLIPPITY-FLOP**: Hanging out

**BOUND-AND-HAGGED**: Staying home on Friday or Saturday night

**SCORE**: Great

**HARSH REALM**: Bummer

**COB NOBLER**: Loser

**DISH**: Desirable guy

**BLOATED, BIG BAG OF BLOATATION**: Drunk

**LAMESTAIN**: Uncool person

**TOM-TOM CLUB**: Uncool outsiders

**ROCK ON**: A happy goodbye

\[\text{Signed}\] Nov. 16, '92
did not preclude the possibility of further revisions.

It cannot be pleasant to be hounded by a posse of architectural busybodies. With building permits in hand, Dr. Salk is not legally obliged to heed their objections. Nonetheless, he should recognize that he is now enmeshed in a cultural conflict of interest. As Kahn’s patron, he has gained an honored place in architectural history. As a custodian of Kahn’s work, he is responsible for protecting that work from harm. Dr. Salk has yet to understand that the two roles are not one and the same. His immense stature as a patron cannot shield him from criticism of his custodial shortcomings.

At the meeting he observed that it is natural for things to evolve. It is indeed natural for the Salk Institute to evolve, but only Louis Kahn could make his work evolve, and that is no longer a possibility. The objective now should be to protect the integrity of Kahn’s architecture even as the institute grows in ways Kahn himself did not foresee. Fortunately, plans, too, can evolve, as Dr. Salk’s experience with Kahn so beautifully demonstrates. Some further evolution is needed for the institute’s plans to be worthy of that experience.
LEISURE & ARTS

Bookshelf: The Left Coast

By Matthew Warshaw


As a surfer getting ready to wrap up 20 years of deep involvement with the California coast—a claim made in hopes of lending credibility to this review—I have few reservations in holding up “The California Coastal Resource Guide” as a book both comprehensive in scope and exacting in detail. With its attention to culture and history, its concern for the state’s fragile coastal environment, and its visual layering of line-art, photographs and maps, the “Guide” (edited by Madge Caughman and Joanne S. Ginsberg, University of California Press, $29.96 hard-cover, $14.95 paperback) emerges as a truly realized work—one that may be fundamentally impossible to improve upon.

Dude, dude, hold on. Check it out. Now, the book’s not totally bogus, or anything. But you know what would have made the thing just kill? If they would have, like, put some stories in it. Some way gnarly surf stories. Like that shark attack last year at Twain Beach Near San Francisco? Whoa. This dude was sitting out there waiting for a wave, and this Great White cruised over and just took this humongous bite out of his surfboard! Then let the dude go! That was insane! See, full-on gnarly stories like that.

A shallow case could be made in favor of inserting a handful of anecdotes to lend a lighter tone, but logistics against such an addition. At 384 pages, coffee-table format, the “Guide” really couldn’t shoulder any more information. And what it lacks in color, it makes up for in conscientiousness.

Concern for California’s coastal environment—which the editors feel lost its purity in the late 1700s, with the arrival of the settlers—is the moral glue that holds the “California Coastal Resource Guide” together. The introduction wastes little time before entering a level-toned recount of 200 years of statewide environmental atrocities. The book, in fact, is dedicated to Ansel Adams, who is described as a “...a hero of the environmental cause, and a symbol of the land he loved.”

There was this dude, Barney Adams—maybe it’s Ansel’s kid, or something—he used to surf out at Steamer Lane, and the guy was just a full-on poser. A total douche. That’s why, see, if it was up to me, I’d dedicate this thing to Tom Curren. He’s world champion, man. He’s Santa Barbara local, and he’s, like, way radical. Last month, me and my friend, Ral, we show up at Rincon, and the waves are pumping. So we’re scoping the situation, kicking back, and all of a sudden this guy gets this insane barrel, then does an airplane frother, then a full-on wraparound cutback, then a full-on snap recovery. Ral looks at me, and he’s all, “Whoa, dude!” And I’m all, “Dude, we’re out here!” I’d dedicate the book to Tom Curren, for sure. Plus, I mean, “Ansel?” Get a name, dude! And if you’re such an unreal photographer, how come you couldn’t do nothing in color? Huh?

“Coastal Geography” and “Living Resources,” the first two sections of the “Guide,” have a utility, textbook feel, and are slightly numbing. In the editors’ defense, though, lively prose must be a tall order when example topics include diversity of arthropods, and the ascending levels of intertidal zonation.

The less scientifically inclined might skip ahead to the next section, cultural resources, which opens with an eight-page California coastal timeline. Although little support is given by the chunky accompanying graphics, most of the timeline’s bites are sharp and interesting, particularly those from the past 100 years. Examples: 1964: 12-foot-high waves generated by Alaskan earthquake destroy Crescent City’s central business district. 1961: The Beach Boys rock group is formed. 1907: Surfing is introduced to California at Redondo Beach, by George Freeth. Aw, dude, remember that all-night rager in Redondo, last summer? When Ral spaced out over that girl’s mom’s bedroom slippers? And the Grub found that old longboard in the garage, pressed up, and said he was going to paddle to Catalina? Total rage, or what? That party was killer! Fuly!

But the heart of the “Guide” comes in the “Coastal Counties” section, which successfully laminates practicality, history, scientific interest and environmental soul. In this section, the entire, 1,100-mile western edge of the state is divided into 18 counties. Each area gets a general overview, then is examined beach-by-beach, with basic highway directions, a brief history, and lists of cultural points of interest, noteworthy seafare, indigenous flora and fauna, as well as available parking, camping and picnic facilities. This is where the editors set out—with a fine blend of affection and organization—to sketch in the hundreds of coastal shadings found along California’s western border: the jagged and dark cliffs of Marin County; the wind-carved sand dunes of Pismo Beach; the condo-lined edges of Los Angeles County; the silent, underwater communities of the Point Loma tide pools.

The look of “The California Coastal Resource Guide” improves here as well, with a varied use of two-color maps, modern and historic photographs, and line drawings.

No gift certificates, though. How bitchin’ would it be if they would have put, like, some McDonald’s gift certificates in there? Or 7-Eleven, maybe? Cause if you’re into a major surf scope, up the coast, down the coast, whatever, you gotta stop and grab, right? Basic, man.

More than 85% of California’s inhabitants now live within 30 miles of the ocean, and western migration in the U.S. remains a strong force. As the population grows, so must concern for the area’s resources.

Our reviewer surveying the coast

Enjoyment and utilization of the California coast needs to be tempered with responsibility for its well-being. This is the message of the “California Coastal Resource Guide.”

Yeah, I was thinking about that—all these uncol dudes moving in and stuff, and how bogus it’ll be with these books and geeks in the water. But then I thought, Whoa. New babes, too! Could be some inside parties.

Mr. Warshaw is managing editor of Surfer Magazine.
On Language
BY RICHARD BERNSTEIN

Youthspeak

IF YOU THINK PC stands for personal computer, what do you think non-PC means? Anything that is not a PC? Students these days, while familiar with high technology, are using the term PC as an abbreviation for politically correct; non-PC for its opposite. The term has a leftist connotation and, more likely than not, is used by those who believe the university works hand in glove with the capitalist establishment.

As always, the schools and colleges are producing a lot of slang. Some are invented words; some have been absorbed from street language, rap music, ethnic jargon; others are twists on the special vocabulary of an earlier generation.

Take the word happening, which is apparently derived from the “What’s happening, man?” of black street talk. Jenny Lynn Bader, a junior at Harvard University, says that it is being used to mean chic, in vogue, approved. Ms. Bader avers that happening itself, used as an adjective, is very “California.” Out there, they are saying things like “He’s a happening guy” or “That’s a happening outfit.”

Groovy, that catchword of the 1960’s, has turned into its opposite. It now means stodgy, old-fashioned, unhip.

Richard Bernstein is a cultural correspondent for The New York Times. William Safire is on vacation.

a way, for example, of describing, with heavy sarcasm, maroon polyester suits — “Groovy!”

Every student generation, of course, wants to make its mark with its own words. In the 1960’s, when I was a student, we used to say cool to encourage calmness when all hell breaks loose. The expression has changed slightly; the word is now chill (another usage derived from street talk), usually spoken as a command.

Chill also seems to have replaced to stand somebody up, or to fail to turn up for a date. “She chilled on me,” the young man said, after waiting disconsolately for several hours. (On the other hand, the word chillin’, with origins in rap music, means first rate, terrific, as in, “The concert was chillin’.”) Chill seems a useful and even instructive term. It puts the ice on humiliation, muffles it in the comfort of jargon, helps the sufferer to feign a bit of indifference. Much of the student lexicon has this euphemistic quality, since students, being of a tender age, are a vulnerable lot.

Connie C. Eble, an associate professor of English at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, who has been collecting student slang for several years — keeping her burgeoning collection on 3 x 5 cards in green file drawers in her office — has a long list of these expressions. Her favorite, she says, is “talking to Ralph on the big white phone.”

Ralph, Professor Eble explains, is onomatopoetic, mimicking the sound of regurgitation. The big white phone is a metaphor for the toilet bowl, and the expression means to throw up; “pray to the porcelain goddess” is a common alternative.

Other examples of the impaired state so common on Saturday nights: beer goggles, for a loss of judgment due to drunkenness — as in, “I must have had beer goggles on last night to think he was handsome”; crispy, for extremely hung over.

Although students may resort to euphemism for certain reactions or behavior, they often favor words that have a raw tone, an anti-intellectual quality — what Professor Eble calls an irreverent, subversive intention — as if to show the world that what they say when they are
I was born the second son.

I graduated second in my law school class.

And finished second in the Cannes-Marrakesh Rally (twice).

Recently, however, I acquired a Waterman.

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Nerd no longer. Students now refer to an overzealous colleague as a dweeb, or perhaps a con dog. Also, a buzz crusher is one who puts a damper on things, a kill-joy.

Bite moose is a way of telling somebody to get lost. among themselves is not the stuff they learn in the classroom.

Students have a host of words to refer to other students who study a great deal or who have the sort of seriousness of purpose that, when combined with a pronounced lack of social graces, produces what used to be called "grinds" or "nerds." The new insults are dweeb, geek, goober and what. And corn dog, goob-a-tron and groover.

A variation on this theme is granola, which refers to someone who dresses and acts as students did in the 1960's, perhaps somebody who wears sandals and beads and who says "nerd" instead of "goober." A buzz crusher is someone who puts a damper on things, a kill-joy. Bite moose is a way of telling somebody to get lost, to go to hell.

Students will always be surveying possible objects of romantic or sexual interest. If I remember correctly, we used to hawk when we were watching the passing throng. These days, students scoop, or scope, or scam.

On the subject of sex, Professor Eble's students have a rich vocabulary describing various forms of behavior that they either indulge in, or wish they did. There is often a defensive quality to this extreme irreverence—a preemptive unwillingness to care too deeply. To box tonsils, for example, means to kiss passionately, as does to play tonsil hockey. The sex act is parallel parking or the horizontal bop.

Sleep, on the other hand, is not something that students spend a great deal of time doing, and their words for it seem to reflect this. A rack monster is a bed; "to get some rack" is "to get some sleep." A power nap is a deep sleep induced by extreme exhaustion.

More than any other group, it would seem, students constantly use words in entirely new ways. Take random. When something makes no sense and you are resigned to its utter nonsensicalness, "it is random, really random, totally random." "This really random guy" would not be a flattering way of describing a new acquaintance. And radical is no longer the make-the-world-over-in-our-own-image word used ad nauseam during the 60's. Radical—often shortened to rad—means great, wonderful, remarkable.

In the old days, we used to say "awesome" to express an approving wonderment, while radical, of course, was associated with things revolutionary. Far out, for astonishing or wondrous, was another common term of 20 years ago that seems to have completely disappeared. It just goes to show how much things haven't really changed; the words may be different, but student preoccupations remain the same.

To the 60's generation, radical meant pretty much the same thing as PC, even if the latter term hadn't been invented yet.

Still, for someone of my generation, it's difficult to think of radical as synonymous with awesome, just as far out is not an allusion to something a great distance away. Perhaps by giving the word radical its new twist, students are telling us they aren't so radical anymore. If I objected to this apparent apathy, I would probably be called a dweeb, maybe a granola. Certainly I would be told to bite moose— or should that just be chill?
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Check it out. (heard a 20something use it, June '97; OK for Shyanne?)

--ask Gilia
Very chill. (i.e., beyond cool, good) (OK for Shyanne? ask Gilia)
possible Shyanne or Jocelyn lingo:  

"That is so not me."
" " " " me.
" " " " you.

"That's just true."

"...my (your) skill sets"

"(That is) so over."

NYT examples: "I think it was kind of easier..."
"...was polite and everything."
"You hit this time where..."

"I think it's kind of both." (WSJ piece on Internet chat rooms)
"You wouldn't be, 'Yeah, I...'"
"And we're like, 'Oh, my gosh...'
"They're all, 'Male, 15,..."
"Be joking." (slacker slang)
Totally! (either Jocelyn or Shyanne cd use)
...& that. (sentence closer, slang.)

- from Fargo?
"Swift." (slacker slang; sardonically said, to mean "not smart")
Shyanne lingo:

He's sort of a...

Okay, anything else? (used after what's meant to be startling news)

Can you hook me up with this? (i.e., give me the money for, buy this for...)

Hey,...(are you blocked?)
Marcella Walter letter 10/27/96

--Did you know (likely--Carol--what with constant contact with students) that "pipes" refers to gorgeous upper arm muscles and that a "six pack" refers to a well muscled rib cage?
tings
a good flash
Bunny - "The Long B"
weed; grass; joint; Reef; moo
making; scene
"Tringles"
smackheads
linked
free-pie zone
where it's at
in front
strung out
doesn't cut it
Maury Christianson
Cmu. 202
American Ilang
High School - Franklin

Common Word Exchanges

Trippin' Out = acting silly or crazy
Scank = Sleazy Girl
Felon = cool, Good
Pimpish = good, awesome, cool
Filthy = good i.e. "that boys shirt is filthy"
or "that's a filthy dancer"
Killer = Good
Scam = picking up girl for evening
i.e. "Raezy was scam'd on Tuche"
Snaps = money
Cut = song or record
i.e. "you've got to have felon snaps to get the cuts"
Fresh = Someone is cool, neat or
i.e. "that dude's shirt is fresh!"
Tuff = good, cool
Kickin' out = leaving
Cuttin' out = leaving

"I hear ya man = I understand
"he got a serious A" = He got a
good grade
"I aced that test" = I did well
on the test
"Since" = I was just kidding or
I'm just playing with you.

over
Break Dancing is the latest form of body language being explained by a diverse number of students, both age wise and by race. If a student wins a Break Dancing contest he might say: "I turned you out man" or "I Treated it"

Bold = Don't try to be tough
"You wanna throw down?" = Do you want to fight?
Square = Cigarette
Pop Somebody = Hit Somebody

If someone is a Break Dancer he usually has a special name selected for himself. Examples of these names are: Blue Shadow, Turbo, Spider and Helicopter. If one talks to a Break Dancer you would just refer to his real name unless you knew him well then you'd use his Break name.

Buzz Mode = Drunk
Faced = Drunk
Flying = High
Coasting = High
Toasted = High
Fried = High
Burned out = High
Marty Christiansen
Cmu. 202
Slang words continued

Sloshed = high
Messed up = high
Wired = high

Conked = She or he is ugly
She's Hunt = She's ugly
Home Boy = Eugene trying, what person
Whooped =

Later or Check = Goodbye
Live = Fun
Fine = Girl is cute
Spats = Shoes
Kickin' = You're looking good
Sup? = What's up?

Slam you = You want to get hit?
Brot = Food
Noodled = I'm tired
Sportin' It = Showing off
Teenagers
Auditing Hall Talk 101 at a North Seattle high school

by Tim Appelo

I tread warily into the lobby of my North Seattle high school. It hasn’t changed in a dozen years. But the kids have. In my day they lounged around in blue rags munching pot-browines baked in Home Ec class, or staging hallway duels with fire extinguishers. But at least you could talk to them. Today, they’re all scrubbed and healthy and polite.

And I can’t understand a word they say. Uncleanly people dressed in rags would no longer fit in, they explain. “We’d call them ‘scrubs.’” On the other hand, kids who are too well-dressed risk being called “GQs,” an allusion to the natty magazine Gentleman’s Quarterly. Other neologisms exist to insult girls clad in lace a la pop singer Madonna (“Madonnawannabes”), or those who sport spiky haircuts (“Rooster people”) or fans of leather-and-metal music (“Headbangers”), or the physically unattractive (“she’s sin”).

Like Yiddish, teenspeak seems to specialize in derision. The terms Nerdy and Wimp still exist, but now so do Knob, Gnar, Squid, Scoob, Squiddlydiddly, Wally, and Waldo. (It sounds like a foreign-language assignment: Class, please conjugate the word “Knob.”)

The phrase “Siddown, Waldo” is popular. I’m told, thanks to its use in the Van Halen video Hot for Teacher. I suddenly recall the horrid fact that one member of my class, hot for her eighth-grade home room teacher, stayed that way and married the week after graduating from this same high school. I try to put it out of my mind. Some of my classmates, I remember, called the groom in question a “dick.” So I’m delighted when the kids inform me that the old workhorse of a word is the reigning insult among today’s 16-year-olds. It strikes me as comforting.

Until the kids instruct me in its new usage, which is forbiddingly alien. “It’s like when someone is being cool, you listen to them and then say, ‘Oh, all right, I’m a dick.’”

The young linguist looks at me hopefully, to see if I get it. Suddenly I’m struck with the suspicion that he’s only using the word “cool” for my benefit. Am I—how you say—a dick?


Gently I steer the conversation from dyspepsia back to phrases of abuse. “Cap,” I learn, means to humiliate another person so effectively that he or she just kind of slinks away somewhere and dies like a salted slug. Etymology unknown. “Face” is a verb along the same lines. One North Seattle teacher says he received an essay containing the following sentence: “When it comes to breakdancing, my friend is better, but when it comes to other kind of dancing, I really face him.”

Another teacher tells me this one derives from an old basketball expression, “in your face”-disguise.

Distrust is much on the minds of teenagers. And breakdancing is one way to get it. “Yeah, they used to have a place reserved for them at dances to do break, but not anymore. Breaking is over. They can’t get it into their heads. They stand at the back of the room and spin around, but nobody watches any more ‘cause they’re bored with it.” At this point one student produces from his jacket a dried fish, which he places on the ground and twirls. “Heey Breakin’ trout!” he cries. “Surfin’ bird!” The girls squeal happily.

Surfin’. I marvel at the word, then remember that David Lee Roth’s new single is a remake of the Beach Boys’ “California Girls.”

Class actions: speak correctly or siddown, Waldo.

Youth and taste is not the only vestige of a bygone era. The pop songs and icons are influential, and this is nothing new. The cover of a Rush album is painted across the entire exterior wall of the art building; in my youth it was Sweet Baby James Taylor, who then had hair. What’s new is the exasperating self-consciousness of it all. It’s one thing to wear an Ozzie Osborn T-shirt with its pop-Nazi SS light-
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Boiling hot masses

In response to the “Memo of the Week” (2/20):

Men who work at Rainier Brewing Company are like the planets of the solar system: to the age of 25, they are like Mercury—cute little boiling hot masses; to the age of 35, they are like Venus—worthless but charming balls of hot air; to the age of 45, they are like Mars—hard, dry, and inhabited by imaginary beings; to the age of 55, they are like Jupiter and Saturn—cold, overbearing, and gaseous; after age 60, they are frozen and so far out of it that people forget their names. Sorry, Rainier guys, my funny bone ain’t tickled by plain bad taste.

Spunky Barnett
Everett

Freakin’ it

We totally dug that mass bitchin’ article on “teenspeak” (2/20) cuz we’re some major staidettes from the Pimpin’ of Garfield Doghouse. You worked it!!! It’s freakin’ though, cuz we noticed that those dudes in the sticks have a completely screwed vocab. It’s like monde gimpys. I mean, man, check it out. At Garfield we say:

“Yo dude, gonna get some heavy scann action tonight?”

“Yeah, par-tay! Get rippin’!”

“Oh wow—did you catch that laser-thing show last night? I was soooo fried off my ass—rock’n’roll!”

“Yeh dude, it was trippen-dicular!”

“I went with Bob. What a hoot—complete dick-serious gebee!”

“No way, dude. His car is pimpin’. Pick up some cool chicks in that cruisemobile!”

“No way, man, my car is sooo fresh! It’s got the smoothest skankin’ action in the bar!”

“Oh yeah, you got them new speakers, huh?”

“You bet! Monde tunes!”

“Well, chill out, man, is cool? I gotta cruise.”

“Gavy, check ya later, dude!”

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THE RIGHT STUFF!

THE SEATTLE SUPERSONICS ARE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD GRANDMAS!

Tell us why your “Grandma” would make the best Honorary Grandma to the Sonics and she could win a trip for two to HAWAII, courtesy of Doug Fox Travel!!! (She may take you!!)

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All letters must be received by March 8, 1985.

STEINBREUCK SCHOOL

As a disciple of the Steinbueck School of Urban Enhancement, I too shall miss Victor greatly (2/20). I’m thankful to have had the privilege of studying under him and learning his unique form of enduring tenacity. The press needn’t worry about a lack of Seattle folk to carry on where Victor left off. Although no one will ever hold his exact vision, there are many individuals who active-

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Kathleen Who?

Thank Kathleen Murphy for her Whovian profile (2/27). If she’s Seattle’s other Doctor Who fan, she must be the one writing “Dr. Who” in all the men’s rooms at the UW.

Richard Tracy
Seattle

More Murphy

I have not bought an issue of your paper in half a year. I couldn’t face another cheerful article on Northwest produce, gys, or any other aspect of the good life.

However, as an aspiring film director, I felt compelled to read Kathleen Murphy’s story on women in the film industry (2/20). I was pleased to read an informative, intelligent article. It reminded me of the potential The Woody has, and as I looked through the issue I noticed that there were, indeed, several other articles that weren’t about restaurants.

I hope Murphy becomes a regular contributor. I will feel compelled to buy every issue in which she writes.

Meg Richman
Seattle

Now, that’s more like it. Us Bulldogs be freakin’ it. We’re no goobers, no way, dudes. Peace, love, flowers.
Sivan Sunshine
Amosola Budd
Seattle

THE WEEKLY page 3

Sonics
Ticket Info: 628-8444
Charge Line: 628-8430
letters

Negative tribute

Many concerned citizens, friends, and supporters of the late Victor Steinbrueck will have been dismayed, if not appalled, by your unappreciative and negative “tribute” (O.20). Your account of his life tells us more about David Brewster’s narrow vision than it does about Victor Steinbrueck.

Steinbrueck was not the lonely, embittered, and embittered man that you describe. At each of the “battles,” he led groups of citizens who cross the entire social spectrum of Seat-

tle. He was the first to admit that these “bat-
tles” could not have been waged without the people. He fervently protested whenever any-

one claimed that he saved the Pike Place Market. It was the people who saved the market by public referendum.

Steinbrueck was a populist. He believed that cities were places that served many uses but that, above all, they should be enabling places for all the people. This view accepts the parallactic complexities and contradictions of American society. It is a vision that is based upon an understanding of whole communities and implicitly rejects the determinis-
tic view of historical forces to which Brewster appears to subscribe. This alternative view may be old-fashioned but it has never been needed more than at the present time.

Steinbrueck was a stern critic, a man of high principle, with a deeply felt conviction that right should prevail. He was a teacher who brought the criticism of the academic world to bear upon a broad range of public-

ic policy issues. His criticism was positive and, more often than not, creative, and was de-

signed to lead to better solutions. The criti-

cism was never negative as you suggest by your previous use of the term “graciously” and now “scourge.” Nor, more importantly, was it ever personal. I, and I am sure many others, would not call it harboring a grudge to re-

member those who changed their affiliations and elected officials who failed to carry out their promises. Rather, it is part of the essen-
tial willingness that a successful activist must possess. Mayor Royer, who might be con-

sidered one of Steinbrueck’s “enemies,” cele-

brated his integrity and honesty at the cere-

mony held in Steinbrueck’s honor at the University of Washington and said that, in victory, he never “shot the wounded.”

His critical vision was directed at a broad spectrum of projects in the city by operat-

ing on downtown battles. Brewer fails to give us any sense of the richness and com-

pleteness of Steinbrueck’s view of the city based on the conservation of the best from the past. Steinbrueck was involved in stopping the R.H. Thompson Freeway, which would have destroyed the UW Arboretum. He was much concerned about the role of open spaces in cities. He argued for and designed small over-

look parks in residential neighborhoods as a celebration of Seattle’s views. In association with Folke Nyberg, he designed a series of neighborhood inventories which were pre-

pared by people from each neighborhood to assess their most valuable resources. These are models of good teaching and citizen partic-

ipation.

These examples attest to the fact that Stein-

brueck’s vision was neither narrow nor moribund. It is true that the convention center has not been stopped. But it is hard to stop a blue-ribbon commission that is answerable only to the governor, and which shows its utter contempt for public opinions by holding public meetings at such “convenient” times as St. Patrick’s Day.

His last major battle, at Westlake Mall, has often been misunderstood, but it demon-

strates particularly well his popular vision that public projects or projects involving public

monies must serve the interests of all the peo-

ple. Brewer’s criticism of this solution, despite a lengthy interview with Steinbrueck in The Weekly, completely ignored the fact that the true issue at Westlake was one of open space and instead, concentrated on a narrow discussion of architectural imagery.

For Steinbrueck, it was the last chance to create a “public living room” that would be a civic gathering place for all people.

Steinbrueck’s populist vision is not implac-
ably Platonian but is utopian in the tradition of Sir Patrick Geddes, of whom he was a notable spiritual heir. The basic humanity of this vision can still serve to guide the future of Seattle.

David C. Streetfield

Associate Professor, UW College of Architecture

Flat champagne

Phil Sherburne’s plan to revamp the harbor-

front may be “brilliant” (1/23), but it could be-

better.

Allowing a park between Piers 57 and 61, if it means moving traffic underneath the viaduct from Alaskan Way, is a mistake. Parks are a precious asset to this city, but I question the appeal of sitting in the shadow of the Alaskan Way viaduct, with its noise and exhaust pollution.

If we want the waterfront to attract not only the tourists it now caters to but also Seatleites and their friends, then we have to lure them back.

One way to do that is to protect its visitors year-round. There is no place to stroll in this city when it rains. Underneath the viaduct is perfect for a pedestrian promenade.

If Sherburne succeeds in moving traffic underneath the viaduct, it will create a three-

level block of moving vehicles, virtually severing the waterfront from the rest of the city.

There is nothing wrong with keeping cars along Alaskan Way. Some of the world’s most intriguing cities—Rio de Janeiro, Hong Kong, Copenhagen—all have that energy pulsing along their shores. It’s exciting.

I suggest we look at a range of ideas. Saturday Review says Seattle has one of the potentially great waterfronts of the world. Until we realize that, Seattle will continue to be like flat champagne.

Pamela J. Kilborn

Seattle

Flat champagne

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