

Originally Processed With FOIA(s):

FOIA Number:

S

FOIA MARKER

This is not a textual record. This is used as an administrative marker by the George Bush Presidential Library Staff.

Record Group/Collection: George H.W. Bush Presidential Records
Collection/Office of Origin: Speechwriting, White House Office of
Series: Snow, Tony, Files
Subseries: Subject File, 1988-1993

OA/ID Number: 13895
Folder ID Number: 13895-014

Folder Title:
[Magazines] [1]

Stack:	Row:	Section:	Shelf:	Position:
G	18	29	2	3

MIT PRESS ECONOMICS

FALL 1991

NEW AND RECENT BOOKS AND JOURNALS

NEW

"This is a well-documented, well-balanced read. The warts are there, but so are Hoffa's redeeming qualities." — Ralph Orr, Retired Labor Writer, *Detroit Free Press*

HOFFA

Arthur A. Sloane



Arthur Sloane first met Jimmy Hoffa in 1962. Now, nearly three decades after that first encounter, Sloane has written the only comprehensive biography of the late Teamster leader, having had full access to Hoffa's family, friends, and professional associates.

Hoffa is a rich and colorful portrait of one of the most influential figures in American labor. It covers in considerable detail all the facets of Hoffa's remarkable life and death: his rise to total dominance over the largest, strongest, and wealthiest union in American history; his near-Victorian personal habits; the legal problems that plagued his later years; and, of course, the shadowy events surrounding his presumed Mafia murder in 1975. To many, Hoffa was a kind of latter-day Al Capone, the dictator-

president of a corrupt and overly powerful Teamsters Union. To others, he was a devoted family man and a workaholic union leader, who was both amazingly accessible to his hundreds of thousands of truck driver constituents and hugely successful in improving working conditions for them. In fact, each of these perspectives, Sloane observes, is far too limited to tell the full story of this complicated man.


Arthur A. Sloane is Professor of Industrial Relations at the University of Delaware.

1991 — 442 pp. — 20 illus. — \$24.95
0-262-19309-4 SLOHH

THE MIT PRESS
55 Hayward Street
Cambridge, MA 02142
U.S.A.

If you receive multiple copies of this catalog, please pass them along to your librarian or colleagues.

Printed in U.S.A.

 recycled paper

CHRIS WINSTON
DEPUTY DIRECTOR
THE WHITE HOUSE OFFICE
1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE
WASHINGTON DC 20500

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit #54518
Cambridge, MA 02142

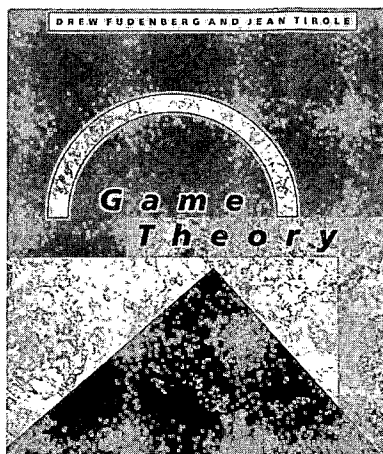
NEW

GAME THEORY

Drew Fudenberg and Jean Tirole

This advanced text introduces the principles of noncooperative game theory — including strategic form games, Nash equilibria, subgame perfection, repeated games, and games of incomplete information — in a direct and uncomplicated style that will acquaint students with the broad spectrum of the field while highlighting and explaining what they need to know at any given point. The analytic material is accompanied by many applications, examples, and exercises.

Fudenberg and Tirole focus on the kinds of game theories that have been most useful in the study of economic problems. They also include some applications to political science. The fourteen chapters are grouped in parts that cover static games of complete information, dynamic games of complete information, static games of incomplete information, dynamic games of incomplete information, and advanced topics.



"Fudenberg and Tirole's text will have an immediate and important impact on the way game theory is taught at the graduate level. Not only does it cover most of the central topics in noncooperative game theory, it is as up to date and complete as a book in this area could hope to be." — Charles Wilson, Professor of Economics, New York University

"*Game Theory* provides a comprehensive and precise exposition of the theory and the main applied topics, plus challenging exercises conveying the key ideas from a wide literature. The treatments of dynamics and incomplete information unify developments of the 1980s. This book will be a standard text and reference."

— Robert Wilson, Stanford University

"Both broad and deep, this book belongs on the shelf of every serious student of game theory." — David Kreps, Graduate School of Business, Stanford University

Drew Fudenberg and Jean Tirole are Professors of Economics at MIT.

1991 — 608 pp. — \$35.00

0-262-06141-4 FUDGH



The MIT Press participates in the Cataloging in Publications (CIP) program of the Library of Congress. CIP Information appears on the copyright page of every book.

NEW

GLOBAL WARMING

*Economic Policy Responses***edited by Rudiger Dornbusch and James M. Poterba**

Global warming is debated largely in environmental terms. The contributions in this book focus instead on the economic effects of global warming, providing an excellent summary of current thinking on this important issue. They raise such crucial questions as: Which countries will suffer the most from climate change? What economic initiatives could be adopted to reduce carbon dioxide emissions and chlorofluorocarbons? How will different nations fare under various proposals? What are the prospects for international cooperation?

Contents: Is There a Global Warming Problem? A. R. Solow. Economic Approaches to Greenhouse Warming, W. D. Nordhaus. Tax Policy to Combat Global Warming: On Designing a Carbon Tax. J. M. Poterba. Technological Substitution Options for Controlling Greenhouse Gas Emissions, D. W. Pearce. Economic Responses to Climate Change: A European Perspective, E. Gerelli. Economic Responses to Global Warming/International Burden Sharing and Coordination: Prospects for Cooperative Approaches to Global Warming, T.C. Schelling. The International Incidence of Carbon Taxes, J. Whalley. Global Warming Initiatives: The Pacific Rim, H. Uzawa. Optional for Slowing Amazon Jungle-Clearing, E. Reis and S. Margulis.

Discussants: L. Bergman, W. R. Cline, P. Diamond, L. B. Lave, A. Manne, J. P. Martin, T. Moe, D. M. Newbery, N. J. Rosenberg, L. Wicke, G. Zalm.

Rudiger Dornbusch is Ford International Professor of Economics at MIT. James M. Poterba is Professor of Economics at MIT.

1991 — 416 pp. — \$29.95
0-262-04126-X DORGH

LIVES OF THE LAUREATES

*Ten Nobel Economists
Second Edition***edited by William Breit
and Roger W. Spencer**

A condensed and personalized history of modern economic thought, with some of the most eloquent and important contributors to that history as guides.

1990—220 pp.—\$17.95
0-262-02308-3 BRELH2

ESSAYS IN HONOR OF EDMOND
MALINVAUD*Volume 1: Microeconomics**Volume 2: Macroeconomics**Volume 3: Empirical Economics*

**edited by Paul Champsaur,
Michel Deleau, Jean-Michel
Grandmont, Roger Guesnerie,
Claude Henry, Jean-Jacques
Laffont, Guy Laroque, Jacques
Mairesse, Alain Monfort, and
Yves Younes**

Available for the first time in translation the thirty-four essays collected in these three volumes provide English-speaking readers with an easily accessible and substantial library of current French economic thought, conveying the vitality of economic theory in France today. The essays reflect Malinvaud's own broad contributions to the field and range from theoretical analysis to applied project evaluation, from the formalization of basic concepts to analyses directed toward policy planning and assessment, and from examples of pure statistical methodology to empirical studies.

1991—Vol. 1—\$29.95
0-262-03158-2 CHAEH1
Vol. 2—\$29.95
0-262-03159-0 CHAEH2
Vol. 3—\$29.95
0-262-03160-4 CHAEH3
Set—\$80.00
0-262-03174-4 CHAEHS

Qty	Author	Pg.	Book Code	Price	Qty	Author	Pg.	Book Code	Price
___	Brainard	8	BRAMH	40.00	___	Helpman/Int'l	3	HELPH	25.00
___	Brealey	17	BREFH	60.00	___	Ito	5	ITOJH	39.95
___	Breit	25	BRELH2	17.95	___	Ingrao	11	INGIH	49.95
___	Brook	17	BRONH	32.50	___	Jones	20	JONSH	29.95
___	Bruno	6	BRULH	29.95	___	Kahn p	20	KAHEP	30.00
___	Buiter	9	BUIPH	42.00†	___	Kotlikoff	9	KOTWH	42.50
___	Canzoneri	4	CANMH	27.50	___	Krugman/Rethinking	3	KRURH	25.00
___	Caves	16	CAVEH	27.50	___	Age	15	KRUAH	17.95
___	Champsaur/ V1	25	CHAEH1	29.95	___	Geog.	3	KRUGH	17.95
___	V2	25	CHAEH2	29.95	___	Laffont/Econ	13	LAFEH	32.50
___	V3	25	CHAEH3	29.95	___	Fund	13	LAFFH	29.95
___	Set	25	CHAEHS	80.00	___	Mankiw/Vol. 1 p	8	MANNP1	16.95
___	Cohen	7	COHPH	27.50	___	c	8	MANNH1	39.95
___	Cornet	18	CORCH	50.00	___	Vol.2 p	8	MANNP2	16.95
___	Cowell	14	COWCH	29.95	___	c	8	MANNH2	39.95
___	Derian	16	DERAH	29.95	___	MIT Comm./V1 p	15	MITWP1	30.00
___	Dertouzos	15	DERMH	22.50	___	V2 p	15	MITWP2	30.00
___	Diamond	10	DIAPH	30.00	___	Set p	15	MITWPS	50.00
___	Dornbusch/Exch. p	5	DOREP	14.95	___	Patinkin	9	PATIH	50.00
___	c	5	DOREH	32.50	___	Shiller	17	SHIMH	37.50
___	Global	25	DORGH	29.95	___	Shubik/Pol p	21	SHUGP2	19.95
___	Drèze	11	DREUH	45.00	___	Social p	21	SHUGP1	16.95
___	Edwards	5	EDWRH	35.00	___	Sloane	BC	SLOHH	24.95
___	Eichengreen	7	EICIH	29.95	___	Slemrod	10	SLEDH	35.00
___	Fisher	12	FISOH	45.00†	___	Spulber	20	SPURH	50.00
___	Frenkel/Int'l Tax	2	FREIH	27.50	___	Stigum	18	STISH	50.00
___	Fiscal	2	FREFP	16.95	___	Summers/Unemploy	11	SUMUH	30.00
___	Fudenberg	IF	FUDGH	35.00	___	Sutton	12	SUTSH	39.95
___	Gansler p	14	GANAP	14.95	___	Taylor/Social	6	TAYSH	37.50
___	c	14	GANAH	29.95	___	Income	6	TAYIH	35.00
___	Gerlach	4	GEREH	37.50	___	Temin p	11	TEMLP	8.95
___	Giavazzi	5	GIALH	32.50	___	c	11	TEMLH	19.95
___	Grossman/Inform.	13	GROIH	29.95	___	Tirole	12	TIRTH	39.95
___	Grossman/Innov.	1	GROOH	29.95	___	Train	19	TRAOH	40.00
___	Hall	9	HALIH	25.00	___	Weiss	13	WEICH	37.50
___	Harsanyi	21	HARGH	40.00	___	Wolf p	20	WOLMP	10.95
___	Harvey	18	HAREH2	49.95†	___	c	20	WOLMH	23.00
___	Heckscher	2	HECHH	35.00	___	Zeckhauser	21	ZECSH	35.00
___	Helpman/Trade	3	HELTH	27.50					

† Not available in Australia, New Zealand, or Israel

"Innovation is a major source of growth, competition is a major source of innovation, trade is a major source of competition, and this book is the major source of the theory of the whole thing."

— Robert Solow, MIT

NEW

INNOVATION AND GROWTH IN THE GLOBAL ECONOMY

Gene M. Grossman and Elhanan Helpman

Traditional growth theory emphasizes the incentives for capital accumulation rather than technological progress; innovation is treated as an exogenous process or a by-product of investment in machinery and equipment. Grossman and Helpman develop a unique approach in which innovation is viewed as a deliberate outgrowth of investments in industrial research by forward-looking, profit-seeking agents. They also devote attention to the place of international trade in the growth process, including the transmission of innovations from the industrial economies to the LDCs.

Grossman and Helpman provide a useful overview of recent analyses of innovation and growth, enriching and expanding the available formal theory in a number of important ways. They develop straightforward theoretical models that treat innovation as the outgrowth of costly investments in industrial research. Such investments respond to profit opportunities, which reflect competitive conditions in national and international product markets. Since firms in different countries race to bring out new products, growth processes are linked by international technological competition.

An important aspect of Grossman and Helpman's study, even in relation to recent similar work on endogenous growth, is that they focus on the growth process of a country that operates in a global economy. They allow comparative advantage to be created endogenously in the industrial research laboratory but look at the dynamic determinants in the pattern of trade and the interactions between trade and growth.

"Gene Grossman and Elhanan Helpman have developed the kind of coherent theoretical framework that previous discussions of trade, growth, development, and innovation have lacked. Any economist who wants to work on these timeless (and timely) issues should study this book."

— Paul M. Romer, University of California, Berkeley

"A pathbreaking contribution by two of the smartest economists at the frontier of trade theory today."

— Jagdish Bhagwati, Columbia University

Gene M. Grossman is Professor of Economics and International Affairs at Princeton University. Elhanan Helpman is Archie Sherman Professor of International Economic Relations at Tel Aviv University.

1991 — 424 pp. — \$29.95
0-262-07136-3 GROOH

Texts recommended for course adoption are designated T throughout the catalog.

NEW

INTERNATIONAL TAXATION IN AN INTEGRATED WORLD

Jacob Frenkel, Assaf Razin, and Efraim Sadka

The ongoing process of increased integration of national economies, culminating in the single European market of 1992, still leaves as virtually separate the national fiscal systems. In this book international economists Jacob Frenkel and Assaf Razin join forces with public finance economist Efraim Sadka to provide a new treatment of international taxation, one that focuses on the interactions between fiscal policies of sovereign nations and the magnitude and directions of international capital and goods flow in an integrated world economy. They unfold a lucid and clear analysis of the implications of tax competition, tax harmonization, capital flight, external imbalances, and the terms of trade for the design of efficient national tax systems. The book extends concepts developed in Frenkel and Razin's *Fiscal Policies and the World Economy* and includes a theory of taxation in an open world economy.

Jacob A. Frenkel is Director of Research and Economic Counselor at the International Monetary Fund. Assaf Razin is Daniel Ross Professor of International Economics at Tel Aviv University. Both are Research Associates at the National Bureau of Economic Research. Efraim Sadka is Professor of Economics at Tel Aviv University.

Nov. 1991 — 220 pp. — \$27.50
0-262-06143-0 FREIH

FISCAL POLICIES AND THE WORLD ECONOMY

An Intertemporal Approach

Jacob Frenkel and Assaf Razin

"Indispensable to professional level economists who wish to acquire a thorough and up-to-date understanding of issues concerning fiscal policy, taxation, debt, and economic interdependence in the world economy." — Neil Bruce, *Journal of Economic Literature*

1989 — 504 pp. — \$16.95 paper
0-262-56049-6 FREFP

HECKSCHER-OHLIN TRADE THEORY

Eli F. Heckscher and Bertil Ohlin edited and translated by Harry Flam and M. June Flanders foreword by Paul A. Samuelson

"The late Bertil Ohlin was the most creative influence on the development of the theory of international trade and payments in the twentieth century."
— Ronald Findlay, Professor of Economics, Columbia University

This book presents the first complete translation from Swedish of Eli Heckscher's 1919 article on foreign trade and Bertil Ohlin's 1924 Ph.D. dissertation, the main source of the now famous Heckscher-Ohlin theorem. A lengthy introduction traces the origins of the Heckscher-Ohlin theory from Wicksell to Heckscher and from Cassel and Heckscher to Ohlin. The editors compare Ohlin's version with the modern interpretations and extensions of the theory as developed by Paul Samuelson, Ronald Jones, and many other contemporary economists.

1991 — 234 pp. — \$35.00
0-262-08201-2 HECHH

H O W T O O R D E R

- **Individuals:** Please complete both sides of this order form. Your payment or credit card information must be included with this order form.
 - **Institutions:** Please attach this form to your purchase order or payment.
 - **Examination copies** of selected books are available at the discretion of The MIT Press to qualified instructors of appropriate courses. Most paperbacks are sent as complimentary exam copies; most hardcovers are sent on a standard 60-day approval basis. Please address your request on departmental letterhead, including course title, semester offered, enrollment, current text(s), and your adoption decision date. Limit 2 books. Texts to consider for course adoption are designated by **T** throughout the catalog.
 - Forthcoming books show expected availability dates. Orders for these books will be shipped as soon as books are in stock.
 - Australia, New Zealand, and Israel Orders: You may order directly from The MIT Press using this order form. Please note that prices shown are in U.S. dollars. Payment should be made by VISA or MasterCard, by International Postal Money Order, or by check in U.S. dollars drawn on a U.S. bank. Payment must be attached to this order form. Please add \$2.00/book for surface shipping. For air shipment, please add \$22.00 for each hardcover ordered; \$8.50 for each paperback.
 - Prices are subject to change without notice.
 - All prices shown are in U.S. dollars.
 - Please allow approximately 4-6 weeks for delivery in the U.S.A. (Wherever possible we ship U.P.S.)
- _____ # books
\$ _____ amount
\$ 2.75 postage for 1st book
\$ _____ add 50¢ postage for each additional book
\$ _____ Canadian customers add 7% GST
\$ _____ Total
_____ My check or money order is enclosed.
_____ Purchase order attached.
_____ MasterCard _____ VISA
(Minimum credit card order \$15)

Qty	Author	Pg.	Book Code	Price
___	Abraham	10	ABRNH	35.00
___	Acs	14	ACSIH	29.95
___	Baumol p	16	BAUAP	13.95
___	___ c	16	BAUPH	32.50
___	Benninga/Num. p	17	BENNP	19.95
___	___ c	17	BENNH	37.50
___	IBM 5 1/4"	17	BENDI5	19.95
___	IBM 3 1/2"	17	BENDI3	19.95
___	Bhagwati/Political	4	BHAOH	45.00
___	Blanchard/Lect	9	BLALH	29.95
___	Reform	7	BLARH	17.95
___	NBER p	8	BLAP91	16.95
___	___ c	8	BLAH91	35.00
___	Bradford p	10	BRAEP5	13.95
___	___ c	10	BRAEH5	26.95

— Over, please —

Make checks payable to: **The MIT Press**
55 Hayward Street • Cambridge, MA 02142



CALL US TOLL FREE
1-800-356-0343

Please have this order form ready.
The operator will need to know this code
to complete your order: **1CECO**
and the last number listed below

1CECO 343 344 345 346 347
348 349 350 351 352 353 354

Money Back Guarantee: If for any reason you are not completely satisfied, return your book(s) within ten days of receipt for a full refund or credit

Card # _____

Expires _____

Signature _____

Ship to: _____

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Daytime Phone _____

Fax _____

**THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL
OF ECONOMICS***Quarterly***edited by Olivier J.
Blanchard, Andrei Shleifer,
and Lawrence H. Summers**

Founded in 1886, *The Quarterly Journal of Economics* is the oldest professional journal on economics in the English language. *QJE* continues to cover all aspects of the field. Its traditional emphasis on microtheory has been expanded to include both empirical and theoretical macroeconomics.

250 pp. per issue — 6 X 9
One year subscription:
Individuals, \$30.00; Institutions, \$85.00
ISSN 0033-5533

INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION*A Journal of Political and Economic Affairs
Quarterly***edited by Stephen D. Krasner**

International Organization presents outstanding articles on the relationship between the politics and economics of international systems, as well as pieces on political theory, political economy, foreign policy, history, and international institutions.

International Organization is sponsored by the World Peace Foundation.

200 pp. per issue — 6 X 9 1/4
One year subscription:
Individuals, \$30.00; Institutions, \$70.00
ISSN 0020-8183

Address Journal Orders to:
MIT Press Journals
55 Hayward St., Cambridge, MA 02142
(617) 253-2889 · FAX (617) 258-6779

Shipping (Outside U.S.):
Add \$14.00 postage and handling.
Canadian customers also add 7% GST.

ANNOUNCING**JOURNAL OF ECONOMICS AND
MANAGEMENT STRATEGY****edited by Daniel F. Spulber**

Beginning in the spring of 1992, The MIT Press will publish the *Journal of Economics and Management Strategy*. *JEMS* will provide rigorous economic analysis of the competitive strategies and organizational structure of firms. The journal will feature theoretical and empirical industrial organization, applied game theory and management strategy. *JEMS* will explore new developments in the economic theory of organizations, including asymmetric information, incentives, transaction costs, and incomplete contracts. Applications of microeconomics, international economics, corporate finance, accounting, and decision theory to the theory of the firm will also be of interest.

JEMS will be an important resource for economists in economics departments and in schools of business and management, including departments of finance, managerial economics, accounting, marketing, organization behavior, and management strategy.

Board of Editors: D. Baron, E. Berndt, S. Greenbaum, O. Hart, M. Harris, B. Holmstrom, M. Kamien, R. Kihlstrom, P. MacAvoy, M. Porter, J. Roberts, A. Raviv, M. Satterthwaite, J. Sutton.

Coeditors: F. Allen, J. Banks, K. Bagwell, D. Besanko, C. Camerer, J. Demski, R. Dye, J. Eaton C. Fershtman, P. Ghemawat, M. Katz, R. Lal, S. Oster, M. K. Perry, J. Reinganum, P. Spiller.

Manuscripts should be sent to:
Daniel F. Spulber
J.L. Kellogg Graduate School
of Management
Northwestern University
Leverone Hall
2001 Sheridan Road
Evanston, IL 70208-2001

“...an excellent example of the progress of international trade theory in the last decade.”

—Avinash Dixit, Princeton University

**INTERNATIONAL TRADE
AND TRADE POLICY****edited by Elhanan Helpman
and Assaf Razin**

Centering on questions of the potential optimality of some trade protection, these original contributions present research at the frontier of international trade and trade policy. They expand and test the new trade theory that has developed during the last decade, incorporating elements of industrial organization and political economy into the study of trade structure and the formation of trade policy.

Contributors: P. R. Krugman, J. A. Levinsohn, K. Krishna, A. Tornell, P. Neary, H. Flam, R. W. Staiger, A. L. Hillman, G. M. Grossman, E. Helpman, R. Boorstein, R. C. Feenstra, A. Smith, A. J. Venables, W. J. Ethier, H. Horn, J. R. Markusen, R. W. Jones.

1991 — 304 pp. — \$25.00
0-262-08199-7 HELPH

**TRADE POLICY
AND MARKET STRUCTURE****Elhanan Helpman and
Paul R. Krugman**

Trade Policy and Market Structure provides an overview of the applied side of new international trade. It is a compact guide to models of trade policy effects in imperfectly competitive markets, and an up-to-date survey of existing knowledge enhanced by insightful interpretations of the results.

1989 — 205 pp. — \$27.50
0-262-08182-2 HELTH

RETHINKING INTERNATIONAL TRADE**Paul R. Krugman**

Rethinking International Trade challenges traditional wisdom about international trade and traces key steps in an exciting new trade theory that offers, among other possibilities, new arguments against free trade. Krugman's introduction is a valuable guide to research that has delved anew into the causes of international trade and reopened basic questions about the effects of protectionism, and what constitutes an optimal trade policy. In the four sections that follow, he takes a revisionary look at the causes of international trade, and discusses growth and the role of history, technological change and trade, and strategic trade policy.

1990 — 292 pp. — \$25.00
0-262-11148-9 KRURH

NEW**GEOGRAPHY AND TRADE****Paul Krugman**

Krugman loosely defines economic geography as the study of economic issues in which location matters. In *Geography and Trade* he provides a stimulating synthesis of ideas in the literature and describes new models for implementing a study of economic geography that could change the nature of the field. Economic theory usually assumes away distance. Krugman argues that it is time to put it back — that the location of production in space is a key issue both within and between nations.

Paul Krugman is Professor of Economics at MIT. He has been a consultant to the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank, the United Nations, the Trilateral Commission, and the U.S. State Department.

1991 — 156 pp. — \$17.95
0-262-11159-4 KRUGH

"In Bhagwati's hands economics, the dismal science, is transformed into a delightful art. Without sacrificing rigor, and skillfully blending history, politics, economic analysis, and wit, he makes reading these essays a treat." — Paul Streeten, Boston University

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND INTERNATIONAL ECONOMICS

Jagdish Bhagwati
edited by **Douglas A. Irwin**

Political Economy and International Economics is the fifth volume of collected essays by the noted economist Jagdish Bhagwati. This, like his earlier books, reflects Bhagwati's wide range of interests and his rare ability to combine economic theory and political analysis.

Many of Bhagwati's writings provide fresh insights into old problems, from the theory of commercial policy, to foreign investment and labor migration; others open up new areas such as services to analysis. Recent work on the theory of political economy, including DUP (directly unproductive profit-seeking) activities and *quid pro quo* direct investment, breaks new ground. Also included are a number of previously inaccessible lectures covering such important issues as poverty and public policy. Cutting across several fields of economics, including public finance and development, these provide masterly syntheses and overviews of broader issues.

1991 — 592 pp. — \$45.00
0-262-02322-9 BHAOH

THE ECONOMICS OF THE DOLLAR CYCLE

edited by **Stefan Gerlach and Peter A. Petri**

The paradoxical behavior of the dollar since 1980 poses a challenge to standard models of open economy macroeconomics. The original essays in this book discuss the causes of the dramatic shifts in the dollar's exchange value during the past decade and the effect of these fluctuations on the economies of the United States, Japan, Europe, and the developing nations, as well as its impact on theories of international economics.

1990 — 394 pp. — \$37.50
0-262-07124-X GEREH

MONETARY POLICY IN INTERDEPENDENT ECONOMIES

A Game-Theoretic Approach

Matthew B. Canzoneri and Dale W. Henderson

The first comprehensive overview of the implications of using game theory to analyze interactions among national monetary policymakers. *Monetary Policy in Interdependent Economies* synthesizes the pessimistic view of sovereign policymaking that results from the analysis of one-shot games with the optimistic view derived from the analysis of *quid pro quo* strategies in repeated games. Good outcomes, the authors conclude, require coordination among noncooperative policymakers, and that sometimes policymakers must be forced to cooperate. By taking clear stands on controversial issues the authors make recent advances in game theory accessible by using a single unified framework to explain a wide range of concepts. They begin by analyzing one-shot interactions between two policymakers. In subsequent chapters they extend their analysis to allow for more policymakers and coalitions, for repeated interactions among policymakers, and for the possibility of time inconsistency.

1991 — 180 pp. — \$27.50
0-262-03178-7 CANMH

NEW

STRATEGY AND CHOICE

edited by **Richard Zeckhauser**

Strategic choices determine destinies. These essays by well-known scholars — economists, psychologists, philosophers, and political scientists, inspired by master strategist Thomas Schelling — present the most significant recent advances in strategic choice theory. In activities ranging from gift giving to political wheeling and dealing, men and women strive ingeniously — though sometimes counterproductively — to secure desired outcomes. But as this book makes clear, the fundamental questions for strategy continually reappear: What factors motivate individuals' values and actions? What principles guide effective bargaining? How can incentives and decision processes be structured to yield desirable collective outcomes?

Contributors: Vincent P. Crawford, Avinash Dixit, Jon Elster, Robert H. Frank, Jerry R. Green, Dale Griffin, Russell Hardin, Richard J. Herrnstein, Robert Jervis, Robert Klitgaard, Howard Margolis, Barry Nalebuff, Mancur Olson, Drazen Prelec, Howard Raiffa, Amos Tversky, W. Kip Viscusi, Richard Zeckhauser.

Richard Zeckhauser is Frank P. Ramsey Professor of Political Economy at the John F. Kennedy School of Government, Harvard University.

Oct. 1991 — 400 pp. — \$35.00
0-262-24033-5 ZEC SH

GENERAL THEORY OF EQUILIBRIUM SELECTION IN GAMES

John C. Harsanyi and Reinhard Selten
foreword by **Robert Aumann**

The authors propose rational criteria for selecting one uniformly perfect equilibrium point as the solution of any noncooperative game. And, because any cooperative game can be remodeled as a noncooperative bargaining game, their theory defines a one-point solution for any cooperative game as well.

"A milestone in the careers of two of the most distinguished game-theorists of our generation . . . Certain to become a classic and . . . an essential work of reference for all serious game-theorists." — Hyun Song Shin, *The Economic Journal*

1988 — 396 pp. — \$40.00
0-262-08173-3 HARGH

"A number of game theory texts have appeared in recent years, but, measured by their comprehensive coverage of modern developments in game theory, none comes even close to Martin Shubik's two volumes." — Mordecai Kurz, *Journal of Political Economy*

A GAME-THEORETIC APPROACH TO POLITICAL ECONOMY

Martin Shubik

1987 — 752 pp. — \$19.95 paper
0-262-69112-4 SHUGP2

1983 *Frederick W. Lanchester Prize Winner*

GAME THEORY IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES


Concepts and Solutions

Martin Shubik

1985 — 392 pp. — \$16.95 paper
0-262-69091-8 SHUGP1

REGULATION AND MARKETS**Daniel F. Spulber**


An up-to-date, integrated analysis of regulatory policies and the administrative process. The author takes a modern perspective, using the tools of industrial organization and game theory. This comprehensive book is the only unified treatment of the field and combines theoretical models with consideration of public policy issues in the areas of anti-trust, price regulation, environmental regulation, product quality, and workplace safety.

1989 — 710 pp. — \$50.00
0-262-19275-6 SPURH 

THE ECONOMICS OF REGULATION*Principles and Institutions***Alfred E. Kahn**

Kahn surveys the deregulation revolution of the past seventeen years, providing an updated analysis of the dramatic changes that have come about in the structurally competitive industries — airlines, trucking, stock brokerages, railroads, buses, cable television, oil and natural gas.

“An extremely lucid, far-ranging discussion of the principles underlying regulatory theory and practice . . . It is a classic work in the field [and] has aged strikingly well, in large part because it focuses on presenting the basic principles underlying regulation, and on the difficulties and options facing those charged with putting those principles into operation.” — *Telecommunications Book Review*

1988 — 402 pp. — \$30.00 paper
0-262-61052-3 KAHEP 

SELLING PUBLIC ENTERPRISES*A Cost/Benefit Methodology***Leroy Jones, Pankaj Tandon, and Ingo Vogelsang**

Selling Public Enterprises is the first book to use economic logic to develop a quantitative approach to making divestiture decisions. Using the standard tools of applied microeconomics, the authors propose a method of valuing state-owned firms both before and after divestiture by the government. Their valuation method offers significant advantages over those commonly in use (such as book value of assets) and can provide governments with a reliable means of evaluating the costs and benefits of reforming state-owned enterprise policies and procedures.

1991 — 254 pp. — \$29.95
0-262-10041-X JONSH

MARKETS OR GOVERNMENTS*Choosing between Imperfect Alternatives***Charles Wolf, Jr.**

This book offers a theory of nonmarket failure, examining in detail the shortcomings of government efforts to replace or to regulate markets. It is an unusually thorough analysis that can be used to make more systematic comparisons between markets and governments and to arrive at more intelligent choices between them.

“This book is an important step towards a fruitful approach to the theory of economic policy and political action and it is highly recommendable as introductory reading in this field.” — *Economic Notes*

1988 — 248 pp. — \$10.95 paper
0-262-73092-8 WOLMP
Cloth — \$23.00
0-262-23134-4 WOLMH

EXCHANGE RATES AND INFLATION**Rudiger Dornbusch**

“Today, Dornbusch is indisputably one of the most influential economists writing in the fields of international finance and the macroeconomics of open economies. As such, this book is an excellent collection of his papers, covering the wide range of issues tackled in his work. It should be a mandatory reference volume for any scholar in those fields and will doubtless serve many a graduate course in international economics by providing a convenient and well-organized single source of his papers.” — Andreas Savvides, *The Journal of Economics*

1988 — 488 pp. — \$14.95
0-262-54060-6 DOREP
Cloth — \$32.50
0-262-04096-4 DOREH

LIMITING EXCHANGE RATE FLEXIBILITY*The European Monetary System***Francesco Giavazzi and Alberto Giovannini**

In this first in-depth study of the European Monetary System (EMS), the authors show how the historical experience and economic institutions justify the aversion of Europeans to exchange rate fluctuations. Their thorough and wide-ranging empirical analysis leads them to conclude that nominal exchange rate targets in Europe have had significant real effects.

“This book, by two of the worlds leading authorities on EMS, is the most comprehensive study to date of the evidence on the impact of the EMS on member countries . . . The authors of this book are to be congratulated. . . Giavazzi and Giovannini help us to separate myth from reality in the experience of the EMS.” — Alec Chrystal, *The Economic Journal*

1989 — 244 pp. — \$32.50
0-262-07116-9 GIALH

REAL EXCHANGE RATES, DEVALUATION, AND ADJUSTMENT*Exchange Rate Policy in Developing Countries***Sebastian Edwards**


Sebastian Edwards provides a unified theoretical and empirical investigation of exchange rate policy and performance in scores of developing countries. He develops a theory of equilibrium and disequilibrium real exchange rates, takes up the question of why devaluations are the most controversial policy measures in poorer nations, and discusses what determines their success or failure.

1989 — 383 pp. — \$35.00
0-262-05039-0 EDWRH

NEW**THE JAPANESE ECONOMY****Takatoshi Ito**

A comparative perspective and an analytic approach grounded in mainstream economics distinguish this introduction to the Japanese economy. Ito utilizes standard economic concepts in comparing Japan with the United States in terms of economic performances, underlying institutions, and government policies. Referring to cultural factors where appropriate, Ito subjects the basic facts about the Japanese economy to modern theoretical and empirical scrutiny. He concludes with a look at such contemporary economic issues as the Japanese distribution system, Japanese asset prices, and US-Japan trade conflicts.

Takatoshi Ito is Professor of Economics at Hitotsubashi University's Institute of Economic Research in Tokyo and at the University of Minnesota.

Dec. 1991 — 424 pp. — \$39.95
0-262-09029-5 ITOJH 

NEW

**INCOME DISTRIBUTION,
INFLATION, AND GROWTH***Lectures on Structuralist
Macroeconomic Theory***Lance Taylor**

Structuralist macroeconomics has emerged recently as the only viable theoretical alternative for economists and practitioners in developing countries. Lance Taylor's innovative work represents a landmark in this field. It codifies a new generation of structuralist macroeconomic models that incorporate the economic power relationships of key institutions and groups, integrates both finance and real macroeconomics, and covers a diverse range of experience in the developing world over the past three decades.

Lance Taylor is Professor of Economics at MIT.

1991 — 320 pp. — \$35.00
0-262-20079-1 TAYIH

**SOCIALLY RELEVANT
POLICY ANALYSIS***Structuralist Computable General Equilibrium
Models for the Developing World***edited by Lance Taylor**

"Taylor is very original, and his attempt at going beyond the straightjacket of most neoclassical CGEs is most welcome and useful." — Jaime de Melo, Senior Economist, The World Bank

Economist Lance Taylor is an advocate of aggressive government management of developing economies. This collection of work reviews the results of using CGE models since the early 1970s, with an emphasis on models that encompass broad structural factors such as distribution of income and wealth, land tenancy relationships, foreign trade, production, markets, and control of the means of production that are fundamental to the behavior of developing economies. Taylor's detailed discussion of structuralist CGE models is followed by contributions that take up their application in specific countries.

1990—379 pp.—\$37.50
0-262-20075-9 TAYSH

NEW

"A synthesis of twenty years' of theory on the regulation of natural monopoly presented with exceptional clarity." — Elizabeth E. Bailey, The Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania


OPTIMAL REGULATION*The Economic Theory of Natural Monopoly***Kenneth E. Train**

Optimal Regulation addresses the central issue of regulatory economics — how to regulate firms in a way that induces them to produce and price optimally. It synthesizes an extensive literature on what constitutes optimality in various situations and what regulatory mechanisms can be used to achieve it. It is the first text to provide a unified, modern, and nontechnical treatment of this complex field. The book describes incentive mechanisms and rate designs for promoting optimality, and presents all of the material graphically, with clear explanations of often highly technical topics.

Topics include: The cost structure of natural monopoly (economies of scale and scope). Characterization of first- and second-best optimality. Surplus subsidy schemes for attaining first-best optimality. Ramsey prices and the Vogelsang-Finsinger mechanism for attaining them. Time-of-use (TOU) prices and Riordan's mechanisms for attaining the optimal TOU prices. Multipart and self-selecting tariffs, and Sibley's method for using self-selecting tariffs to achieve optimality. The Averch-Johnson model of how rate-of-return regulation induces inefficiencies. Analysis of regulation based on the firm's return on output, costs, or sales. Price-cap regulation. Regulatory treatment of uncertainty and its impact on the firm's behavior. Methods of attaining optimality without direct regulation (contestability, auctioning the monopoly franchise).

"Ken Train provides exceptionally clear and elegant treatment of the most recent developments in the theory of optimal regulation. Teaching a regulation class is now a breeze." —Jacques Lawarée, University of Washington

Kenneth E. Train is Associate Adjunct Professor in the Department of Economics and Graduate School of Public Policy at the University of California, Berkeley. He is also Principal of the firm Cambridge Systematics.

1991 — 360 pp. — \$40.00
0-262-20084-8 TRA0H 

NEW

LESSONS OF ECONOMIC STABILIZATION AND ITS AFTERMATH**edited by Michael Bruno, Stanley Fischer, Elhanan Helpman,
and Nissan Liviatan, with Leora Meridor**

These informative, fact-filled studies describe how measures to control inflation have been implemented in Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Brazil, Israel, Mexico, Turkey, and Yugoslavia. In discussing which of these measures have succeeded and which ones have failed, the authors go beyond the normative approach taken in most studies of stabilization to focus on political incentives and constraints on actual policymaking. The up-to-date data they provide make this a valuable collective exploration of contemporary efforts at stabilization and structural adjustment.

1991 — 436 pp. — \$29.95
0-262-02324-5 BRULH


THE ECONOMETRIC ANALYSIS OF TIME SERIES

Second Edition

A. C. Harvey

This new edition of A. C. Harvey's clearly written, upper-level text has been revised and several sections have been completely rewritten with new material on a number of topics, including unit roots, ARCH, and cointegration. *The Econometric Analysis of Time Series* focuses on the statistical aspects of model building, with an emphasis on providing an understanding of the main ideas and concepts in econometrics rather than presenting a series of rigorous proofs. It explores the way in which recent advances in time series analysis have affected the development of a theory of dynamic econometrics, sets out an integrated approach to the problems of estimation and testing based on the method of maximum likelihood, and presents a coherent strategy for model selection.

1990—402 pp. — \$49.95

0-262-08189-X HAREH2 **CONTRIBUTIONS TO OPERATIONS RESEARCH AND ECONOMICS****edited by Bernard Cornet and Henry Tulkens**

These original contributions by leading economists in the decision sciences — operations research, game theory, econometrics, and mathematical economics — show how the interactions between these disciplines can enrich them all. The list of outstanding contributors includes: Robert Aumann, Paul Champsaur, Werner Hildenbrand, Bernard Cornet, Roger Guesnerie, John Roberts, Thomas Magnanti, John Mitchell, Michael Todd, Michael Ball, Wei-guo Liu, William Pulleyblank, Olivier Janssens de Bisthoven, Etienne Loute, Adrian Pagan, David Hendry, Jean-Francois Richard, Anton Barten, Jean-Pierre Florens, Michel Mouchart, Peter Kooiman, and Pierre Malgrange.

1990 — 574 pp. — \$50.00

0-262-03149-3 CORCH

TOWARD A FORMAL SCIENCE OF ECONOMICS**Bernt P. Stigum**

Toward a Formal Science of Economics provides a unifying way to look at the concept of economic science. It lays a foundation for the axiomatic method, focusing on applications in economics and econometrics, and including discussions in logic, epistemology, and probability theory.

1990 — 1,050 pp. — \$50.00

0-262-19284-5 STISH

NEW**REFORM IN EASTERN EUROPE****Olivier Blanchard, Rudiger Dornbusch, Paul Krugman, Richard Layard, and Lawrence Summers**

Reform in Eastern Europe provides a comprehensive, accessible statement of reform policy that stands in the mainstream of modern Western economics. Based on their experience with stabilization policies in other countries, the authors show how Eastern Europe can reduce unemployment during the painful adjustment process, create effective and socially acceptable mechanisms to subject enterprises to market discipline, and replace barter trade under CMEA with market-based international trade.

Reform in Eastern Europe argues that all countries must seek stabilization and price liberalization, privatization, and then economic restructuring. It describes and evaluates the alternatives available to eliminate fiscal deficits, control money creation, and decontrol prices while blunting the immediate painful effects of lower wages, unemployment, and other disruptions. The authors propose a plan for privatizing state-owned enterprises and recommend and detail methods for achieving orderly restructuring covering issues of national saving, the creation of a financial intermediation system, the role of direct investment, labor allocation, and unemployment.

Olivier Blanchard, Rudiger Dornbusch, and Paul Krugman are Professors of Economics at MIT. Richard Layard is Professor of Economics at the London School of Economics. Lawrence Summers is Professor of Economics at Harvard University and Director of Research at the World Bank.

1991 — 122 pp. — \$17.95

0-262-02328-8 BLARH

PRIVATE LENDING TO SOVEREIGN STATES*A Theoretical Autopsy***Daniel Cohen**

This illuminating work on external debt, explodes many myths currently popular among economists, bankers, and journalists about the nature of the debt problem, its origins, and its cure. Daniel Cohen skillfully brings complex theoretical issues to bear on the analysis of practical questions of economic policy. Using clear, simple analytical models to illustrate his points, Cohen offers a realistic measure of national solvency in an international context. He applies the framework to an analysis of the major debtor countries and discusses budget constraints, debt repudiation, and the economic fragility of heavily indebted nations.

1991 — 196 pp. — \$27.50

0-262-03172-8 COHPH

THE INTERNATIONAL DEBT CRISIS IN HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE**edited by Barry Eichengreen and Peter H. Lindert**

These original studies assess the historical record to see what lessons can be learned for resolving today's debt crisis, addressing questions central to any informed discussion on the subject, and offering a wide variety of approaches to negotiation over defaulted loans between creditors and debtors.

"The essays here are uniformly excellent and span both a broad range of experiences and points of view. This book will be of immense value to anyone interested in developing country debt or, for that matter, international economic relations in general." — Kenneth Rogoff, University of California at Berkeley

1989 — 294 pp. — \$29.95

0-262-05041-2 EICIH

"... an expertly chosen set of fundamental articles laying out the modern approach to macroeconomics."

— Stanley Fischer, MIT

NEW

KEYNESIAN ECONOMICS

Volume 1: Imperfect Competition and Sticky Prices

Volume 2: Coordination Failures and Real Rigidities

edited by N. Gregory Mankiw and David Romer

These two volumes bring together a set of important essays that represent a "new Keynesian" perspective in economics today. They show how the Keynesian approach to economic fluctuations can be supported by rigorous microeconomic models of economic behavior. Grouped in seven parts, the essays cover costly price adjustment, staggering of wages and prices, imperfect competition, coordination failures, and the markets for labor, credit, and goods. An overall introduction, brief introductions to each of the parts, and a bibliography of additional papers in the field round out this valuable collection.

1991 — 2 vols., Vol.1: 448 pp., Vol.2: 464 pp.
Vol. 1 — \$16.95
0-262-63133-4 MANNP1
Cloth — \$39.95
0-262-13266-4 MANNH1
Vol. 2 — \$16.95
0-262-63134-2 MANNP2
Cloth — \$39.95
0-262-13267-2 MANNH

T

NEW IN PAPERBACK

NBER MACROECONOMICS ANNUAL 1991

edited by Olivier J. Blanchard and Stanley S. Fischer

Contents: Pitfalls and Opportunities: What Macroeconomists Should Know about Unit Roots, J. Y. Campbell and P. Perron. Markups and the Business Cycle, J. Rotemberg and M. Woodford. Privatization in Eastern Europe: Incentives and the Economics of Transition, J. Tirole. The EMS, the EMU, and the Transition to a Common Currency, K. A. Froot and K. S. Rogoff. Growth, Macroeconomics, and Development, S. S. Fischer. Recessions as Reorganizations, R. E. Hall.

Olivier Blanchard and Stanley Fischer are both Professors of Economics at MIT.

1991 — 300 pp. — \$16.95 paper
0-262-52165-2 BLAP91
Cloth — \$35.00
0-262-02335-0 BLAH91

NEW

MONEY, MACROECONOMICS, AND ECONOMIC POLICY

Essays in Honor of James Tobin

edited by William C. Brainard, William Nordhaus, and Harold W. Watts

Contributors: D. D. Purvis, R. M. Solow, G. A. Akerlof, J. L. Yellen, W. H. Buiter, E. S. Phelps, R. N. Cooper, P. A. Samuelson, G. Smith, D. D. Hester, W. C. Brainard, M. D. Shapiro, J. B. Shoven, G. L. Perry, C. L. Schultze, E. M. Gramlich, W. Nordhaus. Concluding Remarks, J. Tobin.

Comments by J. Y. Campbell, S. N. Durlauf, B. M. Friedman, K. Hamada, H. M. Markowitz, J. L. Stein, and H. W. Watts

William C. Brainard and William Nordhaus are Professors of Economics at Yale University. Harold W. Watts is Professor of Economics at Columbia University.

1991 — 376 pp. — \$40.00
0-262-02325-3 BRAMH

"If you are truly a student of the market, this hefty volume could be worth its weight in gold." — *Market Logic*

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FINANCE

edited by Richard Brealey and Helen Edwards

With more than 12,000 entries representing approximately 120 periodicals, this bibliography provides a comprehensive and current guide to the entire field of finance. While accounting, law, and monetary economics are covered to some extent, the core of the bibliography is articles written by financial economists and published in finance journals. Also included are works that are often referred to by finance authors such as Keynes's *General Theory* and articles on information asymmetry, signaling equilibria, statistics, and econometrics. Works in the bibliography focus on issues of lasting importance and are analytical as well as descriptive.

1991 — 870 pp. — \$60.00
0-262-02319-9 BREFH

NEW

NONLINEAR DYNAMICS, CHAOS, AND INSTABILITY

William A. Brock, David A. Hsieh, and Blake LeBaron

By providing a unified and complete explanation of new statistical methods that are useful for testing for chaos in data sets, Brock, Hsieh, and LeBaron show how the principles of chaos theory can be applied to such areas of economics and finance as the changing structure of stock returns and nonlinearity in foreign exchange. They use computer models extensively to illustrate their ideas and explain this frontier research at a level of rigor sufficient for others to build upon as well as to verify the soundness of their arguments.

October 1991 — 260 pp. — \$32.50
0-262-02329-6 BRONH

NUMERICAL TECHNIQUES IN FINANCE

Simon Benninga

An innovative book that shows how to create and to solve problems in a wide variety of complex financial models using the applications tool Lotus 1-2-3. Using the models set out in the book, students and practicing professionals will be able to enhance their evaluative and planning skills. The book covers standard financial models in the areas of corporate finance, financial-statement simulation, portfolio problems, options, portfolio insurance, duration, and immunization. Each of the models is preceded by an explanation of the underlying financial theory. Exercises are provided to help the reader utilize the models to create new, individualized applications.

1989 — 256 pp. — \$19.95 paper
0-262-52141-5 BENNP
Cloth — \$37.50
0-262-02286-9 BENNH T

SOFTWARE

Programs and sample solutions are available on either two IBM 5 1/4 inch disks or on one IBM 3 1/2 inch disk.
IBM 5 1/4 inch disk — \$19.95
0-262-52147-4 BENDI5
IBM 3 1/2 inch disk — \$19.95
0-262-52146-6 BENDI3

MARKET VOLATILITY

Robert J. Shiller

Backed by substantial statistical evidence, Shiller proposes an innovative theory on the causes of price fluctuations in speculative markets. He challenges the standard efficient markets model for explaining asset prices by emphasizing the significant role that popular opinion or psychology can play in price volatility.

1990 — 480 pp. — \$37.50
0-262-19290-X SHIMH


NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK

PRODUCTIVITY AND AMERICAN LEADERSHIP*The Long View***William J. Baumol, Sue Anne Batey Blackman, and Edward N. Wolff**

Productivity and American Leadership examines and analyzes the long-run productivity performance of the United States, comparing it with that of the other industrialized nations. It shows that the U.S. record, both recent and over longer periods, is far better than is widely believed.

"The prophecies of doom have been relentless. . . . It takes great courage to have another look at the data and conclude, as the authors of *Productivity and American Leadership* do, that the American productive engine has not shut down. . . . And it takes a sweeping command of economics, statistics and history, along with great narrative eloquence and subtlety, to make [this point] credibly and without condescension. . . . The authors have painted a brilliant and nuanced composition of where we are and where we can be." — Michael J. Feuer, *New York Times Book Review*

William J. Baumol is Professor of Economics at Princeton University and New York University. Sue Anne Batey Blackman is Senior Research Assistant in the Department of Economics at Princeton University. Edward N. Wolff is Professor of Economics at New York University.

1989 — 408 pp. — \$13.95
0-262-52163-6 BAUPP
Cloth — \$32.50
0-262-02293-1 BAUPH 

EFFICIENCY IN U.S. MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES**Richard Caves and David Barton**

Using both U.S. Census data and the recently developed stochastic frontier production function, Richard Caves and David Barton estimate the degree of technical efficiency in nearly 350 U.S. manufacturing industries and explain the variation in efficiency among industries.

1990 — 204 pp. — \$27.50
0-262-03157-4 CAVEH

"Jean-Claude Derian has produced an outstanding analysis of America's high-tech industrial ills. His book rises above a crowded field and deserves serious attention."

— Daniel S. Greenberg, *Science & Government Report*

AMERICA'S STRUGGLE FOR LEADERSHIP IN TECHNOLOGY**Jean-Claude Derian translated by Severen Schaeffer****foreword by Lewis M. Branscomb**


The U.S. of the late 1980s continues to innovate with the same feverish activity as in the 1960s. Yet American business has become less efficient than its foreign competitors in exploiting the new technologies. Using a unique analytical framework, a noted French science advisor traces the course of this temporary breakdown and shows how domestic and international forces could re-invigorate American technological development and manufacturing by the mid-1990s.

"This volume stands out as an eloquent and authoritative presentation of the many different aspects of this complex problem." — Wassily Leontief, *The New York Times Book Review*

1990 — 324 pp. — \$29.95
0-262-04102-2 DERAH

LECTURES ON MACROECONOMICS**Olivier Jean Blanchard and Stanley Fischer**

"Without question, this is a magnificent book. The authors have successfully brought together much of the research that has been going on in macroeconomics in recent years and presented it in an easily digestible and, indeed, highly attractive way. It is a pleasure to read."
— *Economica*

1989 — 664 pp. — \$29.95
0-262-02283-4 BLALH 

PRINCIPLES OF BUDGETARY AND FINANCIAL POLICY**Willem H. Buiter**

Principles of Budgetary and Financial Policy applies rigorous economic theory to the study of fiscal, financial, and monetary policy and examines the contributions of such policy to the goals of cyclical stabilization, structural adjustment, and secular growth in modern "mixed" economies.

1990 — 474 pp. — \$42.00
0-262-02303-2 BUIPH

THE RATIONAL CONSUMER*Theory and Evidence***Robert E. Hall**

Since the late 1960s, Robert Hall's research has had a significant impact on the macroeconomic study of consumer behavior. *The Rational Consumer* brings together eight articles that represent key points in the development of Hall's ideas on consumption over the past two decades.

1991 — 192 pp. — \$25.00
0-262-08197-0 HALIH

"This is a true classic. . . . [It] is a book that every serious macroeconomist ought to have." — Stanley Fischer, MIT

MONEY, INTEREST AND PRICES*Second Edition, Abridged with a new Introduction***Don Patinkin**

A quarter of a century after the publication of the second edition, *Money, Interest, and Prices* continues to be on the reading list of graduate courses in macroeconomics. Integrating monetary theory and value theory, it describes the demand functions for commodities and bonds and uses these functions to carry out a static and dynamic analysis of the central problems of monetary theory. This reprinted edition omits the supplementary notes on the literature and contains a new introduction indicating the ways that Patinkin has revised or augmented its analysis.

1989 — 640 pp. — \$50.00
0-262-16114-1 PATIH

WHAT DETERMINES SAVINGS?**Laurence J. Kotlikoff**

The U.S. saving rate is less than half that of Japan, Germany, and other developed countries, and the imbalance in saving rates across countries is responsible, in large part, for the imbalance in international trade. This book examines a number of important determinants of wealth accumulation, including retirement, bequests, precautionary saving motives, demographics, tax structure, social security, and insurance. Using a blend of theory, empirical research, and simulation methods, Kotlikoff reaches some surprising conclusions about what determines savings.

1989 — 553 pp. — \$42.50
0-262-11137-3 KOTWH

TAX POLICY AND THE ECONOMY

Volume 5

edited by David Bradford

The Tax Policy and the Economy series presents new research bearing on the economic effects of taxation on economic performance and analyzing the effects of potential tax reforms.

Partial contents: Domestic and International Restructuring of U.S. Corporations in Light of Recent Tax Rule Changes. Does How We Transfer Money Matter? Economics of the Carbon Tax. Economically Meaningful Measures of Intergenerational Fiscal Policy.

1991 — 178 pp. — \$13.95
0-262-52158-X BRAEP5
Cloth — \$26.95
0-262-02295-8 BRAEH5

DO TAXES MATTER?*The Impact of the Tax Reform Act of 1986***edited by Joel Slemrod**

The first systematic examination of the actual effects of the Tax Reform Act of 1986, the most important U.S. income tax reform of the last four decades. *Do Taxes Matter?* presents basic information on and an analysis of a variety of different aspects of economic behavior in order to discover whether the observed changes coincide with the predictions of standard public finance models. The general finding of these original contributions is that the effects of tax reform turned out to be smaller than had been anticipated.

"A healthful antidote to the feverish and foolish talk about taxation heard in recent years and certain to be heard again." — Herbert Stein, Former Chairman, President's Council of Economic Advisors

1991 — 360 pp. — \$35.00
0-262-19302-7 SLEDH

**GROWTH/PRODUCTIVITY/
UNEMPLOYMENT****edited by Peter Diamond**

Robert Solow's contributions to growth theory, productivity, and short run macroeconomics have influenced an entire generation of scholars. The essays in this book extend and elaborate on many of the important ideas Solow has either originated or developed in the past three decades. Robert Solow has provided a response to both the essays and these comments. The book concludes with a bibliography of Solow's work.

1991—254 pp.—\$30.00
0-262-04110-3 DIAPH

**NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN
THE LABOR MARKET***Toward A New Institutional Paradigm***edited by Katharine Abraham
and Robert McKersie**

These original contributions report on new developments taking place in today's labor market and on the role of public policy in shaping that process. They provide an illuminating description of the current state of internal labor market theory and practice, document the evolution of trends in the public and private sectors, and are joined in a concern for disadvantaged and unemployed workers.

1991—320 pp.—\$35.00
0-262-01118-2 ABRNH

"The most influential American popular Economics book of 1990." — *The Financial Times*

Winner of the 1990 Columbia Business School Eccles Prize for Excellence in Economic Writing

**THE AGE OF DIMINISHED
EXPECTATIONS***U.S. Economic Policy in the 1990s***Paul Krugman**

- On the recommended reading list for CEOs in *Inc.*
- Selected for *Business Week's* list of the Best Business Books of 1990.
- On the *Washington Post's* Bestseller list.
- Chosen as a 1990 Best Business Book in *The Financial Times*.

"... a sophisticated guided tour through the major economic issues facing the nation today." — *The Washington Post Book World*

"Krugman's book is first rate... he treats clearly and insightfully a broad range of economic issues including income inequality, employment and unemployment, free trade vs. protectionism, and the budget deficit. And he does so with an obviously effective yet too-seldom-used method: He actually looks at numbers... a top-notch exercise in numeracy." — *Fortune*

"For a basic and thorough report on the state of the U.S. economy, pick up Paul Krugman's [book]: He translates theory into readable prose, even enjoyable prose, making difficult concepts seem simple... He explains fairly and completely how forces have interacted to diminish America's economic prospects." — *Business Week*

1990—218 pp.—\$17.95
0-262-11156-X KRUAH

MADE IN AMERICA*Regaining the Productive Edge***Michael L. Dertouzos, Richard K. Lester, Robert M. Solow,
and The MIT Commission on
Industrial Productivity**

What went wrong with American industrial productivity, and how can the U.S. economy get back onto the path of high-productivity growth? This long-awaited study identifies what is best and worth replicating in American and international industrial practice and sets out five national priorities for regaining the productive edge.

"[A] rich and challenging book... if the authors are right, then American industry will once again become the engine of a thriving economy." — Alice Kessler-Harris, *The New York Times Book Review*

1989 — 359 pp. — \$22.50
0-262-04100-6 DERMH

**THE WORKING PAPERS OF THE
MIT COMMISSION ON INDUSTRIAL
PRODUCTIVITY***Volume 1 and 2***The MIT Commission on
Industrial Productivity**

The industry reports used as a basis for *Made in America*.
Volume 1: Working papers from the auto, chemical, commercial aircraft, and electronic industries.
Volume 2: Working papers from the machine tool, steel, textile, semiconductor, computer, and copier industries. Also includes a discussion of U.S. education and training practices.

1989 — Vol. 1 — \$30.00 paper
0-262-63126-1 MITWP1
Vol. 2 — \$30.00 paper
0-262-63127-X MITWP2
Set — \$50.00 paper
0-262-63128-8 MITWPS

Call us toll free to place your order.
1 800-356-0343

INNOVATIONS AND SMALL FIRMS**Zoltan J. Acs and David B. Audretsch**

Utilizing a unique data set that directly measures innovative activity for large and small firms, Acs and Audretsch provide a rich empirical analysis of the increased importance of small firms in generating technological innovations and their growing contribution to the U.S. economy. They identify the contributions made by both small and large firms to the innovative process and the manner in which market structure, and the firm-size distribution in particular, responds to technological change.

"The authors work a new mine of data with creativity and care. The result is a vast improvement in our understanding of the role of small business and innovation." — Richard R. Nelson, Henry R. Luce Professor of International Political Economy, Columbia University

1990—224 pp.—\$29.95
0-262-011131-1 ACSIH

NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK**AFFORDING DEFENSE****Jacques S. Gansler**

Based on his broad experience in private industry and in weapons procurement for the Department of Defense, Jacques Gansler offers sensible proposals for the reform and revitalization of the U.S. national security system. Gansler has written a new foreword to this edition that emphasizes the critical need to redirect attention to Third World conflicts.

"If all his reforms were adopted, Mr. Gansler thinks the Pentagon would save \$50 billion a year, or one-sixth of what it now spends. He makes a persuasive case. It's time for the Pentagon to start listening." — Fred Barnes, *New York Times Book Review*

1989 — 429 pp. — \$14.95
0-262-57088-2 GANAP
Cloth — \$29.95
0-262-07117-7 GANAH T

"The first comprehensive treatment of the economics of tax evasion. I am sure it will become the basic reference work on the subject for years to come." —Vito Tanzi, Director, Fiscal Affairs Department, International Monetary Fund

CHEATING THE GOVERNMENT*The Economics of Evasion***Frank A. Cowell**

Tax scams are part of a significant and growing economic problem — the "shadow economy" that defrauds the government. Frank Cowell, one of the world's leading contributors to the theoretical economic analysis of tax evasion, systematically studies the underground economy to examine how certain types of economic analysis can be applied to tax evaders, as well as recommends measures that can be taken to counteract the problem. Cowell's investigation raises questions that go to the heart of public economics and reveals the shortcomings of applying standard economic models of crime to tax evasion. He develops an analytical framework that shows how the underground economy grows and suggests simple economic mechanisms that will induce the behavior that leads to tax evasion.

1990 — 282 pp. — \$29.95
0-262-03153-1 COWCH

UNDERSTANDING UNEMPLOYMENT**Lawrence H. Summers**

"In these excellent papers, Lawrence Summers and his co-authors carefully sort out the empirical evidence bearing on the central questions about why people are unemployed, how severe the consequences are, and what public policy can do about the problem. Several of these papers decisively overturn previously widespread perceptions. This collection represents interesting and valuable research, executed in a first-class way." —Benjamin M. Friedman, Harvard University

1990 — 384 pp. — \$30.00
0-262-19265-9 SUMUH

EUROPE'S UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

edited by Jacques H. Drèze and Charles R. Bean with the assistance of Jean-Paul Lambert, Fati Mehta, and Henri R. Snessens

This book, prepared under the auspices of the European Unemployment Program, uses a compact econometric model to identify the sources of the unemployment problem and to suggest remedies. Focusing on ten European countries, with a chapter on the United States for comparative perspective, the studies are unique in adopting a single theoretical model to guide empirical research. The common framework allows for sharply focused investigation and produces findings whose significance does not end at national boundaries. The countries discussed are Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, The Netherlands, Spain, the United Kingdom and the United States.

1991 — 504 pp. — \$45.00
0-262-04111-1 DREUH

NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK**LESSONS FROM THE GREAT DEPRESSION****Peter Temin**

Do events of the 1930s carry a message for the 1990s? *Lessons from the Great Depression* provides an integrated view of the depression, covering the experience in Britain, France, Germany, and the United States. It describes the causes of the depression, why it was so widespread and prolonged, and what brought about eventual recovery.

Peter Temin also finds parallels in recent history, in the relentless deflationary course followed by the U.S. Federal Reserve Board and the British government in the early 1980s, and in the dogged adherence by the Reagan administration to policies generated by a discredited economic theory — supply-side economics.

1989 — 212 pp. — \$8.95
0-262-70044-1 TEMPLP
Cloth — \$19.95
0-262-20073-2 TEMPLH T

THE INVISIBLE HAND*Economic Equilibrium in the History of Science*

Bruna Ingrao and Giorgio Israel

The Invisible Hand traces the evolution of general economic equilibrium theory in its rich interaction with the physical sciences over a period of more than 150 years. The authors discuss how the "invisible hand" that balances physical processes was inspiration and model for the creation of general economic equilibrium theory. They suggest that modeling a social science such as economics on the physical/mathematical sciences has created intractable problems, and conclude that the theory has arrived at a dead end — raising serious doubts about the internal consistency of the basic model.

1990 — 508 pp. — \$49.95
0-262-09028-7 INGIH

**SUNK COSTS AND
MARKET STRUCTURE**

*Price Competition, Advertising, and the
Evolution of Concentration*

John Sutton

Sunk Costs and Market Structure bridges the gap between the new generation of game theoretic models that has dominated the industrial organization literature over the past ten years and the traditional empirical agenda of the subject as embodied in the structure-conduct-performance paradigm developed by Joe S. Bain and his successors.

Sutton draws on a wide range of historical sources and on an intensive program of company interviews to assemble a matrix of industry studies relating to twenty markets within the food and drink sector, in six countries — France, the Federal Republic of Germany, Italy, Japan, the United Kingdom and the United States. He combines theory, econometric evidence, and a detailed account of the various patterns of evolution of structure found in these industries in a rigorous evaluation of the strengths and limitations of a game-theoretic approach in explaining the evolution of industrial structure.

"An excellent piece of empirical work by a leader in industrial organization. Econometric tests and industry studies are carefully guided by sound theory. A must reading." — Jean Tirole, MIT

1991 — 592 pp. — \$39.95
0-262-19305-1 SUTSH


Call us toll free to place your order.
1 800-356-0343

**INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION,
ECONOMICS, AND THE LAW**

Franklin M. Fisher
edited by **John Monz**

This collection of work by economist, consultant, and expert witness Franklin M. Fisher constitutes an integrated body of the economic analysis of the law, with particular emphasis on antitrust issues. Fisher's involvement with applying economic analysis to real disputes and to problems of microeconomic policy has resulted in valuable lessons. These lessons are incorporated in themes running through many of these essays about the uses and abuses, achievements and shortcomings of economic analysis.


1991 — 512 pp. — \$45.00
0-262-06139-2 FISOH

**THE THEORY OF
INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION**

Jean Tirole

Rigorously analytical and filled with progressively challenging exercises, *The Theory of Industrial Organization* provides a unified and modern treatment of the field with accessible models that are simplified to highlight robust economic ideas while working at an intuitive level.

"Tirole has written a remarkable book that will serve both as an invaluable reference source and a wonderful teaching aid in a wide variety of courses . . . [combining a] rare blend of technical skills, economic intuition, and expositional talent . . . This book is an amazing accomplishment, and should take pride of place on the shelf of every economist." — Marius Schwartz, *Managerial and Decision Economics*

1988 — 496 pp. — \$39.95
0-262-20071-6 TIRTH 

"A masterpiece of mainstream research. This book applies sophisticated econometrics and arduously-collected data to a wide array of industries." — William G. Shepherd, University of Massachusetts

CONCENTRATION AND PRICE

edited by **Leonard W. Weiss**

Leonard Weiss and his colleagues have devised and applied a systematic set of direct tests of the concentration-price hypothesis. In an innovative series of empirical studies, they examine the effect of concentration on price for the same item sold in markets that vary because of space, time, or transaction. They conclude that concentration does indeed tend to raise price.

1990 — 304 pp. — \$37.50
0-262-23143-3 WEICH

**THE INFORMATIONAL
ROLE OF PRICES**

Sanford Grossman

Grossman elaborates a new model of economic equilibrium that casts a dual role for prices — both as constraints that affect the immediate costs or benefits of acts and as conveyers of information about the probable future costs and benefits of those acts. He points to the Wall Street panic of October 1987 as an example of the informational role of prices where security sales by relatively uninformed individuals implementing a dynamic hedging strategy were rationally misinterpreted to represent the selling by informed individuals.

"Professor Grossman demonstrates his gift for stripping things down to the essence, getting to the core of how prices and security markets work . . . This book is an insightful, intuitive — and, in the case of the 1987 crash, prophetic — analysis of financial markets." — Richard Bookstaber, Morgan Stanley & Company, Inc.


1989 — 232 pp. — \$29.95
0-262-07121-5 GROIH

**FUNDAMENTALS
OF PUBLIC ECONOMICS**

Jean-Jacques Laffont
translated by **John P. Bonin**
and **Hélène Bonin**

"The first systematic treatment of public economics which takes into account the whole range of modern developments: general equilibrium theory, collective choice, property rights, Ramsey-Boiteux pricing and other aspects of second-best analysis, and revelation of private information, among other topics. The author is one of the most brilliant and innovative of the younger French economists, and his exposition is clear and well-motivated." — Kenneth J. Arrow, Stanford University


Includes problems and exercises.

1988 — 288 pp. — \$27.50
0-262-12127-1 LAFFH 

**THE ECONOMICS OF UNCERTAINTY
AND INFORMATION**

Jean-Jacques Laffont
translated by **John P. Bonin**
and **Hélène Bonin**

Laffont summarizes the essential tools of the analysis of uncertainty and information: the theory of individual behavior under uncertainty, the measures of risk aversion and the measures of risk, and the notions of certainty equivalence and information structure. He then introduces the theory of contingent markets, model systems of incomplete markets, defines the concept of a perfect foresight equilibrium, covers two fundamental institutions for sharing risk — the stock market and insurance — shows how the transmission of information by prices renders information structures endogenous, and studies personalized exchange with asymmetric information. The book concludes with review problems and exercises.

1989 — 303 pp. — \$32.50
0-262-12136-0 LAFEH 

cash

FREE MINDS & FREE MARKETS

SPEL

OF

FOOTIME

BY
J
S
S
R
BER



COPR OCT SAMPLE

TONY SNOW
 CHIEF SPEECH WRITER
 THE WHITE HOUSE
 WASHINGTON, DC 20500



The Drug Policy Foundation

salutes

The 1991 Winners of its Annual Awards for Achievement in Drug Policy Reform

**Milton
Friedman**

Nobel Laureate
in Economics



The Richard J. Dennis
Drugpeace Award for
Outstanding
Achievement in the Field
of Drug Policy Reform
\$100,000

Police Chief Nicholas Pastore, The H.B. Spear Award for Achievement in the Field of Law Enforcement and Control, \$10,000
New Haven for his compassion towards addicts

Dr. Thomas Szasz, The Alfred R. Lindesmith Award for Achievement in the Field of Scholarship and Writing, \$10,000
S.U.N.Y. College of Medicine for his books opposing the persecution of drug users

Judge Robert Sweet, The Justice Gerald Le Dain Award for Achievement in the Field of Law, \$10,000
New York for his courage as the first federal judge to propose drug legalization

Prevention Point, The Norman E. Zinberg Award for Achievement in the Field of Medicine and Treatment, \$10,000
San Francisco for saving lives by preventing the spread of HIV

Barbra and Kenneth Jenks, The Robert C. Randall Award for Achievement in the Field of Citizen Action, \$10,000
Panama City, Fla. for using their status as AIDS patients to push medical marijuana

These awards are made possible by an earmarked grant from the Chicago Resource Center. They will be presented at the Fifth International Conference on Drug Policy Reform, November 13-16, 1991, in Washington, D.C. The Foundation is a privately funded, independent forum for drug policy alternatives. To support an open debate on drug policy options, send a tax-deductible contribution today to the Drug Policy Foundation, 4801 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Suite 400, Washington, D.C. 20016. Telephone: (202) 895-1634. Fax: (202) 537-3007.

reason

Free Minds and Free Markets

October 1991/Vol. 23, No. 5

FEATURES

24 ■ Quack Attack

Peter W. Huber
Lawyers love clinical ecology. Serious scientists have reservations.



32 ■ Giving 'Til It Hurts

Barry Chamish
Diaspora charity stifles economic reform in Israel.

36 ■ Growing Up Green

Thomas Harvey Holt
The ABCs of environmental activism.

42 ■ Choice Challenges

John Hood
First steps on the road to education reform.



EDITORIALS

4 ■ Competitive Advantage

Virginia I. Postrel
Bush's bureaucracy bashers.

6 ■ Natural Mistake

Jacob Sullum
Is Clarence Thomas really a weirdo?



50



62

COLUMNS

50 ■ The Law: Penises and Politics

Jacob Sullum
One man's sick joke is another's protest.

DEPARTMENTS

8 ■ Letters

18 ■ Trends

22 ■ Brickbats



52 ■ Magazines: Campus Followers

Martin Morse Wooster

In the battle for the minds of our nation's youth, most college students are spectators.

56 ■ Washington: Still a Raw Deal

Daniel J. Mitchell

If Dick Darman is the smartest man in Washington, why is he so bad with numbers?

66 ■ Selected Skirmishes:

Do the Cheap Thing

Thomas W. Hazlett

Become a big-time Hollywood filmmaker for under a thousand bucks.

THE BOOK CASE

58 ■ Out of Bondage

Cathy Young

Freedom, Vol. 1: Freedom in the Making of Western Culture, by Orlando Patterson

60 ■ Wandering in the Wilderness

Walter E. Williams

The Promised Land: The Great Black Migration and How It Changed America, by Nicholas Lemann

62 ■ Civics from Hell

Matthew B. Kibbe

Parliament of Whores:

A Lone Humorist Attempts to Explain the Entire U.S. Government, by P.J. O'Rourke

64 ■ Brief Review

Stranger in a Strange Land,

by Robert A. Heinlein

Cover illustration by John Smith

REASON (ISSN 0048-6906) is published monthly except combined August-September issue by the Reason Foundation, a nonprofit, tax-exempt organization, 2716 Ocean Park Blvd., Suite 1062, Santa Monica, CA 90405. Second-class postage paid at Santa Monica, CA, and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to REASON, P.O. Box 526, Mt. Morris, IL 61054. Copyright © 1991 by Reason Foundation. All rights reserved. Reproduction or use, without permission, of editorial or graphic content is prohibited. REASON is a registered trademark owned by the Reason Foundation. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$24 per year. Outside U.S. add \$8/year surface, \$36/year airmail. Address all subscription correspondence to REASON, P.O. Box 526, Mt. Morris, IL 61054, 815/734-6309. For address change (allow six weeks), provide old address and new address, including zip code. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS returned only if accompanied by SASE. INDEXED in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, InfoTrac, Historical Abstracts, Political Science Abstracts, America: History and Life, Book Review Index, and P.A.I.S. Bulletin. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Dept. P.R., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

COMPETITIVE ADVANTAGE

VIRGINIA I. POSTREL

The President's Council on Competitiveness isn't the most visible Washington institution, the most glamorous, or even the most powerful. It's just the most aggravating.

That's because a lot of Democrats (and certain trendy Republicans) would love to claim the "competitiveness" label for their own policies—and the council keeps reminding them that it just ain't so. Instead of bashing the Japanese or begging for subsidies to sunrise, sunset, or high-noon industries, it watches out for new regulations, in hopes of keeping them at a minimum.

The council is essentially a lobbying group, its only power the power of persuasion—but it's persuasive enough to give regulation lovers conniptions. "They can't point to a single item that has made American industry more productive," Rep. Gerry Sikorski (D-Minn.) declared to *National Journal*. "What they can point to is a bunch of backdoor, secret decisions that bailed out special interests—business interests."

Sikorski's rant captures the problem facing a lot of "competitiveness" advocates, particularly neoliberals. On the one hand, they're all for "making American industry more productive." Some, like presidential candidate and former Sen. Paul Tsongas, even welcome the "probusiness" label. Others, like Sikorski, seem to think business is something the Godfather is in. But they all like "competitiveness." After all, they're the people who made it a buzzword.

They also like regulation. They want to tell industry whom to hire and when to fire, to dictate benefit packages and advertising content, to protect managers from takeovers and workers from layoffs. They want a safe, secure world where risk

takers can't build minimills and nobody uses plastic packaging.

The younger generation of liberals talks a lot about entrepreneurship and gripes a lot about bureaucracy. Neither Atari Democrats nor high-tech Republicans are likely to propose wage and price controls anytime soon. Most of them want to cut capital gains taxes.

But these probusiness, "fiscally conservative and socially liberal" folks lump certain kinds of bureaucratic oversight in with Mom, apple pie, and the right to have an abortion. To paraphrase Gordon Gekko, they're convinced that "green is good."

That's why they find the Competitiveness Council so subversive. The council isn't against environmental regulation per se, but it has a nasty habit of raising embarrassing questions. Like how the Clean Air Act, which supposedly concerns clean air, came to require garbage recycling. Or why half of California and a lot of midwestern puddles suddenly became "wetlands."

The council has even advanced the heretical notion that environmental regulations shouldn't redistribute wealth—that the government should pay people when its rules destroy the value of their property. Specifically, the council supported a Senate amendment requiring federal agencies to compensate property owners for regulations that reduce the value of their land.

If you think "competitiveness" equals protectionism or government-directed industrial policy, the council does seem way out of line. What, after all, does paying a farmer for the property you've declared a wetland have to do with making computer chips? How does

blocking a recycling requirement make America more productive?

In part, the council's work serves simply to make people realize the costs—to real live human beings—of popular regulations. If preserving wetlands really benefits the public at large, as environmentalists aver, then we should all chip in to foot the bill. Sticking some unlucky farmer with the tab is hardly fair.

But acting as though regulation is free (no new taxes required!) is not only unfair, it's uncompetitive. The reason lies in what economists call opportunity cost. This is the deceptively simple concept that the cost of doing something isn't just the out-of-pocket dollars and cents. It's also whatever else you *didn't* do. The cost of going to a movie isn't only seven bucks for a ticket. It's also the time you didn't spend reading a novel or cleaning the garage or visiting your mom; in fact, it's the acts themselves—the reading, the cleaning, the visit.

Regulations impose not only direct costs—for lawyers, technicians, and tests—but also broader opportunity costs. Consider the plastic-film maker with a hot new product. Making the new film produces, at an intermediate stage, a brand new compound, one that hasn't passed EPA scrutiny. The compound never leaves the plant's property, since it's transformed into other, approved substances during later manufacturing stages. Satisfying the EPA takes money for tests, but more importantly it diverts the plant's best engineer from other projects for a whole year.

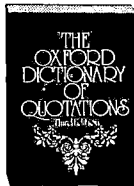
His salary is one cost of complying with the regulations. But the more significant cost isn't those tens of thousands of dollars. It's whatever the engineer doesn't do—the product innovations, quality im-

QPB. The book club for people who can't resist a great offer.



*120. A history of oil, from the drilling of the first well to the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait.

Hardcover: \$24.95
QPB: \$12.95



*482. This latest edition of the famous dictionary has 40,000 memorable quotations.

Hardcover: \$45
QPB: \$18.95



383. Writer Agee and photographer Evans explore the plight of Southern farmers in 1936, in this eloquent classic.

QPB: \$10.95



325. The classic story of how the Indians lost the West.

QPB: \$12.95



*277. A richly detailed account of private life in the eight centuries between Caesar and Charlemagne.

Hardcover: \$39.95
QPB: \$17.95



617. The newest novel by this critically acclaimed writer is charged with sexual and racial tension.

Hardcover: \$19.95
QPB: \$8.95



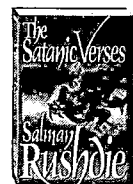
185. A decade's worth of Life in Hell cartoon strips—by the creator of The Simpsons.TM

QPB: \$12.95



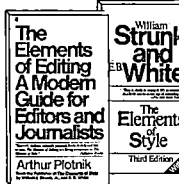
255. Frida was a magnetic personality celebrated as much for her life as for her sensuous paintings.

QPB: \$13.95



*406. "A roller-coaster ride over a vast landscape of the imagination" —London Guardian.

Hardcover: \$19.95
QPB: \$9.95



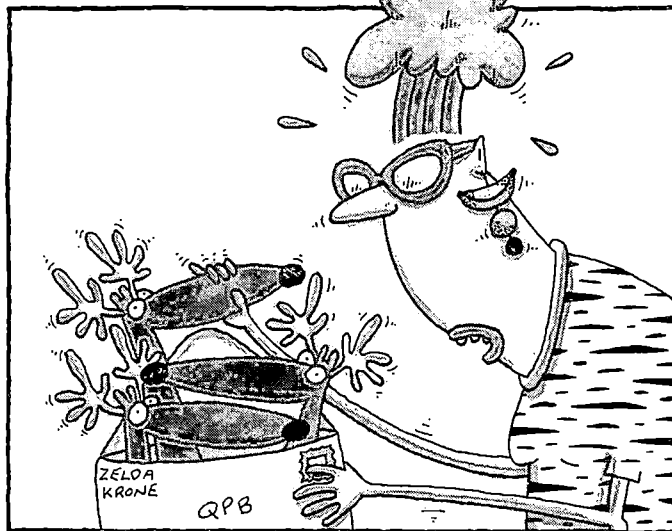
109. A special QPB trio: The Elements of Editing; The Elements of Style; The Elements of Grammar.

(3-volume set)
QPB: \$10.95



469. This brilliant best seller explores the question: Can computers think?

Hardcover: \$24.95
QPB: \$10.95



Choosing three books was easy, but getting the three bucks into the envelope proved to be beyond Zelda Krone's capabilities.

3 books, 3 bucks. No commitment. No kidding.

Actually, with QPB you don't have to send the bucks up front. Simply choose any three books from this page; we'll bill you later for \$3, plus shipping and handling.

As a member you'll receive the QPB Review every 3½ weeks (15 times a year). It will keep you up to date with the latest books, a refreshingly unusual selection of softcovers—priced at up to 60% less than their hardcover counterparts. And for every book you buy, after this special offer, you'll earn Bonus Points. These can be traded in for free books—you pay just shipping and handling. And, of course, with QPB, you're under no obligation to buy any more books. So why wait? Just choose your three books now—and send the bucks later.



*199. "An important chronicle of the politics of racism"—Los Angeles Times.

Hardcover: \$15.95
QPB: \$8.95



*219. From the Nobel Prize-winning author of *Love in the Time of Cholera*.

Hardcover: \$19.95
QPB: \$9.95



*418. Obsessions, loneliness and rage lead a disturbed woman to madness and murder.

Hardcover: \$19.95
QPB: \$9.95



*365. An abridgment of Churchill's Nobel Prize-winning history of the Second World War.

Hardcover: \$35
QPB: \$15.95



353. The best-selling biography of Sir Richard Burton, the charismatic Victorian explorer.

Hardcover: \$35
QPB: \$14.95



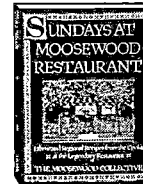
*137. The "OED of slang" is filled with fun and educational facts about 20th-century slang words and phrases.

Hardcover: \$35
QPB: \$15.95



42L. A Henry Miller QPB Original: *Tropic of Cancer*, *Black Spring* and *The Colossus of Maroussi*.

(3-in-1 vol.)
QPB: \$12.95



310. The latest cookbook from the legendary restaurant, featuring superb vegetarian cooking.

QPB: \$15.95

*QPB Exclusive: The only softcover edition now available.

OK. Send me my 3 books for \$3. No commitment. No kidding.

Quality Paperback Book Club, P.O. Box 8804, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804

Please enroll me in QPB and send me the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only \$1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the QPB Review (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months.

1-16

Indicate by number your 3 choices



Quality Paperback Book Club

Name (Please print clearly) QB774-10-0

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Prices are generally higher in Canada. © 1991 Quality Paperback Book Club. All orders subject to approval.

How QPB Membership Works.

Selection: Each QPB Review lists a new Selection. If you want it, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you want another book or no book at all, complete the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the specified date. (A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.)

Return Privilege: If the QPB Review is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

BOOKS ON CASSETTES



- Low Prices
- Unabridged Recordings
- Purchase or Rent
- Over 300 Titles
- Professionally Narrated

CLASSICS ON TAPE

P.O. Box 969 Ashland, OR 97520

For a **FREE** Catalogue Call:

1-800-729-2665

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our authors in a complete, reliable publishing program...one that offers publicity, advertising, friendly editorial assistance, and handsome books.

Carlton Press, a leading New York subsidy publisher, is now seeking manuscripts for publication in book form. Fiction, poetry, juveniles, how-to, biography, religious, and all non-fiction are being considered.

If you have a manuscript—or even if your book is in progress—you owe it to yourself to get the facts. Send for the informative 32-page booklet, *How To Publish Your Book*, explaining our time-tested, publishing program. You can obtain a free, professional evaluation of your manuscript's literary qualities and market potential...at no cost or obligation. Also, we'll send you a gift book to demonstrate our craftsmanship.

Write today for **FREE** booklet and publishing details.

Carlton Press, Dept. REV

11 West 32 Street • New York 10001

No Armchair Libertarians!



If your idea of activism is sitting around with some libertarian friends, debating the finer points of libertarian philosophy, then the Republican Liberty Caucus is not for you.

If, on the other hand, you're serious about libertarian politics, then join us! The RLC works to help elect Libertarian Republicans to public office. RLC members also participate in GOP functions: giving talks, passing out literature, serving on platform committees and acting as delegates.

Membership in the RLC is \$20.00. It includes a one year subscription to "Republican Liberty" (published quarterly, plus annual outreach issue). Members also receive regular bulletins. A subscription to the Newsletter is only \$10.00.

Send Memberships to:
Republican Liberty Caucus
7331 Harwin, Suite 113
Houston, TX 77036
paid political ad by RLC

EDITORIALS

provements, or new applications he could otherwise dream up in that year. If you could save that year, and the tens of thousands of others similarly squandered, you would make American companies more productive.

The opportunity costs of regulation extend to the economy as a whole, through what economist Melvyn Krauss calls "Europeanization." This is the accretion of restrictions that make risk taking all but impossible. For European companies, even hiring a new employee can constitute an unacceptable risk, given all the rules governing benefits and layoffs. The result is stagnation.

Europeanization is what you get when you try to square a fondness for business

with a passion for regulation. It doesn't wipe out IBM or General Motors. It just leaves the economy dependent on huge, old-line companies that can live for decades on their inherited wealth and the political clout that wins them protection from foreign competitors.

All this puts liberals—neo and otherwise—in a funny position. Without realizing it, they've become the party of big business. Bureaucracy is the comparative advantage of large organizations. They may not be nimble, but they sure can fill out forms.

The President's Council understands the connection between those forms and the elusive concept of "competitiveness." That's why it's so aggravating—and so important. ■

NATURAL MISTAKE

JACOB SULLUM

The commercials for the beverage Tropicana Twister tell us that it's "unnatural," combining fruit-juice flavors in ways that "Mother Nature never intended." Judging from press coverage of Clarence Thomas's judicial philosophy, there's a good chance that the Supreme Court nominee wants to ban Tropicana Twister and implement strict segregation of fruit juices.

The head scratching over what Thomas means when he refers to natural law and natural rights indicates widespread confusion about the principles on which this nation was founded. The news media have made Thomas out to be some sort of weirdo because he proposes to apply those principles in interpreting the Constitution. There are legitimate questions about how judges should go about doing this—what sources they should consult, what rules they should follow, what analysis they should apply. But most commentators have instead focused on the strangeness of the notion, expressed in the Declaration of Independence and the Ninth Amendment, that rights do not come from governments.

This emphasis arises from a dilemma of many left-liberals: They don't really believe that rights depend on written law; they know, for instance, that slavery was just as wrong in ancient Rome or the antebellum South as it is today. But at the same time, they reject the idea of a higher law as old-fashioned and tinged with religion.

The subhead of a story in *U.S. News & World Report* asks, "Would Justice Thomas put God on the bench?" *The Village Voice* declares, "Clarence Thomas Isn't Just a Conservative, He's From the 18th Century." Such reports give the impression that Thomas is a Bible-thumping reactionary who wants to impose his own standards of behavior on all Americans.

Part of the problem is that journalists and their sources tend to conflate the idea of natural law with specific beliefs about what is "natural" or "unnatural." Hence the *Voice* article suggests that anyone who believes in natural law must want to ban abortion, birth control, homosexuality, and indecent speech. Thomas, opines *U.S. News*, "will provoke a firestorm of opposition if he suggests that practices

EDITORIALS

such as birth control or homosexuality are 'unnatural' and, thus, not protected."

Harvard law professor Laurence Tribe, who certainly knows better, shamelessly plays on such fears in a *New York Times* op-ed piece: "Natural law has most often been cited to justify moralistic intrusions on personal choice—as illustrated by Chief Justice Warren E. Burger's appeal to 'Judeo-Christian moral and ethical standards' in *Bowers v. Hardwick*, a 1986 case condemning oral and anal sex between consenting adults in private."

But what exactly is wrong with the Georgia sodomy law that the Supreme Court upheld in *Bowers*? To argue that it's unconstitutional, one must rely on a theory of rights that goes beyond the explicit wording of the Constitution—a theory in which rights predate and transcend the document itself. In short, one must rely on natural law.

The *Voice* obscures this point by trying to make a false distinction between natural law and natural rights. It identifies the former with Thomas Aquinas and the retrograde notion that "there are absolute standards of right and wrong," the latter with John Locke and the Founders. But natural rights and natural law are part of the same framework: You can't have one without the other.

The *Voice* article inadvertently illustrates the problem of trying to separate the two concepts. The authors are puzzled by the fact that Thomas, who cites the bad, medieval Aquinas in his writings, "inexplicably" quotes good, progressive Martin Luther King, Jr., as well: "A just law is a man-made law that squares with the moral law or the law of God...An unjust law is a human law that is not rooted in eternal law and natural law." King could have explained the link; he was paraphrasing Aquinas. ■

■ REASON is moving! As of late September, our new address will be: REASON, 3415 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Fourth Floor, Los Angeles, CA 90034. Please continue to send all correspondence regarding your subscription to: REASON, P.O. Box 526, Mt. Morris, IL 61054-7868.



WE DON'T COMPROMISE!

For a free sample of our work, write FFF, P.O. Box 9752, Denver, CO 80209 (303-777-3588).

Or send \$15 (\$20 foreign) for a one-year subscription to our monthly publication, *Freedom Daily*.

He's back

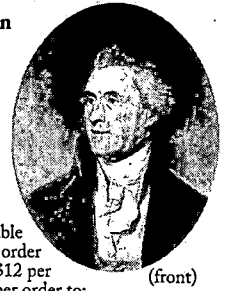
"No freeman shall ever be debarred the use of arms."

Idealogo™
LIBER-TEES

Thomas Jefferson
(back)

PUT ON Jefferson's definitive statement on arms and freedom with this premium quality Liber-Tee™ Shirt from Idealogo™.

This pre-shrunk, heavyweight 100% cotton T-Shirt is available in S, M, L, XL. To order indicate size and send \$12 per shirt plus \$2 shipping per order to:



IDEALOGO™ • PO Box 897R • Mtn View, CA 94042
Satisfaction unconditionally guaranteed. Allow 3 weeks UPS delivery.

Researchers, Writers! The Second Best Way To Keep Your Research Notes And Information Is On Index Cards...

The Best Way: On Your PC, With Squarenote™ Electronic Index Cards!

What Squarenote does for you:

- Gives you great organization and control of your research notes. In seconds, you can select out certain notes, order them in four different ways.
- Allows you to print out all your notes, or just a selected group of them, to carry with you or send to colleagues.
- Gives you instant access to any bit of information on any index card.

Easy To Learn, Use.

Squarenote 3.0 is the easiest-to-learn, easiest-to-use software ever created for the PC. It's for researchers and writers, not just computer experts. It fits on any PC.

Squarenote 3.0 (new!) allows you to collect all your research information into one accessible, printable, sortable index card file... like the index card files you have used for years, but simple to cross-reference, and each card holds twenty times [!] more information.

"This program saved my neck when faced with teaching two new courses and only two months to prepare. Squarenote gathered all the research, organized it, and even printed out my lecture notes. A basic, essential tool for anyone doing research..."

ECS, Ilion, NY.

Send No Money!

We are making a special offer to readers of this publication who have been our most loyal users and buyers for years. Call us now at 617 277 9222, or write us at the address below. **Send No Money.** Just mention this ad, and we'll send you a copy of **Squarenote 3.0** to try, at our risk, for 30 days.

Try **Squarenote 3.0**. Use it to organize your notes and ideas, plan your papers! After 30 days of use, if you want to keep it, send us just \$99, (rather than our list price of \$199.) Or return it and you owe us nothing. **Call now!**

PC Magazine's
Editor's Choice Award

UnionSquareware

27 St. Mary's Court, Brookline, MA 02146
Telephone 617-277-9222

REASON

Publisher Robert W. Poole, Jr.
Editor Virginia I. Postrel

Assistant Editors Charles Oliver
Jacob Sullum

Asst. Managing Editor Rick Henderson
Art Director Paula Brown

Production Editor Brian A. Nunes
Washington Editor Martin Morse Wooster

Editorial Assistant Mary Toledo
Intern Ganesh Gunasekaran

Associate Publisher Bryan E. Snyder
Circulation Director John Dodd

Advertising Director Sarah Rosenberg
Public Affairs Director Kevin D. Teasley

Contributing Editors

Doug Bandow	Tom Bethell
James Bovard	David Brudnoy
Greg Costikyan	Steven Hayward
Thomas W. Hazlett	David R. Henderson
T. A. Heppeneimer	John Hood
Loren E. Lomasky	Michael McMenamin
Steven W. Mosher	Stanton Peele
Thomas Szasz	William Tucker
Paul H. Weaver	Walter E. Williams
Cathy Young	Karl Zinsmeister

Editorial, Advertising, and Production Offices

2716 Ocean Park Blvd., Suite 1062
Santa Monica, CA 90405
(213) 392-0443

Washington Office

P.O. Box 8093
Silver Spring, MD 20907
(301) 565-7820

Circulation Service

P.O. Box 526
Mt. Morris, IL 61054
(815) 734-6309

Founding Editors:

Manuel S. Klausner, Tibor R. Machan,
Robert W. Poole, Jr.

REASON is published by the Reason Foundation, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit educational foundation. Contributions to the Reason Foundation are tax-deductible. Signed articles in REASON reflect the views of the authors and do not necessarily represent those of the editors, the Reason Foundation, or its trustees.



Reason Foundation

Trustees: Bernard Baltic, Frank Bond, Joseph E. Coberly, Richard J. Dennis, Richard Fink, Neal Goldman, Tony Jackson, Manuel S. Klausner, David H. Koch, Robert W. Poole, Jr., Walter E. Williams

President: Robert W. Poole, Jr.

Senior Vice President: Bryan E. Snyder

Vice President, Research: Lynn Scarlett

Director of Public Affairs: Kevin D. Teasley

Director of Educational Programs: Greg Rehmke

Policy Analyst: David Haarmeyer

Public Affairs Assistant: Mario E. Clemente

Office Manager: Donna Lee Braunstein

Bookkeeper: Ellen Baker

Research Fellow: John R. Guardiano

Bookkeeping Assistant: Mike Griffin

Volunteers: Anthony Brown, Mark Lewis, Larry Leathers, Eric Lund, Steve Marczeski, Kirstin Simonson, Timothy Wright

Legal Adviser: Don Franzen

LETTERS

A Question of Policy

Jacob Sullum's "Gun-Shy Judges" (May) does both me and the ACLU a disservice by quoting my remarks out of context and therefore misrepresenting what I told him in an interview several months ago. Mr. Sullum also incorrectly suggested that my views contradicted the ACLU policy on the subject of the Second Amendment.

Our views on the Second Amendment, and how it bears upon pending or proposed legislation, are as follows:

Second Amendment advocates often suggest that the purpose of constitutionally protecting the right to bear arms is that it would provide citizens the means to resist a tyrannical government. But if that is the purpose, surely handguns are not enough. If one believes that the Second Amendment provides an individual right to bear arms sufficient to resist a modern government, then it must protect not only the right to possess handguns, but also the right to possess bazookas, torpedoes, rocket-launchers, tanks, missiles, and the like. And indeed, the Second Amendment draws no distinctions among types of weapons. But most advocates of the right to bear arms concede that the Second Amendment does not prohibit the government from banning private ownership of such weapons.

Once we concede the constitutionality of government bans on some weapons, we are not talking any longer about whether the government may restrict weapons but rather what constitutes a reasonable restriction. If the Second Amendment provides no basis for such distinctions, as it does not, then it is up to the legislature.

The ACLU does not believe that the Second Amendment provides individuals with an unlimited constitutional right to possess any and all weapons; we therefore believe that legislatures may adopt

reasonable restrictions. The question is, What is reasonable?

An absolute ban on all handguns under all conditions might well be unreasonable. So would licensing and registration schemes that invaded privacy or enforcement methods that resulted in illegal searches. The ACLU would likely support challenges to any such unreasonable restrictions. But the Brady Bill raises no such issues, which is why the ACLU has not objected to it on constitutional grounds.

I have not strayed from this position in anything I have written or in any interview I have given, including the one with Mr. Sullum. And the position is consistent with, indeed, is an implementation of, ACLU policy.

Ira Glasser
Executive Director
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, NY

High Fidelity

There were two considerations skipped over by Thomas Donlan's article on HDTV ("The Sharper Image," June).

First, HDTV as currently developed is a very short-range interim technology. It would be a serious error to encourage a lot of capital investment in such a system. Digital information transmission, including digital television, is (or should be) very close to implementation.

We seem to be stuck with a limited spectrum. Digital technology seems to offer the best shot at data-compression schemes and will fit admirably with direct laser transmission and the coming fiber-optic information channels. We should get moving in this direction rapidly. A good libertarian question is, Who or what will control these new information carriers? I suspect another government agency is in the offing.

As to Mr. Donlan's concerns about the

LETTERS

bureaucracy slowing down Japan's entry, I say good for them! That's precisely what the Japanese have been doing to U.S. imports there for many years.

*Ted Parker
Camarillo, CA*

THOMAS DONLAN'S OTHERWISE fine article contains a few technical errors I hope his book does not have.

First, the NTSC television picture is encoded via amplitude modulation (varying signal strength) but the sound is, in fact, frequency-modulated (varying signal frequency). Second, TV stations do not broadcast at 6 Megahertz (MHz) as Mr. Donlan implies. They are allotted a channel which has a width of 6 MHz, but they transmit at much higher frequency (for instance, channel 17 is the band 488 MHz to 494 MHz).

One other note: The American electronics industry, when left to its own devices, has done a pretty good job of setting expansive, future-oriented standards. I seriously doubt that Japan's MUSE would ever be adopted here, as the author seems to wish. Digital transmission is the best choice, even if it takes longer to develop, because it makes a clean break from the outdated NTSC system and can provide unmatched overall quality.

*John Taylor
Cowlesville, NY*

THE FCC'S APPROACH to high-definition television is the old 10 pounds of stuff in a one-pound bag. HDTV will ideally have twice the scan lines and twice the horizontal resolution of the current NTSC TV; this means broadcasting four times the information on the original four-by-three aspect ratio. A wide aspect would require half again as much information. To do things right, let's allow the color resolution to equal the luminance resolution, and let's broadcast uncompressed stereo sound. A 40-50-megahertz bandwidth is needed.

Such bandwidth is available via either satellite or cable. Fiber-optic cable adds an embarrassment of bandwidth riches. Yet nothing currently in design takes advantage of these resources. The NHK system at 30 megahertz is not the an-

Introducing an exotic new financial language:

English.

Every issue of *The Capitalist's Companion* comes with the following guarantee: it will contain no jargon; it will contain no platitudes; and it won't use "impact" as a verb.

The Companion looks at politics and the markets from life's bleacher seats. Its editors aren't beltway insiders. They come from the trading floors and research departments of Wall Street.

They know the economy from the ground up, and they know what moves markets. Their insights will surprise you.

Example: when the Sunday morning talk shows were moaning last fall that the stock market was headed lower, *The Com-*

panion was explaining that stocks were done going down.

We won't always be right, of course. But we'll always be skeptical. And we'll give you a viewpoint you won't get from your broker. Or from the networks or the financial press. What's more, we won't leave our sense of humor in the coat closet when we sit down to write.

Try *The Capitalist's Companion* at a special trial rate. We'll send you five issues for \$19. If you're not satisfied, we'll send you a pro-rated refund. If you are satisfied, come on back and sign up for a year.

Dial the toll-free number; we'll bill you. Or fill out the form below.

1-800-966-6567

24 hours a day; 7 days a week

- Please start me out with a 5-issue trial subscription for \$19.
 I'd like to subscribe for a year (17 issues) at \$120.
 Payment enclosed. Bill me.

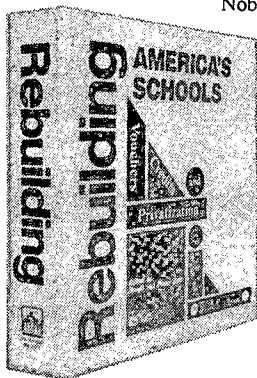
Name _____
Company _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The Capitalist's Companion 
JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE FINANCIAL MARKETS

RI 175 Fifth Avenue Suite 2503 New York, N.Y. 10010

“a splendid job!”

MILTON FRIEDMAN
Nobel Laureate



**REBUILDING
AMERICA'S SCHOOLS:
Vouchers, Credits, and
Privatization**
edited by Joseph and Diane Bast

“The best piece of work done so far in a very, very usable form.”

CARL FYNBOE
Washington Federation
of Independent Schools

“A major triumph for The Heartland Institute!”

EDWARD CRANE
Cato Institute

“... a splendid contribution, theoretically sound, rhetorically convincing, with many practical insights and legislative models.”

HERBERT J. WALBERG
University of Illinois - Chicago

340 pages in attractive 3-ring binder, \$45.00. Free shipping!

For VISA and Mastercard orders, call 312/427-3060. Or send check or money order to the address below.



**THE
HEARTLAND
INSTITUTE**

634 South Wabash, Second Floor,
Chicago, IL 60605. Also offices in
Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis,
and Kansas City.

LETTERS

swer—it's late '70s technology. Using it as an intermediate system would surely kill HDTV; remember what competing formats did to quadriphonic hi-fi and stereo AM radio? American entrepreneurs, who continue to lead the world in high-end audio, could also in high-end video, if they were allowed to build the highest quality system possible. No, the problem isn't the medium, it's the message.

HDTV's real market is pay TV. A truly high-quality wide-aspect picture would enhance premium movies, sports events, travelogues, and nature documentaries. It would find many customers in cable and satellite viewers who have already demonstrated their willingness to invest in good video. HDTV is not going to wow consumers, however, into spending kilobucks on hardware to watch game shows, talk shows, sitcoms, or news and weather in wide aspect.

The answer seems simple: a dual television system, each serving different programming needs. AM radio remains healthy despite FM. It offers talk shows, news, and golden oldies while FM handles high-fidelity stereo music. Likewise, premium HDTV channels would not interfere with the market for the majority of NTSC terrestrial programming. The masses could still watch network and local broadcasts on inexpensive hardware while videophiles could watch premium programming on the best television system in the world.

A one-size-fits-all approach to HDTV will lead to such a technically and artistically compromised system that none will want to watch it, at least in this country. If the Europeans develop a satellite-broadcast HDTV system, wanna bet East Coast dish owners will buy European hardware to receive the programming? Better yet, what's to stop Europe or Japan from launching direct-broadcast satellites near the United States to broadcast higher quality pictures than the crippled American system could? Let's forget about NTSC or NHK compatibility and allow U.S. designers to do their best, then use that system only for appropriate programming.

Donald R. Loose
Beaver Creek, OH

Disaster Relief

Martin Morse Wooster demonstrates remarkable disregard for both facts and reasonable interpretations in his June column (“Eco-Logic”), in which he holds me up as a purported example of an anti-capitalist environmental extremist. In actuality, I am the author of a book, *Freedom Comes from Human Beings*, which advocates free-enterprise solutions for many environmental problems. I advanced the same arguments in the 1981 Environmental Action symposium on the direction environmentalism should take during the 1980s; spent much of 1975-77 ghostwriting a major treatise on capitalism for a former adviser to Ronald Reagan; and was Canadian correspondent to the now-defunct Libertarian Press Service, 1977-1980. Over the past decade, my articles for both environmental publications and general circulation magazines and newspapers have repeatedly spotlighted successful private initiatives to clean up pollution, protect animals, and safeguard habitat. Far from “reaching eco-Armageddon,” one of my most important recurring themes has been refuting doomsday scenarios, pointing out that we are not “killing” our habitat so much as changing it with frequently reckless disregard of the long-term consequences, including economic consequences.

Facts are facts, regardless of economic philosophy, and one fact of modern politics is that campaigns with at least twice the spending power of their opponents usually win. One scarcely needs to be searching “for capitalist plots with a misguided vigor similar to that of an earlier generation of fanatics who hunted for communist plots,” to observe that the huge financial contributions of pesticide manufacturers and related interest groups were an obvious major factor in defeating California's Big Green initiative last fall.

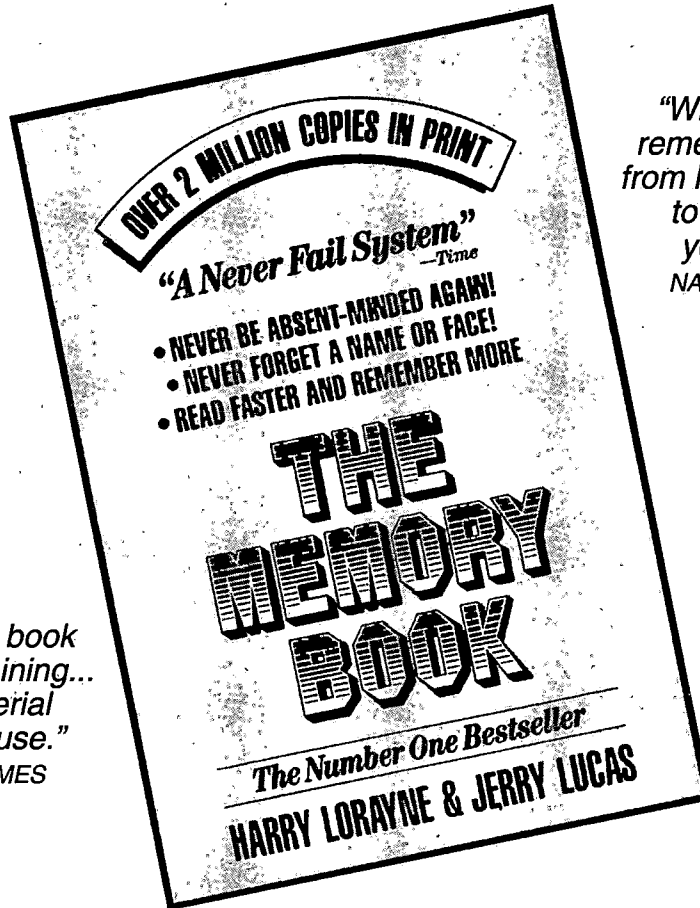
Likewise, one needn't be searching for plots of any kind to note that the Telluride, Colorado antifur referendum pitted a 20-year-old student, unsupported by national groups, against fur trade organizations who outspent her by a ratio of roughly

Aerobics For Your Memory

Only \$6.95 (Pub. \$16.95)

"A Never Fail System."
TIME MAGAZINE

"A most unusual book about memory training... absorbing material to practice and use."
LOS ANGELES TIMES



"Will enable you to remember everything from long-digit numbers to where you left your car keys."
NASHVILLE BANNER

"It's easy, it's fun...it works."
COLUMBUS DISPATCH

Systematic workouts. Pays off for the body. Guaranteed to pay off by giving you a great memory.

The operative word is 'Systematic'. *The Memory Book* authors—Harry Lorayne and Jerry Lucas (he's the Olympic Gold Medal winner and NBA's Most Valuable Player who was also Phi Beta Kappa)—have created systems, easily learned and quickly applied, that can begin to improve your memory in no time.

The Memory Book uses a few basic building blocks: the proven efficacy of association (we remember the shape of Italy because we learned it looked like a boot), the Link System (if you're associating properly, one word links you to the next) and Substitute Words (Example: for Alaska, picture 'a flaming dessert', or 'I'll Ask Her', or 'a last car').

Using *The Memory Book* systems, you'll be delighted to find yourself remembering those details that seemed to invariably slip out of your mind; phone numbers, appointments, information you've read.

In its 237 pages and 27

chapters, *The Memory Book* will help you with:

- Long Words, Appointments
- Errands and Shopping Lists
- Foreign and English Vocabulary
- Long-Digit Numbers
- Names and Faces
- Style Numbers, Prices, Telephone Numbers
- Playing Cards
- Sports
- The Stock Market
- Reading

Those are a few of the many areas dealt with in detail.

The Memory Book can be a boon to anyone—whether in business or a student. And its language and systems are so clear and simply written, even a child can be taught.

Start your first class in 'memory aerobics' by ordering *The Memory Book*. Just mail the completed coupon.

Our Unconditional Guarantee:

You must be completely satisfied with any item you buy from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us for a full refund.

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

Dept. A603, 126 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10011

Please rush me ___ copies of *The Memory Book* (#1573039) at the special price of \$6.95 each. With this purchase, get a FREE Barnes & Noble Catalog. Please add \$1.00 per book for postage and handling, and the appropriate sales tax for CA, CT, MA, MI, MN, NJ, NY, & PA.

Name _____

Address _____

Apt# _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

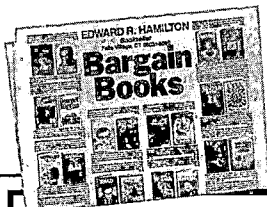
Payment Method (check one)

Check MasterCard Expiration Date
 Visa American Express Month/Year

Credit Card Number

Signature _____

Without purchase, send \$1.00 with coupon for a Barnes & Noble Catalog.



**FREE
CATALOG**
Huge Selection
Lowest Prices

Bargain Books

Choose from recent publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints—up to 8,000 titles each month, including 600-1,500 new arrivals—most at savings of 50% to 80%.

We publish a new catalog every 4 weeks, each offering an immense selection from all major publishers, and with more books at \$1.95, \$2.95, \$3.95 than you'll find anywhere else: **Politics**, Biography, Science, Art, Literature, Fiction, Health, Movies, Nature, Gardening and more. Something for everyone, from yesterday's best sellers to titles you never knew existed, most in limited supply. We normally ship within 24 hours with a moneyback guarantee.

Please send me your Free Catalog of Bargain Books.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

HAMILTON

Box 15-584, Falls Village CT 06031

Foreign Policy Analyst

A leading public policy research institute in Washington, D.C., has an entry-level position in its foreign policy program for a bright, motivated individual. Applicants must have a bachelor's degree (master's degree preferred) in international relations, security studies, diplomatic history, or a related discipline. Excellent research, writing, and verbal skills are essential. Applicants must be familiar with and receptive to a classical liberal, noninterventionist perspective on foreign and defense policy issues. Send cover letter and résumé to:

Director of Foreign Policy Studies
Cato Institute
224 Second Street, S.E.
Washington, D.C. 20003



LETTERS

5,000 to 1. The fur trade didn't spend all that money just for exercise; they spent it to ensure a political victory that might economically help their struggling business (which has depended, from inception, upon massive public subsidies, currently ranging from trappers' access to national wildlife refuges to the USDA's Mink Export Assistance Program).

Also Warren T. Brookes, whom Wooster quoted, seriously misrepresented at least two of his supposed examples of "scientific inaccuracy" on the part of environmentalists.

First, U.S. forest acreage has increased since 1952 primarily because former farms in New England have reverted to woodland after being converted to housing. The new forests are largely contiguous wooded back yards, which provide limited animal habitat and are never likely to become part of the American timber supply. Further, clear-cut government acreage is still included in the forest land inventory, even though new trees of timber size won't have grown back until midway through the next century.

Second, the salmon catch in Prince William Sound increased the year after the Exxon Valdez oil spill because the spill had killed or driven away virtually all the major salmon predators, including bears, eagles, seals, sea otters, and osprey. This scarcely suggests a healthy or recovering ecosystem.

Merritt Clifton
Editor

The Animals' Agenda
Monroe, CT

mercantilism. The fruits of mercantilism are unearned wealth, poverty, tyranny, and the smearing of the name of true laissez-faire.

For Roberts to argue that libertarians should not be distressed by Soviet developments is to suggest our forebears should not have been distressed by the tyranny of English mercantilism and that modern libertarians should not be distressed by the web of subsidies, licenses, and regulations that make up the modern American mercantilist state.

Free markets depend upon private property, to be sure; but this does not mean a system of private property based on privilege will result in free markets. To the contrary, privilege is always and everywhere the enemy of free markets and individual liberty.

D. Allen Dalton
Director
Center for the Study of
Market Alternatives
Caldwell, ID

Dr. Roberts replies: If the Soviet economy were moving from laissez-faire to mercantilism, I would agree with Allen Dalton. But as it is moving from communism to mercantilism, I do not, for this too shall pass. After all, we got to private property through the enclosures, a privilege-based laissez-faire for the powerful that had the effect of creating labor markets.

Democrat or Dictator?

William D. Eggers's glowing account of Levon Ter-Petrosian, president of the Armenian republic ("The New Opposition," July), seems greatly at variance with his most recent activities, as recounted by

Enclosing Argument

Paul Craig Roberts's otherwise fine article ("Privileged Privatization," July) is marred by his concluding comment that the privileged privatization of the Soviet economy "is not an outcome that should ...distress libertarians." The heritage of classical liberalism is an opposition to privilege—the special rights granted de facto or de jure by government. An economy of privilege, with the form but not the substance of capitalism, is

Communicate with REASON

We appreciate receiving your letters, typed double-space and limited to 200 words. Letters sent to REASON will be considered for publication (unless otherwise noted) and may be subject to abridgement or editorial comment.

2716 Ocean Park Blvd., Suite 1062
Santa Monica, CA 90405

New Video Immersion Method™ Makes All Other Language Courses Obsolete!



Now, on home video,
the most
powerful language course
ever created.



From asking directions to doing business, French in Action brings French to life... on video! Includes everything you need: 26 lessons on 7 video cassettes, 14 audio cassettes, a study guide, a text book and a workbook.

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-367-4534

French in Action was developed with funding from The Annenberg/CPB Project.

Why the Video Immersion Method™ is the Best Way to Learn a Language.

The language teaching technique of "immersion" has long been recognized by experts for its effectiveness.

The Video Immersion Method™ goes one step further. Now, through video, the student is immersed in the life and language of the foreign country — without leaving home, and at a fraction of the cost of other immersion courses. Compare!

Immersion Course	Site	Cost
Resident	Tours, France	\$4,000*†
Commercial	New York, NY	\$5,500*
University	Hanover, NH	\$3,000*
VIDEO IMMERSION METHOD™	Your Own Home	\$ 295

*Estimated cost.
†Includes airfare.

Video Immersion Method™ Course in Spanish & German, Too!

Developed at U.C.L.A. for the Defense Language Institute, Video Immersion Method™ German includes 13 hours of video instruction on 7 cassettes, 14 audio cassettes, a textbook, a Student's Guide plus Glossary and Cultural Notes. Video Immersion Method™ Spanish includes 13 hours of video language instruction, 15 audio cassettes in a handsome binder, and a complete course textbook.

■ Yale University, 1956. Pierre Capretz, a young French professor arrives from France with an extraordinary goal...to revolutionize language learning. So anyone could be fluent. Naturally. Easily. Through immersion in the foreign tongue.

Now, in 1991, the full power of the Capretz immersion method is available on home video.

Video Revolutionizes Language Learning!

The Video Immersion Method™ teaches French the same natural way you learned English: by seeing, observing and hearing it used in real-life.

You are immersed in the life and language of France. Surrounded by the sights and sounds. Exposed to every accent and gesture. A learning experience never before possible in any classroom language course. The full flavor of the language — not just words and verb charts — but the nuances of meaning and usage you can only acquire by living a language.

Proven at over 1000 Universities, Educational and Cultural Institutions Worldwide.

Acclaimed worldwide as a revolutionary breakthrough, French in Action is used successfully in leading universities around the world!

Experience the power of the Video Immersion Method™ in the comfort of your own home — learn at your own pace — for just \$295 (plus \$7.50 shipping and handling), payable in eight convenient monthly installments of just \$37.81!

The Video Immersion Method™ language course will teach you faster, more effectively, and more enjoyably than any other language course you can acquire or attend — at any price. Your complete satisfaction is guaranteed.

© 1990 MBI

RESERVATION APPLICATION

Video Immersion Method™ Language Courses

The Language Laboratory VHS Only
88 Long Hill Cross Road
Shelton, Conn. 06484

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-367-4534

Please send me the Video Immersion Method™ course(s) I have indicated at \$295* for each course (plus \$7.50 shipping and handling.) I may return my purchase in its original condition within 30 days for a full refund.

FRENCH SPANISH GERMAN

Quantity: _____

Name _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Please charge each of 8 monthly installments of \$37.81* to my credit card:

VISA Mastercard
 Discover Amer. Express

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature (All orders subject to acceptance.) _____

I prefer not to use a credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my deposit of \$122.50* for each course. I will pay the balance as billed in four monthly installments of \$45.00* each.

*Applicable sales tax, if any, will be billed with shipment. Allow 2 to 4 weeks for shipment. PAL not available.

560-1046

EXPOSE IRS ABUSES

The NTP Research Center is investigating IRS abuses. We are preparing an in-depth publication to detail and expose the growing police-state dynamics within the IRS that is threatening our freedom and economy.

If you have experienced IRS abuse, or know of anyone who has experienced IRS abuse, please contact us. Your information is needed.

We would also like to be contacted by lawyers, tax accountants, paralegals, or anyone else with law-related experience who is interested in, or would like to contribute to, challenging the IRS's growing abusive powers in court.

Please write or phone:

NTP Research Center
Attn: Scott Long
Box 906
Boulder City, Nevada 89005
(702) 798-8332

FINANCIAL PRIVACY

Best Techniques for Creating FINANCIAL PRIVACY

- Become "invisible" to investigators
- Stop generating financial records
- Communications privacy...mail, phone
- Using a business to create privacy
- Hiding your assets ■ Privacy from taxes
- Using other "names" ■ Offshore options
- Operating in cash ■ Confidential loans
- Safes, private storage ■ Cash equivalents
- Banking alternatives ■ Second passports
- Profitable private investments
- Tax havens ■ A private will
- Enjoying your assets quietly
- Avoiding financial schemes
- 20 steps to take immediately

The EDEN
GUIDE to
COMPLETE
FINANCIAL
PRIVACY

The EDEN Guide to
Complete
FINANCIAL PRIVACY **ONLY \$24.95**

16 Chapters, Indexed
182 pages

Don't wait! Order TODAY!

Your Regular P&H, \$2.00 (Please add
Choice FIRST CLASS, \$5.00 to order.)
(California residents please add 6% sales tax.)
 Send latest Book Catalog —FREE.

EDEN
PRESS • Box 8410-RN • Fountain Valley, CA 92728
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Increase your hearing range by a factor of at least 10x, with ...

PowerVox IV only \$29.95*

*But read this ad for an even better deal!

The instructions to the PowerVox IV caution you to have the control on "very low" when you first try the instrument. If you do not, it could scare the daylight out of you. Put PowerVox IV in your shirt pocket and realize to your amazement that you can hear whispered conversations up to 50 feet away, a pin drop 10 feet away, and even hear what people are talking about in the next room. A walk through the woods will reveal nature in a way that you never would have thought possible. It really increases your range of hearing by at least 10x!

Rodelvox PowerVox IV comes with a full complement of attachments: Belt/Pocket Clip, Bud-Style Earphones, and 20' Headphone Cord (for TV). Batteries are not included.

We are the exclusive importers of Rodelvox electronic instruments and can therefore bring you this startling product for just \$29.95. National catalog houses sell almost identical devices for \$59.95 or more. But, we have an even better deal: **Buy two for \$59.95 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!** Enhance your range of perception, hear things you never heard before, and find out things you couldn't know otherwise. Get your Rodelvox PowerVox IV today!



• PowerVox IV is the state of the art in sound amplification. Besides its many other applications, it is a boon to the hard of hearing, a marvelous help in the theatre or for low-volume TV listening. It comes with a full complement of attachments. The 9V battery is not included.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills
of San Francisco

139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order Code #4211A913. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: \$5.95 for one; \$6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

LETTERS

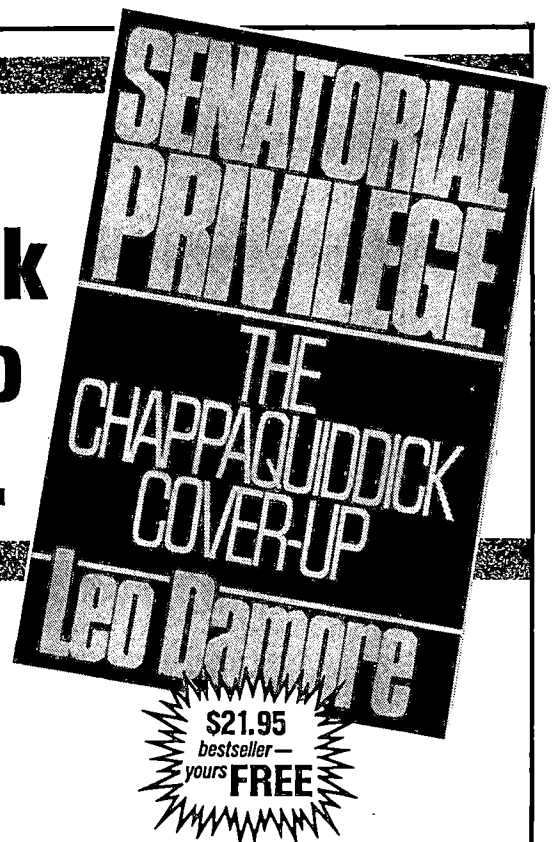
The American Foundation for Resistance International:

Prior to Ter-Petrosian's rise to political prominence, the leading democracy activist in Armenia was Paruyr Hayrikyan, chairman of the Union for Armenian National Self-Determination, who was forcibly exiled (in handcuffs) from the Soviet Union in July 1988. Hayrikyan continued his activism in the West and succeeded in being elected to the Armenian parliament in May of 1990, while still in exile. In the interim, Ter-Petrosian had assumed the office of president and was personally on hand to escort Hayrikyan to his seat in parliament when Hayrikyan returned to Armenia on November 12, 1990.

This would seem a generous act of welcome, were it not for the fact that, in the early morning hours of March 19, 1991, several hundred Interior Ministry troops in armored personnel carriers—accompanied by Ter-Petrosian's armed militia of the Armenian National Movement—surrounded a building in Yerevan where the Union for National Self-Determination was conducting a meeting. All 50 attendees were arrested for "curfew violation" (a strange charge, inasmuch as they were all within a building at the time), including Hayrikyan, 13 board members of the union, and Susanna Avakian, director of the Armenian Earthquake Orphans Fund. Upon hearing of this crackdown, Ruzanna Gorgisian, whose husband had earlier been assassinated by the KGB, went to the police station to make inquiry and was also arrested. By morning, a crowd of thousands had gathered to demand release of the democracy activists. Only Hayrikyan and Avakian were released, presumably because of their repute in the West, the rest being held.

Later that day, in an interview with TASS, Ter-Petrosian criticized Hayrikyan for "favoring the restoration of Armenia's independence and immediate secession from the Soviet Union." Subsequently, Ter-Petrosian's assistant, Vano Siradeghian, announced on March 24 that the Armenian government "is clamping down on organizations favoring the restoration of Armenia's independence and

Despite a media brownout, this book fought its way onto the bestseller lists.



And when you read what it reveals about Teddy and Chappaquiddick, you'll see why.

Ray Kerrison explains it all in his *New York Post* column:

"The biggest surprise — and scandal — of the publishing season is the public's extraordinary demand for a book exposing Sen. Edward Kennedy's fatal escapade at Chappaquiddick, despite a review blackout by the nation's media giants.

This book is titled *Senatorial Privilege: The Chappaquiddick Cover-Up* (Regnery Gateway, \$21.95). Written by Leo Damore, it made the *New York Times* non-fiction best-seller list yesterday for the eighth straight week.

Yet the . . . *Washington Post*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Boston Globe*, *Time* and *Newsweek* have all boycotted it.

The media blackout is all the more suspicious because Damore's account is a meticulous examination of what happened at the bridge and the aftermath. It was written with the cooperation of Joseph Gargan, a Kennedy cousin, who was involved in the nightmare. . . .

Damore's book leaves no doubt that: a) Kennedy left

the party for a romantic interlude; b) he was drunk; c) he drove off the bridge at considerable speed; and d) his license had expired five months earlier.

It discloses how Ted Sorenson, President John F. Kennedy's speechwriter, drafted Sen. Kennedy's fictitious explanation of the tragedy for a national TV audience."

People Magazine shares the enthusiasm:

"An achievement of reportorial diligence, this book tells a story that the most imaginative crime novelist would have been hard put to invent. It is a tale of death, intrigue, obstruction of justice, corruption and politics. It is also one view of why Sen. Edward M. Kennedy was never indicted in connection with Mary Jo Kopechne's death . . . readers will find it hard to put down."

Adds the **Wall Street Journal**:

"Absorbing and definitive account . . . Damore . . . is a disciplined and relentless writer who makes his case more devastating because he never steps back and editorializes. Each falsehood, blunder and evasion is in tight focus. . . ."

● **How to get this \$21.95 bestseller FREE** ●

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing, it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 OAKLAND AVENUE ● HARRISON, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send FREE my copy of Leo Damore's \$21.95 bestseller, *Senatorial Privilege*. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

R-96

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Dangerously Libertarian?

According to one political science professor, the *Carolina Critic* is guilty of advocating "dangerously libertarian individualism." We like to think he's right. The *Carolina Critic* threatens statist, bureaucrats, and most of all, the collectivist ethic pervading higher education. To subscribe or make a tax deductible donation, contact: Carolina Critic, 01 Steele Bldg., UNC-CH, Chapel Hill, NC 27599



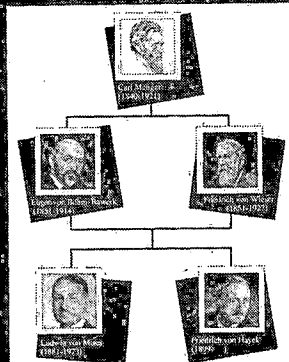
POLITICALLY "INCORRECT" T-SHIRTS
Spoofs on liberal politics, ecomania, animal rights... and more. Free catalogue. All shirts of heavyweight 100% cotton—satisfaction guaranteed. Our "Leftists Recycle" shirt is available for \$12.95 plus \$2.50 shipping. (CA residents, add 6.25% sales tax.) Specify L or XL when ordering.

LEFTISTS RECYCLE THEIR TRASH

© 1991 Praxis Publications
PRAXIS PUBLICATIONS
P.O. Box 3551, Santa Rosa CA 95402
(707) 578-7302 Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery

CHAMPIONS OF FREEDOM

AUSTRIAN ECONOMICS
Perspectives on the Past and Prospects for the Future



Richard M. Ebeling, Editor
The Ludwig von Mises Lecture Series • Volume 17

516 pages

Discounts for classroom use!

Visa / MC / Discover
1-800-437-2268

For discount information
(517) 439-1528
ext. 2319

FREE SHIPPING
\$19.95 hardcover
\$9.95 paperback

HILLSDALE COLLEGE

LETTERS

immediate secession from the USSR because parliament should take steps toward dictatorship."

A fine thing, for a supposed "pro-democracy activist" to countenance the suppression of his compatriots and to endorse dictatorship! It appears, instead, that Ter-Petrosian is simply acting the part of a collaborator with the Gorbachev regime, favoring the preservation of his personal political power over any adherence to principles. This account is a lesson that we should not uncritically accept characterizations of Soviet politicians as being prodemocracy, without in-depth scrutiny. The opportunity for a charlatan is now enormous, as the captive republics may eventually discover.

Michael J. Dunn
Auburn, WA

Who Shot R.R.?

Thomas Szasz has long been an effective gadfly of and for the mental-health community. His one-page screed, "Hinckley and Son" (July), however, demonstrates how any surviving effectiveness can be undercut in an explosion of sarcasm, misstatement, unsupported assertion, misleading premise, unexamined implication, and demagogic illogic.

Among the explicit remarks in this piece are the following: Schizophrenia is not a disease, and if it were it is not treatable; Hinckley should have been executed, or allowed to kill himself; the only symptoms of Hinckley's disorder were discovered in the attempted assassination; and the mere act of making an appointment to see a psychiatrist automatically stigmatized Hinckley for life.

Among its implications are these: There is something wrong with the labels given to the Brady Bill and the neuroleptic drugs; there is something wrong with a father seeking treatment for his son and then trying to keep him alive; it is intelligent for people whose lives may be described as "parasitic and pathetic" to kill themselves; and any psychiatrist must necessarily diagnose anyone who

seeks help as having a serious mental illness.

There are many problems in the whole Hinckley case, to be sure, and there seem to be problems at St. Elizabeth's as well. But to trot these out in apparent service of a conviction that "patient," "illness," and "doctors" are somehow ersatz terms to be used for a schizophrenic and psychiatrists is irrational.

Neil D. Isaacs
Colesville, MD

The American Way

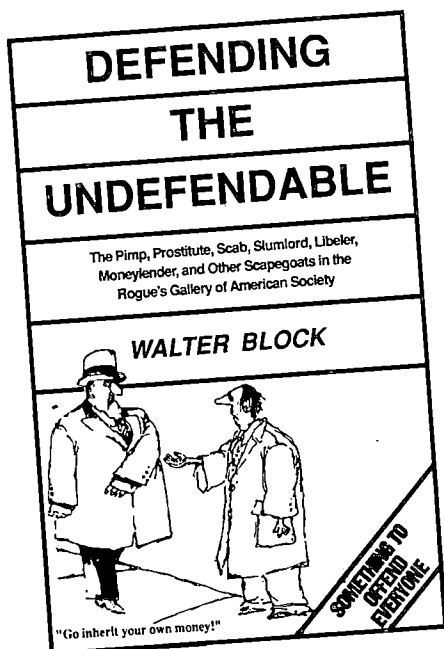
In his review of *The Power and the Glitter*, ("Reelpolitik," June), Joseph Farah included a very short and uncomplimentary reference to Norman Lear's organization People for the American Way. In the interests of balance, I would like to point out one wonderfully good thing that PAW recently did for the citizens of my home state, Texas, and for America as a whole.

For many years, Texas selected its high school biology textbooks favoring the views of, shall we say, nonscientists, through unremitting pressures applied by biblical literalists, who faithfully lobbied the selection hearings so that no mention of hominid fossils or other such godless malarkey should affect the religious sensibilities of their otherwise pious children. PAW recently took them on and won (or at least played a very significant part in winning) the day for scientific integrity in the classroom. I hope that pleases you. It certainly pleases me.

Thomas McLaughlin
Lubbock, TX

Clarification: Due to an editing error, an article in the August/September issue ("Getting Away With Murder") identified Joel Steinberg as the "husband" of Hedda Nussbaum and Lisa Steinberg as their "adopted daughter." Steinberg and Nussbaum were not legally married, and they never legally adopted Lisa.

THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL DEFENSE OF LIBERTY EVER PUBLISHED — NOW BACK IN PRINT!



"Looking through Block's book made me feel that I was once more exposed to shock therapy by which Mises converted me to a consistent free market position. Even now I am occasionally incredulous and feel that 'this is going too far,' but usually Block is right."
— F.A. von HAYEK

"Startling and illuminating! Block's lucid defenses often convince; sometimes they lead us to sharpen our attack. In either case, the reader cannot fail to be instructed and challenged by this mind-stretching, provocative, and occasionally infuriating book."
— ROBERT NOZICK

"Walter Block is on the loose... and the world will never be the same." — ROY A. CHILDS, JR.

FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF WHY BLOCK'S BOOK HAS BOTH IRKED AND INSPIRED READERS SINCE THE DAY IT WAS FIRST PUBLISHED... ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY!

Please send me the following new titles: **Send your order to:**

DEFENDING THE UNDEFENDABLE

CU5178 (paper) \$12.95
CU5180

(hdcover, autographed) \$24.95.....

IDEAS OF AYN RAND

by Ronald E. Merrill

AR5184 (hardcover)

Publisher's Price: \$32.95

LF PRICE ONLY \$18.95.....

GALILEO'S REVENGE by Peter Huber

LL5189 (hardcover)

Publisher's Price: \$22.95

LF PRICE ONLY \$18.95.....

Postage & handling

\$2.75 U.S. Mail or \$3.75 UPS.....

CA. residents add sales tax.....

TOTAL.....

LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS

a division of the Center for Independent Thought

Dept. RH6, 942 Howard Street

San Francisco CA 94103

My check or money order is enclosed for \$.....

Please bill my Visa MasterCard

Acct. No. _____ Expir. Date _____

Signature _____

Name (Please print) _____

Street _____

City/State/Zip _____

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-326-0996

M-F 9:00-6:00 Pacific Time

FAX: 415-541-0597

Charge your Visa or MasterCard

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If for any reason you are dissatisfied with any book, just return it within 30 days for an immediate exchange or refund.

Up in Smoke

California's antismoking campaign isn't exactly subtle. One commercial shows a pregnant woman serving dinner to her husband, who is smoking a cigarette. She begins to cough, exhaling plumes of secondary smoke, and he continues puffing away, oblivious. As the coughs become louder, the camera focuses on her swollen belly.

It's tough, but it works. Or so the state Department of Health Services would have us believe. California's "innovative," \$28.6-million mass-media campaign, the most conspicuous result of a cigarette-tax initiative passed in 1988, has gained a reputation for effectiveness that has little basis in reality.

That reputation is encouraging imitators in other states. In May, two Wisconsin legislators announced plans to introduce a bill that would raise their state's cigarette tax by 10 cents a pack and allocate the additional revenue to an antismoking campaign. "A similar plan of education and advertising has already been tried in California," said Senate President Fred Risser, "and Californians quit at about twice the rate as before the campaign. That means there are now about 750,000 fewer smokers in California than before the antismoking media campaign."

But the impression that California's ad campaign has reduced smoking is based on data that show nothing of the kind. The Department of Health Services reports that the percentage of adult Californians who smoke has declined from 26.3 in 1987 to 21.2 in 1990. These figures come from two sources: the 1987 National Health Interview Survey, which included a California sample, and a 1990 survey commissioned by the state. The decline in the number of smokers is 13 percent bigger than would have been expected based on the downward trend prior to 1988.

State officials suggest that the difference is due to the antismoking campaign: "Research Data Shows Significant Drop in Tobacco Usage Since Enactment of California's Tobacco Education Campaign," a health department press release announced last year.

But figures on cigarette sales from the state's tax collectors tell a different story. Between April 1990, when the ad campaign began, and the end of the year, the number of cigarette packs bought by Californians was only about 1 percent lower than during the same period in 1989.

The sales data do show a significant

drop in purchases, of about 14 percent, between 1988 and 1989. (By contrast, purchases declined by about 1 percent between 1987 and 1988.) What happened in 1989? That was the year the cigarette tax went from 10 cents a pack to 35 cents, raising the price of each pack by about 12 percent.

Michael Johnson, chief of the evaluation unit in the health department's Tobacco Control Section, agrees that "it's primarily the tax that would account for the drop." It looks like California has rediscovered the demand curve.

—Jacob Sullum

Fetal Error

Every bottle of beer, wine, and liquor sold in the United States now bears a warning from the surgeon general that "women should not drink alcoholic beverages during pregnancy because of the risk of birth defects." Yet research finds Fetal Alcohol Syndrome only in a small fraction of the children born to heavy drinkers, and there's no evidence that moderate drinking during pregnancy poses a threat to the fetus. Nevertheless, the federal government continues to emphasize the risk of FAS, estimating that 1 to 3 cases occur per 1,000 births. Gene Ford, editor of *The Moderation Reader*, recently compared projections based on this estimate to actual cases of FAS recorded by state vital statistics departments. State officials caution that underreporting is a problem. But the magnitude of the disparities suggests that exaggeration is, too. (Twenty-four states collect FAS data; these figures are for the 12 with the most births.)

State	Births	FAS Births	Gov't Estimate*
Ala.	62,530	11	124
Ariz.	60,822	9	120
Calif.	569,308	32	1,139
Fla.	193,800	4	386
Ga.	110,216	25	220
Ind.	81,414	13	162
Mo.	77,386	8	154
N.J.	113,284**	22**	226
N.C.	102,091	24	204
Ohio	163,716	31	326
Tex.	307,540	10	614
Wash.	75,321	8	150

Figures are the most recent available for each state.

*based on rate of 2 cases per 1,000 births

**averages of figures from four recent years

Why aren't liberals in the media smiling anymore?

Because their days of unchecked bias are over. The Media Research Center is reading and listening to what they write and say.

When columnists, elected officials and other opinion leaders want examples of liberal bias, they turn to our publications.

So should you.

The Media Research Center's newsletters and books provide all the proof you'll ever need to demonstrate the news media's liberal bias. And the bias in Hollywood.

You can use the newsletters and books to win arguments with your friends and colleagues. Learn *what* shows to avoid, *which* reporters slant the news, *how* they do it and *why* they do it.

- MediaWatch* (\$29 for 12 monthly issues)
- TV, etc.* (\$35 for 12 monthly issues)
- Notable Quotables* (\$19 for 26 bi-weekly issues)
- And That's the Way it Isn't* (\$14.95)
- The Revolving Door* (\$7.95)

Total \$ _____

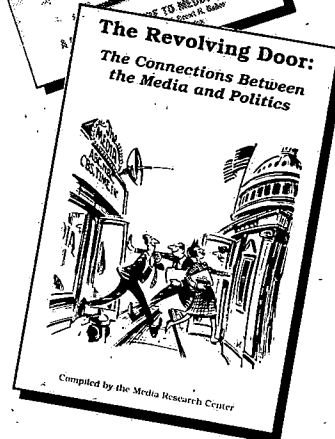
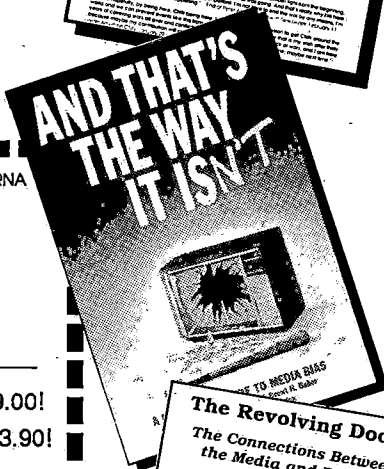
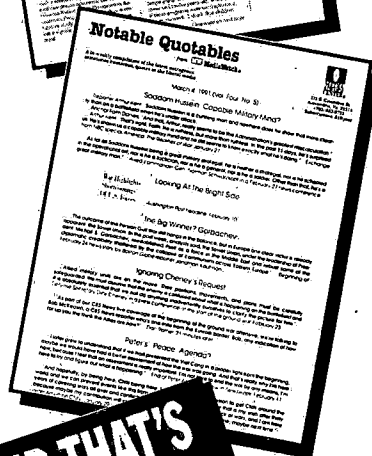
- All three newsletters for one year (\$64). Save \$19.00!
- Bonus offer: All five publications for \$82. Save \$23.90!

Name _____

Address _____

Check VISA MasterCard
Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Media Research Center
Publications Department
113 South West Street, 2nd Floor
Alexandria, Virginia 22314



MediaWatch, a monthly newsletter that reviews news coverage of political and current events by the television networks, newspapers and news weeklies. "Newsbites" provide ongoing examples of bias and the "Janet Cooke Award" examines the month's most distorted story. Plus: In-depth studies and analysis.

TV, etc., a monthly newsletter that investigates the liberal issue agenda permeating prime time television, current cinematic fare and record releases and catalogues the off-screen political activities of the Hollywood Left.

Notable Quotables, a bi-weekly compilation of the most outrageous and humorous examples of bias from the media. At year-end the Linda Ellerbee Awards present the best quotes of the year.

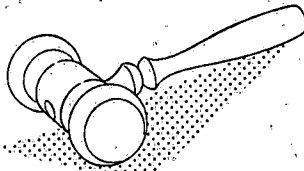
And That's the Way it Isn't: A Reference Guide to Media Bias provides 350 pages of summaries, excerpts and reprints of 45 studies that demonstrate the media's liberal bias. A one-stop resource containing all the facts and figures, examples and quotes proving the media's bias.

The Revolving Door: The Connections Between the Media and Politics contains brief biographies of 237 reporters, editors, producers and news executives who have rotated between media jobs and political positions.

BALANCE SHEET

Assets

Slicing Bacon. U.S. District Judge Charles Legge strikes down California's private version of Davis-Bacon. (See "Exclusionary Rule," Aug./Sept.) Legge dumps three Northern California laws that mandate union wages for private construction projects. Instead of protecting the public from incompetent workers, the judge writes, the laws are "economic legislation [primarily] for the benefit of...certain unions."



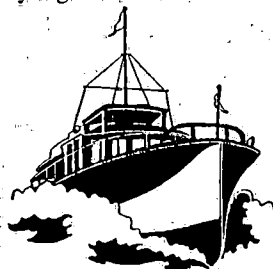
Dirty Water? Three decades ago, fish couldn't live in the filthy Thames river. Now Thames Water, a private sewage-disposal company, restores the river and makes a profit. Sportsmen caught more than 100 species of fish in the cleaner river last year; riverbank residents now say the water is almost drinkable. Thames Water management also advises water privatizers in the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe, and Africa.

Private Line. The federal government will auction off 200 MHz of its broadcasting spectrum to firms selling cellular phones and pagers. Bills introduced by Sen. Ted Stevens (R-Alaska) and Rep. Don Ritter (R-Pa.) mandate frequency auctions. And the president promises to veto any proposals to give the frequencies away.

Salvaged. Junk bonds rebound. Despite record defaults, prominent junk-heavy companies are dumping debt and making money. RJR Nabisco and Safeway now sell common stock. Dallas's Morningstar Foods buys back its bonds. *Fortune's* Gary Hector notes that the current market promises "adequate returns for taking on very high risks."

Liabilities

Soak the Proles. A study prepared for Sen. Connie Mack (R-Fla.) and Rep. Olympia Snowe (R-Maine) shows that last year's tax on luxury items costs the federal treasury nearly \$5.00 for every buck it collects. Lower boat, airplane, and jewelry sales have cut 9,400 manufacturing jobs, costing the feds \$19 million in lost income taxes and extra unemployment benefits. But I'm sure Dick Gephardt and George Mitchell feel better.



Border Patrol. You visit California's wine country and want to order a precocious Cabernet to enjoy in your Ohio home. Forget it. Federal law prohibits the Postal Service from shipping alcohol. And most states won't let out-of-state vintners sell to consumers unless they buy a license and find a local distributor. Wine industry consultant Vic Motto tells the *Los Angeles Times*: "Every state is like dealing with a foreign country."

Executive Odors. White House-imposed regulations force private companies that get federal contracts to use hiring goals and timetables—a.k.a. quotas. Indeed, *Fortune's* Daniel Seligman reports, the Labor Department arm-twisted nearly 3,000 companies into hiring by the numbers in fiscal 1990 alone. President Bush could nix these race-based rules. But he would rather talk about a color-blind society than actually promote one.



Pigs in Space. Sen. Dale Bumpers (D-Ark.) tries to cut funding for the space station to \$100 million; the heads of 14 scientific societies back him up. (See "Beyond Tomorrowland," May.) But the Senate approves \$2 billion in subsidies for next year. Bumpers says this orbiting hamhock "is not going to have any scientific payback." Astronaut Sen. Jake Garn (R-Utah) retorts, "I personally am offended by these scientific groups."

—Rick Henderson

Stop Draggin'
My Car Around

Would you sacrifice your car for a sexual encounter? Some men in Oregon now have to ask themselves that question. And their dilemma may soon be faced by those in other states.

In an effort to stamp out prostitution, police officers in Portland have been taking the cars of men suspected of solicitation. The seizures are sanctioned by laws, passed to combat drug dealers, that allow authorities to take property used in committing a crime.

Since October 1988, Portland and Wayne County police officers have seized almost 1,000 cars. These numbers have impressed other cities, who see it as an effective way to help eliminate prostitution. Detroit has recently begun its own seizure program. And police in other cities have contacted Portland authorities for advice.

Undercover officers lure would-be customers into offering them money for sex. Once the deal is made, officers rush in to seize the suspect's car and tow it away. "The seizure is made on the spot," says Stevie Remington, executive director of the Oregon ACLU, which is challenging the practice. "They don't have to have probable cause. They don't have to prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. They don't even have to charge anyone with a crime."

Because the seizures are made under civil law instead of a criminal statute, prosecutors only have to show "a preponderance of the evidence" to justify taking a car.

"What's more," says Remington, "the seizures often amount to a stiffer punishment than what the suspect would get if he were convicted. The maximum fine for solicitation is \$2,500, but the police can seize cars worth thousands of dollars more."

In fact, the *Los Angeles Times* reports that the most expensive vehicle seized in Portland was a \$100,000 tractor-trailer loaded with candy bars.

—Charles Oliver

Bad Trade

When the Clean Air Act was passed last year, the Bush administration hyped its market-based approach to reducing air pollution. And when the Chicago Board of Trade voted in July to allow trading in pollution permits, many saw the move as a market approval of the Bush approach.

But despite the Board of Trade's vote, some economists have reservations about the permit system's viability.

Under the Clean Air Act, the Environmental Protection Agency can issue permits that allow the holders to emit specified amounts of sulfur into the air. Companies can buy and sell the permits to increase or decrease their level of pollution. Those who produce less pollution than permitted can sell their rights, thus creating an incentive for companies to cut their sulfur emissions.

At least that's how it's supposed to work. But James L. Johnston, senior economist at Amoco Corp., has his doubts.

"If you read the act, the allowances—that's what they are referred to as, not rights—aren't property rights. The EPA reserves the right to modify or eliminate them at any time. And companies can't sue, even if the value of the allowances is driven to zero."

Permit trading is also supposed to force companies to search for the lowest-cost way of cutting emissions, but Johnston says that isn't the case either. "Dig into the act and you find all sorts of indirect incentives to use high-sulfur coal with scrubbers, as well as a promise of \$2.5 billion in direct subsidies for utilities to continue using high-sulfur coal. Never mind that it might otherwise be cheaper to switch to low-sulfur coal."

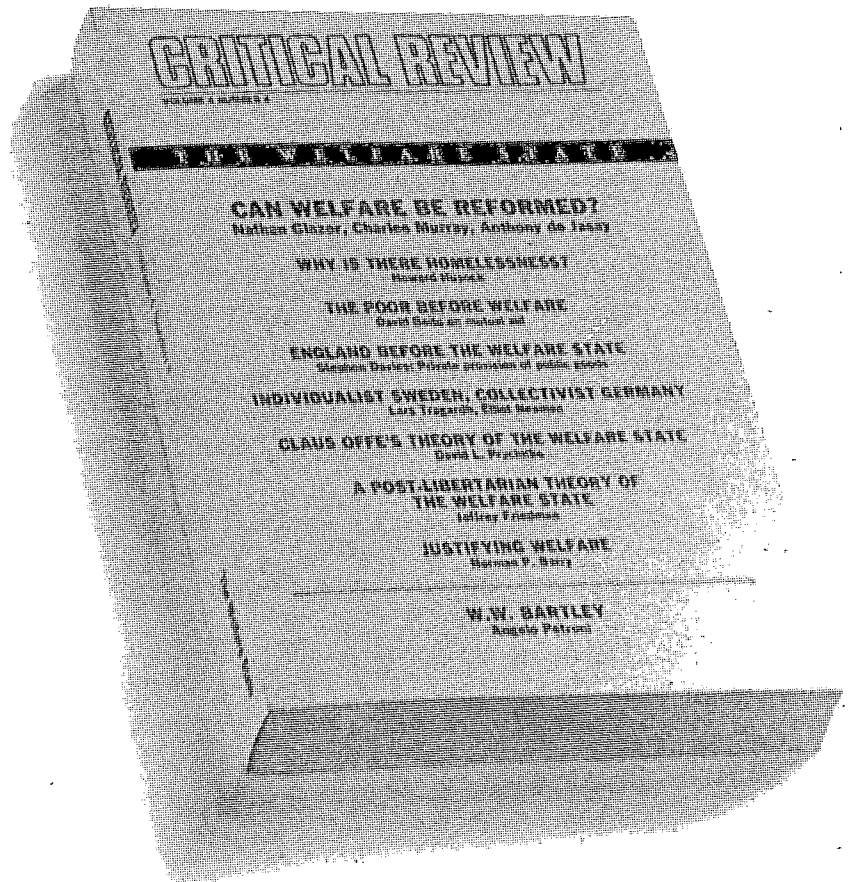
The effect of these loopholes, Johnston contends, is to undermine companies' confidence that the system will last and to make the permits less attractive to buyers. "At best, this is not a very graceful way of dealing with environmental problems," he says. "At worst, it may contain the seeds of its own destruction."

—Charles Oliver

CRITICAL REVIEW

Special Issue

THE WELFARE STATE: REFORM OR ABOLITION?



In its four years of publication, the Center for Independent Thought's quarterly **CRITICAL REVIEW** has emerged as the preeminent journal of classical liberalism — challenging and debating free market ideas as well as developing them. It is the *only* journal that takes liberty seriously enough to subject it to searching criticism and bold rethinking. Stop missing out: begin your subscription with this blockbuster issue on the welfare state.

Forthcoming:

John Baden, Norman Barry, Peter J. Boettke, Susan Love Brown, Tyler Cowen, Harold Demsetz, David Friedman, Roger W. Garrison, John Gray, Robert Higgs, Don Lavoie, Martin Malia, Loren E. Lomasky, Donald McCloskey, Milton Mueller, Jan Narveson, Alan Reynolds, George Selgin, Richard Stroup, Andrzej Walicki, Murray Weidenbaum, Aaron Wildavsky *on* the environment, public goods, feminism, legal theory, egalitarianism, democracy, the corporate state, the regulatory state, more....

Subscriptions: U.S. 1 year (4 issues) \$29, 2 yrs. \$54, 3 yrs. \$79. Foreign 1 yr. \$35, 2 yrs. \$66, 3 yrs. \$96. Students (with copy of valid ID) \$15 per year. Send check, money order or VISA/MC no. and exp. date to: **CRITICAL REVIEW**, 942 Howard St., Rm. 22E, San Francisco, CA 94103 USA. Phone (415) 495-2157, fax (415) 541-0597.

BRICKBATS

In Orland Park, Illinois, a mother has filed a \$225,000 suit against a local high school for unreasonable search of her 16-year-old son. After noticing a suspiciously large bulge in the crotch of the boy's pants, school officials thought he might have stashed drugs there. But a strip search revealed nothing but teenage boy. Trying to explain the mistake to the mother, a sensitive teacher said, "I don't know how to put this to you delicately, but have you ever heard of [porn star] John Holmes?"

Columnist and backyard marksman Carl Rowan pooh-poohs the idea that Clarence Thomas is the best man for the Supreme Court. "Clarence Thomas is the best only at his ability to bootlick for Ronald Reagan and George Bush." And if anyone knows about licking the boots of white men, it's the man who spent the most important years of the civil rights movement as spokesman for the State Department and ambassador to Finland.

In Massachusetts, the mother of a boy who died after crashing a car he stole is suing General Motors and Consolidated Rail Corp. The suit claims that the defendants or their agents negligently left the keys in a car in an auto-freight yard. The suit claims the defendants "knew or should have known" that people might trespass at the yard because six weeks before stealing the car involved in the crash, the boy had stolen another car from the same yard. The nerve of these big corporations.

The thong wars continue in Florida. Following complaints about bikini-clad sidewalk hot dog vendors (See Brickbats, May), the Palm Beach county commission tried to find a constitutional way to cover up the ladies. Commissioners now propose to punish those "appearing" to be naked in public. If the ordinance passes, Palm Beach could be-



come the first place in America to jail someone for the "appearance" of impropriety.

Meanwhile, the police in Hudson, Florida, have their own crime wave to worry about. Seems that retirees gather on the beach to play penny-ante pinocle. Police busted seven men who regularly wager as much as \$2.00 a week. Each faces a \$500 fine.

Congress may not be the dumbest organization in Washington, D.C., after all. District police ticketed a car at least once and perhaps as many as three times during a 15-hour period. That's not unusual; the car was in a no-parking zone. What was unusual is that the car's engine was idling and a corpse shot in the head was in the rear seat. Only after a passerby noticed the corpse and notified police did officers suspect anything was wrong.

Also in the running for the District's Dumbest is District Cablevision. After the teenager mowing one District

woman's lawn almost strangled himself on a low-slung wire leading to the house, the woman asked the cable company to rehang the wire. When she got home on the day the work was to be done, the woman found the wire still too low and a note from the work crew. The wire was fine, it said, but her house needed to be raised.

In Los Angeles, a judge has found the trendy nightclub Vertigo in violation of state civil-rights laws for turning away those who aren't smartly dressed. The club's lawyer said that making those with no fashion sense a protected class of people "trivializes the Constitution."

California civil-rights laws have also squashed the AMC theater chain's plans to ban children under age 3 from its screenings of PG-13 and R-rated movies. After a parent threatened to sue for discrimination, AMC's lawyers advised it to halt the policy.

—Charles Oliver

A Feast of Freedom

"Liberty is a Glorious Feast." —Robert Burns

Every issue of Liberty offers a feast of individualist thinking designed to delight the most refined palate.

Hors d'oeuvres

To whet your appetite, *Reflections* offers the provocative opinions of Liberty's editors. A few selections from the menu for September:

Loren Lomasky on the government's paternalistic attitude to beer drinkers;

Brian Doherty on Frank Zappa's itch to run for President (and Zappa knows itching);

Robert Higgs on the U.S. plan to export antitrust law to the Soviets;

Ethan Waters on the straight dope about injudicious smoking by Supreme Court nominees;

Steve Cox on hugging President Bush;

Ann Rogers on the Florida lawyers' no-tell cartel.

Entrées

The main course is a variety of controversial and thoughtful essays. A few entrées from our current offering:

James Taggart puts the debate over Judge Clarence Thomas on track;

Robert Miller leads an expedition

Inside Ayn Rand's Inner Circle

In an exclusive interview, Barbara Branden speaks frankly about life with Ayn Rand and Nathaniel Branden (Rand's lover and Barbara's husband). She reveals for the first time intimate details of life inside Rand's circle. The fascinating topics include the weird psychological manipulations within the cult, the expulsion of members in kangaroo courts, the glaring errors in Nathaniel Branden's memoir about his affair, and Rand's fight in a posh Manhattan restaurant with Alan Greenspan, now chairman of the Federal Reserve System.

This account includes information that cannot be found in any other source. You won't want to miss this probing interview. And it's yours free with your subscription to Liberty.

Liberty

September 1991 Vol 5, No 1 \$4.00

Clarence Thomas: Libertarian Hero?

Marijuana as AIDS
by Robert O'Boyle

50 Really Stupid Ways to Save the Earth
by Karl Hess

Buckley's Case for Slavery
by William Moulton

Stalking the Giant Testes of Ethiopia
by Robert Miller

Canada Explodes (No One Cares)
by Barry Chamish and Scott J. Reid

Force versus Persuasion
by Mark Skousen

"Where Liberty lives, there is my country." —Algernon Sidney

Responses to Milton Friedman's Criticism of Rand and Mises

Potages

To accompany its main features, Liberty presents a variety of penetrating re-views. A few examples from our current issue:

William Moulton, in the course of dismissing Bill Buckley's (very weak) case for "national service," considers the much more interesting case for gratitude and patriotism;

John Hospers wonders if some environmentalists' respect for nature is not a respect for the unrespectable;

Sheldon Richman defends Webster's Third International ("Bolshevik") Dictionary;

Richard Kostelanetz explores the economics of art and criticism.

Desserts

To top off your feast and satisfy your intellectual sweet-tooth, Liberty offers:

Cartoons by *Baloo* and *Tom Tomorrow*;

The bizarreries of *Terra Incognita*, snippets from the real world of statism and the credulous booboisie.

Act Today!

Liberty offers you the best in libertarian thinking and libertarian writing. Prepared by master chefs of the written word, Liberty is a libertarian banquet sure to satisfy your appetite for thought, culture and politics.

Your subscription is fully guaranteed. So don't hesitate: subscribe today. A feast of liberty awaits you!

down a wilderness river in socialist Ethiopia, and brings home some very interesting souvenirs;

R. W. Bradford questions the validity of the grossest statistic of them all: the "Gross National Product";

Robert O'Boyle uses marijuana as medicine in his fight against AIDS, and looks for some hope amidst a world at war with this very effective drug;

Bart Kosko examines the implications of "fuzzy logic" and spread-spectrum technology for war and diplomacy.

Money Back Double Guarantee

1. We guarantee a full refund with no questions upon your request after you have received your first issue.

2. At any time during your subscription, we will guarantee a full pro-rated refund for any unmailed issues. In any event, *Ayn Rand and Her Movement* is yours to keep with our compliments.

R. W. Bradford
Publisher

Yes! I'd like to try Liberty. Please enter my subscription, which I understand is fully guaranteed. Also send me my free copy of *Ayn Rand and Her Movement*, which is mine to keep even if I obtain a full refund under your guarantee.

One Full Year (6 issues) \$19.50 Two Full Years (12 issues) \$35.00
(Foreign subscriptions add \$5 per year.)

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

My check is enclosed (payable to Liberty)
 Charge my: VISA Mastercard Expiration date _____

Account # _____

Signature _____

Send to: Liberty, Dept. RW, PO Box 1167, Port Townsend, WA 98368

QUACK



A T T A C K



Got a headache?

Back pain?

Fatigue?

**It could earn
you big bucks,
with the help of
clinical ecologists.**

BY PETER W. HUBER

Meet Bertram W. Carnow, M.D., of the University of Illinois School of Public Health. His 22-page résumé lists some 145 publications, some of them never in fact published, at least not under his name. Carnow obtained his medical degree in 1951 but hasn't practiced medicine for 20 years. He registered for the board certification exam in internal medicine in 1957, 1958, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, and

Excerpted from the book entitled *GALILEO'S REVENGE: JUNK SCIENCE IN THE COURTROOM*, by Peter W. Huber. Copyright © 1991 by Basic Books. Published by arrangement with Basic Books, a division of HarperCollins Publishers Inc.

SOAP

PAM-HOBBS

PAMELA HOBBS

1964, but withdrew twice and failed five times. He has since testified eight times, under oath, that he sat for board certification in internal medicine only once. "I had completely forgotten" the other tries, Carnow explained in a 1984 UPI story.

Today, Carnow heads up Carnow, Conibear & Associates—the Conibear being Dr. Shirley Conibear, Carnow's fourth wife. (Third, testifies Carnow.) The firm's best-known service is expert testimony. The testimonial line is that the human body is under almost constant chemical assault, that chemicals cause nearly every human affliction, their mechanisms wonderfully subtle but their effects readily ascertained. It is a line most commonly labeled "clinical ecology."

The modern roots of the theory can be traced to 1962, an interesting year for several reasons. By that time, older theories about cancer—that it might be caused by bruises and other simple traumas, for example—were on the wane. Doctors, public-health specialists, and ecologists were scouting around for more plausible causes of disease. In *Silent Spring*, Rachel Carson had identified something important: Pesticides accumulate in animals (like birds) at the top of the food chain and can cause real harm. And 1962 also marks the year that Dr. Theron G. Randolph published his *Human Ecology and Susceptibility to the Chemical Environment*, a book destined to become the standard text of clinical ecology.

Like other great eccentrics, Randolph has some serious credentials. He is a Harvard-trained, board-certified allergist. By 1950, however, he had been dropped from the Northwestern University Medical School faculty, for what he later smilingly described as his "pernicious influence on medical students." But ostracism of this kind inspires rather than discourages the new-age Galileos. Randolph claims to have identified a new illness; he has created "a new specialty of medicine concerned with a shadowy area unexplored, forgotten, and maligned by analytically oriented scientists."

The human body, adapted for the Stone Age, is being assailed by toxins of the Space Age, Randolph reasons. "If viruses and bacteria can cause illness, why can't phenol, formaldehyde, chlorine, and pesticides?" Cumulative exposures to the wrong chemicals, he concludes, induce a "susceptibility," defined entirely by the symptoms that a patient actually exhibits. Chemical vapors from plywood and plastic telephones, furniture and food, may all be implicated. They will trigger allergic symptoms, inflammatory diseases like arthritis or colitis, neuromuscular disorders, headaches, wheezing, depression, and

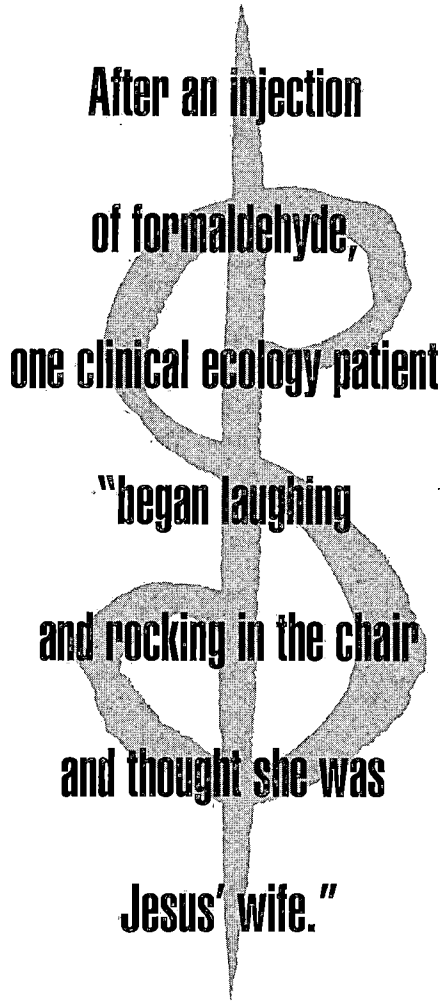
countless other symptoms. Seriously afflicted persons grow mentally exhausted; they experience what Randolph calls "brain-fag." He does not know what causes this "total-allergy syndrome"; he attributes its symptoms to some as yet undiscovered mechanism. "To be truthful, the mechanism isn't understood or accepted," he told the Associated Press in 1985.

Understanding may be a long time coming, but acceptance comes surprisingly quickly, at least at some fringes of the medical profession—and in the courtroom. The modern clinical-ecology movement took shape in the two decades after Randolph published his first big book. The movement would grow to encompass a broad range of constantly shifting views, some of them much less diffident than Randolph's. Today's

clinical ecologists are a varied group, a mix of general practitioners, psychiatrists, urologists, and pediatricians. Few have scientific training in laboratory or clinical research. The one conviction they all share is that lots of people are sicker than mainstream medicine admits, and that environmental chemicals are to blame. In the 1981 movie *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*, Lily Tomlin gradually shrinks to doll size under the onslaught of household cleaners and other chemicals. Clinical ecologists believe that in such matters truth is almost as strange as, and much more grave than, the comic fiction.

Consider, for example, reports published in 1989 in the serious-sounding journal *Environment International* by Sherry A. Rogers, M.D., a self-diagnosed "universal reactor" to environmental chemicals. Rogers's patients arrive complaining of (take your pick) hoarseness, headaches, failing grades in school, and any number of ailments from an endless list. Such symptoms, Rogers reports, have "baffled physicians from many specialties." Rogers, however, notices that all the symptoms began some time (days, weeks, or months—it varies) after moving into a new house, buying new furniture, starting a new job, or doing something somewhere.

She injects each patient with small amounts of formaldehyde. One promptly reports "a warm feeling, ringing in the ears, and achy joints." Another displays "visible flushing." Yet another "began laughing and rocking in the chair and thought she was Jesus' wife." Amazingly, these are exactly the symptoms the patients complained of beforehand. Injections of pure saline solution reportedly produce no effect, though Rogers is sketchy about all details. Sooner or later, declares Rogers, the astonishing discoveries of clinical ecologists will "unavoidably...usher in a new era of medicine."



**After an injection
of formaldehyde,
one clinical ecology patient
"began laughing
and rocking in the chair
and thought she was
Jesus' wife."**

A medical breakthrough this grand requires more than un-baffled physicians like Rogers. It requires a theory. What exactly is going on? The clinical ecologists have much to explain, for their observations cover a lot of environmental and medical ground. The chemical culprits in the environment include almost everything: urban air pollution, fresh paint, pesticides, perfumes, household cleaners, felt-tip pens, and tap water. These irritants produce infinitely subtle and complex effects. Lots of effects: depression, irritability, poor concentration, poor memory, fatigue, diarrhea, constipation, cramps, asthma, headaches, joint pain, pounding heart, charley horses, cancer, and the common cold.

Equally significant, however, are the symptoms *not* observed. Clinical ecology patients display no distinctive lesions on their skin, or lungs, or digestive systems. Nor do they respond systematically to any standard tests for allergy. There must be some deep, subtle factor at the edges of medical understanding, one that can be implicated in virtually all facets of human health. What could it be? The clinical ecologists gradually settled on the human immune system.

It is a convenient, perhaps inevitable choice. Beginning in the late 1970s, and accelerating rapidly in the 1980s, medical science made huge, genuine advances in its understanding of the immune system. The immune system, it turns out, consists of an army of cells and proteins, differentiated into many distinct battalions—macrophages, helper T cells, killer T cells, B cells, memory cells, and five types of antibodies. All can be counted and catalogued. The development of monoclonal antibodies, among the most subtle and advanced of biotech wonders, makes possible laboratory tests that can tag individual proteins on cell surfaces and thus allow dozens upon dozens of different measurements. And all of this arcane detail is suddenly of enormous public interest because of a single, terrifying, immune-system disease called AIDS.

So the clinical ecologists latch onto a theory perfectly matched to a public whose health concerns have been defined by Rachel Carson and the bathhouses of San Francisco. They maintain that environmental pollutants of every description can subvert the immune system in just the same way as the AIDS virus. They claim expertise in immunotoxicity, which they also label “total allergy syndrome,” “20th-century disease,” or—best of all—“chemically induced AIDS.” The beauty of clinical ecology is its breadth. You have cancer? It’s because your immune system’s ability to fight off cancer has been impaired. You have nothing but the common cold? Same reason. You have unspecific minor aches and pains, backaches and headaches, problems of digestion, concentration, and excretion? Same reason. You have no symptoms at all but are gravely worried that someday you may? Well, you have reason to be worried, for a crippled immune system is a cold or a cancer just waiting to happen. You want continuous medical monitoring? Monitoring is certainly needed.

The legal implications are enormous. For a time, legal scholars had dismissed liability for chemical pollution as a “phantom remedy.” It would generally be impossible, the pundits agreed, to prove any link between pollution and disease.

But no one had reckoned on the clinical ecologists, or on the eroding rules of evidence that would allow them into court.

The liability revolution of the late 1960s and early '70s brought scientific controversies into the courtroom as never before in an effort to trace the causes of accidents. The drive to find the “cheapest cost avoider” for any given tort resulted in a relaxation of long-standing restrictions on the use of expert testimony. Prior to the last few decades, courts sought to strike a balance between the need to police incompetence outside the courtroom and the risk of rewarding incompetence within. Hence the *Frye* rule, based on a 1923 federal appellate court decision, required that expert testimony be founded on theories, methods, and procedures “generally accepted” as valid among other scientists in the same field. Federal courts adopted this standard, and state courts copied them.

But by 1975, when the Federal Rules of Evidence were first codified, the *Frye* rule was deemed obsolete. Expert testimony would be allowed, thenceforth, “if scientific, technical, or other specialized knowledge will assist the trier of fact to understand the evidence or to determine a fact.” This change signaled the adoption of a “let it all in” approach to expert testimony. In came the clinical ecologists.

The clinical ecologists can connect anything to anything. The legal stakes rise accordingly. The economic value of a chemical pollution case depends on the number of claimants signed up. “The ‘going rate’ for settlements,” reports Yale law professor E. Donald Elliott, “is \$10,000 to \$100,000 per plaintiff.” Clinical ecology sucks in potential plaintiffs like some enormous, indiscriminate vacuum cleaner.

We find Bertram Carnow in Missouri, in late 1985, testifying on behalf of 32 residents of the town of Sedalia. At a nearby plant, Alcolac Inc. manufactures specialty chemicals for soaps and cosmetics. Pollution from that plant is said to have damaged the immune systems of families who lived nearby. The trial will drag on for over four months. The jury will hear from 165 witnesses. The transcript will occupy 10,000 pages.

The plaintiffs will blame Alcolac’s pollution for dozens of different afflictions, spanning nerve damage and heart disease, brain damage and vomiting, kidney infections and headaches. Young women report interrupted menstrual cycles. Others declare that dogs, cats, cattle, chickens, parakeets, and bee colonies died “unaccountably and without signs of predation.” Carnow has ordered exhaustive laboratory tests. He presents by-the-numbers reports of immune-cell populations of various kinds. He has identified at least one abnormality (and as many as eight) in the immune system of every single plaintiff.

Carnow is backed up by Arthur C. Zahalsky, Ph.D., who teaches immunology to nursing undergraduates at Southern Illinois University. Zahalsky never actually studied immunology in graduate school; but he does claim to have audited immunology classes at Washington University in St. Louis. In any event, he is now a big believer in measuring immune-system performance. He uses every gun in the battery of laboratory tests that have recently been developed to tag, count, and

measure immune-system cells and proteins. He runs test after test, records number after number. And then invariably finds something of deep significance in the results. The implications are always clear: Chemicals have surely undermined immunity.

In the Sedalia residents he tests, Zahalsky finds "pervasive abnormalities" everywhere he looks. Some of the cell and protein counts are too high—a surprising symptom for a disease described as an immune *deficiency* syndrome. Others are too low. In one plaintiff after the next, Zahalsky finds "a gross distortion in the ratio," an immune system "functionally wiped out" or "out of whack," "a 'severe' form of chemical AIDS," or, at the very least, "moderate immune dysfunction" certain to "develop [in]to the AIDS condition somewhere down the line." Zahalsky's prognosis, as later summarized by a court of appeals, is gloomy. "The chemicals have dampened the immune system so that the plaintiffs will become subject to a variety of diseases, neoplastic disease [cancer] included. The findings already suggest the possibility of leukemia." There isn't a normal immune system in the crowd. Not a one.

The jury is convinced. It awards \$6.2 million in compensatory damages plus \$43 million to punish Alcolac for its iniquity. The trial judge concurs. So does the court of appeals. Its opinion runs 371 pages of bloated prose. Cut through the periphrasis, and the appellate court's logic is simple. Chemicals can cause harm. There were chemicals at Alcolac's plant. Carnow and Zahalsky take care of the rest. Only one small reservation at the end: The AIDS metaphor, the court of appeals concludes, is just too inflammatory to be used in front of a jury. So a new trial will be ordered for the sole purpose of recalculating damages.

No, Alcolac is not a typical case. It is to tort law pretty much what the clinical ecologist is to science: an aberration, interesting because it is so peculiar. But if the clinical ecologist does not routinely deliver \$49-million verdicts, he can quite often provide a fair shot at one. A busy witness can move from glory to disgrace and back to glory as fast as he can switch courtrooms.

Carnow, for example, failed to convince one court that a railroad employee's involvement in cleaning up a chemical spill caused his "multiple illnesses and diseases which have been progressive," and another court that the headaches, fatigue, heat intolerance, nausea, numbness, chest pains, and depression of another employee were caused by a liquid solvent. More often, however, Carnow delivers at least a split. For

example, he was on call in the main Agent Orange case, which settled for \$180 million on the eve of trial; the trial judge then ruled summarily against all remaining claims, on the ground that no serious science stood behind them.

Carnow appears again and again and again. His methods are, of course, much disputed: He uses such things as a knee-jerk test to establish general nerve disorder and a single urine sample to reveal probable bladder cancer. A physician for the defense in one case testified that "no one educated after 1950 could possibly" have relied on the tests that Carnow used to diagnose liver disease. Nevertheless, Carnow bats a pretty good average. In another Agent Orange trial: summary judgment for

the defendant. Chemical spill at Times Beach: a \$14.5-million settlement for two defendants, followed by jury verdict for other defendants. Another dioxin case: jury award of \$58 million, overturned on appeal, settlement of \$22 million.

Carnow is not, of course, the only player on the field. Other clinical ecologists come to the aid of a woman who has "suffered chemical poisoning and damage to her immune system" from formaldehyde vapors emanating from a carpet. The trial judge bars the testimony, but a court of appeals finds that clinical ecology is good enough science for Texas. Clinical ecology proves critical in keeping alive another claim brought by employees of Bridgestone/Firestone in California. Other courts in Louisiana, California again, and South Carolina all weigh in on the side of clinical ecology in worker's compensation claims. One case arrives at a \$3.9-million verdict, another at \$16.25 million. Other clinical ecology-backed settlements for \$8 million and \$19 million have been reported.

The clinical ecologists, though not always successful, routinely do manage to give the wheel a great big spin. And for repeat players, a spin is good enough. On the plaintiffs' side, there is little to lose and much to gain. The lawyers and their wit-

nesses can be quite content if jurists remain zealously agnostic, let it all in, and wait to see just what comes out. If the judge is agnostic, clinical ecology goes to the jury. If the jury is agnostic, perhaps it will split the difference. The difference between nothing (as urged by the defendants) and everything (as urged by the clinical ecologists) may turn out to be a very large number indeed, especially when "everything" encompasses all aches and chills, constipation and cancers in a 50-mile radius in the last five years.

What do top-notch scientists from the mainstream think of all this? One among them is Stuart F. Schlossman, chief of the

Some cell counts
are too high—
a surprising symptom
for a disease
described as an
immune deficiency
syndrome.

Division of Tumor Immunology and Immunotherapy at the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute and professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School. Like Zahalsky, like Carnow, Schlossman studies and diagnoses the immune system. The similarity ends there. When asked about Carnow, Schlossman responds with a short chuckle and then a long sigh.

In print, however, Schlossman works with the swift, sharp precision of a surgical knife. In 1989, he published a postmortem on the *Alcolac* case in the *Toxics Law Reporter*. Day-to-day living, Schlossman explains, tests the immune system constantly, and when the immune system is really in trouble, the symptoms are plain. Real AIDS patients all suffer frequent, unusual, life-threatening infections. They are not, however, unusually susceptible to run-of-the-mill infections like colds, the flu, or bronchitis. Thus, as Schlossman points out, "if a patient has the kind of routine infections common to most people—even if he complains that he seems to develop one cold or sore throat after another—the astute physician will be able to conclude that there is nothing wrong in the immune system without needing any laboratory tests to reach that conclusion."

With the exception of Mary Landon, a 71-year-old cancer patient on chemotherapy, none of the *Alcolac* patients had suffered from any kind of recurrent infection at all. "The inquiry should therefore have stopped right there," Schlossman concludes. "Without any resulting infections, the finding of damaged immune systems—whether that damage be called 'dysfunction,' 'suppression,' 'depression,' 'total suppression,' or some of the more colorful phrases, makes no scientific sense." Only the elderly cancer patient on chemotherapy clearly did have immune-system problems.

In the great tradition of far-siders, Carnow has dodged and bobbed his way around this simple, devastating point. In his *Alcolac* testimony, he has explained away the absence of infection with what Schlossman terms the "amazing contention" that B-cell deficiencies lead to recurrent infection but T-cell deficiencies don't: "Recurrent infection is the consequence of B-cell abnormality, since the B system is that arm of the immune mechanism which relates to infections. [Linda Sanders's] abnormality, as with most of the *Alcolac* plaintiffs, was to the T cells—and they tend to relate to very specific types of infections, like tuberculosis and things like that, and they relate more to destroying cancer cells."

Here, in reply, is Schlossman: "This testimony is nothing more than scientific bamboozlement. Not only were all tests of Linda Sanders's T cells normal—and not only did she not have a 'very specific type of infection like tuberculosis and things like that' (whatever that means)—but it is utter nonsense to suggest that an abnormality of T cells does not lead to recurrent infections. One only needs to think of AIDS patients to realize that. As a result of their loss of T-helper cells, AIDS patients suffer many repeated and severe infections."

And what about the piles of laboratory tests and pages of numbers? Laboratory tests of the immune system's condition commonly produce results that vary from day to day, and from individual to individual, by 400 percent or more. There is no

great significance in being on the edge here; the range of "normal" is too broad, the boundaries are too blurred. Few of the Zahalsky-Carnow tests were repeated, Schlossman points out, and of the few that were, none showed consistent abnormalities. Even the single readings presented no coherent picture of impaired immunity. Three claimed abnormalities involved trivial elevations, insignificant in themselves but in any event "clearly inconsistent with 'suppression.'" Nine other readings fell slightly below the "normal" range but were still not remotely low enough to suggest immunosuppression.

There were, finally, the monoclonal antibody tests—the tests that were so high-tech and exotic, so seemingly compelling, so tremendously significant in the eyes of Carnow and Zahalsky. Nine such tests had been used. Not one, however, had been approved for diagnostic uses by the Food and Drug Administration; all, in fact, bore warnings that they were not suitable for any diagnostic purposes. Carnow and Zahalsky used them anyway. None of the results, according to Schlossman, "even suggest a suppression in any of the plaintiffs' immune systems....[T]here was no overall pattern to the results as one would expect if the plaintiffs had all been affected by a common chemical exposure."

On one test, nine plaintiffs had results above the reference range, and four had results below the reference range. One plaintiff had a slightly elevated response to one test, and a slightly depressed response to the next, "even though those two tests are supposed to measure the same thing—total T cells." Two other tests were also supposed to measure the same thing—natural killer cells—but only one plaintiff had results out of the reference range on both.

A similar degree of confusion surrounded another antibody test, which reportedly detected 14 abnormalities. Carnow testified that one patient's results showed "immature, unprogrammed lymphocytes, probably pre-leukemic cells." Schlossman responds: "There is no monoclonal antibody yet developed which is capable of detecting 'pre-leukemic cells' in the peripheral blood." There were other errors, ranging from trivial to gross. Natural killers, Zahalsky's statements notwithstanding, are not part of the T-4 population. HNK-L, Zahalsky notwithstanding, "is by no means a helper-cell antibody." And so on down the line, as Schlossman dismantles one mumbled, misdirected, mistaken claim after another.

Schlossman writes with a certain quiet authority on the subject. Most of the monoclonal tests relied on by Carnow and Zahalsky had been developed by Schlossman's own research team at Harvard. Researchers in Schlossman's lab were also the first to describe the T4/T8 or helper/suppressor ratio, on which Carnow placed great emphasis. "[T]he expert testimony in *Alcolac* was not only outside the mainstream of science," Schlossman concludes, "it was outside its widest perimeter."

So if it's all so obvious, why couldn't *Alcolac*'s lawyers convince a jury? We will never know. But we do know what convinced the appellate judges. And their reasoning, set out at exhausting length, does show how intelligent people can some-

times slide helplessly into junk science's flaccid embrace.

Alcolac's biggest mistake seems to have been to rely for its side of the scientific story on a middle-of-the-road expert, inclined (like good scientists generally) to caution and understatement: Daniel J. Stechschulte, M.D., a board-certified immunologist and internist, and director of the Division of Allergy, Clinical Immunology, and Rheumatology at the University of Kansas Medical Center.

As any competent immunologist will readily concede, chemicals can harm the immune system. Drugs used in chemotherapy and for organ transplants certainly do. Very high exposures to chemicals in industrial accidents may on occasion have similar effects, though moderate and short-lived. Stechschulte is competent, and he was skillfully cross-examined. What about the specific chemicals used at Alcolac's plant? Yes, they might in some circumstances be toxic to human cells. And to immune-system cells? Well, they could be toxic to any cells. And if plaintiffs aren't suffering from any unusual infections quite yet, mightn't those infections materialize later? Yes, disease might "be just later down the road." Meaningless concessions, because they are so sweeping and vague, but perhaps highly significant for someone who is eager to be persuaded.

The appellate judges, in any event, are persuaded. Immunologists for both sides agree that "toxic chemicals of the kind emitted by Alcolac can adversely affect the immune system." The numbers seal the verdict. What is outside the "normal" range is "abnormal." An "abnormality" is a disease—actual, incipient, prospective, or whatever, but an injury any way you slice it. No need, then, to dwell on the details, on dosages and exposure levels, on the vast differences between chemotherapeutic drugs and ambient pollution, on the vapid generality of such phrases as "can be toxic to cells." Pure oxygen or water, as any competent scientist would readily concede, "can be toxic to cells" too, but no matter. Just grab a few mildly general concessions from the defendant's side and run. The colorful confidence of a Carnow or a Zahalsky, their "completely zapped" and "chemical AIDS" diagnoses, their mind-numbing arrays of mumbo-jumbo charts, tests, and tables, overwhelm the diffidence of a serious scientist on the other side.

So the appellate judges go firmly on record—in 371 pages, no less—endorsing Zahalsky, Carnow, and the clinical-ecology movement from beginning to end. On appeal, Alcolac's brief has attacked clinical ecology as "pseudo-scientific flimflam." It's nothing of the sort, replies the appellate court. "[T]he

methodology used by Carnow to arrive at diagnosis for each plaintiff here—that of differential diagnosis of risk variables and confounding factors as to each individual plaintiff—was the orthodox methodology of environmental medicine.... We reject, accordingly, the Alcolac contention that the diagnostic procedure [was] a new methodology not generally accepted 'in the relevant scientific community.' "

The relevant scientific community, however, has other views. Though the clinical ecologists say otherwise, their claims have not been ignored by mainstream science. Far from it—they have been reviewed in depth. The results of such examinations have been remarkably consistent: Clinical ecology is medical fantasy, not fact.

Most tellingly, the theory finds no confirmation in studies of people who have been exposed to chemicals at levels millions of times higher than those encountered through environmental pollution. Serious epidemiologists have studied immune-system responses following high exposures to suspect chemicals after accidental spills in the United States, Italy, Japan, and Taiwan. Several of these accidents involved enormously high exposures. Serious follow-up studies tracked various aspects of the immune system for many years. As of 1987, with data going back 40 years, "there had been no published evidence of disease resulting from impaired humoral or cell-mediated immunity in the subjects studied."

A review paper thus concluded, "In light of the great excess of immunologic capacity in the human and the compensatory shifts in response to injury that are known to occur in the immune system, it is unlikely that significant irreversible damage to the immune system has occurred" as a result of any of these exposures. Good science has quite firmly established that,

though scads of toxins might theoretically harm immune-system cells and proteins, only a very few, usually delivered intimately, knock out immune response while leaving no visible marks on other body systems.

In a systematic examination of 50 patients that clinical ecologists had diagnosed as sufferers, Abba I. Terr of the Stanford University Medical Center found that "[n]o pattern of symptoms emerged to define a disease or syndrome." Physical examinations proved completely normal in two out of three cases. Laboratory tests showed nothing out of the ordinary either. Thirty-one patients were found to have multiple symptoms "most likely of psychological origin.... The circulating levels of immunoglobulins and lymphocytes in this subgroup of patients did not differ significantly from those in the other

Chemicals can harm

the immune system.

There were

chemicals at the

Alcolac plant.

Case closed.

two subgroups or in normal persons when the effects of prior infections were taken into account." None of the patients was "cured" by the clinical ecologists' ministrations; "in fact, the number of symptoms reported by most of these patients significantly increase after such treatment, probably reflecting increasing fear of other possible environmental hazards."

In 1984, a task force appointed by the California Medical Association conducted an independent review of the clinical-ecology literature. Clinical ecologists presented their claims and specifically identified three of the best papers in their field. Two of those papers, the task force found, failed to define the disease being diagnosed or treated and failed to use proper controls. One claimed to have used double-blind testing but, in fact, did not. One reported results that had been crudely fiddled. And so on, through the three model papers and the rest of the clinical-ecology literature. "There is no convincing evidence that supports the hypotheses on which clinical ecology is based," the task force concluded. "[C]linical ecologists have not identified specific, recognizable diseases caused by exposure to low-level environmental stressors."

A 1986 assessment of clinical ecology by the American Academy of Allergy and Immunology reached similar conclusions. "The idea that the environment is responsible for a multitude of human health problems is most appealing," it acknowledged. But there is no "satisfactory evidence to support the actual existence of 'immune system dysregulation' or maladaptation....Properly controlled studies defining objective parameters of illness, properly controlled evaluation of the treatment modalities, and appropriate patient assessment have not been done." The "diagnostic and therapeutic principles used to support the concept of clinical ecology" are "unproven." One by one, other mainstream medical journals examined clinical ecology and found no "there" there.

So what maintains the faith of the clinical ecologists and their patients? Some, especially among the patients, certainly have an eye on litigation. Terr's systematic examination of 50 consecutive patients referred for reevaluation of a clinical-ecology diagnosis found that 43 were pressing worker's compensation claims and two others were pursuing tort claims against chemical manufacturers. Only five, apparently, had no specific financial interest in being sick, and one of those was involved in child-custody litigation.

In other cases, patients undoubtedly are sick, distressingly so, but the illness is not centered in their immune systems. A 1983 paper by psychiatrist Carroll M. Brodsky describes her examination of eight clinical-ecology patients. "[M]ost have a history of overt psychiatric symptoms," Brodsky reports. "All too frequently they are seen by the same network of physicians who subscribe to clinical ecology, and their self-perception and diagnosis of 'allergic' to most substances have become an organizing principle in their lives, central to their identity and life-style."

Money surely contributes to clinical ecologists' zealotry, but it is probably not their principal incentive. What most clearly

characterizes the clinical ecologists today is their activist faith. Carnow exhorts the modern physician to political action. "Whether the defense or the plaintiff wins," admits another like-minded colleague, "we're going to be much more careful in the future about the way we use toxic chemicals as a result of my involvement in toxic tort litigation, and that's my purpose in this game." Many concede, more or less directly, that faith must come before the facts. Carnow allows that "[a] heightened level of consciousness" about the links between environment and disease "is critical to considering the 'disease syndrome.'"

Anthony Z. Roisman, a plaintiff's lawyer, is just a shade more careful in his credo: "[D]o I believe that immune damage is caused by toxic chemicals for which plaintiffs can recover in court...? Believe in it? Hell, I've seen it done. I believe." That is what clinical ecology comes down to. There is no science here, but none is needed. As one mainstream student of the cult has concluded, the clinical-ecology syndrome "constitutes a belief and not a disease." Unlike his patient, or at least unlike his patient's immune system, the clinical ecologist himself is an outlier, an aberration, a living example of dysfunction and pathology. He is perfectly adapted, in other words, to modern-day testifying. He is adept at prevaricating, playing on credulity, scoring verbal points, forgetting inconvenient data, and dredging up convenient anecdotes. He has experience with persuading, for his clinical practice depends entirely on persuading patients first that they are sick, then that they have been cured. He has vast experience with conflict, for he is forever in conflict with his mainstream cousins.

He survives only by hiding and equivocating, for good science deals ruthlessly with error presented directly in the open. He is not about to be sandbagged on cross-examination, for he has survived that sort of attack countless times before. Through it all, he remains, in the words of Dr. Elliot F. Ellis, a "generally quite charming, often charismatic, reasonable-sounding physician...with a definite evangelical bent." He will be, in short, an excellent witness in court.

He will need to be. Let us visit with Bertram Carnow one last time. Yes, in court again—where else?—but this time appearing not as a witness but as a defendant. The plaintiff is one Paul L. Pratt, Esq., no stranger to courtrooms either, for Pratt is a plaintiff's lawyer and Carnow's one-time employer. According to published reports about the suit, Carnow "misrepresented to Pratt the number of times he failed the board examination in Internal Medicine and, in addition, lied under oath about it."

Pratt claims that had he known the facts, he would never have hired Carnow. Since Carnow's credibility as an expert witness is now ruined, Pratt refuses to pay \$643,935.20 in outstanding promissory notes to Carnow, demands reimbursement of payments already made amounting to \$1,624,596.29, and seeks over \$15,000 in punitive damages. Carnow, for his part, is suing elsewhere for full payment. ■

Peter W. Huber is a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute and a columnist for Forbes.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

LEGAL TENDER
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

L 737

WASHINGTON

GIVING 'TIL IT HURTS

HOW THE
UNITED JEWISH APPEAL
GULLS DIASPORA JEWS
INTO SUPPORTING
CORRUPTION AND
SOCIALISM IN ISRAEL.

By Barry Chemish



SERIES
1988
A

18 C

ONE DOLLAR

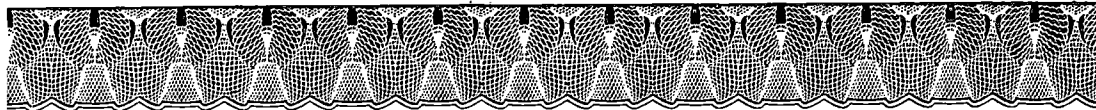
It's Yom Kippur, the holiest day of the Jewish calendar. The synagogue is crowded with congregants, their minds focused by fasting and prayer. For several hours they've been absorbed in introspection, confessing their sins and asking forgiveness. Now it's time for another annual ritual. A speaker ascends the podium while ushers distribute envelopes to the congregation. Each envelope contains a card with tabs indicating various dollar amounts. The speaker exhorts the congregants to fold down the tabs. By doing so, they promise to donate money to the United Jewish Appeal. Their generosity won't necessarily expiate all those sins they've been cataloging. But it can't hurt.

Or can it? North American Jews contribute about half a billion dollars a year to Israel, mainly through the UJA. In late 1990 and early 1991, the organization raised \$1.2 billion, capitalizing on Saddam Hussein's Scud missiles and the wave of Soviet immigration to Israel. In addition to Yom Kippur appeals, the UJA's techniques include telephone networks, pledge dinners, donor books, and special trips to Israel for big givers. The UJA's fund-raising prowess has led Carl Bakal,

author of *Charity USA*, to call it "probably the most successful money-making machine in the history of philanthropy." *Non-profit Times* reports that less than 7 percent of the UJA's budget is spent on fund raising and administrative expenses. "The UJA runs a lean operation, and its fund-raising record is spotless," writes *Wall Street Journal* reporter Cynthia Crossen.

But the UJA's reputation for effectiveness rests almost entirely on its ability to collect money. Rarely does anyone take a close look at what happens to that money once it gets to Israel, where it's filtered through a cumbersome bureaucracy that is closely tied to a socialist system. Along the way, the flow is diverted by political cronies, redundant workers, and monopolistic contractors. The trickle that finally makes its way to the intended recipients is more disappointing than the Jordan River in summertime.

The appalling inefficiency of private aid to Israel is instructive for anyone interested in helping formerly socialist countries make the transition to capitalism. Most free-market advocates recognize that government-to-government aid, such



\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ PRIVATE AID TO ISRAEL PROPS UP
A HUGE BUREAUCRACY AND STIFLES NEEDED
FREE-MARKET REFORMS. \$

as that proposed for the Soviet Union, is wasteful and counterproductive. But they may be too quick to assume that private efforts are, by contrast, sensible and cost-effective. The example of Israel shows that when private aid is distributed by a quasi-governmental body, when the money is spent in a rigidly controlled economy, and when charity comes with no strings attached, the results are every bit as disastrous as any government boondoggle.

The demeaning effects of the \$1.2 billion in economic aid that Israel receives each year from the U.S. government have been well documented by several commentators. The money covers a deficit caused mostly by a repressive economic system. (See "Perestroika in the Promised Land?," October 1990.) Israel's aid addiction is prolonging badly needed free-market reforms and propping up a huge bureaucracy, making the lives of Israelis needlessly difficult.

But a comparable amount of money enters Israel through private donations, and the effects are the same: corruption, nepotism, and slothfulness. The intention of these charitable donations is to reduce poverty, but poverty continues to grow, in no small part because of too much charity.

American donors commonly believe that Israelis are poor because they spend so much on defense. The \$6 billion that Israel spends each year on defense is about 20 percent of the GNP. But subtract U.S. military aid to Israel, and Israelis spend about the same per capita on defense as Americans do. The truth is that the Israeli economy is hobbled by heavy regulation, price controls, oppressive taxation, state-sanctioned monopolies, and huge trade barriers. The well-intentioned efforts of American donors perpetuate Israel's dependence on handouts, while failing to help those truly in need.

The failure can be traced largely to the quasi-governmental Jewish Agency, which distributes the money raised by the UJA and similar organizations. The Jewish Agency predates the state of Israel; it was the governing body of the Jewish community in Palestine until 1948. With an official working budget of more than \$800 million, the agency manages to run a deficit every year, and the interest on its debt is covered by American philanthropy. (Moreover, the Israeli government borrows aid money from the UJA to cover its deficits.)

High personnel costs are one reason for the Jewish Agency's profligate spending; the organization is full of deadwood. Restrictive labor laws make firing an agency worker with tenure almost impossible, and much American money goes to feed and house redundant workers. Years ago, for example, the agency hired a general and war hero for a public-relations job. Politics in the agency changed, and he was no longer wanted. But labor rules kept him at his post, and today he runs an office with a secretary and a minimal budget. Another agency employee continues to earn a salary as an editor even though his cultural journal has ceased publication.

I once sat in a meeting with these two people in which I

heard a good public-relations plan. They asked me to work for free, since no money was allotted to carry out the project.

Hundreds of agency workers are severely underemployed but nevertheless draw good salaries. More than 700 are emissaries (*shlichim*) sent to cities around the world to convince Jews to immigrate to Israel. Many are former military officers or obedient civil servants rewarded for faithful service with meaningless posts abroad. Most Jews who immigrate to Israel come from places like the Soviet Union and Ethiopia, because things are much worse there. The emissaries to Western cities are a waste of money, yet American donors to the UJA and other organizations continue to pay for them.

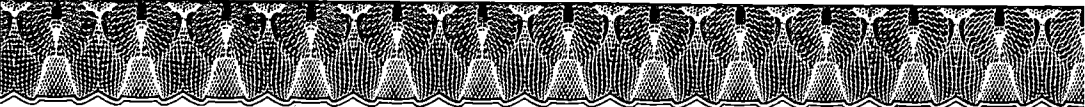
When my wife immigrated to Israel from Scotland, the details were arranged by an emissary in Glasgow, a city with all of 5,000 Jews. In a given year, he deals with no more than a dozen immigrants. He goes on speaking engagements to earn spare cash and costs donors to Israel tens of thousands of dollars a year in salary, rent, travel, and administrative expenses.

A friend of mine once lived with a woman whom the Jewish Agency sent to the United States to recruit immigrants. She found a microwave oven in New York that she wanted to take back to Israel, but it was out of stock. Her schedule had her ending her tour in Los Angeles and returning from there to Tel Aviv. In the middle of the trip, using her agency expense account, she flew back to New York to buy her oven. Now for every batch of microwave popcorn she makes, she can thank American donors to Israeli causes.

While some employees get perks and generous salaries for doing next to nothing, there never seems to be enough money to pay those who do the real work. Esther—who works for the agency for a paltry sum while her boss draws a huge salary, gets free use of a Volvo, and goes on twice-yearly "exploratory" trips abroad—describes a rebellion in her office. The staff demanded a pay raise. The boss said that was impossible but suggested that each worker fill out overtime forms, which he would approve. Esther says such fraud is commonplace.

Another source of waste is the misuse of money in construction projects. For the last 13 years, much of the UJA's money has been directed at a worthy experiment called Project Renewal. An American community adopts an impoverished Israeli community and raises funds to rehabilitate it. Last year, *The Jerusalem Post* sent me to cover the dedication of a \$2.5-million community center in Gan Yavne built with money from Winnipeg donors.

I had previously reported on a dozen Project Renewal communities, but none was like Gan Yavne. In terms of the size of the homes and the lots they were built on, the place is little different from New Rochelle, New York. I wrote that this was



\$KEEPING STORIES OF
 CORRUPTION AND INEFFICIENCY FROM THE
 AMERICAN JEWISH PUBLIC IS AN OBSESSION FOR
 THE UJA. \$

the least deserving recipient of foreign aid imaginable. In retaliation, Keren HaYesod (UJA-Canada) launched a smear campaign against me. One letter to the *Post*, from a Keren HaYesod official, warned me not to set foot in Winnipeg, as if the UJA ran the town.

Project Renewal donors in Montreal also have reason to doubt that their money is being put to its best use. In 1989, former City Councilor Jeff Halper and Idelle Ross, a reporter with Israel Radio, began to wonder what was happening to the millions donated by citizens of Montreal to uplift the slums of central Jerusalem. It seemed that little was being done to improve the neighborhood. They investigated and discovered that the project's Israeli director, Dan Waxman, was drawing a salary of \$120,000 annually. (The average Israeli salary is about \$8,000.) The monthly rent for the project's office was \$2,000. After the Israeli media publicized these facts, Project Renewal's Montreal office fired Waxman and moved the Jerusalem headquarters.

A year later, Ross was reporting for Israel TV news on the dedication of a new recreation center funded by Montreal donors. The first 15 seconds of her one-minute report were spent on a glowing official description of the good that this piece of tarmac would do for the residents of the area. The rest of the report consisted of comments from residents, who demanded to know why millions of dollars had been spent to buy so little. After the first 15 seconds aired, a sudden technical glitch wiped out the rest of the report.

The real beneficiaries of Project Renewal largess are the neighborhood administrators. In two cases I investigated in Jerusalem, the local technocrats who handled the applications from residents seeking money for renovations were closely associated with radical political groups (one actually called "the Black Panthers") and allegedly had criminal ties. A number of American communities woke up to the shenanigans and established better oversight, but others continued to naively trust the Israelis who get the checks.

Every four years, when the Jewish Agency elects its executive, American fund-raisers try to take over the organization. They argue that money is being seriously misallocated and deep reforms are needed in a hurry. But the agency is an Israeli organization, and years of political appointments make a takeover very difficult. After each failed coup, the new Israeli director fires a lot of low-level staff to prove he's serious about reform, but the executives drawing huge salaries stay in place.

Keeping stories of corruption and inefficiency from the American Jewish public is an obsession for the UJA. It main-

tains a firm grip on the American Jewish press by outright ownership or heavy subsidization through advertising. It plants stories in the Jewish papers about UJA activities that appeal to donors but have nothing to do with the reality in Israel.

"The Jewish press has kept American Jews totally ignorant about Israel," says Joel Bainerman, a former economics editor for *The Jerusalem Post* who frequently speaks to American audiences. "They're shocked when I explain the extent of the official corruption and even more shocked when I tell them what role American money is playing in the downfall of Israel's morality. No one has even hinted to them that there may be a relation between access to huge amounts of unearned cash and hanky-panky."

In its efforts to draw a rosy picture of Israel, the UJA finds no shortage of flacks. It pays writers well, and virtually every English-language writer in Israel has worked for the organization at one time or another. I'm no exception—I worked for the UJA in the mid-'80s for more than a year. Shale Siegel, an ex-officer who was then the UJA's editor, warned me: "Don't make the mistake of believing you're actually going to be writing. You'll arrange words the way we want them. Most writers don't last more than half a year, so don't think this is long-term employment."

I liked him, and so did most of the writers. But the sheer fabrication stabbed at the conscience so deeply that most did quit within months. One writer had her fill when, she says, "I had to quote a kid saying he wanted to grow up to be a doctor. The kid wanted to drive a bus, but that doesn't tug at the heartstrings. So I changed 'bus driver' to 'doctor' for them."

The UJA wants to depict Israel as a sort of Long Island set in the Middle East. The fact that Israel's answer to the Democrats, the Labor Party, has not won a national election in 14 years does not deter the UJA from hiring as speakers such has-beens as Abba Eban and Teddy Kollek, who are well paid for dinner engagements. Most American Jews have no idea how despised Labor Party leader Shimon Peres is in Israel, nor do they have any clue as to the scope of the corruption that brought the demise of Labor and is slowly eating away at the credibility of the ruling Likud coalition.

When a UJA group lands in Israel, it is treated to a show designed to reinforce false images. Although Sephardic music, by performers such as Ofra Chazeh, has almost totally replaced the European melodies, Americans are entertained with decades-old hora songs. Although the kibbutz movement is \$4 billion in debt and some two-thirds of its young people are abandoning it, Americans are taken to a rare successful kibbutz to witness the reclaiming of the land.

On Project Renewal visits, the prettiest girls in town hand out roses, and later the townspeople, safely cordoned off from the Americans, join the dedication ceremony. Speakers, including the mayor and other politicians, mostly from Labor, express gratitude for the Americans' generosity, and then a cute children's choir performs a few songs of praise.

The UJA groups are called "missions." There are Singles' Missions, Dentists' Missions, and, my favorite, the Hollywood Artists' Mission. By the time I interviewed Jack Lemmon, he had been moved to tears by the UJA-orchestrated schmaltz. The UJA likes to take missions to an air force or army base, give them a tour or demonstration, and invite them to a lecture by a middle-level officer. The visitors leave convinced they have been privy to top-level military information.

All the inconvenient facts of Israeli life remain hidden. If money is needed to aid new Soviet immigrants, no one will find out about the bungling and political infighting that is preventing new construction to house these people. If funds are needed to upgrade housing, no one will discover that the housing is falling apart because of shoddy construction, pay-offs, and inferior materials. Critical thinking is smothered, lest it ruin the big night when pledges are gathered for donations.

The big donors are invited on the President's or Prime Minister's Missions. The honored participants share dinner with Israel's president or prime minister, hear a speech, and donate. Live Aid raised \$90 million from a billion music lovers. I've seen half that raised in an hour at the close of a Prime Minister's Mission.

American donors are motivated partly by a desire to contribute to Israel's well-being. But another element is prestige. Big donors become the unelected spokespeople of American Jews. They get to talk to major Israeli politicians and then get debriefed by members of Congress back home. They get interviewed on Israeli policy by the American media, which tend to equate money with expertise on Middle Eastern affairs. All this raises their status within their communities.

But American Jews have begun to recognize that they are being manipulated. The members of the missions look older each year, as younger activists become harder to find. Some projects fail. In 1990, the UJA tried to raise money to bring indigent Soviet Jews from a transit camp in Rome to the United States. These Jews held Israeli visas, though they had no intention of going to Israel. This deception was one reason very little money was raised to bring them to the United States.

Many UJA workers are not committed to Israel as such; rather, they are professional fund-raisers. A failed campaign can cost them their jobs. Yet for all the slick selling, they are not winning converts. In 1973, they raised \$1 billion; in recent years, the annual average has been about half that. The old tricks are not having the results they used to.

This year saw a brief revival. The Iraqi missile attacks, combined with the wave of Soviet immigrants, pushed total revenue for 1990-91 to \$1.2 billion. But not one penny that arrives in Israel will help create jobs. A lot of the money will be used to build homes for immigrants. This work will be supervised by Housing Minister Ariel Sharon, who, according to a recent state controller's report, runs a ministry loaded with high-paying but useless posts for friends and supporters.

Herman Branover, a professor of engineering at Beersheva University, estimates that 10,000 engineers and almost as many

doctors will arrive from the Soviet Union this year. In order to earn a living, many of the doctors will have to be retrained in Western methods. Branover estimates that 2,000 of the engineers will bring original ideas with them that will die unless backing is found for development and the engineers are trained in Western patent and marketing methods.

Here is an area where the UJA and other philanthropic organizations could make a real difference. Until now they have built tennis courts, day-care centers, old-age homes, and the like. Opening a college for Soviet engineers might actually lead to the development of products, construction of factories, and creation of jobs. Of course, these people would wean themselves from any need for charity, and that's bad for the fund-raising business. "Charity organizations don't want people to better themselves without their help," Bainerman says. "They make Israelis apathetic, and, the worst crime of all, they feed a politico-economic system that is strangling the whole country."

But there are changes that could make American donations work. First, the UJA and anyone else associated with the Jewish Agency should divorce itself from that organization and create a completely private charity accountable to every donor. Money should not be allowed to disappear into the Israeli bureaucracy anymore.

Second, the UJA and allied organizations should sell off assets such as dental clinics, kindergartens, and nursing homes. This would raise money, and it would employ Israelis with the initiative to buy the properties. And, finally, if the UJA is really interested in immigration to Israel, providing small-business loans to prospective immigrants would be a better investment than paying unproductive emissaries. Instead of a tax-deductible Project Renewal, the UJA should establish a Project Industrial, aimed at creating real income. Donors would have to trade tax write-offs for dividends. "Whenever I lecture abroad," says Bainerman, "I tell the people the biggest favor American Jews could do for Israel is to stop giving charity and start investing in industry."

About 800 years ago, the great Jewish scholar Maimonides described eight levels of charity. The lowest, he said, is tossing a coin to a beggar. The highest is enabling the beggar to become self-reliant by finding him a job, taking him in as a partner, or lending him the capital to start his own business.

That wisdom applies to the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe as well as Israel. For socialists who want to become capitalists, the first lesson should be that capitalists do not throw money away. By investing instead of subsidizing, Americans can ensure that their money is spent according to the discipline of the marketplace, rather than the whim of a bureaucrat. Instead of being squandered, it would help create more wealth. The output—in profits, jobs, goods, and services—would be greater than the input. Investment is the kind of aid that makes recipients into donors, beggars into employers. Maimonides would have approved. ■

Barry Chamish is the author of The Fall of Israel, which will be published in Great Britain in November.

AaBbCcDdEeFfGgHhIiJ

AMY WASSERMAN



Wm. Wood

jKkLlMmNnOoPpQqRrSs

Growing Up Green.

Recycled Paper
Are

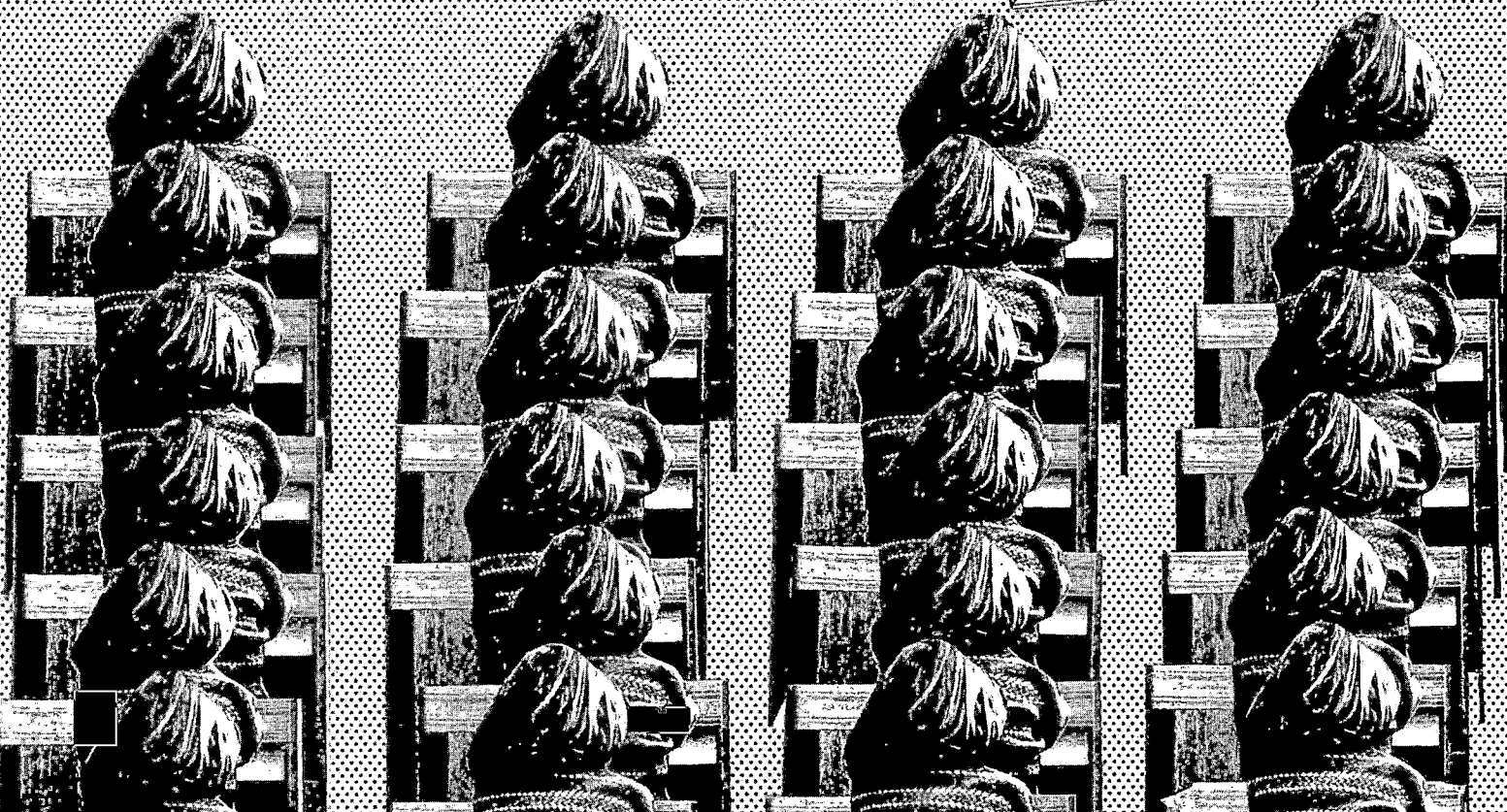
schools

turning

our kids into

eco-activists?

BY THOMAS HARVEY HOLT



In the repentant 1990s, environmentalism is "in." Recycling, reusable shopping bags, green marketing, and cloth diapers are high fashion. Now the trend is infiltrating the primary and secondary schools, where the young generation is being taught to be "environmentally literate." Ten years ago, one unit of a social-studies or science class or one chapter of a textbook might have been dedicated to ecology. Today, entire classes and textbooks focus on the environment, and dozens of activist organizations are working to shape environmental curricula nationwide. Environmental education has become a growth industry.

The overt activism that can accompany environmental education is troubling. More subtle, but equally problematic, are the assumptions behind the enterprise: that the goal is to teach children how to make political decisions rather than to understand natural processes; that environmental problems necessarily require political (rather than individual or market) approaches; and that environmental values should be given special weight in trade-offs with jobs, health, safety, convenience, and other factors.

Unlike previous attempts at issues-oriented education—

such as peace studies—environmental education seems to be taking hold, thanks to the efforts of environmental groups and the Bush administration. The Environmental Protection Agency's new Office of Environmental Education, created under legislation signed last year by President Bush, is working to "ensure that topical environmental issues are part of an environmental education curriculum."

A strategic plan for the office indicates that it will be taking its cues from the National Wildlife Federation and other activist organizations. The legislation creating the program requires, among other things, that the EPA annually present a "Rachel Carson Award," in honor of the author of *Silent Spring*, the 1962 book that described impending environmental catastrophe.

So far, the EPA's efforts have been more comical than worrisome. A suggested environmental vocabulary list for elementary schools distributed for Earth Day 1990

includes *anadromous fish*, *evapo-transpiration*, *eutrophication*, *carrying capacity*, and other terms of bureaucratic and scientific art. But some other activities augur ill for the future: The EPA suggests letter-writing campaigns and consumer boycotts to demonstrate concern for the environment.

As the EPA's programs suggest, environmental education includes a wide range of activities—from perfunctory field trips to nature centers, where students wander along well-worn trails, to calls to activism, in which students are organized to lobby for particular regulations. There are few formal grade-school environmental texts available, so schools and teachers generally are left to develop their own programs from press accounts of particular issues and from literature provided by environmental and conservation groups.

"There is no set curriculum," says Dan Mattson, who teaches environmental education to elementary students at the Dowling School, one of three magnet "urban environmental learning centers" in the Minneapolis Public School System. "That's part of the problem. There's an abundance of material. What we have to do is pick and choose."

The textbooks that do exist often impart an extremist message: If the population explosion doesn't deplete the world's resources and cause mass starvation, pollution and the destruction of the ozone layer will kill us all anyway. Or more simply, the world would be a great place if it weren't for all the humans.

Scott Foresman's *People on Earth: A World Geography* declares, "Every twenty-four hours more than 3,000 acres of green space are lost around this country. Every year adds up to at least a million acres....Its place is being taken by housing, schools, business, industries, roads, highways." This lament seems to assume that "green space"—which, by the way, does not mean forest land, since that's actually growing—is an unqualified good, always preferable to the places where people live, learn, work, and travel.

Then there is Harper and Row's *A People and a Nation*, a 1981 civics text still in use. It states: "Ugliness, junk, clutter and noise scream for attention. What solution is there to 'too much' of everything?...While billions were spent on the moon shot and the war in Vietnam, problems of public life mounted. The United States, like other industrial countries, was plagued by pollution of the water and the air...and by hideous graveyards of abandoned cars....Strong regulations protecting our natural resources and controlling pollution may be needed to avert a possible ecological disaster. Yet industry sees such measures as being too restrictive."

Demand for textbooks to serve these new classes is so strong that Addison-Wesley, a leading science publisher, revised a college text for high school use. *Environmental Science: A Framework for Decision Making* is in its second edition, and a third is on the way. The recurrent theme is that people and population growth threaten "the survival of human life." The text describes Communist China's forced sterilizations and

The textbooks
often impart
an extremist
message: that
the world would
be a great place
if it weren't for
all the humans.

abortions as “highly successful” and “innovative” programs to control population. And while the book does present point/counterpoint sidebars on various issues, little doubt is left about which view students are supposed to adopt: “Modern industrial society as we know it cannot continue.”

The works of the alarmist Worldwatch Institute’s Lester Brown, described as “superb,” figure prominently in suggested reading lists at the end of each chapter of *Environmental Science*. The work of market-oriented economist Julian Simon, on the other hand, is described as “an economic projection based on past trends that many critics doubt will continue.”

Despite its title, *Environmental Science* places nearly as much emphasis on political action as it does on science. “You can take political actions,” students are told at the end of a chapter on “Feeding the World’s People.” “You might challenge current policies that place military demands above agricultural and economic development....Support politicians who take a strong and sensible stand on world hunger. Write the newspapers with your informed opinions. Start or join discussion groups emphasizing the need for personal as well as widespread political changes.”

And what might those changes entail? Among other things, “converting the current economic system of unlimited growth to one of steady-state economics. Government can play a major role here” because, as the text notes a few pages earlier, “redistribution would yield a more equitable sharing of resources.”

Environmental Science isn’t alone in its call for activism. Some texts go out of their way to incorporate demands for environmental activism into totally unrelated subjects. For example, Macmillan’s *Eastern Hemisphere*, a 1990 sixth-grade social studies text, leaps in a single sentence from the Code of Hammurabi, a system of laws recorded around 1780 B.C., to the tale of a present-day environmental activist:

“The people of Mesopotamia knew that the Tigris and Euphrates rivers were valuable sources of life. As you have read, civilization flourished in ‘the land between the rivers.’ Even the laws of the Code of Hammurabi warned: ‘If a man fails to honor the rivers, he shall not gain life from them.’ In modern times, people have often failed to remember just how important the environment is. There is, however, a senior citizen in Levittown, Pennsylvania, who reminds us of the great value of nature. His name is Ray Proffitt and he is a one-man environmental hero. When Ray sees people who pollute, or dirty the environment, he does not look away.” It goes on to tell how Proffitt tracks down and reports polluters to the authorities.

“This sort of thing is common today in textbooks” at all grade levels, says Gilbert Sewall, president of the American Textbook Council, a private organization that reviews textbooks for accuracy and bias.

Teachers looking for techniques to teach environmental courses encounter the same messages. One popular exercise, suggested by the National Science Foundation, is “The Foolish Daughter,” which begins with the story of a father who complains that \$10 is too much for a weekly allowance. His daughter offers him a deal: one penny the first day, two on the

second, four on the third, eight on the fourth, etc. The father, calculating that the first week’s allowance would be only \$1.27, agrees. This is to illustrate exponential growth. After noting that the world’s population doubled between 1950 and 1987, an NSF exercise guide advises: “The population explosion is the cause of many environmental problems....These problems are examples of the limits to human growth that we must face. No amount of technological or cultural intervention can change the fact that the Earth and its resources are finite.”

Again, the situation is more complex than the exercise suggests. Economists such as Julian Simon contend that the problem isn’t so much excessive population growth as it is inadequate economic growth. Birth rates decline as countries become industrialized. Simon and other scholars argue that the best way to advance the welfare of “overpopulated” countries *and* to reduce the population explosion is to foster economic growth, not stifle it. But the NSF exercise omits this view. Simon also takes issue with the idea that we are in imminent danger of depleting the world’s natural resources. He notes that the real prices of most raw materials have been falling during this century, repeatedly confounding predictions by limits-to-growth doomsayers.

Many of those who shape the environmental education curriculum believe that their purpose is not to weigh conflicting facts, values, and theories, but to instill a sense of crisis. “Understanding that the world is going to hell in a handbasket is half of environmental education,” says Ed Clark, president of the Wildlife Center of Virginia, which tries to instill respect of animals through school assembly programs.

In a draft paper, a special National Science Teachers Association task force on environmental education suggests a three-step approach, calling for nominal, functional, and operational environmental literacy. Those buzzwords translate approximately to: general respect for nature and a gut-level knowledge of man’s impact on the environment (nominal); broader knowledge of the environment, the ability to ana-

“Understanding
that the world is
going to hell
in a handbasket
is half of
environmental
education,” says
one activist.



lyze environmental problems and issues on the "basis of sound evidence and personal values and ethics," communicating findings to others, and taking some remedial action on issues of particular individual concern (functional); and individual and political action (operational).

While the first two steps are arguably worthwhile, the third is nothing more than a call to get students involved in political battles, a call that will find a ready audience among at least some teachers. Indeed, some educators have already turned their classrooms into centers of activism. In an article in *The Science Teacher*, Edna Figueroa, a biology teacher at H.M. King High School in Kingsville, Texas, suggests these exercises: "Explain the environmental and health problems associated with incineration of wastes on land"; and "Prepare a bill for consideration by your state legislature that will protect a particular area of the environment your community is concerned about."

At Kenai Peninsula Borough School District in Alaska, reports *NEA Today*, sixth-grade teacher Zada Friedersdorff has had her students construct miniature "landfills" in glass bottles to observe how garbage rots. The students will submit their findings to the local landfill "in the hopes of improving garbage disposal."

"Ah! Building good protesters!" responds Sewall, of the American Textbook Council. "This is a new kind of citizenship course, isn't it? Instead of helping old ladies across the street, we go and present a bill of particulars to the local landfill operator and presumably lobby at the local level for amelioration, some kind of reform of some terrible local atrocity. I don't mean to be facetious, but I think environmental education does just fine when it sticks to applied science and descriptive analysis of some of the major problems."

Nor do the young lobbyists stick to local issues. Second-graders at P.S. 174 in Rego Park, Queens, New York, founded the national KIDS Save The Ozone Project (S.T.O.P.). "They are working to 'save the planet' from the deadly effects of ozone depletion caused by continuing release of chlorofluorocarbons, or CFCs, into the atmosphere," reports *Science Scope*, a publication of the NSTA. "The children are supporting fed-

eral and city legislation that will prohibit the release of CFCs. They have created a KIDS S.T.O.P. Starter Kit for teachers or students...which includes blank petitions, personal letters, pledges and a list of suggested projects."

"Now what the hell does a second-grader know about chlorofluorocarbons?" asks Jack Padalino, president of the Pocono Environmental Education Center and chairman of the NSTA task force. There's a difference, says Padalino, "between an environmentalist and an educator. An environmentalist is an advocate....But the people in schools should be environmental educators presenting the balanced view, nonadvocacy."

In fact, many educators do try to be fair. When Bev Jones's son Tony told her that Earth First! had made a presentation to his fourth-grade class in Blue River, Oregon, she became quite upset. His father is a timberman who has little affection for an organization that allegedly spikes trees. After Mrs. Jones called the principal to discuss the matter, however, the school agreed to allow a presentation by an industry group.

But the difference between activism and education is often subtle. It involves more than allowing competing interest groups to present their wares. And political action can find its way into much environmental education—even the fairest and most evenhanded.

Consider the way Mary Boeni teaches her elective course "Science, Technology, and Society" to juniors and seniors at Springfield High School in Springfield Delco, Pennsylvania. She tries to present students with a balanced view of environmental issues. "I call it the PMI breakdown—the Plus, Minus, Interesting or Unresolved. And with that, we look at known facts, good points, bad points, and information that we have and 'what are we going to do with it?'"

Using the Socratic method, Boeni gets students to list what they see as the pluses and minuses of, say, nuclear power. Low air-pollution emissions might be a plus for nuclear power, and waste disposal and the "fear factor" might be minuses. She sometimes breaks the class into groups, which must list the pros and cons of some project—a trash-to-energy plant, for instance—and arrive at a unanimous "go" or "no-go" decision. The class-as-collective approach suggests that these consensus processes are how decision making works, or ought to work, in the real world. While particular solutions to environmental problems may be challenged, this approach leaves children with the impression that most environmental problems should be solved by the political process. The course would be improved by making this assumption explicit and examining it.

"If I had my druthers, there would be kids writing legislators saying do this, and there would be kids writing legislators saying do that," says Joe Premo, Minneapolis's coordinator of elementary science education. "If I've done my job, I would expect kids to come up with different points of view. And they might take political action on a variety of points of view."

Premo's main concern is that teachers should not use their positions to push their own viewpoints: "I think getting first-

KIDS S.T.O.P.

is working to

save the planet

from ozone

depletion.

But what do

second-graders

know about CFCs?



graders to picket city hall is probably not appropriate," he says. "That tends to be using kids for adult agendas." But he does promote political action, especially by older students. "I think getting them involved in accessing the political system is a logical extension of what you are doing." The problem is that by stressing activism as a solution to environmental problems, educators implicitly urge their students to get involved in green politics.

And not everyone is as evenhanded as Premo or Boeni. Some teachers get upset when kids make individual decisions about environmental issues—especially when those decisions involve concrete actions. Unlike nuclear energy or endangered species, recycling is something students can control themselves. And most teachers seem to have taken a cue from Wilford Brimley and presented recycling as "the right thing to do."

Deborah Rubinstein's eighth-grade class at South Milwaukee Junior High School conducted a newspaper-recycling lab as part of the Earth Day 1990 celebration. The students made recycled paper "to model the process that reclaims the waste paper that we hope their families will save and take to recycling centers." More common are school recycling clubs and other programs that encourage students to recycle newspapers, glass bottles, and aluminum cans.

Such programs don't always consider such messy details as the toxic sludge produced by deinking newspapers or the high energy costs of driving old bottles to glass-recycling plants. And they present recycling not as one choice among many but as a requirement of good citizenship—and perhaps of the class itself.

Take the Los Angeles boy who announced to his parents that henceforth he wanted his lunch packed in reusable Tupperware-style containers; he cited plastic sandwich bags and juice boxes as especially wasteful. His father pointed out that there are disadvantages to reusable packaging. A juice container might spill, but a juice box couldn't be opened until lunch. And besides, he told the boy, come disposal time a plastic bag takes up very little space, while a plastic container may not crush so well when it's eventually thrown out.

After reconsidering the options, the boy took his lunch to school the next day in the usual manner—sandwiches in plastic bags, juice in a box, and so on. When the teacher wanted to know why he hadn't followed her suggestions, he recounted the conversation with his father. When the father went to pick up the boy that afternoon, the teacher told him, "I heard what you told [your son]. I really wish you wouldn't interfere. We're trying to make the children more environmentally sensitive."

The father explained that he thought the way his son's lunch was packed was in fact environmentally sensitive and that the teacher's facts about juice boxes and lunch bags were wrong.

"That may well be," she said. "But it's what we are teaching them, and I wish you wouldn't interfere."

"It was actually rather amusing," says the man. "She thought

that it was better to do that which appears to be environmentally sensitive than that which really is."

It's possible to teach about the environment without indoctrinating students into eco-activism. For younger students, schools can teach how sewage treatment plants work, what is involved in recycling, and how ecosystems work. They can, in short, teach science rather than public policy.

High-school students, on the other hand, can grapple with some of the public policy implications of environmental controversies. Teachers should deal with all of the important questions: Does a problem exist? If so, how should we decide on how to deal with it? And are the cures more costly than the disease? Gilbert Sewall suggests a debate format. "Not a loaded debate, where everyone knows there is a right answer, but a kind of 'according to this view *x*, and according to that view *y*, and some people weigh in with *z*.'"

Joe Premo's Dowling School tries an approach similar to the one suggested by Sewall. For instance, the school often asks an architect "to talk about how to do building, what materials to use and all that. And each of those kinds of decisions is a trade-off—you need strength, you need durability, you need to worry about pollution, will it ever decay—the whole recycling business is a very important part of this particular school. We have to trade off convenience for pollution. Do we want to do that, and what are some other options that we have?"

Premo's approach suggests that environmental education can be taught impartially. But too often, environmental education, unlike history or mathematics, leads to some form of action, whether it be petitioning state legislators or choosing to recycle. That's the unstated goal of many teachers, even some of the best ones. "You want to have people exhibit behaviors that guarantee that the environment is going to be here, an environment that's healthful and healing," says Jack Padalino. "That's ultimately what it is about." ■

Thomas Harvey Holt is assistant editorial page editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Most teachers,
taking a cue from
Wilford Brimley,
present recycling
as "the right
thing to do"
—a requirement of
good citizenship.





C H O I C E

CHALLENGES

Opposition to
public-school choice

is fading,

but daunting

obstacles await

those who

support more

substantive reforms.

BY JOHN HOOD

It seems like a dream come true. To longtime advocates of competition in American education, the much-publicized adoption of Polly Williams's voucher plan in Milwaukee and the release earlier this year of President Bush's choice-driven education strategy seem to form the crest of a long-awaited wave of reform, soon to crash through the rickety edifice of the public-education establishment. New Secretary of Education Lamar Alexander and Deputy Secretary David Kearns are strongly pitching a parental-choice program encompassing private and religious schools, using terminology cribbed from *Politics, Markets, and America's Schools*, a highly praised choice manifesto by John Chubb and Terry Moe. And state and local policy makers are enacting new programs, with varying degrees of early success and acclaim, to give parents choices among publicly funded schools.

But judging the size and power of an approaching wave is often difficult at long distances. You have to be close to it. That's why it's important for us not to drown in the homilies and hype surrounding choice, and not to ignore the still-powerful undercurrent of opposition beneath the surface. The adoption of truly meaningful reforms isn't guaranteed. It requires a calm and honest assessment of the choice experiments to date and a realistic view of the political and legal obstacles that lie ahead.

Teachers' unions and other groups with a vested interest in the current system wield tremendous power in state legislatures and local school politics. Their lawyers have a number of weapons to employ, from questions about resegregation to constitutional challenges to state aid for religious schools. And the general public, while favoring the concept of choice in education, is still largely unfamiliar with the specifics of voucher plans. Their support is broad but not deep.

Even given these caveats, advocates of choice can triumph—but not all at once, like a crashing wave. Instead, they will need to work gradually, eroding the education establishment's own power base and letting news of choice's early successes trickle down further into the public consciousness. They need to examine the practical, legal, and political obstacles to choice, and determine ways to overcome them. And they need to make allies among educators, business leaders, politicians, and power brokers in both parties, and the news

media. If choice advocates go too far, too fast, their reforms—vital to educational improvement and therefore to America's future—could fail.

So far, most choice programs have been limited to public schools, with competition further restricted by bureaucratic barriers. The momentum to establish such "controlled-choice" programs is growing. In Massachusetts, for example, a statewide public-school choice plan proposed by new Gov. William Weld passed the legislature in early 1991, with the crucial backing of State Senate President William Bulger and other Democrats. In Michigan, bills authorizing intradistrict choice among public schools and experiments with interdistrict choice made it out of the education committee in the state Senate, although they ultimately failed on the floor. And influential Democratic politicians, from Chicago Mayor Richard Daley to Arkansas Gov. (and potential presidential candidate) Bill Clinton have endorsed school choice in varying forms.

One reason for the popularity of public-school choice initiatives is the record of a few long-term choice experiments. These programs give advocates successes they can point to—examples of systems that, while far from perfect, offer a better education, more freedom, and greater flexibility than the typical no-choice public-school system.

One of the oldest public-school choice programs is in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a city of 100,000 located across the Charles River from Boston. Under court orders to desegregate its schools, the city phased in a choice plan over three years, beginning in 1979, as an alternative to the busing that ripped Boston apart. Without the choice plan, it seems

likely that the school system, which still operates under cumbersome court decrees, would have exploded long ago. Certainly many observers believe the choice system has helped the city avoid at least the *magnitude* of white flight and school decay that occurred next door in Boston. Chubb and Moe report that in 1987, after six years of controlled choice, 89 percent of new elementary students in the district were enrolled in the public system, compared with 78 percent in 1979.



Many Cambridge parents send their children to one of the system's bilingual schools.

In Cambridge, elementary and middle schools compete for students (with considerable bureaucratic intervention), and several different programs operate

within the city's single public high school. Parents select at least three elementary schools for their child, ranked in order of preference. The school system's student assignment officer then takes those preferences and evaluates their compatibility with racial balance, available space, and other controls. The system is far from a true market, since unpopular schools don't close down and popular schools don't expand to reflect demand. But, according to Cambridge officials, 87 percent of kindergarteners entering the system receive their first choice.

Cambridge's schools of choice divide into "traditional" and "alternative" camps, with some programs unique to Cambridge. For example, the K-3 Maynard School, formerly considered undesirable by many parents, became one of the most popular schools in the district by starting the "Amigos" program, in which students speak English half of the day and Spanish the other half. The program is a favorite of Cambridge's middle- and upper-middle-class white parents, many of whom are employed at nearby Harvard University or the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

But what about the city's less privileged population? A

major objection to choice, even controlled choice among public schools, has been that poor parents aren't knowledgeable or responsible enough to make good choices for their children. Cambridge takes this objection very seriously. It operates a Parent Information Center to provide information packets and to answer questions about school choices. The system also employs 13 parent-liaison officers and a number of part-time and volunteer people (speaking every major language in the city) to serve as intermediaries between parents and the school system.

"It takes a conscious, active effort on our part" to provide all parents the information they need, says the system's parent coordinator, Margaret Gallagher. She and other officials visit Head Start centers and public housing projects, mail information, and make phone calls to parents to tell them about school choice and remind them of deadlines. "Poor parents are often overwhelmed by school choice," she says.

More educated or affluent parents may ask about a school's teaching style, atmosphere, or past performance, says Gallagher, but low-income parents seem most concerned about how far the school is from their home or whether their children will fit in with other students who may be better dressed, better fed, and generally better off. Of course, most schools don't differ that much from one another, at least within the "alternative" or "traditional" categories.

Cambridge's parent information efforts provide its critics with plenty of ammunition with which to snipe at the "controlled-choice" approach. Most recently Abigail Thernstrom, an adjunct associate professor of education at Boston University, evaluated the Cambridge system in a report on school choice in Massachusetts for the Boston-based Pioneer Institute. She specifically criticized parent information centers in Cambridge and other Massachusetts school systems for advancing the school system's interests over those of parents and for over-selling their success at informing disadvantaged parents.

"Parent information centers too often steer parents into those schools that have room for members of the racial or ethnic group to which they belong," she reported. "Often those will be the schools with space precisely because they are regarded as problem institutions."

Thernstrom also questioned the entire effort. Low-income parents, she wrote, are by definition poorly educated and disciplined—otherwise, why should they be in their present predicament? More important, it's inherently difficult to tell schools apart by just hearing about them or visiting them once or twice. "Schools are not quite like a grocery store in which products can be easily compared," she contended.

Although she stretches the argument a bit too far (suggesting, for example, that teaching styles and classroom environment, qualities parents value and officials can explain, aren't really part of a school's educational mission), Thernstrom does raise some important questions about the capabilities of both parents and information officers in a choice system. Printed materials on Cambridge's schools of choice are bland and

SUSAN LAPIDES

pointlessly repetitive. Most school descriptions use the same phrases and codewords to describe their programs—such as “developmental” education, “diversity,” “individual needs,” “mutual participation”—and provide little useful information with which to choose among schools.

Furthermore, the perfect marketplace for educational quality envisioned by some simply doesn't exist in Cambridge. Gallagher told me that most parents, regardless of education or socioeconomic class, don't put much of a premium on finding out the test scores or other qualitative measures associated with each school. “The schools with the highest test scores are the conservative, traditional ones,” she says, “but most of the population is liberal and likes the open school.” While it's difficult to attribute performance to any factor, including whether a school is traditional or open, the fact is that Cambridge parents—and, if inflection and emphasis is any guide, school administrators such as Gallagher—don't seem to evaluate schools by results, formally understood, though that has been one of the promises of choice proponents.

Still, this proposition doesn't suggest that even this limited market for education is destined to fail. To point out that regulated markets—or markets in general—are imperfect is not to say they aren't superior to alternatives. While parent information centers and other formal mechanisms for promoting informed choice may have limited effects, the most important source of information is word of mouth—how neighbors' kids did at a given school or later in high school or college. Over time, parents will gravitate to schools that produce successful students.

We already have a model for how this informal selection process might work: private schools. They don't just attract parents who understand educational terminology and the theories of Montessori or who scrutinize school reading lists to make sure the classics are included. They rely on reputation, neighbors recommending neighbors, etc. Having some parents who know what they're doing is probably enough. Just as consumers who can intelligently compare cars or computers drive the market toward quality, benefiting car or computer buyers (like me) who have no idea what they're doing, so also might parents, operating without perfect information or expertise, still be able to demand quality in education. One proof of this is that a large number of poor parents are able to name the best public or private schools in their communities, at least as measured by the success of those schools' students. They just can't afford to move into the right district or pay the tuition necessary to get their own child into them.

The record in Cambridge suggests that 1) the system implemented public-school choice mostly to avoid takeover by the courts on racial-balance grounds; 2) the public schools didn't fall apart, and, on the contrary, choice-driven improvement may have prevented further white flight; 3) formal and informal measures of school performance have improved (achievement scores are up, and parents, students, and staff seem excited about their schools); and 4) parents seem at least mildly capable

of finding a school they believe will serve their children well, and they will send their children to schools outside their neighborhood if necessary. More than 40 percent of parents chose non-neighborhood schools last year.

But the Cambridge experience also holds some lessons about the limits of controlled choice among public schools: The current alternatives aren't very different from one another and must operate under many uniform regulations, from racial balance to class-size limits, which may impede rather than advance student learning. Rigid racial quotas, for instance, often hurt minority students by keeping them out of a successful school in their neighborhoods because of the need to attract more whites.

Most of the shortcomings are hardly a secret, however, and the fame of Cambridge's system doesn't seem to have led to complacency. According to David Thompson, a parent of a Cambridge second-grader, the main complaint about the choice plan among parents is that there isn't enough choice. “There's a groundswell within the parental community,” he recently told the *Christian Science Monitor*, “to provide more curriculum choices.”

One way to provide more choices to parents would be to expand government-funded choice plans to include private and religiously affiliated schools. Vouchers (known now by the more politically astute term *scholarships*) and tuition tax relief are two mechanisms for accomplishing this. But these ideas, with all their promise, represent a significant qualitative change in choice, one that many public-school choice supporters are loathe to embrace. Consequently, while public-school choice plans have passed in many jurisdictions with minimal legal fallout, the few pioneers of broader choice have found themselves the targets of lawsuits alleging misuse of public funds, violation of the separation of church and state, and other serious illegalities.

The most prominent choice experiment involving private schools is the Milwaukee Parental Choice Program, proposed by state Rep. Polly Williams and passed in the Wisconsin legislature with strong support from Gov. Tommy Thompson. In 1990-91, the plan gave vouchers of \$2,500 each to 259 participating students, all from low-income, inner-city families, who attended one of six private schools in the city eligible for the program. Next year a new school, Milwaukee Montessori, will enter the program, and a total of 546 slots in private schools will be available to eligible students—assuming, of course, that the state Supreme Court overturns an appeals court ruling that the plan is unconstitutional because it was passed as a last-minute amendment to the budget. (The Wisconsin constitution requires that local bills be passed separately by the legislature.)

Opponents of the choice plan, such as state Superintendent of Public Instruction Herbert Grover, welcomed the news that the Supreme Court would review the case. They want the plan

struck down on more substantive grounds—such as educational inequity. Grover calls the Milwaukee plan “educational Darwinism.” He triggered a countersuit by parents of choice students when he tried to apply state regulations concerning special education and teacher certification to the participating private schools, arguing that without such regulations students would be unprotected. He also says that the choice plan would cause the best students to abandon public education.

Participants in the choice plan challenge this assumption. Sister Callista Robinson, principal of the Harambee Community School, which will take 180 choice students next year, says that while critics feared the private schools would skim off the cream of the student crop, “what we got were some very good students, some poor, and some average.”

Defending the Milwaukee experiment in court is Clint Bolick, vice president of the Institute for Justice in Washington, D.C., a public-interest law firm promoting private property and individual rights. Bolick says that U.S. Supreme Court cases have established some criteria for choice plans that, if met, should guarantee that they will survive challenge in federal court: A choice program can’t discriminate in favor of religious schools; state aid must go to parents, to be spent at their discretion at schools they choose; and the program can’t create a permanent and pervasive state influence in religious schools.

State constitutions and laws present other obstacles. Bolick points to the Milwaukee case as proof that “the battle for choice programs will not be easy.” The education establishment will devote enormous resources to challenge choice programs in court, often on technicalities.

In the low mountains of central New Hampshire, about 10 miles east of the state capital of Concord, the small town of Epsom (population 2,800) has become an important test case in the legal battle for broad school choice. Last December, the town’s Board of Selectmen approved a “property tax abatement” plan worth up to \$1,000 for parents or “sponsors” who send their children to a high school other than the nearby public school, Pembroke Academy, including private or religious schools.

The Epsom plan, says Bolick, “has tremendous potential significance for New Hampshire and the United States.” Because it was drafted and passed by a town rather than a state legislature, he notes, the Epsom model could be duplicated in other states with similar tax-abatement or tax-credit laws.

Jack Kelleher, an Epsom resident and until recently a member of its Board of Selectmen, first came up with the tax abatement idea in 1982. At the time, hardly anyone else supported the idea. “You would have thought I had the plague,” he says. But Kelleher persisted, arguing that an abatement plan would save the town money, because the cost of sending a student to Pembroke is much higher than \$1,000. In fact,

Epsom pays “tuition” of \$4,600 to the high school in neighboring Pembroke for each Epsom student who attends the school.

Eventually, other board members and town residents came around, and Kelleher and other choice proponents drafted a plan. Expecting a legal challenge, the Epsom choice coalition asked the New Hampshire Revenue Administration and attorney general about the legality of their plan. The coalition received no objections. Kelleher says the plan is particularly suited to New Hampshire, which has given local governments broad powers to grant tax abatements for public purposes. “In New Hampshire, tax abatements have been granted for everything under the sun,” he says, such as encouraging business development or helping a taxpayer with sudden financial woes.

Before going through with the plan, however, the Epsom board signed a contract with Bolick to give the town legal representation; the town’s legal budget of \$15,000 wouldn’t be enough in case of a lawsuit by the deep-pocket organizations that oppose choice. By January, the board had approved 12 abatements for Epsom students attending schools other than Pembroke. And, sure enough, in March, Epsom was sued by the American Civil Liberties Union and the Epsom School Board, represented by the New Hampshire School Board Association. Among the charges against the plan are that it violates the constitutional separation of church and state and that it discriminates against residents who do not own property.

The battle over Epsom’s tax-abatement plan demonstrates how important clearing every legal hurdle, no matter how superficially innocuous, can be. To qualify as an abatement, for instance, the tax break must be given on a case-by-case basis, not as an entitlement. Otherwise, it would be a tax credit, something towns cannot grant as easily. So along with their more ambitious constitutional challenges, opponents are trying to pin the “tax credit” label on the plan.

Bolick gives the antichoice suit a 50-50 chance at trial and expects an appeal to the state Supreme Court. The trial should be over by mid-September. The Epsom case, like the Milwaukee one, illustrates what challenges lie beyond the relative safety of “controlled choice.” In most states and localities, the path to private-school choice will almost invariably pass through the courtroom.

Before choice plans are adjudicated, however, they must first be passed by state legislatures, local boards, or, in some places, voters by initiative. The elements of the education establishment who oppose choice, particularly when it encompasses private or religious schools, are at least as powerful in these political arenas as they are in the courts.

In New Hampshire, opponents of a state voucher plan sponsored by former U.S. senator and now state Sen. Gordon Humphrey banished it to a study committee until 1993. “We desperately need choice in education to spur excellence,” Humphrey told the Senate. But citing constitutional questions and the possibility of “eroding the public school system,” a majority

of senators killed the proposal. The state teachers' union and commissioner of education had strongly opposed the bill. This pattern has recurred in a number of statehouses where broad school-choice plans have been introduced.

Some of the major players in choice debates across the country include:

The Education Establishment. Teachers' unions, associations of principals and administrators, and even parent-teacher associations (PTAs) are the most reliable and vocal opponents of choice reforms, whether they are broadly or narrowly drafted. The most frequent argument these groups make against such plans is that they would foster segregation by race, socioeconomic class, and student ability. They also say that "universal public education" must mean state control and provision of that education, in order to promote cultural affinity and democratic values; on this point, they have some moderate-to-conservative allies who view choice warily as a new force for educational "Balkanization." And the education establishment plays up the possibility that, under broader choice plans encompassing private schools, state money would fund religious kooks or fly-by-night operators.

Setting aside these rhetorical points, the education establishment is the most vocal opponent of choice because it has the most to lose. Controlled choice among public schools may not pose a serious threat to teachers' and administrators' jobs, but it makes people nervous. Pressure from parents to expand curriculum offerings tends to rock the boat, and mediocre teachers (who, virtually by definition, make up the bulk of union membership) are afraid of falling out.

State aid for students attending private schools threatens the establishment more directly. If money travels with the student, letting someone transfer to a private school means a smaller budget for the public school. By bringing independent workplaces into the system, broad choice breaks up the union monopoly on teacher supply. And competition challenges calls for higher pay, smaller classes, and other perks—if private schools get by with less and do more, why can't public schools?

This "vested interest" explanation, though valid, shouldn't be overemphasized. Most leaders of the education establishment are *ideologically* opposed to an education market. They see public education as a segment of government-provided infrastructure, to which market competition does not and should not apply. Fundamentally, many are uncomfortable with parents exercising judgment over what their children will learn, because they believe a universal public-education curriculum is the primary force holding the country's diverse racial and ethnic groups together. They differ with antichoice conservatives only over the optimal content of that curriculum, not its role. (Both groups seem to have overlooked a vastly more important force that unifies disparate cultures in one country: popular culture.)

Leaders of teachers' and state-employee unions have powerful weapons to translate this ideology into power: They are a significant source of volunteers and PAC contributions to local

and state politicians, and they can organize marches, rallies, and other events to get on the evening news. But it's important to recognize that the leaders of the establishment don't speak for all public educators. The current bureaucratic system hurts many public-school teachers, especially the most innovative and successful ones, because rewards are unrelated to their efforts. In Chicago and many other failed urban systems, most teachers either send their children to private schools or would do so if they could afford to.

Even some principals and district and state administrators support choice, or at least have begun to soften their position against it. Dale Jensen, executive director of the Minnesota Association of School Administrators, was a vocal critic of that state's public-school choice experiments, particularly its inter-district transfer program. Now he's not so sure. Most forecasts of dire consequences from choice have been proven wrong by four years of operation, he said in a recent interview. Worst-case predictions like the one that Minnesota students would switch schools to get into good hockey or other sports programs didn't really materialize. "If one wants to be honest, that was probably going on before, where a parent with a 6-foot-10 son was offered a job in a community," he said.

The News Media. Once an important source of opposition to choice, many of the country's largest newspapers, including *The Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*, have endorsed the concept—though they still draw a clear line between public-school choice (good) and vouchers/tuition tax credits (bad). In Wisconsin, the *Milwaukee Journal* and *Milwaukee Sentinel* have opposed Polly Williams's voucher plan, while out-of-state media and the black-owned *Milwaukee Community Journal* have supported it. Reporters on education beats in many cities are more informed about choice issues than they were a few years ago. They ask tougher questions of choice opponents than they used to and treat choice proponents as serious reformers rather than extremists.

Civil-Rights Groups. While most national civil-rights organizations oppose choice as segregation in disguise, local minority groups and political organizations are a more diverse lot. In Milwaukee, blacks are the primary beneficiaries of the voucher plan and its most eloquent defenders. Given the history of many controlled-choice reforms as first-and-foremost desegregation plans, they often enjoy more support among minorities than they do among local white liberals. In fact, public opinion surveys confound the national civil-rights establishment by finding greater support for parental choice among minorities (59 percent in a recent NBC/*Wall Street Journal* poll) than in the general population.

The most persuasive argument for minorities appears to be the fairness one: that wealthy, mostly white families already enjoy parental choice because they can move to the best school district or can afford private schools. Choice plans, especially vouchers, offer poor and minority families the prospect of having that power, too. Trying to counter the rhetorical appeal of this argument, choice opponents have increasingly empha-

sized their contention that private schools would have the real choice in a voucher system by using formal and informal means to select their students. This argument, however, makes the all-too-common mistake of assuming that the expensive, selective prep school typifies American private education, when in reality that category comprises a diverse range of schools.

Business Groups. Although you might expect business leaders to be a major source of support for market-based reform, until recently they have been co-opted by the education establishment. Public-school leaders and their allies have used "adopt-a-school" and other partnerships with businesses to cultivate political contacts. They have, in many cases, persuaded business leaders that the American education system is failing because of resources and reach (suggesting more money and expanded preschool programs as remedies) rather than because of flaws in the system itself.

As a result, business has often supported the education establishment and even opposed choice. Earlier this year, the Committee for Economic Development, a New York City group of business leaders, called for \$10 billion in new federal spending on education and specifically criticized voucher plans. State associations and local chambers of commerce in such jurisdictions as California, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, New Orleans, and Cincinnati have supported tax increases, pay raises, and other measures without commensurate structural reforms.

At the same time, however, there have been a few glimmers of hope. In February a group of CEOs from 15 Indiana corporations proposed a package of reforms, including school choice, for the state. The plan, called COMMIT, at least made it out of committee before being bottled up on the Senate floor by the Indiana State Teachers Association and its legislative allies. In Chicago, reform-minded business leaders have attempted to do an end run around the strong teachers' union, first by helping to draft and implement a decentralization plan for the city's schools and later by putting together and vigorously pushing a "scholarship" plan much like that proposed by Brookings's John Chubb and Stanford's Terry Moe.

To be successful, business groups who want to foster education markets rather than throw money at the current system will have to organize themselves to challenge the political power of unions and to pick away at that power by enlisting the aid of like-minded educators to sell choice to policy makers and the public. So far, this hasn't happened, and the education establishment's ability to stymie broad choice reform (as opposed to controlled-choice plans, which are less forcefully opposed) in state legislatures remains largely unchecked.

In some states, such as California and Oregon, choice proponents can go over the heads of the legislature, directly to the voting public. But taking the battle for choice to the ballot, via an initiative, doesn't guarantee success or circumvent union power. As Oregon choice supporters found out

in a failed 1990 initiative for tuition tax credits, translating nominal public support for choice into votes on Election Day isn't easy. The initiative lost 2-1, garnering only 32 percent of the vote. "We hadn't laid the groundwork to convince the public that we needed radical change," says Steve Buckstein, who organized support for the choice initiative in Oregon and now heads up the Cascade Policy Institute.

Among the tactical errors choice proponents made, Buckstein says, were calling the plan a "tax credit" (he plans to use the term scholarship in the future) and allowing out-of-state parents to receive the credit for in-state students. The initiative probably shouldn't have included home schooling, he adds, even though ideally no form of education should be excluded. "For voters, including home schools was a negative," he says, because they raise the specter of state support for kooks and extremists. This argument may be a red herring, but it works. Buckstein says the home schooling provision may be dropped in a future initiative.

Another red herring that nevertheless poses political problems for choice initiatives is the Richmond County, California, case. For several years, Richmond operated a highly publicized controlled-choice plan in a largely poor, minority district. It even hosted one of President Bush's workshops on school choice in 1990. But earlier this year, the system declared bankruptcy and had to be bailed out by the state.

State education leaders and teachers' unions blamed choice, a charge that is likely to reappear should a planned initiative reach the November ballot. As Richmond sank into bankruptcy, however, some 19 other California districts teetered on the brink of insolvency. Public attention eventually focused as much on financial mismanagement, the effects of the recession, and perk-filled teacher contracts as on the risks of choice. "At first there was a little flurry" of choice criticism, says Pam Riley, a Richmond parent and director of public affairs for the Pacific Research Institute for Public Policy. But soon, she continues, the focus became the former superintendent's management style.

Still, at every debate on school choice in California (and elsewhere) advocates must address the Richmond question: Won't choice cost more and create a management disaster? Answering the question takes time and effort. This dilemma illustrates the dangers of overselling every choice experiment that comes down the pike. Proponents should pick and choose, placing the most emphasis on those systems with the greatest amount of freedom for individual schools and longest records of success. More important, choice proponents have to stress that controlled-choice plans that exclude private alternatives and maintain state regulation over much of school operations are a compromise; to be treated only as a first step.

Some proponents of education markets think such "first steps" and compromises are sure to fail. The issue of how far and how fast to implement choice is a microcosm of a larger

debate among free marketeers: whether gradualism is worth its cost. For example, one might fault the deregulation of U.S. savings and loans over a decade ago for the catastrophe that ensued because the institutions were given more freedom to act but were protected from risk by a safety net, federal insurance. Partial deregulation, in this case, may have been worse than standing pat.

Similarly, given the limited prospects for private-school choice in the near-term, is controlled choice among public schools by itself worth the effort? Many critics, including those strongly supportive of a market in education, don't think so. "The reality is so far off from the rhetoric," says Myron Lieberman, author of *Privatization and Educational Choice* and other books on school reform. Public-school choice doesn't challenge the power of unions and the security of teachers behind certification and tenure rules, he says. Moreover, it has often been proposed by leaders of the education establishment to forestall more-comprehensive reform involving privatization and private schools. "The problem is that conservatives lump everything with the word *choice* in it together," he says, "but nobody has lost his job in public-school choice. Restructuring has to hurt."

Chester Finn, who served in Ronald Reagan's Education Department under Secretary William Bennett and now operates the Education Excellence Network in Washington, D.C., used to think the same way. After all, he says, "piecemeal reform often slows the course of revolution." But he says now that since he doesn't see a strong movement toward vouchers in the near term, "I have been becoming more pragmatic about this." For one thing, public-school choice would help reform in the long term by accustoming the education profession to the principle of choice. And while controlled-choice plans such as those in Cambridge have many shortcomings, he says, "having two choices is better than mandatory assignment and having three choices is better than having two, and so on." A little competition is better than none at all.

Finn's position brings to mind a different example of gradualism: airline deregulation. Despite the lingering impediments to competition in air travel, mostly centering on the continued government ownership of airports and the air-traffic control system, the last decade or so of airline deregulation has benefited consumers greatly. There is reason to believe that even comparatively timid first steps toward education markets, including controlled choice, will more closely emulate airline deregulation than S&L deregulation in effect. If parents are given alternatives and choice among those alternatives engenders institutional change, school improvement, or at least greater comfort with the idea of competition, controlled choice will be a net benefit—while the risk that it will actually make schools worse is rather small.

So controlled-choice plans, inherently limited in scope, probably won't hurt the prospects for broader reform. But they won't necessarily help, either, without a strategy for focusing frustration on the controls rather than the choice. At least two

things have to happen before broad school choice involving public and private schools can come about. First, the Supreme Court will have to make a clearer ruling about voucher plans and state support for religion. Without a prospect of passing constitutional tests, few people will put much political capital behind vouchers and tuition tax-relief plans. Second, the public will have to get excited about success stories such as Cambridge and East Harlem, with public-school choice, and Milwaukee, with vouchers.



**Having two choices is better
than a mandatory assignment, and
three choices is better than two.**

"Right now, the public is mildly in favor of vouchers, but not ardently so," Finn says. "But [vouchers] have very ardent opposition."

It's a classic public-choice problem—a vocal minority with access to the tools of the political trade still stands firmly in the way of reforms enjoying broad but shallow public support. As in the case of airline deregulation, radical change in education won't make it past the entrenched vested interests without a broad-based coalition of free-market advocates (and their Republican allies) and consumers with something to gain (and their Democratic allies in city hall, the state legislature, and elsewhere), along with as many educators as they can find to buck the system. To build this alliance, it will be critical to have easily understood examples of choice successes—just as deregulation supporters pointed to the low air fares in the unregulated intrastate markets of Texas and California.

So choice proponents may have to swallow more gradual reform than they would otherwise seek, with all the limitations and risks that entails. But the alternative—to be right but outmaneuvered—is worse. The trick is not to overestimate the rhetorical appeal of choice or to underestimate the power of its opposition. Catching a wave, metaphorical or otherwise, is all in the timing. ■

Contributing Editor John Hood is research and publications director at the John Locke Foundation in Raleigh, North Carolina, and a columnist for Spectator (N.C.) magazine.

PENISES AND POLITICS

BY JACOB SULLUM

Last year, in a letter to three radio stations that aired the "Howard Stern Show," the Federal Communications Commission seemed to acknowledge that "discussions of penis size are not *per se* prohibited." Still, the commission said, when such discussions are presented as part of a show "dwelling on sexual matters...in a pandering and titillating fashion," they are patently offensive, and therefore indecent—and therefore prohibited. So the FCC fined the stations \$2,000 each.

The commission, which until now has limited this sort of analysis to daytime and early-evening programming, is seeking authority to apply its expertise in such matters to all radio and TV broadcasts. In May, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the D.C. Circuit overturned a 1988 law requiring the commission to enforce a 24-hour ban on broadcast indecency, and the FCC is appealing the decision. So the Supreme Court may soon be considering what bearing the First Amendment has on discussions of penis size.

Some say it has none. "The basic mission of the First Amendment, for most Americans, is to ensure robust political speech," says Bruce Fein, a former FCC general counsel. "The enforcement problem is a difficult one, but, by and large, who cares whether they get it right or wrong? You're dealing with things that aren't essential to the First Amendment mission anyway."

But even those who take this view of the First Amendment should be troubled by the vagueness and subjectivity of the FCC's indecency standard. Contrary to the popular impression, "shock jocks" like Howard Stern represent a minority of those fined by the FCC for broadcast indecency. Moreover, the regulation of broadcast speech does its real damage at



Tom Leykis says complying with the FCC's indecency standard is like driving on a highway with no posted speed limit.

the margins, by discouraging broadcasters from airing controversial material. Most broadcasters are not willing to risk getting fined or losing their licenses in order to test the limits. It turns out that it's not as easy to separate indecency from political speech as Fein implies.

The distinction became a lot more difficult in 1987, when the FCC broadened its approach to enforcing a federal law forbidding the transmission of "any obscene, indecent, or profane language by means of radio communication." Until then, the commission's staff had relied on a narrow reading of *FCC v. Pacifica Foundation*, the 1978 Supreme Court decision upholding the FCC's authority to regulate broadcast indecency. *Pacifica* involved a midafternoon broadcast of George Carlin's now-famous "Filthy Words" monologue, which featured the repeated use of seven "words you couldn't say on the public airwaves, the ones you definitely wouldn't say, ever." For nine years after *Pacifica*, the FCC made it clear that broadcasters would be safe if they stayed away from the seven dirty words.

In 1986, however, the FCC received complaints about three broadcasts—including Howard Stern's show—that struck the commissioners as indecent

even though the material did not meet the "seven dirty words" test. So the commission reverted to the generic definition of indecency it had set forth in *Pacifica*: "language that describes, in terms patently offensive as measured by contemporary community standards for the broadcast medium, sexual or excretory activities and organs, [broadcast] at times of the day when there is a reasonable risk that children may be in the audience."

The FCC emphasized that innuendo and double-entendre, the staples of shows like Howard Stern's, could be deemed indecent. Since the Supreme Court had stressed that "context is all-important," the commission qualified its definition; to be indecent, a broadcast had to be patently offensive "in context."

The FCC also said that "contemporary community standards for the broadcast medium" would be based on the perspective of the average listener or viewer. So indecency is what the FCC thinks the average person thinks it is.

For broadcasters, this standard is hard to get a handle on. Because "context" is crucial to the FCC's definition, and because the commission fears accusations of prior restraint, it cannot give broadcasters clear, specific guidelines that would reliably tell them how far they can go. Instead, it judges broadcasts after the fact, on a case-by-case basis.

The problem of predicting what the FCC will deem indecent is not limited to broadcasters of the Howard Stern school. Tom Leykis, for example, hosts a fairly conventional talk show on KFI-AM in Los Angeles. He says trying to comply with the indecency standard is like driving on a highway with no posted speed limit. A cop pulls you over and gives you a ticket. "You say, 'How can you give me a ticket

if I didn't know how fast I was supposed to go?" And he says, "You're just supposed to know."

Furthermore, serious purpose, whether artistic, social, or political, does not necessarily redeem a broadcast. Indeed, both the FCC and the Supreme Court have indicated that, unlike obscenity, merely indecent material is not "without merit"; it may simply be inappropriate for children. Hence, in 1987 the FCC found excerpts from *Jerker*, a play in which two gay men discuss their sexual fantasies over the telephone, to be indecent. *Jerker* is certainly raunchy, but it's also a critically acclaimed drama that deals with AIDS and homosexuality—topics that are, in part, political.

In 1989, the FCC fined a Miami radio station \$2,000 for airing the song "Penis Envy," by the Roches. Far less explicit than *Jerker*, "Penis Envy" is also a lot funnier. The song—which begins, "If I had a penis..."—is a satire of macho attitudes.

The FCC stresses that it's the manner and not the content of a broadcast that makes it indecent. Thus the commission might argue that the sexual references in these broadcasts were gratuitous and therefore "patently offensive." After all, you can discuss homosexuality and sexual stereotypes without mentioning anal intercourse or penises. Still, there's no question that the impact would be different. Moreover, in some cases a political message is inextricably tied to an indecent medium.

For example, authorities in Huntington Beach, south of Los Angeles, recently threatened to prosecute a local bar for sponsoring a "fake orgasm" contest, inspired by the movie *When Harry Met Sally*. Leykis says he wanted to protest by holding his own fake-orgasm contest on the air. "I didn't do it," he says. "I have to worry about whether [the FCC] is going to see that as political speech. The point was not to titillate people. The point was to taunt the authorities in Huntington Beach and point out that what they were doing was wrong."

Or consider the Mojo Nixon song, "I Ain't Gonna Piss in No Jar." A protest

against drug tests, it includes references to Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry. But it also includes lines like: "I ain't gonna pee-pee in no cup/Less'n Nancy Reagan's gonna drink it up," as well as a rather graphic description of a symbolic "urinary moat" around the White House. It's disgusting, sure, but it's certainly political. And any disc jockey who read the FCC's definition of indecency would have to think twice about playing it.

Barry Hansen, a.k.a. "Dr. Demento," is a big fan of Mojo Nixon, but he says he wouldn't risk a fine by playing "I Ain't Gonna Piss in No Jar" on the air. Hansen, who has a local show on KLSX-FM in Los Angeles as well as a nationally syndicated show, adds that he stopped playing

By regulating broadcast indecency, the FCC has transformed Howard Stern from a vulgar loudmouth into a martyr in the cause of freedom—and made him rich in the process.

"Penis Envy" in L.A. after the commission found it indecent in 1989. "We don't want to get our stations in any more trouble than necessary," he says. "It's all a matter of what you can get away with."

The regulation of broadcast indecency also threatens news coverage of political controversies. In 1990, several viewers, including the omnipresent Donald Wildmon of the American Family Association, complained that WGBH-TV in Boston had shown some of Robert Mapplethorpe's sexually explicit photographs during a 10 p.m. newscast. (An exhibit of his work was opening the next day at a local museum.) The FCC considered the case for about eight months before deciding not to fine the station, and then only because the segment had aired after 10 p.m., which fell within a court-ordered safe-harbor period.

Similarly, Jim Mueller, counsel for the Children's Legal Foundation, cites the broadcast of Madonna's "Justify My Love" video on ABC's "Nightline" last year as an example of indecency. Yet the video, which was too salacious for MTV, had sparked a public controversy, one that Mueller himself was clearly interested in. How do you cover the issue of indecency without covering indecency itself?

Despite such paradoxes, conservative activists do not take concerns about a chilling effect very seriously. "That's nonsense," says Joseph Reilly, president of Morality in Media. "It's pretended, not real; it's for the talentless, not the talented....The rule is pretty plain. There are those who are risk takers, who are going to try to push the envelope, and there are those who are creative enough that they don't feel they have to titillate or descend to the gutter in order to maintain the attention of the immature."

As Tom Leykis and Mojo Nixon demonstrate, not everyone who "pushes the envelope" does so for purposes of titillation. But those who do, such as Howard Stern, actually benefit from the threat of FCC action. Like a drug dealer, Stern earns a premium for taking the government-imposed risks that others avoid. His appeal is based on expectations created by government regulation; his show is shocking (and profitable) precisely because people have come to assume that there are certain things "you can't say on the radio." The FCC is making Stern rich.

It may even make him respectable. When the government tries to suppress a certain category of speech, merely uttering it becomes a form of protest: Pushing the envelope is a statement in itself. By regulating broadcast indecency, the FCC transforms a vulgar loudmouth into a martyr in the cause of freedom.

Stern has combined the themes of money and martyrdom in his greatest-hits album, now available on cassette and compact disc. It's called *Crucified by the FCC*, and the cover pictures Stern carrying a cross.

Jacob Sullum is assistant editor of REASON.

CAMPUS FOLLOWERS

BY MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER


In the first half of 1991, a quiet debate over the orthodox-left wisdom on college campuses erupted into a public feud. "Political correctness" entered the media vocabulary in a big way. It was a barroom brawl, with friends and foes of P.C. slugging it out in weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies, and virtually any magazine that had space to cover the affair. By the time summer rolled around, various factions had declared themselves politically correct, anti-politically correct, and anti-anti-politically correct. *The New Republic's* Andrew Sullivan was, however, the only person to declare himself anti-anti-anti-politically correct.

The political correctness debate cast a good deal of light upon American universities. Certainly the feuders involved, particularly on the left, were some of the smartest and toughest intellectual pit bulls in America. But all the verbal scratching, clawing, pushing and shoving by the P.C and anti-P.C. forces leads to a wider question: What are American colleges and universities like?

They are certainly peculiar places. The best illustration of the essential *oddness* of the academic world was in a *New York Times Magazine* report on the annual convention of the Modern Language Association. The reporter noted that men entering the job market for English and foreign-language professorships routinely worry about which earrings they should wear in interviews. Earrings, you see, are important "signifiers" of class, privilege, and status, the reporter noted, and wearing an aesthetically incorrect earring can decide whether or not an applicant is hired.

It is also true that most college professors say they are liberals. The July/August *American Enterprise* has two pages of polling data about professors, from a survey by the Wirthlin Group and Opinion Research Corp. for the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. The most liberal group sur-

veyed were professors of public affairs, 88 percent of whom said they were liberals. None of the professors of military science polled declared themselves liberals, though 90 percent thought themselves middle-of-the-road. Seventy-six percent of humanities professors (including historians, philosophers, literature professors, and theologians) said they were



Men interviewing for English and foreign-language professorships routinely worry about which earrings they should wear. An aesthetically incorrect earring can determine whether or not an applicant is hired.

liberal, and 15 percent said they were conservative. Among social scientists (including psychologists, sociologists, and political scientists), the vote was 72 percent for liberalism and 14 percent for conservatism. (The remaining professors in these surveys thought they were middle-of-the-road.)

Does this mean that the left has turned the campus into a Stalinesque or Maoist institution? Hardly. There are two reasons why most American colleges don't resemble totalitarian states. First, most college students these days are apolitical. Over the years, I have quizzed recent alumni of private and public institutions across the country. They all tell me that about 5 percent of students are devout leftists or liberals and about 5 percent are conservative or libertarian. The only party the remaining 90 percent devoutly support is one involving several kegs of

beer and a very loud band. If the American professoriat are tenured radicals whose only purpose in life is to win the hearts and minds of their students for communist revolution, they are agitators whom Mao, Lenin, or Eugene Debs would have swiftly fired for incompetence.

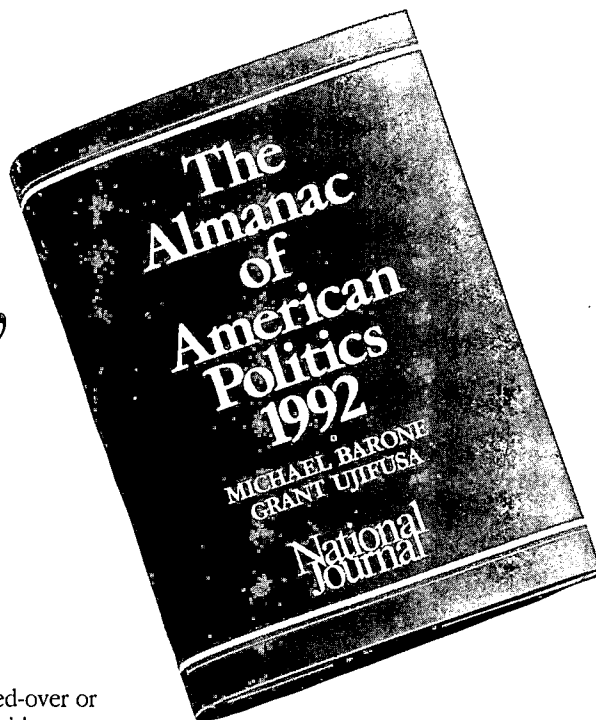
Second, the "political correctness" virus has not affected all disciplines equally. In particular, the hard sciences and mathematics have withstood the left-wing onslaught, largely because their foundations rest not on a canon of accumulated-but-changeable wisdom but on laws and principles based on the results of experiments conducted over hundreds of years. A feminist named Alison Jaggar charged that Copernicus replaced "the female (earth)-centered universe with a male (sun)-centered universe," but even she could not prove that the sun orbited the earth.

And consider economics, a social science firmly grounded in mathematics. Most economists say they are liberals. In the Wirthlin Group poll cited earlier, the liberal-conservative split among economists was 63-20. But if you polled the members of the American Economic Association on various questions, you would find that nearly all economists realize the importance of free markets. My guess would be that 99 out of 100 AEA members would be opposed to protectionism and 96 out of 100 would favor abolition of rent control.

Is this uniformity of opinion among economists, as Robert Kuttner has charged, due to a form of "economic correctness"? No. The reason economists favor free trade is not that economists think protectionism is yucky but that centuries of data support the notion that free trade leads to growth, and protectionism to autarky and decline. Kuttner's hard-line socialist views have been vigorously debated—and proven wrong. That is why a tiny minority of economists would side

George Will calls it, "The Bible of American politics."

You'll call it the most revealing and entertaining political source you've ever seen. Examine it free for 30 days and see for yourself.



THIS is the book that will change the way you think about elections, elected leaders, politics ... forever.

Here, in one rich, entertaining, absolutely uncompromising source is the deep-down bedrock TRUTH about 585 elected leaders -- every governor, senator and representative in America, including yours!

The 1992 ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS is a genuine original. It has no peer. Columnist George Will calls it, "the Bible of American politics."

Little wonder. The ALMANAC is the one source everyone refers to. Because

obfuscated, covered-up, glossed-over or just obliterated. It's almost unfair!

The ALMANAC gives you what you want and need--but rarely get. Straight answers. How does your representative really vote on key issues? How much money do your senators really accept from PACs? How do special interest lobbyists really rate your senators? It's all in here!

The 1992 ALMANAC is a fascinating journey into the heart and soul of American politics. Vivid, colorful narratives, with rich, historic perspective, take you to every state and congressional district--all 435 of them. You'll travel the highways and backroads into the cities and towns where dreams are born and careers forged.

It's a startling, textured portrait of the American people. How we choose our leaders--and why. From the bayou parishes of Louisiana to the factory wards of Detroit to the ivory tower enclaves of

Cambridge, you'll see how cultural attitudes and status have become the leading predictors of political preference in the '90s.

There's no other source remotely like the ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS. Nothing else uncovers the truth -- or provides such a rare, crystalline view of the men and women who lead us.

For years, the ALMANAC has been a well-kept secret -- jealously guarded by the journalists, lobbyists and Washington insiders who feast on its intimate revelations. Now the secret is out. Now you can reserve a copy of the most revealing political source in America at our special, pre-publication discount: \$12 off the hardcover bookstore price, \$5 off the softcover.

SURPRISING ANSWERS TO UNUSUAL QUESTIONS:

- ★ Which state will doom Democratic presidential hopes in 1992?
- ★ Who gobbled up the most PAC money in the Senate? In the House?
- ★ Why do many consider it a blessing that so few Americans vote?
- ★ Which state is most hawkish? Most dovish?
- ★ Why did Speaker Tom Foley once vote against himself?
- ★ Where is U.S. voter turn-out highest? (Hint: It's not in a U.S. State.)
- ★ Which state has the highest tax burden? The lowest?

the ALMANAC reveals what politicians do. In shrewd, candid profiles you'll find out who your legislators are (the incumbents and the newly elected), what they stand for, how they got elected, and how they'll affect local, state and national issues.

This truly is the good stuff. Cold, hard facts on career history, voting records, committee assignments, campaign finances, interest group ratings and more! Nothing that can be denied, camouflaged,

YES!

I want to take advantage of this pre-publication offer. Reserve my copy (ies) of the ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS now, and rush it to me as soon as it's off the press!

Name _____

Organization _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

____ Hardcover copies @ \$44.95...
a \$12 savings!

____ Softcover copies @ \$39.95...
a \$5 savings!

Shipping & handling please add
10% to your total purchase amount

D.C. orders, add 6% sales tax
(MO residents add appropriate tax)

TOTAL _____

Payment enclosed

Bill me

MasterCard Visa American Express

Acct.# _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

MAIL TO: ALMANAC P.O. BOX 46909, ST. LOUIS, MO 63146

FOR FASTER SERVICE & BULK ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-356-4838

They all laughed when I sat down to write "Live Rent-Free For Life"

"You've got to be kidding, there's no such thing as free rent," people told me when they saw the title of my book, the first book ever written that dares poke fun at **Rent Control**: New York's best kept dirty little secret. But the truth is finally beginning to leak out through "official" channels. A recent Q & A column in the NY Times quotes Thomas R. Viola, spokesman for the state housing agency, who coyly admits that the latest waiting time to process a rent overcharge complaint is now an incredible 27 months.

Before we go any further, let me explain briefly what a rent overcharge complaint is. After renting a regulated apartment, NY tenants have the right to question the "legality" of their rent. Anyone can file this simple form; there need be no proof of overcharge nor is there a penalty if the complaint is unfounded. But unknown to most outsiders, filing this form unleashes a series of mind-numbing delays of such protracted extent, they make Mr. Viola's 27 month wait look like a rush job.

The payoff is, while waiting for the housing agency to make a decision, the tenant is legally permitted to **STOP PAYING RENT** until the matter is finally resolved. To see how long this gets to be, let's add a few tiny details Mr. Viola forgot to mention. It takes six months just to get a docket number from the brain-dead bureaucracy that is now backlogged by 18,000 unresolved cases (up from 10,000 cases two years ago). The docket number allows you to get on that 27 month

queue after which you can add another three months for the so-called decision to be handed down. We're now up to three years.

Once the verdict is in, the dissatisfied party can (and usually does) file a Petition for Administrative Review (PAR), which sends the whole shebang back to square one. That can take another three years, but realistically, the wait is closer to five additional years. If either party is still not satisfied with the PAR, the case can then be brought before the civil courts for another two year wait.

So what we really have is not 27 months, but a **TEN YEAR** period during which time **NOT A PENNY** in rent need be paid. At that point, any still sane landlord will either go bankrupt or sell the building, which starts the proceedings all over again from the beginning with a new owner. Or conversely, the tenant can move out and start in on another ten year rent hiatus in a new apartment without any fear of penalty or punishment. Do that two or three times and you can retire to Florida on the money you save in unpaid rent.

Get the full lowdown on rent control, the municipal farce that has destroyed the rental market of every city foolish enough to adopt it, and see what life is like under Bolshevism; American style. Read **"Live Rent-Free For Life."** You'll laugh so hard, you'll cry. Send \$11.95 to **Scott Gardner, Box 248D, 1173 2nd Ave., NYC 10021.**



MAGAZINES

with Kuttner on most issues.

So political correctness remains largely confined to humanities departments. But even in the humanities, as David P. Bryden argues in the spring *Public Interest*, the debate is not over *what* courses are taught, but *how* they are taught.

Most of the courses proposed by campus leftists, Bryden argues, could be as easily be taught by liberals or conservatives. Consider the demand for more courses on race, class, or gender. Steven Goldberg or George Gilder could easily teach the politics of gender; Thomas Sowell or Charles Murray would be superb lecturers on racial politics. A course on classes in society could easily accommodate such subjects as the privileges of the Soviet *nomenklatura* and "the anti-bourgeois, antimarket prejudices of intellectuals." Similarly, the Great Books do not have to be taught in a "conservative" way; Leon Trotsky loved the classics as much as Allan Bloom does. Countless professors teach about politics without teaching "correct" interpretations.

What leftists want, of course, is to control not curriculum, but content. Thus, the end result of the radical attempt to control political discussion on the campus is to reduce discussion of the controversial topics they champion. Harvard professor Stephan Thernstrom, for example, regularly taught a course on the history of race relations in America. When radicals deemed him "insensitive" for, among other things, assigning readings from the diaries of colonial slave owners but not from slaves themselves (even though no slave diaries from the period exist), Thernstrom canceled the course rather than constantly be tried for thought crimes. Bryden also reports that many liberal law professors regularly refuse to review feminist books or teach about rape "because they don't want to ruin their reputation among feminists at leading law schools."

The ostracism placed on minority or female scholars who do not choose to write about their race or gender also restricts debate. In a meaty interview in the spring *Academic Questions*, Kenny Williams, a black woman who teaches Eng-

Get TV reception you never had before, with...

Antenna Multiplier™

only \$29.95*

*But read this ad for an even better deal!

You won't need it if you are connected to a cable system, but if you are not you will now get TV reception that you could never enjoy before. Inside its unprepossessing housing, the *Antenna Multiplier*™ hides a small technical miracle—an array of electronic components that literally multiplies the reception power of your TV. The *Antenna Multiplier*™ stabilizes your TV picture, eliminates "ghosts" and static, and brings in stations that were until now only visible as flickers and annoying shadows. In most areas you will be able to eliminate any outdoor antenna completely, making yourself independent of bad weather interference and atmospheric disturbances. The *Multiplier*™ needs no outside power—it gets its "juice" right through your TV set. You place the *Multiplier*™ on the television set itself, lay it on a nearby table; or hang it on the wall. And, of course, you can bid your messy and ineffective rabbit ears, loop, rod, or dish antennas good-bye. *Antenna Multiplier*™ will not just enhance your TV reception manifold, it also vastly improves AM/FM radio reception and brings in new stations on multiband and shortwave receivers.

We are the exclusive importers of the *Antenna Multiplier*™ in the United States and can therefore bring you this outstanding TV accessory for just \$29.95. But we have an even better deal: **Buy two for \$59.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!** Unleash the full power of your television with *Antenna Multiplier*™. Order it today!



* The Antenna Multiplier significantly boosts UHF, VHF Television and AM, FM, & Shortwave radio reception.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050

24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1429A912. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: \$5.95 for one, \$6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
of San Francisco

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

lish at Duke, describes how her colleagues wondered why she would write a book about Sherwood Anderson. "At first I didn't understand what the problem was, but then it dawned on me: Sherwood Anderson was a white man, and black female academics are supposed to stick to black affairs." According to Williams, another black hired at Duke, a Far Eastern scholar fluent in Mandarin Chinese, felt uncomfortable because he was constantly pigeonholed as "the black Chinese historian." "The university prefers black academics who specialize in what is called 'the black experience,'" Williams says.

Will the radicals ultimately triumph in their efforts to silence dissent? Perhaps. But one encouraging sign that leftist influence may have peaked is the emergence of *Lingua Franca*, a breezy bimonthly.

Lingua Franca is a campus version of *Spy*. It's wildly popular at universities. A graduate student I know at the University of North Carolina reports that issues sell out at the college bookstore two hours after they arrive. It is also not political, which gives liberals and conservatives free rein to reprint from its pages. A recent article by "G. Kindrow" on affirmative-action hiring, for example, was excerpted both by *The Wall Street Journal* editorial page and by *Harper's Magazine*, an unprecedented event.

But what is most cheering about *Lingua Franca* is its penchant for humor. In the April issue, for example, Duke English professor Frank Lentricchia is profiled. While his "neo-Marxist" views are mentioned, what is more important to the editors of the journal is that Lentricchia, in his 1983 work *Criticism and Social Change*, broke a previously unknown social barrier and posed for the dust jacket in his shirtsleeves. In other issues, *Lingua Franca* has profiled scholars who research "Star Trek"-based pornography; parodied the deconstruction movement by examining how "Gilligan's Island" would be critiqued by French scholars; and reported that black women have walked out of the National Women's Studies Associa-

tion, resulting in the organization's firing all its staff and accumulating a \$64,000 deficit.

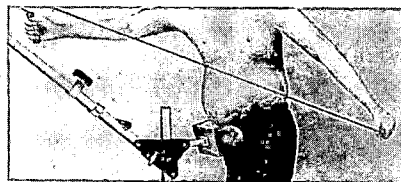
Any journal that refers to "the stun gun of sociological prose [that] has stupefied too many otherwise alert readers" has to be cheered. For the foes of political correctness have made a crucial mistake—they have cast their antagonists as tyrants rather than clowns.

The authors of such articles as "Jane Austen and the Masturbating Girl" and

"Revolt Into Style: Graham Greene Meets the Sex Pistols" do not, by their words, bring Western civilization to a close. Their writings are unintentional satire, not tragedy. The surest way the politically correct can be checked is by the healthy and merciless laughter of men and women free to say what they please.

Martin Morse Wooster is the Washington editor of REASON.

The best way to a man's stomach...NordicTrack.



"The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser."™

With NordicTrack you can burn more calories in less time than with most other kinds of exercise machines. Up to 1,100 calories per hour, according to fitness experts.

Meanwhile you can strengthen your heart, tone your muscles and improve your stamina.

NordicTrack duplicates the motion of cross-country skiing, the most efficient and effective way to get exercise.

NordicTrack helps you lose weight and keep it off. Permanently. It's more effective than dieting. And it's a lot less stressful on the body than high-impact sports.

This is the way to look as good as you feel.

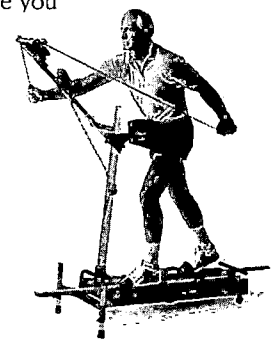
NordicTrack boosts your productivity and creativity and lowers your stress. All while helping you lose weight.

NordicTrack provides a total-body workout.

Unlike most in-home exercisers, NordicTrack works all the major muscle groups including the arms, legs, buttocks, shoulders and yes, stomach.

It's time to change the spare tire.

So what are you waiting for? Call NordicTrack today.



NordicTrack
A CML Company

Call or Write for a
FREE VIDEO
& Brochure

1-800-328-5888 EXT. 300J1

Please send me a free brochure
 Also a free video VHS Beta

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone () _____

NordicTrack, Dept. #300J1,
141C Jonathan Blvd., N., Chaska, MN 55318

STILL A RAW DEAL

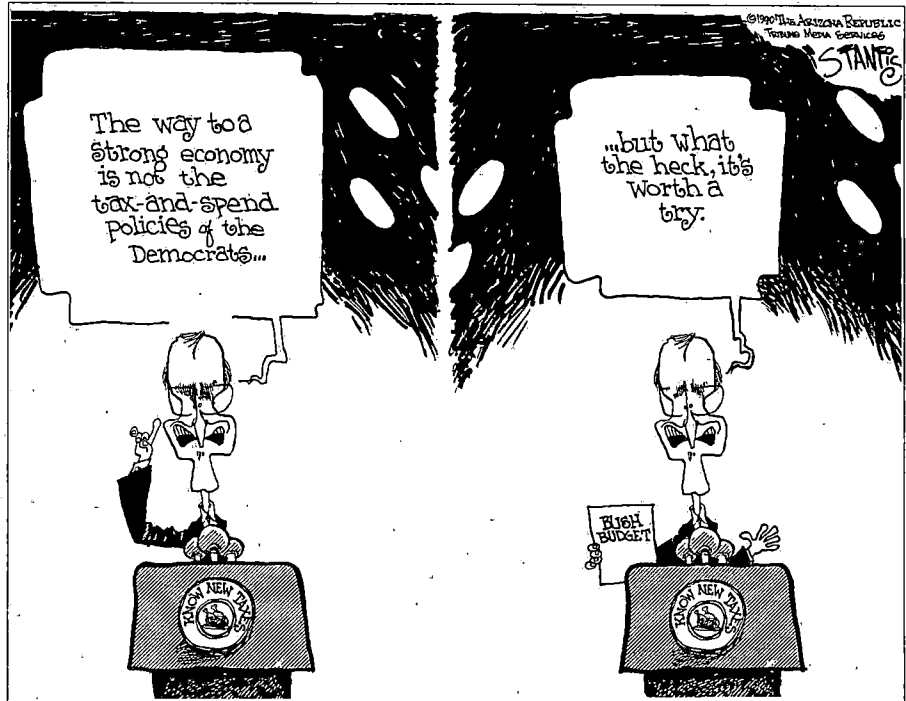
BY DANIEL J. MITCHELL

Reporters covering the budget are naively adopting the White House party line that last year's budget agreement was a good deal for the administration after all. Even some conservative pundits, including Fred Barnes and Irving Kristol, have written positively about the agreement. In addition, a few Republican lawmakers who opposed the deal, particularly Minority Whip Newt Gingrich, have swallowed administration propaganda that restrictions on Democratic spending initiatives are the silver lining to last year's dark tax cloud.

Indeed, Democrats *are* publicly complaining that spending caps prevent them from increasing domestic discretionary spending as fast as they would like to. This, however, is more an indictment of Democrats than it is an endorsement of the budget agreement. Under the spending caps, domestic discretionary spending will climb by 7 percent annually between 1990 and 1993, nearly three and a half percentage points above the amounts needed to keep pace with inflation. It is true that the budget agreement makes it difficult to increase spending even more, but this is hardly an argument in favor of the budget deal since domestic discretionary spending growth was nearly held to the rate of inflation when the old Gramm-Rudman law was in force.

If the current campaign to reinterpret the effect of the budget agreement succeeds, the unfortunate consequence inside the White House will be to strengthen the power of those advisers, including Budget Director Richard Darman, who led President Bush down the primrose path. As a result, the already-slim chances of getting the administration behind a progrowth proposal such as the tax-reform legislation offered by Sen. Malcolm Wallop (R-Wyo.) and Rep. Tom DeLay (R-Tex.) will be effectively destroyed.

There is an even grimmer consequence should Darman's campaign to manipulate official Washington opinion succeed.



Once it becomes apparent that last year's budget deal increased rather than reduced long-term deficit spending, pressure will build for a new budget summit, probably to occur after the 1992 election. Even though these higher deficits will prove how flawed the 1990 agreement was, Darman's continued presence and the prestige garnered from current favorable press coverage mean the president will likely fall into the same tax-increase trap.

Because of the threat of future tax increases, a favorable reinterpretation of the 1990 agreement will have catastrophic consequences. Fortunately, for every clever quote Darman can provide in defense of the agreement, there are dozens of facts demonstrating last year's deal continues to be a monumental mistake. By every criterion important to economic growth and budgetary responsibility, Darman's budget moved fiscal policy in the wrong direction.

The agreement stuck the American people with the largest tax increase in history. Largely due to this huge surge in

the tax burden, Tax Freedom Day, the day the average taxpayer has earned enough to satisfy annual federal, state, and local tax obligations, fell on May 8 this year, three days later than last year and the latest it has ever occurred.

While defenders of the agreement pontificate about the theoretical value of trading higher taxes for real controls on federal spending, the reality is that last year's deal resulted in the largest spending increase in history—a record jump of more than \$250 billion between 1990 and 1992. Indeed, under Dick Darman's stewardship, federal spending will have climbed from 22.3 percent of gross national product in 1989 to a projected peacetime record of 24.9 percent of GNP by 1992.

The alleged purpose of the budget summit, or so we were told, was to reduce the budget deficit. Unfortunately, like spending and taxes, the deficit rose—to nearly \$300 billion, an all-time record. The 1992 deficit will be even larger, climbing to nearly \$350 billion. Oddly enough, even though the deficit today is approximately twice the

WASHINGTON

size it was when Ronald Reagan left office, the "deficit crisis" seems to have disappeared, at least if press coverage is a reliable indicator.

Defenders of the budget deal claim these figures on taxes, spending, and the deficit aren't meaningful because of factors theoretically outside policy makers' control, notably the recession and the deposit-insurance bailout. Legislators can hardly blame the recession, however, since their tax and regulatory policies caused the downturn. Nor should lawmakers avoid responsibility for the deposit-insurance bailout, which will account for less than one-fourth of the \$250-billion 1990-92 spending increases anyway.

—

**Tax Freedom Day,
the day the average
taxpayer has earned
enough to satisfy all
annual tax obligations,
fell on May 8 this year,
three days later than
last year and the latest
it has ever occurred.**

—

Finally, those tempted to believe last year's "compromise" is really a good deal after all should recall the origins of the agreement. In May 1990, Washington politicians faced the specter of automatic budget cuts that would have reduced projected 1991 federal spending by as much as \$100 billion to comply with the Gramm-Rudman law. Notwithstanding pious pronouncements about deficit reduction and the need to make "tough choices," the real purpose of the budget summit was to prevent this \$100-billion sequester from happening and to emasculate the Gramm-Rudman law that had imposed real fiscal discipline by slashing the inflation-adjusted growth of federal spending by more than half.

Daniel J. Mitchell is the John M. Olin Senior Fellow in Political Economy at the Heritage Foundation.

You deserve to know the facts about . . .

The "West Bank" and Gaza Should Israel withdraw from the territories?

The "intifada," the uprising of Arab Palestinians in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza has been going on since December of 1987. It has so far caused over 1000 deaths. Many believe that the conflict would end if Israel were to withdraw from the territories, cede them to the Palestinian Arabs, and allow them to create a Palestinian state in them.

What are the facts?

■ The suggestion that Israel should give up the territories and that good things would flow from that is based on two assumptions, namely 1) that the demands of the Palestinian Arabs for independence from Israel are the source of the Arab conflict with Israel; and 2) that Israel's withdrawal from the territories and the creation of a Palestinian state in them would satisfy the aspirations of the Palestinian Arabs, that it would end the hostility of the Arab nations against Israel, and that it would restore peace to the area.

■ Unfortunately, both of these assumptions are not in accord with reality. The desire of the Arab nations to destroy Israel has been unrelenting from the day of the creation of Israel in 1948. It has given rise to five major wars, has caused tens of thousands of casualties, and untold destruction. The PLO, whose covenant—never changed and never amended—unequivocally calls for the destruction of Israel, was founded in 1964, long before Israel's administration in the territories. Thus, the almost single-minded obsession of the Arabs to destroy Israel, and not Israel's refusal to accede to the creation of a Palestinian state, is the cause of the never-ending conflict in the area.

■ It is difficult for the Western mind to understand the depth of passion on the part of the Arabs for the destruction of Israel. Among reasonable people, most conflicts might eventually be amenable to peaceful and rational solution. But in the Arab-Israel conflict, no such solution is in the cards for the foreseeable future. The reason is that 300 million Arabs consider the very

existence of Israel an intolerable offense to their sense of history and destiny. It is not Israel's administration of the "West Bank" that is unacceptable to the Arabs; it is the very existence of Israel. There is no reason to believe that Israel's withdrawal and the establishment of a Palestinian state would appease the Arabs and induce them to make peace with Israel.

■ One can speculate as to what would be likely to happen if Israel—inadvisedly or ultimately bowing to pressure—were to yield the "West Bank" to Arab control. The murderous fratricidal passions that have been played out in Lebanon in the last fifteen years would be repeated in even more violent form. It is an improbable expectation that a state dominated by the murderous PLO would be the first Arab state ever to adhere to anything resembling democratic and human rights principles or that it would be a friend of the United States, and not an eager pawn of the Soviet Union.

■ The Lebanon slaughter would be shifted to the new Palestinian state, with Israel being a more likely target of its fury. A Palestinian Arab state on the "West Bank" would cut through Jerusalem, touch on the suburbs of Tel Aviv, and have a long border, nine to fifteen miles from the sea, with Israel's most thickly populated areas. Palestinian militias, armed, not with gasoline bombs and stones, but with helicopters, missiles, artillery and automatic weapons, would have Israeli pedestrians within rifle range, and Zion Square in Jerusalem and Ben Gurion airport within mortar range.

Few responsible elements in Israel's government and society wish to annex Gaza and the territories of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). But also, hardly any responsible elements would consider relinquishing those territories for the creation of a Palestinian state. The Palestinian Arabs enjoy full civil rights and have been offered free elections and full autonomy by Israel, in line with Israel's commitments in the Camp David Accords. Moreover, Israel is ready and has always been ready to discuss the permanent status of the territories with responsible Palestinian representatives three years after the implementation of the autonomy. The situation of Israel and the territories is a bad one—no doubt about it. But the alternative to bad is not necessarily good. In this case, at least at the present time, the alternative would likely be a catastrophe, which, in its consequences, could even put the horrible situation of Lebanon in the shade. Real peace in the area will not come by Israel's yielding minimum strategic depth to its mortal enemies. It can only come about by the eventual rise of democratic governments in the "front-line" Arab states, governments that would accept Israel's existence and could learn to live in peaceful co-existence with it.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these clarifying messages.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

\$ _____

R/24

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

Out of Bondage

BY CATHY YOUNG

Freedom, Vol. 1: Freedom in the Making of Western Culture
By Orlando Patterson, New York: Basic Books, 496 pages, \$24.95

In the ongoing hero-or-villain quarrel over Columbus, *Newsweek* was recently taken to task by an irate reader for suggesting that without the European colonization of the Americas, the world today might have been composed of democracies in Europe and totalitarian, human-sacrificing empires across the Atlantic. Since the Europe of Columbus's day was anything but democratic, was it not flagrantly ethnocentric to presume that the Aztecs or the Incas would not have progressed toward freedom as well if left to themselves?

We shall never know how the high civilizations of the Americas might have turned out on their own. But if there is a conclusion to be drawn from *Freedom*, the seminal new work by Harvard sociologist Orlando Patterson, it is that even a sophisticated civilization cannot be expected as a matter of course to become a free society (take China). "For most of human history, and for nearly all of the non-Western world prior to Western contact," writes Patterson, "freedom was ...anything but an obvious or desirable goal." Indeed, "most human languages did not even possess a word for the concept before contact with the West." On the other hand, although the European monarchies of 1492 were hardly hospitable to freedom as we know it, Patterson maintains—disputing the widespread notion of a 2,000-year hiatus in the history of freedom in the West—that "freedom has been the core value of Western culture throughout its history."

Today, as more and more of the non-Western world embraces this value, it has become common to speak of the yearning

for freedom as a "natural" or "basic" human instinct. But can something that was alien to most of humanity most of the time be taken for granted as an intrinsic part of human nature? Patterson says no: Since freedom is far rarer than unfreedom, it is the emergence of freedom that requires an explanation.

Patterson's criticism of the West's "inverted parochialism" in assuming that freedom is a universal ideal may sound jarring to some (particularly since the remarkable appeal of freedom to so many of the non-Western peoples who have been exposed to it suggests some universality, as Patterson himself acknowledges at the end of the book). Nonetheless, his quest for the origins of liberty and its development into the Middle Ages yields richly rewarding results.

Patterson's provocative basic thesis is that the notion of freedom first arose in human societies as a result of the institution of slavery: "People came to value freedom, to construct it as a powerful shared vision of life, as a result of their experience of, and response to, slavery...in their roles as masters, slaves, and nonslaves." (While, by his own admission, this is not a wholly original insight, Patterson is the first scholar to make it central to his conception of freedom.) In primitive societies, individuals had no existence apart from the tribe. With persons in their midst who were stripped of their full humanity through a "social death," members of the community began to define themselves as the opposite of the slave, gaining their "first experience of freedom as a socially valued good." Freedom was also a posi-

tive value in the yearnings of the enslaved.

And yet freedom failed to take root in many societies that practiced slavery—not only primitive tribes but such sophisticated ancient civilizations as Egypt, Mesopotamia, and China. In part, argues Patterson, this was because slavery always remained socially marginal in these cultures, as did, to an even greater extent, the manumission (release) of slaves. Moreover, distinctions between the slaves and the nonslave poor were not as sharp as they were to be in classical Greece and Rome: "Relations of personal dependence...affected all areas of society." What slaves lacked was a network of kinship ties to protect them; thus, paradoxically, the opposite of slavery was not freedom but belonging, and the slave's best hope was acceptance as a full-fledged member of society.

Here, it seems to me, Patterson's theory suffers from a logical flaw. He admits that in order for slaves to desire freedom, freedom had to be a viable social alternative, something that nonslaves possessed. But that means some form of freedom had to exist before it was "constructed" by slaves. Why did it exist in some societies and not in others? Climate, national character, accident of history? That is likely to remain a mystery. I hasten to add that this in no way detracts from the bulk of Patterson's sociohistorical analysis. In any event, he leaves no doubt that the articulation of freedom as an ideal, and the valuation of its importance, were informed in a major way by the experience of slavery.

Patterson offers a view of freedom as a "tripartite value," a "chordal triad" whose three "notes" are personal freedom (freedom from constraint and interference by others or the state), civic freedom (political participation), and "sovereignal" freedom (freedom to exercise power over others). While the last may strike us

as a contradiction in terms, Patterson shows that it has played a crucial and often positive role in the development of the West: "Men with unrestrained freedom of power" were able to "create and transform their worlds," freeing those in their power from "the inertial weight of tradition."

Patterson traces the evolution of freedom in ancient Greece from an elitist ideal of a warrior caste to a much more democratic and human vision. He argues that the oligarchies' willingness to extend political rights to all freeborn males stemmed in part from the need to have them as allies in the event of a slave revolt; he also links the increasing appreciation of freedom—uniting, for the first time, all the elements of the triad—to the danger of enslavement in foreign wars.

Patterson challenges the widespread view that the Greeks saw liberty only in civic, not personal, terms. Analyzing Pericles' funeral oration in the Second Peloponnesian War (441 B.C.), he finds that the Athenian statesman articulated a very modern, not to say American, vision of freedom: "We do not get into a state with our next-door neighbor if he enjoys himself in his own way.... Each single one of our citizens, in all the manifold aspects of life, is able to show himself the rightful lord and owner of his own person." Other Greek thinkers, such as Aristotle, were deeply suspicious of individualism and excessive democracy—but their very criticism of such notions suggests that they were commonly held.

Turning to ancient Rome, Patterson has little time for the civic-minded Roman elite, whose notion of liberty, he argues, implied the preservation of its own legal privileges and restricted the competition for power to members of the ruling class. This conception of *libertas* "fully accepted the right and power of the state to interfere [with the individual] as long as it did so in a constitutional manner." Patterson undertakes a spirited defense of Rome's much-maligned



Patterson links the Greeks' increasing appreciation of freedom to the danger of enslavement in foreign wars.

masses. If they cared little for civic liberty, he says, it was because to them it meant the elite's freedom to exploit them. But this same urban plebs—composed mostly of freed slaves or descendants of such, and therefore especially attuned to the value of "the right to do as one pleased without constraint from others or from the state"—passionately cherished personal freedom.

Ironically, the best guarantee of such freedom was seen to be a strong imperial power capable of reining in the rapacious oligarchy. Thus, the sovereign freedom of the emperor became a source of personal freedom for the average citizen. At the same time, new philosophical and religious trends evidenced a turn toward inner freedom as mastery over one's passions and appetites, freedom as spiritual redemption—culminating, of course, in Christianity. One of Patterson's most illuminating insights has to do with how the Christian sense of freedom as a gift from, and submission to, an omnipotent God mirrored the Roman relationship between the master and the freed slave and between the emperor and the citizen.

Refashioned in their image by Roman ex-slaves, Christianity became "the first, and only, world religion that placed freedom...at the very center of its theology." It also affirmed the equal worth of every person, regardless of social status, in the eyes of God. Once again taking on a

common preconception—that freedom was irrelevant in the Middle Ages—Patterson demonstrates that the feudal lords and kings clung zealously to their "sovereign freedom," and townsmen to the free status that distinguished them from serfs. A peculiarity of the medieval vision was the "divisibility of liberties"—specific rights and immunities conferred on individuals or groups, and subject to buying and selling. Despite overtones of a crude protection racket, "these bartered liberties did constitute the transfer of genuine rights or freedoms." The "note" of personal freedom, while muted, was also kept alive by serf revolts and heresies.

Thirty years ago, it would have been possible to write a book such as this with hardly any mention of women and their experience of freedom. That this is no longer possible is, I think, altogether a good thing. But *Freedom* exemplifies the dangers of moving too far in the direction of a "gendered" approach. Patterson's contention is that women were no less than "the creators of Western freedom because it was they who first socially constructed personal freedom as a value."

The basis for this conclusion (which is likely to overshadow everything else in the book) is that in early Greece, slavery was a woman's fear: In wars of conquest, men were usually killed and women taken as captives. Most of the references to freedom in the *Iliad*, Patterson finds, have to do with fear of the enslavement of the city's women. But can this value have existed in the consciousness of women only when, in the passages cited, the fear is voiced by men?

Even more dubious is the assertion that women in classical Greece and in medieval Europe, excluded from power, "construct[ed] a compassionate, womanly version of personal freedom." The word *womanly* seems to imply that this compassionate freedom is inherently female. The evidence comes from female characters in Greek tragedies created by

male writers—and very selectively interpreted at that. In discussing *Antigone*, Patterson posits a dichotomy between male freedom-as-power embodied by Creon, and female freedom-as-love embodied by Antigone; yet the chorus of male city elders takes Antigone's side, as does Creon's son. Patterson never mentions *Medea*, in which a woman murderously asserts her freedom.

—

“Most human languages did not even possess a word for [freedom] before contact with the West,” says Patterson. Can something that was alien to most of humanity most of the time be taken for granted as an intrinsic part of human nature?

—

Even more telling is Patterson's obvious discomfort with the fact that the more emancipated women of late Roman antiquity proved as power-hungry as their men: “What does it mean that women, once given the chance, could have so horribly sublated their personal freedom into monsters of sovereign power...?” Perhaps it means that women are human. But Patterson feels compelled to express the hope that “they were not typical of their class of women”—and continues to identify the corruption of freedom into power with masculinity.

The book, which is to be followed by a second volume exploring the modern history of freedom, ends on a strangely ambivalent note of warning that freedom should not be seen as an unqualified good. When Patterson says that “at its worst, no value has been more evil and socially corrosive...inducing selfishness, alienation, the celebration of greed, and the dehumanizing disregard for the

‘losers,’ ” it sounds distressingly close to a politically correct diatribe. And he unaccountably neglects to acknowledge that the evils which tainted the birth of freedom in the West—slavery and the oppression of women—were no less prevalent in other, unfree cultures.

Yet Patterson's ambivalence has very little to do with the fashionable multicultural credo; rather, it is a sobering reminder that “the tragic interdependence of good and evil” is part of the human condition. He does not hesitate to affirm the unique though flawed greatness of the West, to say that “freedom is undeniably the source of Western intellectual mastery, the engine of its extraordinary creativity, and the open secret of the triumph of Western culture” worldwide. This is a statement to raise the blood pressure of campus radicals—particularly coming as it does from a descendant of slaves and a man of non-Western an-

cestry who speaks of Western culture as his own.

A monumental work by an original and courageous thinker, *Freedom* can be, by turns, eye-opening and infuriating, but never boring and always informative. And, though Patterson claims in the preface that the book offers no value judgments and is only “a historical sociology of our most important cultural value,” it is also a stunningly passionate work. Starting with the dedication, “To the unfree of the world,” Patterson makes no secret of his sympathies and his antipathies. Whether one shares them or not, the passion is refreshing. So is the clear, graceful style uncluttered by jargon, while the sheer scope of Patterson's vision is something all too rare among scholars today.

Contributing Editor Cathy Young is a writer in Middletown, New Jersey.

Wandering in the Wilderness

BY WALTER E. WILLIAMS

The Promised Land, by Nicholas Lemann
New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 416 pages, \$24.95

Nicholas Lemann's story begins in Clarksdale, Mississippi, just as mass mechanization of agriculture begins to displace black farm workers and sharecroppers, creating the largest internal migration in U.S. history. In 1940, 77 percent of black Americans lived in the South. Between 1940 and 1970, 5 million left. Only 50 percent of the total black population remained in the South.

In a modified John Dos Passos style, Lemann treats us to interesting vignettes of the trials, tribulations, and successes of several Clarksdale residents who went up the Mississippi to Chicago in search of greener pastures. Ruby Lee Daniels, a former farm worker, is one of the people whose lives of disappointment and occasional achievement Lemann chronicles, a technique that adds a nice human touch to *The Promised Land*.

At one point in Ruby Lee Daniels's

life, she is called into a tenant interview by Chicago's Taylor public-housing project after a long wait. At the interview, she discovers that the housing authority has a policy against renting to unwed mothers. She lies about her marital status, but the next day Ruby and Luther Hayes, her common-law husband, go to the courthouse and get married.

Lemann passes over this minor incident without comment, but it is a telling commentary on today versus yesterday. While people have always behaved irresponsibly, years ago the institutional setting and social mores did not support or tolerate it as much. Ruby Lee Daniels's hurry-up wedding is one example of how institutional requirements made fathers live up to their responsibilities. The now unheard-of “shotgun” wedding was another; there was also arrest and the possibility of a jail sentence for failure to provide child support.

Much of Lemann's book is about the government policies affecting the lives of people like Ruby Lee Daniels. "Washington" is the book's most important and by far its most interesting chapter. The reader is treated to details of the deals and behind-the-scenes political infighting behind the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. People who criticize the Founding Fathers for having compromised morality, counting each slave as three-fifths of a person for the purposes of apportionment, will be interested in the deals made by John F. Kennedy. When Kennedy was senator, preparing to run for president, he voted along with his Southern colleagues to add an amendment to the Civil Rights Act of 1957 that guaranteed jury trials for people accused of violating a black's voting rights. In the South, of course, a jury trial meant acquittal for the offending white. But Kennedy, like Nixon, needed the South to win the White House; thus, he had to devise an early version of the "Southern strategy."

Among the seedier Kennedy-clan political strategies was an attempt to win the black vote by paying off *Jet* magazine columnist Simon Booker so he would allow Kennedy staffers to write his column. To appease segregationists, the Kennedy White House offered to give tax breaks to James Farmer, then head of the Congress of Racial Equality, if CORE would call off demonstrations.

The main thrust of Lemann's "Washington" chapter and the "Chicago" chapter that follows is a detailed account of how the idealism of "Camelot," cut short by Kennedy's assassination, evolved into President Johnson's War on Poverty. Lemann notes the futility of some poverty programs, such as urban-renewal projects that simply destroyed poor neighborhoods and replaced some of them with what were to become today's crime-infested high-rise projects. Urban renewal—some people call it "urban removal"—was a failed policy that mostly benefited the developers who got the building contracts.

Then there were the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Job Corps, and Community Action Programs, all of

which no one would defend as successful in achieving their stated missions. No one, that is, except perhaps Nicholas Lemann, who criticizes the assessment of the War on Poverty programs offered by Irving Kristol, Ronald Reagan, and George Bush. Reagan's assessment was captured in one of his favorite quotes: "In the 1960s, we fought a war on poverty, and poverty won."

**As senator, John
Kennedy voted to add
an amendment to the
Civil Rights Act
of 1957 that guaranteed
jury trials for people
accused of violating
a black's voting rights.
In the South,
of course, a jury
trial meant acquittal for
the offending white.**

Lemann says: "Rhetorically, the war on poverty was made to sound more sweeping than it actually was and so set itself up to seem as if it ended in defeat when it didn't vanquish all poverty. But to say that the experience of the late '60s and the early '70s proves for all time that federal social welfare programs can't work, or that they cause poverty to worsen, is to cross over into the realm of political fantasy." But the statistics are no fantasy. Today, official poverty among blacks is higher than in the mid-'60s.

More important, since the U.S. Census Bureau began collecting the figures in the 1940s, the distribution of income has remained remarkably stable, with the lowest quintile earning about 6 percent or 7 percent of the national income and the highest quintile getting about 40 percent. During those 50 years, the nation has spent hundreds of billions of dollars in the name of combating the "unfair" distribution of income, and all

for naught. The only income redistribution that occurred was the massive shift of income from the people to the government. Surely one can point to some isolated successes of the War on Poverty, but the policy-relevant issue is success per dollar of expenditure.

All evidence suggests that government can do little of significance to influence income short of taking one person's earnings and giving them to another. After all, the main ingredients of higher income are behavioral factors that influence individual productivity, such as sacrifice of present enjoyment to invest in human capital. What can government do to ensure that kids behave in school, do their homework, and give up summer fun for remedial education? How can it get parents to postpone the purchase of a luxury item in order to save for a nicer home? These and other behavioral factors are very important to individual development, but they cannot be easily manipulated by government.

Government has a much greater capacity to eliminate options than to expand them. Lemann discusses, but chooses not to criticize, how the extension of the minimum wage to farm laborers, in 1967, created the chemical revolution, which far exceeded the suddenness of the mechanical revolution. The minimum wage made labor-intensive farming far too expensive. In the Mississippi Delta, as a whole, according to a confidential HEW memo, some 11,000 farm workers, representing 50,000 family members, lost their jobs as a direct result of minimum wages. The fact that this policy forced many blacks to flee to the pathology of Northern ghettos, and overwhelm whatever mediating institutions were available, seems to faze Lemann not one iota.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a congressional aide at the time, warned of the declining black family and recommended the Family Assistance Plan, which would give welfare money to intact families as well as female-headed ones. He was roundly condemned as a racist. In addition to his hope that the plan would stem the breakdown of the black family, Moynihan thought that it would remove the

incentive for poor people, blacks especially, to migrate to states offering higher welfare payments. Lemann says that Moynihan "stoutly denies" this motivation. One of the reasons the Family Assistance Plan was defeated is that it would have made welfare workers redundant.

Part of Lemann's mission is to argue against the idea, prominent in conservative circles, that today's pathology among many blacks is new and possibly caused by the poverty programs of the '60s and '70s. To make his case, he cites studies in the '30s and '40s by scholars such as Hortense Powdermaker, John Dollard, Charles Johnson, and Gunnar Myrdal. Among other things, they observed that the typical black family was matriarchal and that the rate of illegitimacy was extremely high among blacks—some 16 percent, eight times the rate among whites. Plus, black communities in the South had high rates of murder, sexually transmitted diseases, and bootleg-whiskey consumption.

Although black families and black neighborhoods have always had problems, the magnitude and kind of dysfunction we see today are entirely new. While 16-percent illegitimacy was high in the '30s and '40s, it compares favorably to the 61-percent (and rising) illegitimacy rate of today. Only recently has murder become the leading cause of death among young black males. Today, thousands upon thousands of black men reach the age of 25 without ever holding a job. These statistics reflect modern black life, which is entirely missing from Lemann's stories about people who made the trip to Chicago to earn \$30 a week or more in laundry, factory, or restaurant work instead of \$20 or less picking cotton.

All in all, *The Promised Land* is a very well-researched book of great benefit to anyone trying to understand the hopes and failures of the '60s and '70s for black Americans. Some of the conclusions that Lemann extracts from his findings blemish an otherwise fine job of reporting.

Contributing Editor Walter E. Williams is John M. Olin Distinguished Professor of Economics at George Mason University.

Civics from Hell

BY MATTHEW B. KIBBE

Parliament of Whores: A Lone Humorist Attempts to Explain the Entire U.S. Government
By P.J. O'Rourke, New York: The Atlantic Monthly Press, 233 pages, \$19.95



P.J. O'Rourke: "What the **** do they do all day, and why does it cost so ***** much money?"

Only P.J. O'Rourke could glean a valuable civics lesson from the artificial insemination of a cow.

Imagine you are that cow, in a barn, on a farm, somewhere in New Hampshire. Life as a cow isn't all that bad, if only because you are too stupid and too busy going about the mundane business of being a cow to know that forces beyond your control completely determine your life. Unfortunately, all good things usually end sooner than later, and sure enough, one day three men rudely interrupt your idyllic lifestyle. One of the men, Pete, is wearing two very long rubber gloves.

O'Rourke was also there on that fateful day, and he is thoughtful enough to share a cow's-eye view of the experience in his latest book, *Parliament of Whores*. "Getting a cow in the family way is not accomplished," observes O'Rourke, "with a bull and some Barry White tapes in a heart shaped stall." It is instead a rather unpleasant procedure, particularly if you happen to be a cow.

"It's an alarming thing to watch, and I am glad to say that I didn't watch it because I was at the other end," recalls O'Rourke. "But I'll tell you this, I will never forget the look on that cow's face."

The moral of the story has little to do

with the sometimes-ugly science of making little cows and a whole lot to do with the always-coercive nature of government finance: "The same look—and for the same reason—appeared on my own face when I began reading the 1990 farm bill. Every five years or so the U.S. Congress votes on a package of agricultural legislation that does to the taxpayer what [we] did to the cow."

Get the point?

This bovine allegory is only one of many powerful tools employed by O'Rourke to construct his twisted, mostly libertarian view of government and politics into "a kind of Devil's Civics Text." O'Rourke's political satire is the 198-proof, grain-alcohol type: harsh, outrageous, and intoxicating to the point of unpleasantness, like government itself. But even when describing an apparently sexual admiration for MK-41 Vertical Launch Missiles, he is hilarious. "*This*," drools P.J., "is the way to waste government money."

High school seemed like hell at the time, but I don't recall civics class being anything like this. In fact, I don't remember even taking civics, although I'm sure I did. As far as I can figure, the lessons of high school civics are still with most of us; they lurk deep in the subconscious mind, torturing the moral sensibilities of the rest of the brain. Civic-minded behavior only occasionally emerges as an uncontrollable reflex, like regurgitating the Pledge of Allegiance, registering for the military draft, or voting for *either* George Bush or Michael Dukakis. No

one, except maybe George Bush or Michael Dukakis, paid enough attention in high school civics class to know why we actually do these things.

O'Rourke's civics text, on the other hand, I would have remembered. Instead of the usual lessons, like "How a Bill Becomes a Law," we learn that "the U.S. Government is a sort of permanent frat pledge to every special interest in the nation—willing to undertake any task no matter how absurd or useless." Or, "voting in the House of Representatives is done by means of a little plastic card with a magnetic strip on the back—like a VISA card but with no, that is, absolutely no, spending limit."

On democracy: "Now majority rule is a precious, sacred thing worth dying for. But—like other precious, sacred things, such as the home and family—it's not only worth dying for; it can make you wish you were dead. Imagine if all of life were determined by majority rule. Every meal would be pizza. Every pair of pants, even those in a Brooks Brothers suit, would be stone-washed denim. Celebrity diet and exercise books would be the only thing on the shelves at the library. And—since women are a majority of the population—we'd all be married to Mel Gibson."

On political parties: "When you looked at the Republicans, you saw the scum off the top of business. When you looked at the Democrats, you saw the scum off the top of politics. Personally, I prefer business. A businessman will steal from you directly instead of getting the IRS to do it for him."

On taxes: "Remember that all tax revenue is the result of holding a gun to somebody's head.... Thus, I—in my role as citizen and voter—am going to shoot you—in your role as taxpayer and ripe suck—if you don't pay your share of the national tab. Therefore, every time the government spends money on anything, you have to ask yourself, 'Would I kill my kindly, gray haired mother for this?'"

On Social Security: "Ninety-two percent of the nation's mortuary bait gets a Social Security check. A typical current retiree's yearly take is \$8,674. In order to pay for this, the Social Security withhold-

ing tax on those of us who look at a Victoria's Secret catalog with more hope than regret is now up to as much as \$3,855.60 a year.... That means some old doll whom I don't even know is pestering her daughter-in-law with querulous long-distance calls, littering her front lawn with plaster ducks, overfeeding her toy fox terrier and haunting the bingo parlors—on my dime."

Where, you might wonder, do such keen political insights come from? Like investigative journalism, political humor is only as good as the questions asked. The well-placed query ferrets truth from the most evasive polyester-clad bureaucrat and insight from the most vacuous politician. Here, O'Rourke is no slouch. He asks broad, philosophical questions regarding the merits of rent-seeking behavior within our political institutions ("What the fuck do they do all day and why does it cost so goddamned much money?"); and he asks the specific, technical questions required to make sense out of the economic and legal quagmire surrounding the S&L bailout ("What the fuck, huh?! I mean, what the fucking fuck?!"). It's an ugly job that O'Rourke seems to relish.

So, apparently, do a lot of other people, such as the readers of *Rolling Stone*. P.J. O'Rourke's Irrational Affairs column is reportedly the magazine's most widely read—an amazing feat, considering the left-of-center political agenda of the vast majority of *Stone's* writers, and presumably, its readership as well.

In fact, some of the best chapters in *Whores* originated in the pages of *Rolling Stone*—the text most teenagers are actually reading in Civics 101, while the teacher (probably the same one you had) drones on about the unique structure of bicameral legislatures and the delicate balance of power between the three branches of government.

Maybe your kids are learning something in the public schools after all.

Matthew B. Kibbe is director of federal budget policy for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Nothing written here necessarily reflects the views of the Chamber.

EXPERIMENT IN LIBERTY

"The history of civilization is the record of a ceaseless struggle for liberty." (Ludwig von Mises)

W. M. Gray's book *EXPERIMENT IN LIBERTY* examines man's first 500 year struggle for liberty in the USA. Europeans came seeking liberty and found it. In this century their heirs have traded *freedom, responsibility, and opportunity for equality, security, and constancy*. Mankind is free to choose, but if he continues to choose this course, individual liberty will disappear.

EXPERIMENT IN LIBERTY: The First Five Hundred Years of Freedom in America, 1492-1992. By W. M. Gray. 436 pp. \$30.00 hardback, delivered. Order from the publishers: Dixon, Gray, Springer. 210 E. First, Chanute, KS 66720, Phone 316-431-9580, or from your local book store.

PROFESSIONAL OPPORTUNITY

EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT FOR FREE-MARKET ADVOCACY GROUP

Citizens for a Sound Economy is a 250,000 member free-market citizen advocacy group based in Washington, D.C. We seek an executive vice president to report directly to the president, with responsibility for managing the day-to-day operations of the organization.

The ideal candidate is a strong free-market advocate with several years of senior management experience in for-profit or non-profit organizations. A background in economics is helpful/desired.

Our environment is dynamic, growing and challenging. We are out front and making an impact on such issues as trade policy, tax and budget issues, and deregulation. If your interest, background and experience are up to the challenge, forward your resume (no calls please) and salary requirements to:

Citizens for a Sound Economy
Attn: Paul Beckner
470 L'Enfant Plaza, S.W.
Suite 7112
Washington, D.C. 20024



THE BOOKCASE

Stranger in a Strange Land, by Robert A. Heinlein, New York: Ace/Putnam, 525 pages, \$24.95. The original version of Robert Heinlein's classic novel was published earlier this year, including more than 50,000 words he was required to cut.

The book caused quite a sensation when it was published in 1961. The best-

known and most notorious of Heinlein's numerous novels, it is a social/political satire of some of the basic premises of today's civilization—in Heinlein's own words, challenging the "two untouchables" of monogamy and monotheism (although it also challenges many prevailing notions of politics and government).

Readers seeking previously undis-

closed sexual episodes or more blasphemous treatment of received wisdom will not find them in this restored edition. What they will find, however, is greater elaboration on Heinlein's characters' challenges to conventional wisdom, making the whole enterprise more comprehensible and, in my judgment, better done. Thirty years after its publication, the book holds up very well, both as criticism and as science fiction.

In *Stranger*, some sort of (non-all-out-nuclear) World War III has led to a New World Order in which a U.N.-type Federation government is the dominant political authority on the planet. The U.S. president is reduced to one among many statesmen, with the Federation secretary general the numero uno world leader—the George Bush of the day. As if the story were concocted from today's headlines, we find the secretary general (who happens to be an American) manipulated on many matters of state by his ambitious wife, who turns for advice to her trusted astrologer. We have a world (conceived in the '50s) with such commonplaces as water beds, fax machines, stereo TVs, socially acceptable single motherhood, populist preachers as politically powerful figures, and exceedingly powerful and pervasive government.

All this provides the backdrop for Heinlein's literal use of the "man from Mars" device to highlight and question the received wisdom on sex, religion, and politics. He posits a human infant, the sole survivor of the first manned Mars mission, raised to adulthood by a very alien race of Martians with "psi" powers and without gender and sexual reproduction. The book follows the career of Valentine Michael Smith, from his return to Earth as a young adult to his evolution into a cult figure, religious leader, and martyr.

Though ideas figured prominently in most of Heinlein's fiction, he often stated that his main reason for writing was to make a living by telling stories. With *Stranger*, he made an exception. This was the book, more than any other, in which he wished to express ideas, to say his piece, to make people think. After 30 years, it's clear that he succeeded.

—Robert W. Poole, Jr.

The "Politically Correct" are the "Moral Majority" of the 90s

Workers of the World Unite! Vote Libertarian
T-Shirts \$12.00 + \$2.00 P&H
Bumper Strips \$2.00 + \$1.00 P&H
The Free Wit POB298HomerAK99603
I'd Like to Vote for a Democrat-But I Have a Conscience

Up from Libertarianism

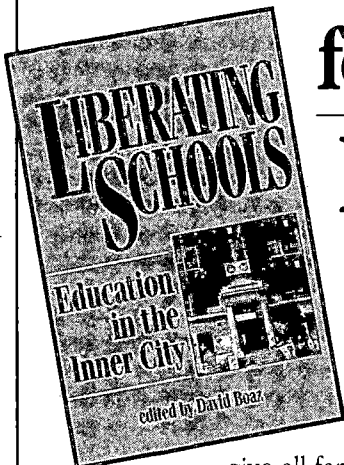
by D. G. Lesvic

...answers Murray Rothbard with his own words!

The Political Economy Club of Los Angeles
5668 Cahuenga Blvd., #313
North Hollywood, CA 91601

\$4.00 ppd.

A Comprehensive Case for School Choice



Education can break the cycle of poverty, but today's inner-city schools have become a major element of the poverty trap.

In Cato's new book *Liberating Schools: Education in the Inner City*, 11 scholars and educators examine inner-city education and propose educational choice as a way to

give all families access to quality schools—an idea

drawing attention from the White House to the Milwaukee ghetto.

Contributors include **John Chubb** and **Terry Moe**, **Pete du Pont**, **John E. Coons**, **Sy Fliegel**, **Bonita Brodt**, **Joan Davis Ratteray**, and **Robert S. Peterkin**. 220 pp./cloth \$25.95/paper \$13.95

224 Second St., S.E.
Washington, D.C. 20003

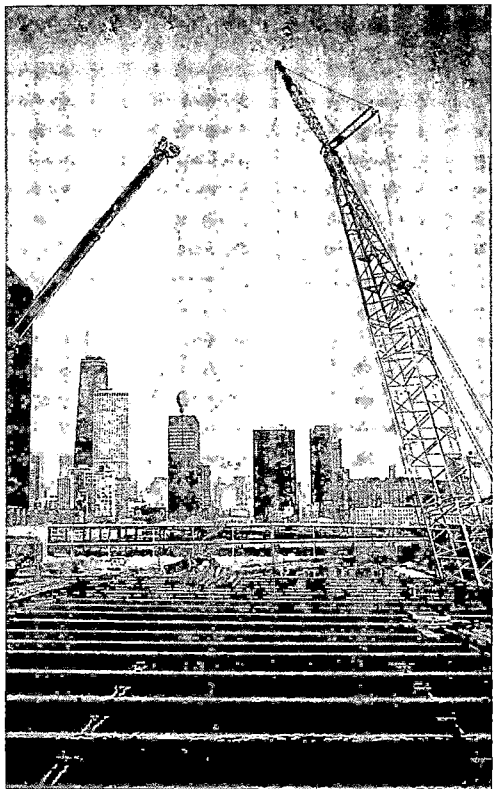
CATO
INSTITUTE

(202) 546-0200
(202) 546-0728 Fax

SPECIAL OFFER!!

PARTNERSHIP FOCUS

THE MAGAZINE FOR PUBLIC-PRIVATE PARTNERSHIPS



National
Transportation
Policy Questions

Surprises In
U. S. Labor
Department Study

Connecticut's
Health Care
Partnership

Top Officials
To Address
Privatization
Council

World Privatization
Congress A Big Hit



A guide for government officials on implementing public-private partnerships with equity and protection for all partners.

Special Sections on:

- Corrections
- Health Care
- Project Financing
- Transportation

Partnership Focus provides readers with practical advice and successful examples of privatization, as well as careful analysis and discussion of private sector contributions.

Please enter my subscription to *Partnership Focus*

Name _____ Title _____

Company _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone () _____

Enclosed is my check in the amount of \$48 - One Year (six issues) \$95 - Three Years

Make all checks payable to *MAXCO PUBLICATIONS INC.*
Mail to: *MAXCO PUBLICATIONS INC.*, Subscription Dept. 1130 McBride Avenue • P.O. Box 748 • Little Falls, NJ 07424
or call Darlene Gross at 1-800-262-9260 MasterCard and Visa accepted

DO THE CHEAP THING

BY THOMAS W. HAZLETT

Matty Rich's *Straight Out of Brooklyn* is a sobering film about the futility of life in the ghetto. Old theme? Tired plot? Maybe. But there is something distinctive in this portrayal; it pounds the incessant meanness of the projects right into the viewer's soul.

How has Mr. Rich achieved such artistry? Not by dazzling technique. His movie is an uneven affair, almost amateurish at moments. Not by fancy cinematography, special effects, or studio editing tricks: The film is decidedly low-budget. Nor by dint of long years of training under the masters of the film art. Matty Rich, you must know, is but 19 years of age.

The power of this film comes from the personal vantage point that society has bequeathed the young director. Matty Rich *has* come straight out of Brooklyn, and the images on screen haven't been prettied up by a Harvard MBA reading scripts at Paramount. As a truth-teller in a medium created for fantasy, Rich offers viewers a megadose of reality.

But the big picture is this: Rich has shown that today a ghetto kid with some moxie can become the niftiest thing you can be on this planet—a filmmaker.

Moxie didn't used to be enough. For decades, would-be directors had to learn on the job. Convincing a production company to give you the jack to make a feature without long years of studio apprenticeship (or an uncle on the inside) was about as easy as being the Dodgers' opening-day pitcher without having tossed an inning of Little League.

Today, however, a good, solid videocam can be had for about \$700 at any electronics discount house. That machine, powered by the magic of the microchip, will perform cinematic tricks beyond those possible just 15 or 20 years ago by full-fledged studio equipment costing tens of thousands of dollars. A used 16mm Bolex, on which big-time movies are made, can be picked up in good condition for under \$1,500. Pro-

fessional editing machines go for about \$3,500—and can be rented by the week. The current barrier to entry into filmmaking is a MasterCard.

As entry costs have plummeted, the number of outlets for films has exploded. Video peddlers now have not just the big-screen theaters and the TV-network triopoly but 70 cable channels, hundreds of new independent broadcast stations, and the direct-to-cassette market as well. Add new foreign markets—America is the South Korea of entertainment software exports—and the ghetto kid with moxie becomes bankable.

Society's experts all have their heads turned the other way. The communications schools are self-absorbed in lost worlds and obsolete market definitions, ranting about the increasing concentration of daily newspapers in fewer hands and corporate censorship of broadcast television, while entirely missing the show up on the Big Screen: society's economics-driven atomization of news, information, and entertainment services. From online databases to cable's explosion of choice to the burst of "alternative" weeklies now serving the yuppie/counterculture submarket, new media make Americans less and less dependent on mainstream news and entertainment.

It would be easy to attribute this to a wave of awe-inspiring technology, since the electronics revolution, desktop publishing, and the enlargement of the television dial all seem linked to the science lab. But that would mistake the invention for the innovation. New tech may spark the new product, but it need not: Only after the villainous Rupert Murdoch smashed the British newspaper unions under the political cover of the early Thatcher years did British papers switch from the old "hot type" printing to computerized typesetting. Paradoxically, this cost-slashing publishing innovation

opened the gates for scores of new left-wing publications theretofore economically impossible. Likewise, forget about the union label on a Spike Lee project.

Experts said such vulgar economic forces would breed the culture's subjugation to the saga of Ozzie and Harriet. How wrong they have become, as offbeat flicks and directors of color flourish due to new production and marketing efficiencies. They don't all tell the truth (*Roger & Me* was a commercially successful gaggle of lies packaged as a documentary), but they expand the circle of democratic debate to a radius unheard of in less profit-hungry nations. To bring Lenin up to speed, the capitalist gladly sells left-wing activists the audio-visual equipment to frame capitalism, and at an increasingly competitive price.

Even friendlier to freedom are the free-lance filmsters. When George Holliday videotaped the LAPD pummeling a defenseless Rodney King, he instantly entered America's political arena as a social critic of great influence. Today, millions of unregulated private citizens patrol the precincts of the world, armed with Japanese video cameras made possible by technology and made cheap by market competition. They delight in taping the offensive actions of agents of the state, from the streets of Los Angeles to the back alleys of Croatia.

As a sensation-seeking journalist, George Orwell saw society's horrible future: Science would progress to serve the state in its quest for total control of the individual. He seemed oblivious to the reverse possibility: The flowering of technology now allows the citizen to spy upon the state. *1984* was a pretty good book, but I like our movie version much better.

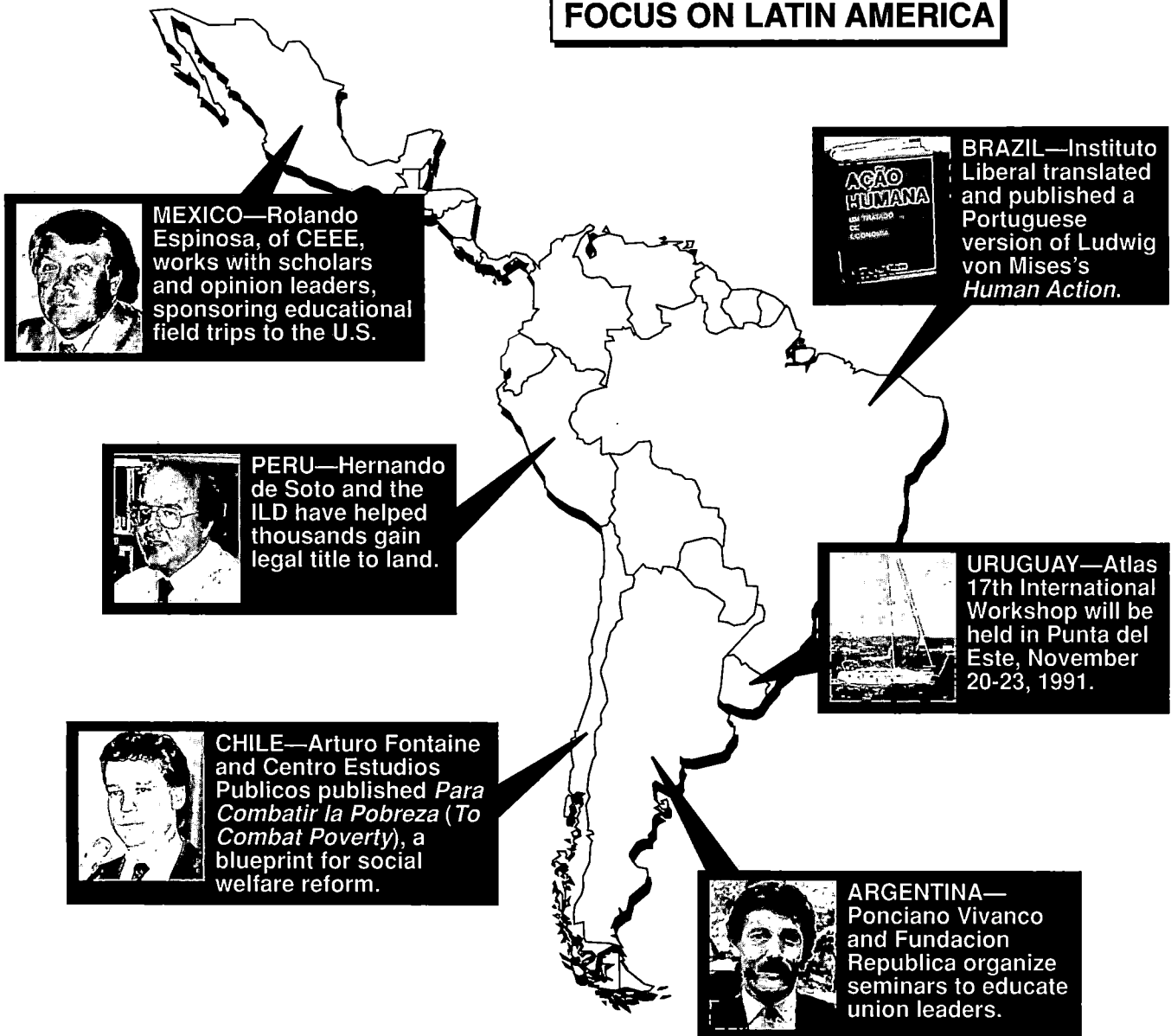
Contributing Editor Thomas W. Hazlett teaches economics and public policy at the University of California, Davis.

ATLAS ECONOMIC RESEARCH FOUNDATION

“Helping those who are helping change the world”

Atlas advises and supports over 70 public policy institutes in the Americas, throughout Europe, and in Africa, Asia, and Australia.

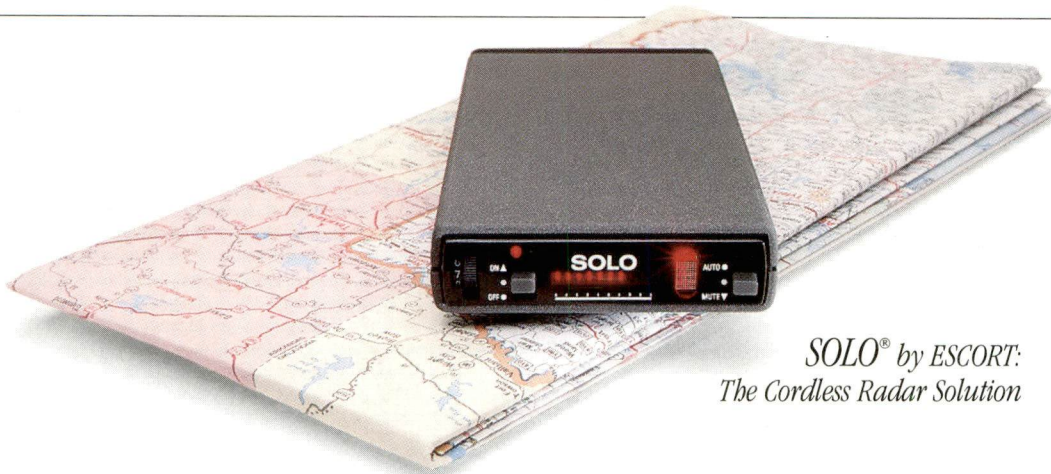
FOCUS ON LATIN AMERICA



Join our efforts to champion liberty by helping people work for positive intellectual change.

Atlas Economic Research Foundation is incorporated under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Service Code. Atlas is independent, nonprofit, and privately funded.

Atlas Economic Research Foundation, 4210 Roberts Rd., Fairfax, VA 22032-1028 Tel: 703/764-2606 Fax:703/764-1577

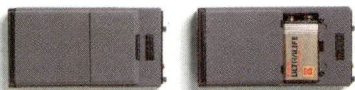


*SOLO® by ESCORT:
The Cordless Radar Solution*

Simply, The Best.

SOLO: It's all you ever hoped for in a radar detector. State-of-the-art performance is now combined with cordless, battery-powered convenience (a single alkaline battery provides up to 80 hours of full-powered protection).

And SOLO is incredibly easy to use – just turn it on and take off. Nothing could be simpler.



SOLO's battery-powered design eliminates power cord hassles.

SOLO's features include:

- Cordless, battery-powered convenience
- Long range detection
- Pulse and instant-on radar protection
- Anti-falsing circuitry
- Dark mode for discreet use
- Small enough to fit in a shirt pocket
- Sleek, contemporary styling

With SOLO, high-performance is uncomplicated. In fact, *AutoWeek* said of SOLO, "The most user-friendly detector yet...we fell in love at first beep."

We believe so strongly that you'll be satisfied with SOLO's performance that each purchase comes with a 30-day money back guarantee. Use SOLO where performance counts the most — in your car, on the roads you travel every day. If you're not absolutely delighted with SOLO, send it back within 30 days for a refund.

Invest in the best. Call today for the ultimate in radar protection.

1-800-433-3487

for Sales & Information
(1-800-543-1608 for Customer Service)

Major credit cards accepted

SOLO \$349 + shipping

Ohio residents add 5.5% sales tax. Prices higher in Canada.

ESCORT

▶ Department 301301
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

ESCORT®

The world's most advanced radar detectors.

ONLY SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY TO YOU

The Atlantic

THE RETURN OF "SEPARATE BUT EQUAL" / DECODING ANCIENT MAYA

Portraits From Tallgrass Country by

WILLIAM LEAST HEAT-MOON



A Preview of
PRAIRYERTH

\$2.95



William Least Heat-Moon

What Are The Long-term Effects Of Instant Gratification?

IRONICALLY, human nature is often the greatest deterrent to making an intelligent decision.

But who can blame us? We're only human. And living for today has its rewards.

Except in the area of investing. Where a certain discipline, understanding and patience can be quite rewarding.

Take Aesop's famous hare and tortoise for instance.

As you recall, it was the impatient hare who looked so

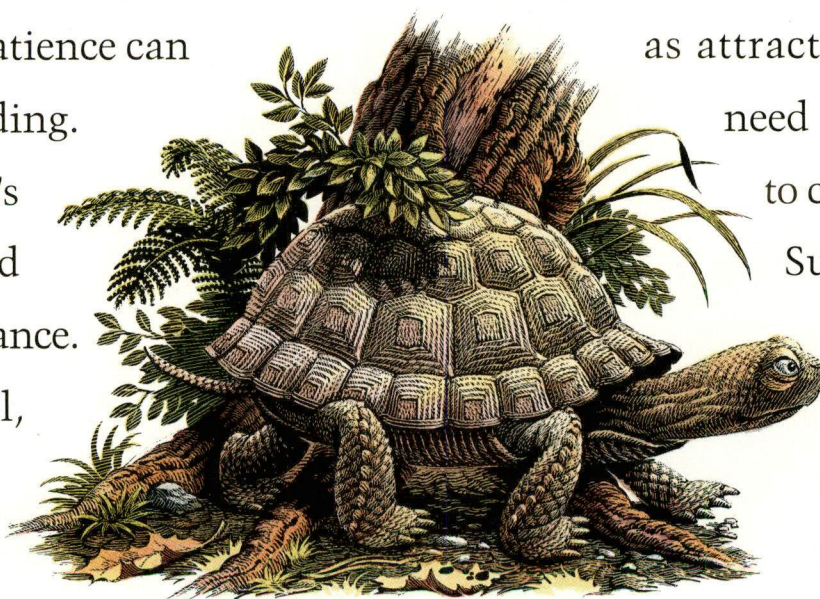
promising at first. Yet, it was the dogged determination and single-mindedness of the tortoise that triumphed in the end.

One can easily make the same observation about an investment.

At first glance, it may appear to be quite attractive. But will it be

as attractive when you need it in the years to come?

Such a question can muddle the mind and haunt one during peaceful moments.



When racing the elusive hare, the tortoise never lost sight of his goal.

But perhaps we can provide a word or two of optimism.

You see, with nearly one hundred years experience behind us, we know a little something about investing.

And we'll be the first to tell you, there are no shortcuts. Only pitfalls to avoid.

To succeed, it takes hard work, diligence, and a kind of wisdom that can only come from years of experience.

Our experience is with municipal bonds.

In fact, each and every year we review billions of dollars worth of bonds. And only after a painstaking process of research do we finally invest in a select few (including some of those municipal bonds that other investment companies have overlooked).

All of which are tax-free*. Which means you keep more of the money

you earn. (Something that adds up quite nicely over the years.)

So if you're thinking about making an investment, we suggest you resist the temptation to do anything instantly.

Other than ask your financial adviser or personal banker about Nuveen tax-free investments (for current and future income).

Or you can call us toll-free at 1-800-524-6500 for a free booklet.

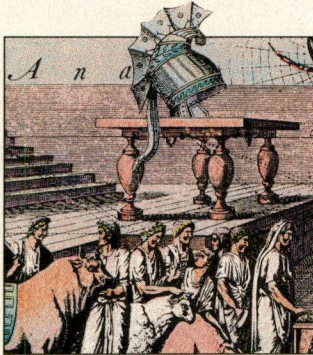
In the end, you may find the long term effects most gratifying.

For more complete information on Nuveen tax-free open end mutual funds or unit trusts including charges and expenses, call for a prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

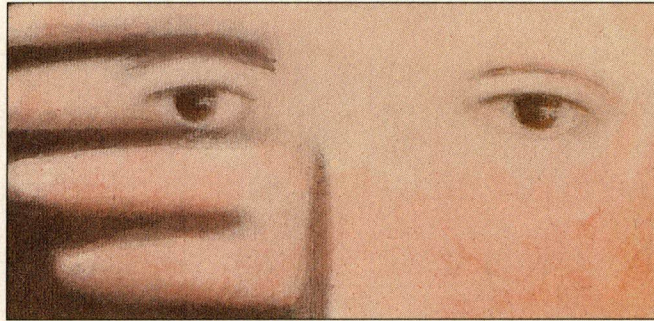
*Income may be subject to state and local taxes. Capital gains, if any, will be subject to capital gains tax.

NUVEEN

Specialists In Tax-free Investments
Since 1898.



Page 127



Page 78



Page 45

REPORTS & COMMENT

- 20** NOTES:
COMING TO GRIEF
At last, a way to measure unpleasantness.
by CULLEN MURPHY
- 24** OKLAHOMA CITY:
SEPARATE AND EQUAL
The desegregation of Oklahoma City's schools in the 1970s, our correspondent writes, followed the familiar trajectory: "resistance, submission, racial tension, white flight, and peace, if not always harmony." But resegregation is now occurring in a very natural way, and some blacks, satisfied with their schools, wonder if this is necessarily a bad thing.
by JAMES TRAUB

HUMOR, FICTION, AND POETRY

- 40** PRINCIPLES OF HOLISTIC MEDICINE APPLIED TO INFRASTRUCTURE MAINTENANCE:
A TEST CASE
by FRED CATAPANO
- 66** WITHIN THIS TREE
by JANE HIRSHFIELD
- 78** SOLE CUSTODY
by LYNNA WILLIAMS

45 PRAIRYERTH

In eight years of travels in Chase County, Kansas, the author learned a "prairie secret": "Take the numbing distance in small doses and gorge on the little details that beckon. The prairie doesn't give up anything easily, unless it's horizon and sky. Search out its variation, its colors, its subtleties." In taking his own advice he found that "the splendid lies within a plain cover." A report on the floods, tornadoes, tallgrass, cattle, and (most of all) people that have formed the county.

by WILLIAM LEAST HEAT-MOON

87 THE DECIPHERMENT OF ANCIENT MAYA

As recently as 1960 only a few glyphs had been deciphered of the writing system of the greatest pre-Columbian civilization of all—that of the ancient Maya. In recent years this situation has changed dramatically, owing in part to the efforts of a handful of young epigraphers, most of them from the United States. Also changing are many long-accepted views of Maya civilization.

by DAVID ROBERTS



- 94** HONEY
by ROBERT MORGAN

still making vibrant contributions to jazz.
by FRANCIS DAVIS

ARTS AND LEISURE

- 106** MUSIC:
BETTER WITH AGE
At the age of eighty-four, the alto saxophonist and composer Benny Carter is not merely persevering but

- 110** TRAVEL:
AN ASIAN AGENDA
Consider the "second city" approach: avoiding national capitals and instead seeking out cities like Chiang Mai and Jogjakarta.
by JAMES FALLOWS

BOOKS

- 114** A FAIRER LIKENESS
Lone Star Rising: Lyndon Johnson and His Times, 1908-1960,
by Robert Dallek
by DAVID M. KENNEDY
- 119** A VOICE AGAINST ANONYMOUS DEATH
The James Jones Reader: Outstanding Selections From His War Writings
by MICHAEL LYDON
- 122** BRIEF REVIEWS
by PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

- 4** 745 BOYLSTON STREET/
CONTRIBUTORS
- 8** LETTERS
TO THE EDITOR
- 18** THE SEPTEMBER
ALMANAC
- 75** FIRST ENCOUNTERS
Joan Crawford and
Bette Davis
by EDWARD SOREL
- 125** THE PUZZLER
by EMILY COX
AND HENRY RATHVON
- 127** WORD HISTORIES
by CRAIG M. CARVER

*Cover illustration by
Braldt Braldis*

...ERS OLD WHISKY • WIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 13% & 40% ALC. VOL. (26° & 80°) • © 1991 CHIVAS BROS. IMPORT CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

AS LONG AS UNLIMITED
VISION IS POSSIBLE EVEN WITHOUT
PERFECT EYESIGHT...

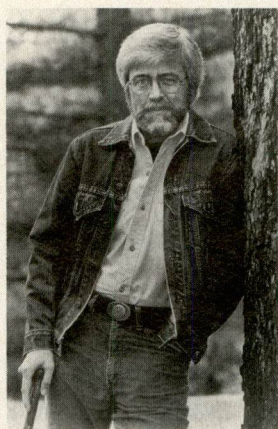
There will always be a
CHIVAS REGAL.



745 BOYLSTON STREET



“WHAT NEED FOR a man to make a trip to Looking-glass, Oregon, when he’d been seeing his own image all across the length of the country?” William Least Heat-Moon asked in *Blue Highways*. Literature at its best anticipates reality. The journey chronicled in *Blue Highways* took place in 1978, but Heat-Moon’s book, previewed in the September, 1982, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, anticipated some of America’s 1980s self-absorption. Now Heat-Moon is back with a selection of portraits from his second book, *PrairyErth*, which may rival *Blue Highways* in its ability to plumb the American situation. *PrairyErth*, which took twice as long to write (the author’s journeys for the book began in 1983), is a darker, deeper survey of mankind’s historical, ecological, and ethical position on the planet. By drawing a complex map of one isolated Kansas county, “the most easterly piece of the American Far West. . . the last remaining grand expanse of tallgrass prairie in America,” Heat-Moon moves *Atlantic* readers along the great circle they began with Henry David Thoreau in June of 1862: “Eastward I go only by force; but westward I go free. . . The West of which I speak is but another name for



David Rees

the Wild; and what I have been preparing to say is, that in Wildness is the preservation of the world.” In the 129 years between these two writings *The Atlantic* has published scores of others that portray the westerling of America. There were two, for example, in the August, 1897, issue. First: “Sloping down from a gentle hill toward a creek, the Kansas town shows at a distance its pointed steeples, its great iron water-tower, and its massive schoolhouse, which stands above the elms and cottonwoods and maples” (“A Typical Kansas Community,” by William Allen White). Second: “I suppose we need not go mourning the buffaloes. In the nature of things they had to give place to better cattle, though the change might have been made without barbarous wickedness” (“The American Forests,” by John Muir).

Heat-Moon is in a sense two people, and he writes about our continent, its leaves of grass, its geology, and its denizens with both the canny worldliness of his Irish and English background and the mystical time sense of his Osage ancestors. It is not surprising that he continues the great circle that has absorbed this magazine since its inception. —THE EDITORS

CONTRIBUTORS

BRALDT BRALDS (cover art) was born and educated in the Netherlands and moved to the United States in 1980. His work has been widely exhibited in the United States, Japan, Korea, and the Netherlands, and has received awards from the Society of Illustrators and the New York Art Directors Club.

FRED CATAPANO (“Principles of Holistic Medicine Applied to Infrastructure Maintenance: A Test Case”) is the deputy vice-president for auxiliary services at Columbia University. He is at work on a collection of short stories.

FRANCIS DAVIS (“Better With Age”) writes frequently about music for *The Atlantic*. His second book, *Outcats: Jazz Composers, Instrumentalists, and Singers*, was published last year.

TERRY EVANS (cover-story photographs) lives in Kansas and specializes in photography that involves people and the prairie. Her photographs illustrated the *Atlantic* cover story for November, 1989, “Back to Eden.” Evans’s book *Prairie: Images of Ground and Sky* (1986) received

awards from the Chicago Book Clinic and the Association of American University Presses.

JAMES FALLOWS (“An Asian Agenda”) is *The Atlantic*’s Washington editor. He is writing a book about the future of East Asia.

WILLIAM LEAST HEAT-MOON (“PrairyErth”) is the pen name of William Trogon. Trogon holds a bachelor’s degree in photojournalism and a doctorate in English from the University of Missouri. He is the author of *Blue Highways*, a portion of which first appeared as the cover story in the September, 1982, *Atlantic*.

JANE HIRSHFIELD (“Within This Tree”) is a poet whose most recent collection is *Of Gravity & Angels* (1988).

DAVID M. KENNEDY (“A Fairer Likeness”) is the William Robertson Coe Professor of History and American Studies at Stanford University.

MICHAEL LYDON (“A Voice Against Anonymous Death”) is a musician and writer who lives in Manhattan. He is working on a book of essays about literature, *Real Writing*.

ROBERT MORGAN (“Honey”) teaches creative writing and modern poetry at Cornell University. His book *Green River: New and Selected Poems* was published last month.

DAVID ROBERTS (“The Decipherment of Ancient Maya”) is the author of *Jean Stafford: A Biography* (1988) and *Iceland: Land of the Sagas* (1990). He is working on a book about Geronimo and the Apaches.

JAMES TRAUB (“Oklahoma City: Separate and Equal”) is a free-lance writer whose articles on race-related issues have appeared in *The New Republic* and *Harper’s*. He is the author of *Too Good to Be True: The Outlandish Story of Wedtech* (1990).

LYNNA WILLIAMS (“Sole Custody”) teaches fiction writing at Emory University. Her collection *Things Not Seen and Other Stories* will be published next spring.

The September Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere, on behalf of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Jacqueline Bogard, of Del Monte Foods; James R. Tischer, of Woodland Biomass Power; and Nielsen Media Research.

CAMRY



MURPHY'S LAWBREAKER.

If ever there was a car with a reputation for working like it's supposed to, this is it. The Toyota Camry. A car with such a heritage of quality and reliability, it serves as a welcome relief from the usual uncertainties of automobile ownership.

But don't mistake Camry's dependable nature for a lack of sophistication. From a powerful 16-valve electronically fuel-injected engine to ventilated front disc brakes and power rack-and-pinion steering, the Camry is one of the most advanced passenger cars you can buy. Add to that the fact that it's a Toyota, and you have just about the perfect car.

Eat your heart out, Murphy.

"I love what you do for me."

 **TOYOTA**

MILEAGE*
CITY MPG
26
HWY MPG
34

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a brochure and location of your nearest dealer. *1991 EPA estimated mileage figures for the 4-cylinder Camry Deluxe Sedan with 5-speed manual transmission. Get More From Life...Buckle Up! © 1991 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

**You're passing a tank
hazard signs on the
to you that you have no
really is, which gets
the guy hauling**



Let's face it, it's an unsettling question. Especially when you're traveling alongside it at 55 miles per hour.

Fortunately, though, the answer is a good deal more reassuring. Because the drivers who transport our chemicals know precisely what they're hauling. And they know precisely what to do if something goes wrong.

Which is why the member companies of The Chemical Manufacturers Association are schooling local firefighters, police and ambulance teams in the right ways to respond to accidents involving hazardous chemicals.

It's also why we have something called CHEMTREC. A twenty-four-hour emergency center designed to get accurate advice into the hands of emergency response personnel in the earliest stages of an accident, when it counts the

**truck with one of those
back and it occurs
idea how hazardous it
you wondering whether
it does either.**

Which means, first and foremost, that they're trained to handle their rigs. In good or bad weather, on busy or desolate highways. And since hazardous materials don't suddenly become harmless the moment the engines are turned off, our people are also trained in the proper ways to load and unload them.

The statistics bear this out. Of the half-million or so hazardous materials shipments moving through the U.S. every day, 99.99% arrive at their destination safely, without incident.

Unfortunately, that leaves 0.01% that don't.

most. And to quickly dispatch any of 225 emergency response teams to the site of serious incidents. Anywhere in the country. Day or night.

We do all this for one simple reason. The risks associated with our chemicals don't end when they leave our plants. And neither do our efforts to make them safer.

To find out more about what we're doing to produce, transport and handle chemicals more safely, call for our Responsible Care[®] Brochure at 1-800-624-4321.

**The Chemical
Manufacturers Association.**

We want you to know.

The Atlantic

Editor

WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Washington Editor

JAMES FALLOWS

Senior Editors

JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,
CORBY KUMMER, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Managing Editor

CULLEN MURPHY

Art Director

JUDY GARLAN

National Correspondents

KATIE LEISHMAN, NICHOLAS LEMANN

Associate Editors

PETER DAVISON (poetry),
SUE PARILLA, MARTHA SPAULDING

Staff Writer

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

Staff Editors

ELINOR APPEL, AVRIL CORNEL,
STEVEN CRAMER, ERIC HAAS,
AMY MEEKER, LUCIE PRINZ

Art Staff

ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES, Associate Art Director
ELIZABETH URRICO, Assistant Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant

Assistants to the Editors

LESLIE CAULDWELL, ANN LEOPOLD,
KAREN SONTAG (archivist), KATHRYN SYLVESTER,
LOWELL WEISS

Editorial Promotion Manager

SARAH FINNIE ROCKWELL

Contributing Editors

ROY BLOUNT, JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, SEYMOUR M. HERSH,
TRACY KIDDER, MICHAEL LENEHAN,
JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON, CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN,
THOMAS POWERS, WILLIAM SCHNEIDER



Chairman

MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN

Vice Chairman and Chief Executive Officer

FRED DRASNER

President and Publisher

IRA ELLENTHAL

Circulation & Consumer Marketing

CINDY J. STILL, Associate Publisher
PETER WATT, Circulation Business Manager
KRISTEN EIMILLER, Circulation Promotion Manager
ADRIENNE ISELHART, Assistant Promotion Manager
MICHAEL P. PRESTO, Director, Retail Marketing

Advertising

JAYNE YOUNG, Associate Publisher
JAMES SHERIDAN, Vice President
DONNA PALMER, Vice President, West Coast
FRANCES V. BROUDY, Advertising Director
MEREDITH WELCH, Marketing Director
DEBORAH B. FARNHAM, Promotion Director
TAYLOR GRAY, Research Director
EDWIN COOPER, Marketing Consultant
MATTHEW BARBA, SARAH BENENSON,
MARA HART FILO, LINDA NIEPOKOJ SHAUGHNESSY

Operations

KIMBERLY SMITH JENSEN, General Manager
JAN MORRIS, Production Director
JOSEPH O'CONNELL, Production Director Emeritus
MARTHA JEVSEVAR, Business Manager
KAREN WESOLOWSKI, Special Projects Manager
SANDRA CICCONE, MICHAEL DRNACH,
RAYMOND FORD, DEBORAH HOFFENBERG,
MICHAEL JONES, DAN O'KANE, LIAM O'MALLEY

Editorial/Business Office

745 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02116, (617) 536-9500

New York Advertising Office

599 Lexington Ave., N.Y., NY 10022, (212) 326-5350

Chicago

Christopher Schuba
(312) 482-8099

West Coast

Donna Palmer
(213) 479-4729
(415) 389-8439

Detroit

Mara Hart Filo
(313) 353-4000

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



THERAPY FOR CHILDREN

An otherwise helpful article, "Therapy for Children," by Katharine Davis Fishman (June *Atlantic*), was seriously flawed by its acceptance of the myth that for "normal" children, mourning lasts one year. Grief educators, therapists, and counselors are coming to realize that grief is one of the major turning points in the life of children at any age. Children who are grieving over the death of a parent or sibling may normally express their grief for an indeterminate period of time, especially if the grief is related to a violent and unexpected death.

Fishman does not clarify how difficult it is for a child to express pain and suffering to adults who are reluctant to acknowledge, for lots of reasons, the child's difficulties. Children do not have the vocabulary to express their pain and are often quieted by parents, teachers, and counselors who don't expect that serious experiences of death, violence, suicide, and murder will be expressed by children over long periods of time. At Fernside Center for Grieving Children, in Cincinnati, we see many children from three to eighteen who, having found support for their grief experiences, move on in their development. This rarely takes place in a year.

It is time for the psychological and social-work communities to add the area of children's grief to their lists of priorities.

STEVE SUNDERLAND
*University of Cincinnati
Cincinnati, Ohio*

Dr. Charles Sarnoff certainly captured the poetry of childhood. Now when I kiss my children good-night I see them as biologically celibate soldier-dwarfs one day closer to ludic demise. Silly me: I used to believe that they were miraculous beings recently arrived from beyond the beyond, come to redeem the world and

kindle joy in our hearts. On second thought, my original perception makes a lot more sense than the bizarre notions put forth as science by the child analysts. What sensible parent would sentence a child to a lengthy exposure to this type of "therapy"?

DONALD HOPE
Richmond, Vt.

Katharine Davis Fishman did a fine job of presenting readers with a working knowledge of child therapy. My only criticism is that the author regards parents as consumers, in the same manner that they are consumers of camps and schools. Parents certainly have an obligation to investigate a therapist's training and credentials, and a right to feel comfortable with the therapist's personality and style. However, parents almost always have very strong feelings about bringing their children for treatment. These feelings may enhance or detract from their child's treatment. The author refers to parents as "suffering, intimidated, and guilt-ridden." Parents may also be angry at their child, their spouse, the child's school, even perhaps at the therapist they have yet to meet. Though the author mentions Kazdin's finding that 94 percent of child therapists work with parents, the author's discussion of this work is sparse.

I would advise parents that before they walk into a therapist's office for the first time, child in hand, they discuss their own thoughts and feelings with a spouse, a friend, or—best yet—the child's new therapist. Most child therapists would be pleased to know that they and the parents are in the same corner.

GILA HARTSTEIN
*Jewish Board of Family and
Children's Services
Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Katharine Davis Fishman seems to treat the classificatory system of the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Men-*



* MONTBLANC® Solitaire®

SOLITAIRE

The art of writing.

**MONT
BLANC**

Available at fine jewelers, department stores, quality stationers and other select retailers.
Koh-I-Noor Inc. (800) 877-4810. In Canada, (416) 670-0300.



tal Disorders, Third Edition, Revised, as if it provided an accurate description of specific disorders. Children and adults do not read the *DSM-III-R* before they develop symptoms and do not know how to behave in order to fit the named condition. While classification is useful, at the least it needs to be accompanied by a dynamic description.

And while I appreciate Fishman's intent not to become mired in theoretical differences, parents seeking treatment for their child need to recognize that psychodynamic approaches are not all alike. In traditional Freudian psychodynamic approaches the therapist relies heavily on drive theory, which tends to understate the interpersonal influences on personality and development, including cultural factors as well as familial ones.

The interpersonal psychodynamic approach, derived from the teachings of Harry Stack Sullivan, views development differently, and assumes that personality, style, and pathology are the result of many influences. In addition, the presence and identity of the therapist or analyst is a vital part of the treatment. Sullivan did not work directly with children, although his approach is quite applicable to the treatment of them. And although he used language as the central form of communication, he was aware of all the nonverbal means of communication. Additionally, he saw the therapist as a participant-observer, very much aware of the input of the therapist and fully using the relationship between a patient and an analyst.

STANLEY SPIEGEL
Supervising Analyst
William Alanson White Institute
New York, N.Y.

I was amazed at Richard Chasin's handling of the four-year-old boy's encopresis as if it were merely a behavior problem. Thousands of silent sufferers should be told that this physical symptom, source of family conflict and heartbreak for the school-age child, is not self-limiting, is not "outgrown," and is not responsive to scolding, punishment, or rewards.

It can be cured at the encopresis clinic of any large pediatric center, such as the Children's Hospital in Seattle.

BARBARA M. GOLD
Edmonds, Wash.

One idea in "Therapy for Children" that deserves further consideration is the possibility that a diagnosed condition may be more a reflection of society's intolerance than a measure of a true problem. Unfortunately, actionist professionals are ready, and seem to be more than willing, to do their thing.

A return of strong traditional family values wouldn't hurt. Furthermore, a controlled clinical trial may reveal that the wisdom and services of Grandma may be just as effective as a gang of professionals.

JOHN F. HART
Blair, Nebr.

When the cover story of a magazine deals with a subject as specialized as your cover story did this time, I can't help feeling shortchanged.

ERWIN FUCHS
Seattle, Wash.

The *Atlantic* remains on our active subscription list because of in-depth articles like "Therapy for Children," by Katharine Davis Fishman.

BONNIE B. FALLON
Marblehead, Mass.

Considering the theoretical and technical complexities of clinical therapy and the state of war between differently oriented practitioners, I found "Therapy for Children" informative and evenhanded. However, I am appalled by the choice of spokespersons. Despite the article's own statistics that there are more female than male psychologists and social workers and roughly an equal number of psychiatrists (57 percent male, 43 percent female), three men are profiled. Furthermore, other men in the piece are quoted as clinic directors or authors (Kissinger, Catlin, Kazdin, Parloff, Silverman) while women are primarily relegated to the role of talking only as therapists about cases (Roth, Laura Chasin). And look at those numbers: of the professionals interviewed, eight are men and three are women (including Combrinck-Graham)!

Women may not have the "requisite beard," as Katharine Davis Fishman so glibly puts it, and I have no doubt that years of sexism have kept the profession's higher echelons male-dominated. But Fishman has done your readers, the profession, and women a

disservice by distorting the field's demographics and falling into a boy's network in her interview choices.

CATHERINE MONK
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I have one bone to pick with Katherine Davis Fishman. She identifies the "types of practitioners available [as] psychiatrists, psychologists, or social workers." Nowhere does she mention master's-level trained therapists other than M.S.W.s. Her cautionary statement that "many 'therapists' hang out shingles without adequate credentials of any kind, and consumers should be wary" (after defining "adequate credentials" as M.D.s, Ph.D.s, or M.S.W.s) can be interpreted as warning people away from competent *trained* therapists who simply have different (read "smaller") "tribal affiliation[s]." I have a master's degree in "existential, phenomenological, therapeutic psychology" from Seattle University. This accredited two-year program, which includes a nine-month clinical internship, is at least as rigorous as any M.S.W. program. Granted, clinical social workers are the dominant master's-level practitioners of psychotherapy in the United States today; for example, an M.S.W. is the only master's degree accepted by many insurance companies. But this speaks more to powerful lobbying than to superior ability as a therapist.

EMILY M. DAVIES
Chugiak, Alaska

"Therapy for Children" was informative and certainly helpful for those parents who need reassurance and need to choose the most appropriate therapy. However, Katharine Davis Fishman overlooked an entire group of therapists who are prepared to engage in therapy with children: marriage, family, child counselors. MFCC therapists have a master's degree in counseling or in a related field, have interned for 3,000 hours under supervision, and have passed a rigorous oral and written licensing exam.

PATIENCE SHUTTS
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Katharine Davis Fishman replies:

In my article Philip Kendall suggested that a grieving child might get along without professional help during the first year of mourning, but if grieving



disrupts the child's life after that, some therapy might be helpful. While Steve Sunderland would, apparently, go further and start therapy immediately for all grieving children, I assume it's the implied distinction between "normal" and "abnormal" or "maladaptive" that gives him trouble.

Donald Hope is fortunate indeed that *his* children are well and happy, and can be described as he perceives them. It is only when the miraculous beings have, for example, hysterical night terrors that won't go away that Sarnoff's idiom might be called into play, in order to make the beings feel better and ready to kindle joy once more. Sarnoff, incidentally, puts forth his treatment as a "mixture of art and science," but if parents don't like the vocabulary, they should seek another type of therapy for their children.

If Gila Hartstein would reread my article, she would find explanations by Drs. Sarnoff, Falcone, Kendall, and Chasin of how they work with parents. The particular sessions I reported dealt with children alone because adults know less about what they experience in therapy. The field of child therapy includes, besides the skilled practitioners I described, some charlatans and high-pressure salesmen, as well as good clinicians whom parents might just find uncongenial. Since therapists see outpatients at most a couple of hours a week for a few years, whereas parents live with their children, and since parents are where the buck stops, I suggest once more, in disagreement with Dr. Hartstein, that they should behave like skeptical, well-informed consumers, and keep their wits about

them. That, I believe, is what social workers call "empowerment," and it's why I wrote the article.

The first issue that Stanley Spiegel raises seems to be a hot button with professionals, even though they themselves have put *DSM-III-R* together because, as he says, classification is useful. I stated specifically that the book is only "a point of departure for diagnostic consultation." Many parents haven't the foggiest notion whether their children's problems merit treatment, and while it would be nice

Interview, but must have stored that information in another part of my brain. Although I do think I made it reasonably clear that not all psychodynamic therapists are Freudians, I wish I had included a phrase explaining that Sullivans are more participatory.

To Barbara Gold, Richard Chasin says he doesn't believe that all enco-
pre-
sis has one source or is simple to help. But it seemed harmless to try a dramatic family situation, and he himself was surprised at how responsive *this* child was to this intervention.

John Hart ought to know that good therapists are (to varying degrees) mindful of the social context of their patients' problems. I didn't meet a therapist (or a parent) who wouldn't claim to believe in "strong traditional family values," but what specifically those values might be varies with the individual and the tradition he or she was brought up in. If Grandma can relieve a child's suffering and clear up the symptoms, she should by all means have at it. The kids I saw, alas, were beyond Grandma's reach.

Catherine Monk's praise does much to mitigate the harshness of her objection to

the presence of so many males in my article. My purpose was not to talk with practitioners who had been sorted out by sex but to work with professionals who were both distinguished in the field and willing to make time for me. My book on the subject will cast a wider net and, perhaps, quiet the gender police.

As for Emily Davies and Patience Shutts, I have some sympathy for their complaint, and I have no doubt that each is competent to work expertly with children.

True beauty comes from within. And we have the face to prove it.

WILD TURKEY

8 years old, 101 proof, pure Kentucky.



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. ALC. BY VOL. 50.5%. AUSTIN NICHOLS DISTILLING CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY © 1990.

to say "If you're miserable and the child seems to be too, check out therapy," parents (especially those who might disagree with each other) often feel the need for something more concrete. So they get out *DSM-III-R*, they look up childhood disorders, and if a collection of symptoms described therein sounds familiar, they're more comfortable consulting a professional.

As for the second issue, I can only say, "Oops!" Sullivan's work did come up in conversations I had with several therapists, and I've read *The Psychiatric*



CAN POETRY MATTER?

As a poet tenured in academia, I think most of what Dana Gioia ("Can Poetry Matter?," May *Atlantic*) says about the isolated state of poetry today is sadly true. I disagree, however, with his reasoning about why this condition exists.

Americans are now and always have been indifferent to poetry. De Crevecoeur pointed out in 1782 the debilitating effects of a pluralistic, materialistic society on the literature it would produce and support. Immigrants are by necessity opportunistic and materialistic; obviously, when they come from every culture in the world, they have no common literary tradition and no understanding of the importance of one in gluing together a society's higher values.

Success in the United States has always depended on income and, to a lesser extent, on education. Our educational system serves vocational needs, not the higher values of a meritorious democracy which were envisioned by Jefferson, Adams, and Franklin. Donald Trump, for all his venality, was the role model adopted by most of my students until General Norman Schwarzkopf came along to tap their love of more obvious violence—a violence inherent in our obsolete frontier attitude. Poetry is for sissies. Frost recited a poem at Kennedy's inauguration like a clergyman giving the country its dose of religion.

The modernist poets to whom Gioia refers—Robert Frost, T. S. Eliot, and Gertrude Stein—had to go to Europe to find an audience before America would deign to wake up from its stupor of greed and hypocritical piety to recognize their native genius. William Carlos Williams did indeed stick it out here, but he got very little readership outside the coterie of émigré poets in England and Europe. Why bother with poets?, Americans ask. They don't make any money.

Real poetry breathes and has a heartbeat, but Americans never get close enough to hear it. Unless and until we forge a unified culture that is divorced from pluralistic greed and self-serving violence, poetry will remain isolated—it will be read only by saints and sissies.

BARBARA ADAMS
Newburgh, N.Y.

Dana Gioia replies:

I cannot argue with Barbara Adams's sad assertions that America defines success financially and that our educational system is too narrowly pragmatic. But if De Crevecoeur observed the ill effects of our materialism, a later French visitor, Alexis de Tocqueville, noted with surprise how many nineteenth-century American homes contained well-thumbed copies of Shakespeare and the Bible. Whatever its materialistic obsessions, our nation also has immense spiritual potential. Surely the ambition of artists and intellectuals must be to nourish this energy. It is encouraging to remember that while American culture has always had a down side, masterpieces do get written and win—however slowly—their readership. The challenge for artists and intellectuals is to be realistic without being discouraged—or, to twist Ms. Adams's own metaphor, to be saints without being sissies.

HIGHLY SPECULATIVE

Eamonn Fingleton ("Finance: Highly Speculative," June *Atlantic*) points out a serious problem in contemporary American finance, but his solution would intensify the problem. Here are four causes of the present speculation and volatility in the equities market.

First, the sharply progressive graduated tax on income. This has two relevant effects on finance: the first is to throw most long-term (pension-related) investment on behalf of individuals into the hands of fiduciaries, and the second coincides with the problem of the treatment of capital gain, whereby an investor does better to realize a series of small gains than to realize a single large one.

Second, the tax code treats all long-term gain as equally subject to tax. For individuals this provides no incentive, and for fiduciaries strong disincentive, to keep large unrealized gain in an investment portfolio.

Third, the tax on estates, as designed, rewards owners of enterprises who break up and distribute their holdings during their lifetimes. Many enterprises expire at the demise of the owner because of tax complications.

Fourth, the double taxation of dividends serves first to squeeze private investors out of the equity market, by

allowing fiduciaries to accumulate dividends at a greatly increased rate, and second to reward enterprises for financing through debt rather than equity, because interest on debt counts as an expense but dividends on equity do not. Large-scale debt financing not only reduces the exponential gain from equity investment but also dilutes the ownership function of equity and promotes the outrageous theft of equity represented by current patterns of executive compensation.

Far from being irrational speculators, our modern investors are playing precisely the role that the U.S. tax code directs them into. Adding another tax on equity will not solve the problems Fingleton describes.

BRUCE P. SHIELDS
Wolcott, Vt.

Eamonn Fingleton replies:

Bruce Shields is right that fiduciaries get nice tax breaks, but I doubt if removing the breaks will remove the fiduciaries. In any case, no one understands better than the fiduciaries that a small trading levy would have a big impact on reducing trading volume.

Since it marks the end of the week-end and heralds the start of yet another work week, I would suggest that any Monday qualifies as "black" for a sizable portion of the labor force. October of 1989 included five such "black Mondays": the second, the ninth, the sixteenth, the twenty-third, and the thirtieth. None of those black Mondays, however, should be confused (as Eamonn Fingleton has confused one) with Black Monday, October 19, 1987. That Monday was "the most devastating day in the history of financial markets at least since the bursting of the South Seas Bubble in the 1720s or the collapse of the imaginative speculative structures of John Law in Paris in the same years," according to John Kenneth Galbraith, in his *The Great Crash, 1929*. A doubly black Monday for many investors.

FRANK GROSSMAN
Ottawa, Ont.

The mistake noticed by Frank Grossman (and others) was the result of an in-house editorial glitch, not a misreading of history on Eamonn Fingleton's part.

—THE EDITORS



ILLIBERAL EDUCATION

Dinesh D'Souza's article "Illiberal Education" (March *Atlantic*) raises important questions about contemporary scholarship and its relationship to critical issues facing a changing American society. But in two instances in his article about which I have intimate knowledge, D'Souza is in error. On Duke's recruitment of a number of scholars in the humanities, he writes, "Oddly the university's administration seems to have had little idea of the nature of its acquisitions even as its humanities departments were transformed." Not true.

In the early 1980s, with the retirement of a large number of faculty members in the department, several respected people from the English and other humanities departments proposed that with thoughtful investment we could reestablish Duke as a leading center of scholarship in the humanities. Duke set out to do that with full knowledge that many of the professors we sought were at the cutting edge of literary scholarship, which by definition meant that they would be controversial. We also assumed that these people would help to attract outstanding students to Duke in a field where student interest nationally had been moribund. Judging from the extraordinary demand for admission to our humanities departments and the exceptional quality of these students, we succeeded in achieving our objective.

D'Souza also asserts that the Duke administration colluded with the so-called radical fringe to deny free speech. Here D'Souza borders on intentional deceit. He writes that a facul-

ty member opposed to the establishment at Duke of a chapter of the National Association of Scholars wrote to "the university provost demanding that [NAS] members be barred from serving on academic committees that have any say on matters affecting the curriculum. The Duke faculty rejected the demand. On this point, at least, the old standard of academic freedom seems for the time being to have prevailed." D'Souza fails to note that I immediately rejected the suggestion and reaffirmed the administration's com-

place" it with something new. The Western-culture requirement was modified in 1988 by faculty vote, and is thriving in its updated form, under its new name, Cultures, Ideas, and Values (CIV).

As before, freshmen must complete a year-long sequence of courses (known as tracks) from among eight choices—seven of which continue from the former Western-culture program. One track, "Europe and the Americas," began on an experimental basis and has now been fully integrated

into the program. "Europe and the Americas" studies European traditions alongside, and in interaction with, other important components of culture in the Americas. Major European texts are read alongside texts from North, Central, and South America and the Caribbean from the fourteenth century to the present. It was this one track that was the subject of so much attention and misunderstanding.

As a result of the change from Western culture to CIV, faculty members can now more easily incorporate additional classic works that had been

excluded from the previous reading list. In fact, a comparison of readings across tracks shows that both Plato and Machiavelli are read in six of the eight tracks, and Shakespeare and Aristotle in all eight. Obviously, many of the books from the previous Western-culture requirement are still used.

The mandate of the revised CIV curriculum remains to provide a common intellectual experience for all Stanford freshmen. It is through a regular process of curricular revision that the undergraduate curriculum re-

"TEN YEARS AGO, OUR LOVE BECAME LEGAL.
THIS ANNIVERSARY, I'M BREAKING ALL THE RULES."



THE DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY BAND.



*This year, tell her you'd marry her all over again.
A diamond is forever.*

Suggested retail price for rings \$2,000-\$4,500.
For more information, call 800-777-8220.

BEST

ty member opposed to the establishment at Duke of a chapter of the Academic Council. What explanation can there be for this omission of my response unless D'Souza wanted to tell a story that supported his thesis?

PHILLIP A. GRIFFITHS
*Provost
Duke University
Durham, N.C.*

Contrary to Dinesh D'Souza's allegations, Stanford did not "abolish" its Western-culture requirement or "re-



sponds to changes in knowledge and changes in the world.

THOMAS WASOW
Dean of Undergraduate Studies
Stanford University
Stanford, Calif.

Dinesh D'Souza replies:

Phillip Griffiths raises two such minor cavils that I read his letter as confirmation that my major criticisms of Duke University are essentially correct. I clearly stated that his university's intention was to place itself at the "cutting edge." My point was that this pursuit of literary fashion was exacting a high cost in terms of the diminution of intellectual standards, both in the hiring of faculty members and in course content. In numerous conversations with Duke administrators I detected lots of enthusiasm for controversy and publicity but little or no understanding of ideas such as reader-response theory and deconstruction.

Second, I did not mean to slight Provost Griffiths; indeed, I am pleased to see him rejecting the demands of the "cutting edge" when they reach absurd extremes. But it's far from clear why this omission could be considered nefariously calculated to support my thesis. My goal was to compliment Duke's governing bodies in this case for rejecting Stanley Fish's demand that members of the National Association of Scholars not be permitted to serve on tenure committees.

As for Stanford, the university used to have a Western Civilization requirement that included fifteen classic works. It replaced this popular sequence with Cultures, Ideas, and Values (CIV). The abbreviation makes the new course sound like the old course, and is designed to convey the impression that little has changed. But this is not the message that Stanford communicated to student and faculty activists who charged the old curriculum with having a Eurocentric white male heterosexual bias. And although the new sequence includes some Western classics (Marx is a particular favorite—"the one overrepresented white male here," one Stanford professor tells me), the CIV legislation explicitly requires professors in all eight tracks to give "substantial representation" to works by women, minorities, and natives of the Third World. The "Europe and the Americas" track is simply the

most blatantly ideological among them.

I am in favor of an inclusive approach that exposes liberally educated students to the best that has been thought and said in both Western and non-Western cultures, but unfortunately Stanford's CIV curriculum, including the controversial "Europe and the Americas" track routinely results in the assignment of works, such as Frantz Fanon's *Wretched of the Earth*, that are less representative of Third World thinking than of the political stances of Stanford professors. This is bogus multiculturalism.

PX LIQUOR

Either Kathleen Cushman or the author of the book she reviews, *Military Brats* ("Government Issue," June *Atlantic*), has been separated from the pleasure of shopping in post exchanges and commissaries for too long. Whatever the causes of alcoholism in the military may be, "heavily discounted tax-free booze sold at base liquor stores" is not among them. Prices at package stores on bases with which I am familiar are comparable to those at liquor stores in the areas surrounding them; in fact, it is often possible to get better bargains—for instance, in case lots—on the "outside."

V. T. BOATWRIGHT
Stonington, Conn.

Kathleen Cushman replies:

Major Doug Hart, of the Pentagon's Public Affairs Office, points out that Class VI liquor stores on military installations are exempt from state taxes on liquor; abroad no federal tax is charged either. Thus, in states where alcohol is not taxed, prices may indeed be comparable to those in civilian stores nearby.

PUT CONCRETELY

John Sedgwick's exposition on concrete ("Strong But Sensitive," April *Atlantic*) was as sturdy as his subject, just the right aggregate of fact and fancy. But much as we may admire the achievements of the Romans, it was the Grecian team of Ictinus and Callicrates who supervised the construction of the Parthenon, which was complet-

ed, and, one presumes, dedicated by local politicians, in 432 B.C.

KENT SHAW
Vergennes, Vt.

Mr. Shaw is not the only one of our correspondents to have misread John Sedgwick's text, which refers to the Pantheon, originally built by Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa in 27–25 B.C. and reconstructed in its present form by Emperor Hadrian around A.D. 125.

—THE EDITORS

ADVICE & CONSENT

To set the record straight, I did not write that 80 percent of the Bolsheviks' Cheka agents were Jews, as Father Andrew L. J. James maintained in Letters to the Editor (January *Atlantic*). Nor did I write that Jews who served in the Cheka tortured prisoners out of "grief."

Citing George Leggett's definitive study on the Cheka, I wrote in *Red Victory: A History of the Russian Civil War* (p. 314) that "Jews made up nearly eighty percent of the rank-and-file Cheka agents in the Ukraine." The Ukraine is only a small part of the Soviet Union, and despite turbulence there, the portion of the total Cheka forces assigned to it in 1918–1921 reflected that fact.

I also pointed out on the same page that the Cheka represented an early example of the Bolsheviks' readiness to use national, religious, and ethnic antagonisms to set various nationalities against one another in the lands under their control. I hardly need add that the successors of the Soviet Union's founders are reaping that bitter harvest today in Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, the Ukraine, and Uzbekistan, not to mention such more-recent Soviet acquisitions as Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia.

W. BRUCE LINCOLN
Distinguished Research Professor
Department of History
Northern Illinois University
DeKalb, Ill.

Dr. Jeff Miller's April Letter to the Editor was one of the most beautifully concise pieces of writing to appear in *The Atlantic* in a long time.

A. T. KLINE
Miami, Fla.

FOCUSING ON EDUCATION

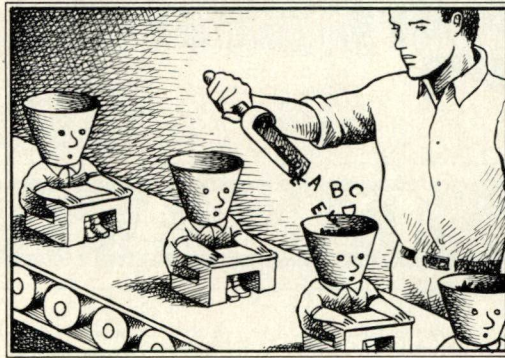
THIS IS THE THIRD IN A SERIES OF PUBLIC-SERVICE ADVERTISEMENTS SPONSORED BY ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION ABOUT THE NATION'S EDUCATION CRISIS. THEY ARE PUBLISHED TO ENCOURAGE INFORMED DISCUSSION AND DEBATE.

EDUCATION "RESTRUCTURING" has captured the imagination of policymakers, business leaders, governors, state legislators, education-association leaders, and citizens at large. Almost everyone in the education business is absorbed with it. Almost everyone, that is, except teachers. Yet without their support and involvement, education restructuring will never be more than a dream.

As we all know, schools can be no better than their teachers. Indeed, given the state of American education, it is a wonder there are so many dedicated and caring teachers, men and women who tolerate bureaucracy, unsatisfactory working conditions, low status, and low wages.

The hard truth is that in many respects teaching looks more like blue-collar than white-collar work. Only in private schools and a handful of the best public schools are teachers treated as professionals, with the opportunities and obligations professionals enjoy. Most teachers must work to the clock, use textbooks adopted by a remote bureaucracy, submit lesson plans for administrative approval, and employ tests and measures imposed by a third party. Other professionals—lawyers, doctors, architects, accountants, clergy—work for themselves. Hospitals and law firms, accounting partnerships and architectural firms employ administrators to do the partners' or senior staff's bidding, not the other way around. Few teachers have access to the simple things other professionals take for granted: a telephone, for example, or a decent faculty lounge where they can have a cup of coffee and share notes with colleagues. Teachers are limited in their choice of opportunities for professional growth and renewal, something most professionals expect routinely. Most important, teachers are not in charge of their professional lives. Unions bargain, but bread-and-butter issues are not the same as professional issues.

What explains this unproductive state of affairs, and what might we do about it? Much of the blame is traceable to a badly out-of-date business metaphor. And the solution lies in a modern, high-tech metaphor.



Empowering Teachers

BY DENIS P. DOYLE

classroom, most teachers in America are familiar with its legacy.

What about the high-tech assembly line? In the most modern manufacturing firms, of course, the routinized work has been so "dumbed down" that robots perform it (and do a better job, because they never get bored or distracted) while the human beings on the line do what they're good at: troubleshooting and problem-solving.

What is the lesson for schools? At least as a trial, we should begin an experiment: teacher-run schools. Teachers can form cooperatives or partnerships or collaboratives or, as Dale Mann of Teachers College recently suggested, teacher ESOPs—Employee Stock Ownership Plans. It works in the business world, why not in schools? This is not an idle question. If teachers are to become true professionals, they must seize the moment and demonstrate to their own satisfaction—as well as their clients'—that they really can do it right.

How to begin such a radical experiment? One step at a time. A great virtue of American federalism is that each state solves its problems its own way; so too can the nation's 15,000 school districts. Bold and visionary schools can experiment and when the evidence is in, the others can follow suit.

Denis P. Doyle is an education analyst and a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute. With David T. Kearns, the deputy secretary of education, he is a co-author of Winning the Brain Race: A Bold Plan to Make Our Schools Competitive (ICS Press).

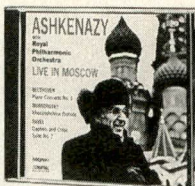
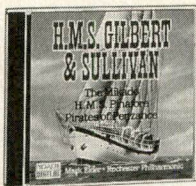
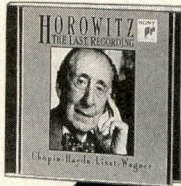
THE VIEWS IN THIS ESSAY ARE THOSE OF THE AUTHOR AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS OF ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION.



Rockwell International

CLASSIC

Vladimir Horowitz—The Last Recording (Sony Classical) 405-985



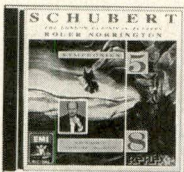
H.M.S. Gilbert & Sullivan. Highlights from H.M.S. Pinafore, others. Elders, Rochester Phil. (Pro Arte) 411-728

Ashkenazy... Live In Moscow. He plays and conducts Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto. Also Mussorgsky/Ravel, more (MCA Classics) 411-504

London Brass—Romantic Journey (Teldec) 418-541

Scarlatti: Sonatas. A. Newman, harpsichord (Newport Classic) 402-321

TAKE ANY 8 COMPACT



Roger Norrington—Schubert: Symphonies No. 5 & 8. (Unfinished), London Classical Players (Angel) 414-102

Jean Pierre Rampal/S. Kudo—Concertos For Two Flutes. Mozart/Orch. Salzburg (Sony Classical) 418-228

Anner Bylsma—J.S. Bach: Sonatas For Viola Da Gamba (Sony Classical) 418-400

The King's Singers—On The Beautiful Blue Danube. Music of Johann Strauss II (Angel) 414-367

Holst: The Planets. Andrew Davis, Toronto Sym. (Angel) 352-534

Issac Stern & Jean-Pierre Rampal—Vivaldi: 6 Double Concertos (Sony Classical) 417-535

Kiri Te Kanawa—Italian Opera Arias (Angel) 416-032

Puccini: Tosca. Eva Marton; Jose Carreras; Juan Pons; Tilson-Thomas, cond. (Sony Classical) 414-359/394-353

Anthony Newman—Mozart: Complete Music For String Orchestra Brandenburg Collegium (Newport Classic) 413-880



Carlo Maria Giulini—Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Stravinsky: The Firebird (Sony Classical) 413-625

Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral). Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 365-619

Midori—Bartok: Violin Concertos 1 & 2. Zubin Mehta/Berlin Philharmonic (Sony Classical) 414-748

William Albright—The Complete Rags Of Scott Joplin (Musicmasters) 414-722/394-726

Brahms: The Piano Quartets Op. 25, 26, & 60. Ax/Stern/Laredo/Ma (Sony Classical) 413-724/393-728

Smetana: Ma Vlast ("My Homeland"). Libor Pesek, Royal Liverpool Phil. (Virgin Classics) 410-621

Mozart: The Complete Piano Sonatas, Volume 1. Philippe Entremont, piano (Pro Arte) 409-953

Brahms: Sonata No. 3; 3 Intermezzi, Op. 117. Emanuel Ax, piano (Sony Classical) 409-375

Anthony Newman—Beethoven: Four Great Sonatas (Newport Classic) 376-046



Yevgeny Kissin—Kissin In Tokyo (Sony Classical) 413-161

Roger Norrington—Mendelssohn: Symphonies No. 3 (Scotch), No. 4 (Italian). London Classical Players (Angel) 414-110

Beethoven: Overtures. Sir Colin Davis, Barvarian Radio Orch. (CBS Master) 345-199

French Impressions—Tortelier and English Chamber Orch. Play Music Of Debussy, Faure, etc. (Virgin Classics) 376-004

Schubert: Impromptus, Opp. 90 & 142. M. Perahia (CBS Master) 343-707

Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1. Peter Serkin; Robert Shaw, Atlanta Sym. (Pro Arte) 363-127

Wynton Marsalis Plays Trumpet Concertos by Haydn, Hummel, L. Mozart. Leppard, National Phil. (CBS Master) 343-624

Sibelius: Symphony No. 1; Oceanides. Rattle, Birmingham Symphony Orch. (Angel) 343-467

Roger Norrington—Schumann: Symphonies Nos. 3 (Rhenish) & 4. London Classical Players (Angel) 414-094

Wagner: Overtures. Tannhauser; Lohengrin; Die Meistersinger; more. Tennstedt, Berlin Phil. (Angel) 330-134

Christopher Parkening/ David Brandon—Virtuoso Duets (Angel) 413-823

Bach: Goldberg Variations. Glenn Gould (CBS Master) 343-251

Tchaikovsky: 1812 Over.; Marche Slave; etc. Ozawa, Berlin Phil. (Angel) 343-244

Chopin: Four Ballades; Sonata No. 2. Andrei Gavrilov (Angel) 343-103

Great Opera Choruses. Richard Hickox, London Symphony and Chorus (MCA Classics) 404-210

Jean-Pierre Rampal/ Marielle Nordmann—Music For Flute And Harp (Sony Classical) 404-228

Chopin: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2. Murray Perahia; Mehta, Israel Phil. (Sony Classical) 403-337

Debussy: Afternoon Of A Faun; others. Batiz, Sym. Orch. State of Mexico (Musicmasters) 402-255

Sharon Isbin—Road To The Sun (Estrada Do Sol) Latin Romances For Guitar (Virgin Classics) 413-179

Mozart: Violin Concerto No. 2; etc. Cho-Liang Lin; Leppard, English Chamber Orch. (Sony Class) 410-373

Tchaikovsky: Ballet Music. From *Swan Lake; The Sleeping Beauty;* etc. Batiz, Royal Philharmonic (Musicmasters) 402-115

Handel: Water Music. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (Angel) 401-638

Best Of The Canadian Brass (CBS) 401-596

Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 4 and 5. Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 400-184

Brahms: Violin Concerto; Bruch: Concerto No. 1. Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg; De Waart, Minnesota Orch. (Angel) 400-135

Midori—Paganini Caprices (CBS Master) 389-791

Beethoven: Piano & Violin Sonatas. Vol. 1. I. Stern, E. Istomin (CBS Master) 341-982/391-987

Debussy: Images; Jeux; etc. Rattle, Birmingham Sym. (Angel) 404-707

Handel: Music For The Royal Fireworks; more. Malgoire, La Grande Ecurie (CBS Master) 346-015

LIGHT CLASSICS

A Night At The Opera—A Mozart Gala. Pinza, Domingo, Te Kanawa, many more (CBS) 416-131

The Movies Go To The Opera. Callas, Gedda, etc. (Angel Studio) 372-342

Leonard Bernstein, cond.—Marches Greatest Hits. N.Y. Philharmonic (CBS Master) 414-813

Fredrica von Stade—My Funny Valentine—songs by Rodgers & Hart. McGlinn, London Sym. & Chorus (Angel) 414-789

Thomas Hampson—An Old Song Re-Sung. American Concert Songs (Angel) 414-763

Cole Porter: Kiss Me Kate. First recording of the full score. McGlinn, cond. (Angel) 413-773/393-777

Erich Kunzel's Greatest Hits. Rochester Pops (Pro Arte) 411-405

Leopold Stokowski—Fantasia/Remastered Original Soundtrack (Buena Vista) 410-043

Bach's Greatest Hits, Vol. 1.—Tocatta & Fugue; etc. Biggs, Casals; etc. (CBS Master) 330-530

John Williams, Boston Pops Orch.—Music Of The Night; Pops On Broadway 1990 (Sony Classical) 405-993

Puccini's Greatest Hits. Te Kanawa, Pavarotti, Marton, Carreras, Tucker (CBS Master) 405-811

More Mozart's Greatest Hits. Szell, Ormandy, etc. (CBS Master) 405-258

Ormandy, cond.—Classical Jukebox Vol. I Philadelphia Orch. (CBS Master) 403-378

Show Boat—Broadway Show Album. Von Stade, Hadley, Stratas; McGlinn, cond. (Angel) 402-586

Amore—The Great Italian Love Arias. Te Kanawa, Pavarotti, Marton, more. (CBS Master) 402-081

Cole Porter: Anything Goes. McGlinn, London Symphony & Ambrosian Chorus (Angel) 401-620

Mozart At The Movies—Music heard in *Amadeus*, *Out Of Africa*, *M.A.S.H.*, etc. (CBS Master) 401-612

Ballet's Greatest Hits—(Vol. 2) Ormandy, Boulez, etc. (CBS Master) 388-751

Ballet's Greatest Hits—(Vol. 1) Copland, Boulez, Kostelanetz, etc. (CBS Master) 388-744

Bolling: Sonatas For Two Pianos. Claude Bolling and Emanuel Ax (CBS Master) 388-546

Dinner Classics—The Viennese Album (CBS Master) 386-508

Dinner Classics—The Italian Album (CBS Master) 386-490

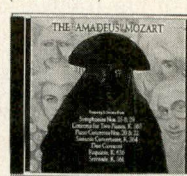
Dinner Classics—The French Album (CBS Master) 386-482

Greatest Hits Of The Trumpet. Schwarz, others (CBS Master) 380-006

Igor Kipnis—Greatest Hits Of The Harpsichord (CBS Master) 379-990

Greatest Hits—The Flute. Rampal, Robison, etc. (CBS Master) 379-982

Leonard Bernstein, conductor—The Encore Collection, Vol. II (CBS Master) 371-054



The "Amadeus" Mozart—music featured in the hit film (CBS) 416-123

Leonard Bernstein, conductor—The Encore Collection, Vol. II (CBS Master) 371-054

Leonard Bernstein, conductor—The Encore Collection, Vol. I (CBS Master) 371-047

Claude Bolling: Bolling's Greatest Hits (CBS) 369-751

Tchaikovsky's Greatest Hits (Vol. 2)—Bernstein, Ormandy, Phila. Orch., etc. (CBS Master) 364-216

Greatest Hits—The Violin. Stern, Zukerman, etc. (CBS Master) 379-966

Bernstein Conducts Bernstein. New York Phil. (CBS Master) 355-784

Bernstein: "Candide". Original Cast Recording (CBS Master) 355-768

Bernstein: Fancy Free & Facsimile (Complete Ballets); *Candide* Over.; etc. Slatkin, St. Louis Sym. (Angel) 349-688

Brahms' Greatest Hits—Bernstein, Entremont, etc. (CBS Master) 333-864



John Williams Conducts The Star Wars Trilogy (Sony Classical) 414-730

Chopin's Greatest Hits—Entremont, Ormandy, etc. (CBS Master) 333-856

Mozart's Greatest Hits—Theme From *Elvira Madigan*; *Rondo Alla Turca*; more. Gould, others (CBS Master) 330-613

Kiri Te Kanawa Sings Gershwin (Angel) 359-745

Debussy's Greatest Hits—Clair De Lune; etc. Ormandy, Bernstein, etc. (CBS Master) 330-605

Rachmaninoff's Greatest Hits—Graffman, Bernstein, Ormandy, etc. (CBS Master) 330-589

Bach's Greatest Hits (Vol. 2)—Biggs, Gould, etc. (CBS Master) 330-571

Beethoven's Greatest Hits—Fur Elise; others. Bernstein, Entremont, etc. (CBS Master) 330-563

Johann Strauss' Greatest Hits—Emperor Waltz; etc. Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (CBS Master) 330-548

Tchaikovsky's Greatest Hits (Vol. 1)—Bernstein, Ormandy, New York Phil., etc. (CBS Master) 330-555



The Bernstein Songbook—Selections from West Side Story, On The Town, etc. (CBS) 371-088

S·O·N·O·C·D



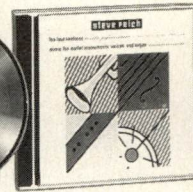
Kiri Te Kanawa—Verdi & Puccini (CBS Master.) 343-269



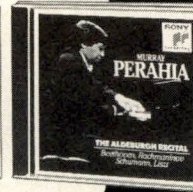
Brahms: The 3 Violin Sonatas—Itzhak Perlman and Daniel Barenboim (Sony Classical) 409-367



Nadja Salerno - Sonnenberg—Vivaldi: The 4 Seasons, Orch. Of St. Lukes (Angel) 416-248



Steve Reich—The Four Sections; more (Elektra/Nonesuch) 416-651



Murray Perahia—The Aldeburgh Recital (Sony Classical) 416-222

DISCS FOR 1¢ PLUS A CHANCE TO GET ONE MORE CD—FREE!

see details below

Vladimir Horowitz—Favorite Chopin (CBS Master.) 355-156

Vladimir Horowitz In Concert, 1967-1968 (CBS Master.) 386-532

Stravinsky: Firebird, Jeu de Cartes. Esa-Pekka Salonen, Philharmonia (CBS Master.) 385-203

The King's Singers—20th Anniversary Celebration Sampler (Angel) 385-021

Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World); American Suite. Libor Pesek, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic (Virgin Classics) 383-182

Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique. Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 382-747

Gershwin: Rhapsody In Blue; etc. Tilton Thomas, L.A. Philharmonic (CBS Master.) 339-226

Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 40 & 41 (Jupiter). Kubelik, Bavarian Radio Symphony (CBS Master.) 339-044

Prokofiev: Sym. No. 1 (Classical); Suite "Love Of 3 Oranges." Maazel, Orch. National de France (CBS Master.) 341-297

Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring; Symphony In Three Movements. Salonen, Philharmonia (Sony Classical) 409-342



Isaac Stern—Humoresque Favorite Violin Encores (CBS Master.) 405-720

Handel: Messiah Highlights. A. Davis, Toronto Sym. (Angel) 381-277

Dvorak: Slavonic Dances, Op. 46 & 72. Maazel, Berlin Philharm. (Angel) 379-248

Rossini: Overtures. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (Angel) 378-695

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4; Romeo & Juliet. Abbado, Chicago Sym. (CBS Master.) 378-679

Britten: The Young Person's Guide To The Orch.; 4 Sea Interludes (Peter Grimes); others. Marriner, Minnesota Orch. (Angel) 336-966

Handel: Arias. Sung By Kathleen Battle (Angel) 407-155

Tchaikovsky: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 3. Feltman; Rostropovich, National Symphony Orch. (Sony Classical) 409-227

Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; etc. Zukerman; Mehta, Israel Philhar. (CBS Master.) 336-461

Ravel: Bolero; Rapsodie Espagnole; Ma Mere L'Oye. Thomas, London Sym. (CBS Master.) 376-772



Yo-Yo Ma—Great Cello Concertos (CBS Master) 401-604/391-607

Borodin: Sym. No. 2; Prince Igor Overture & Polovtsian Dances. Batiz, Sym. Orch. Of Mexico (MusicMasters) 378-034

Elgar: Enigma Variations; Pomp & Circumstance Marches. Andrew Davis, Philharmonia Orch. (CBS Master.) 376-905

Jose Carreras—Italian Opera Composers' Songs (Sony Classical) 408-591

Mozart: Requiem. Giulini, Philharmonia Orch. (Sony Classical) 408-575

Brahms: Symphony No. 1. Tennstedt, London Phil. (Angel) 332-668

Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 1 & 6. Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 373-985

Andres Segovia Collection., Vol. 4. Baroque guitar (MCA Classics) 375-998

Mahler: Symphony No. 4. Kathleen Battle, Soprano; Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil. (CBS Master.) 332-866



Dvorak: Violin Concerto; Romance; Carnival Over. Midori; Mehta, NY Phil. (CBS Master.) 386-573

New Year's Concert 1990. Mehta, Vienna Phil. (Sony Classical) 407-189

Early Romantic Overtures—Weber, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, etc. Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 406-090

Copland: Appalachian Spring (complete); John Henry; Letter From Home; etc. Slatkin, St. Louis Sym. (Angel) 373-563

Luciano Pavarotti—Pavarotti in Concert (CBS Master.) 373-548

Mahler: Symphony No. 1. Maazel, Vienna Phil. (CBS Master.) 349-936

Bach: Brandenburg Concertos; etc. Ransom Wilson, Gerald Schwarz, L.A. Chamber Orch. (Angel) 372-367/392-365

Gershwin: American In Paris; Cuban Overture; etc. Slatkin, St. Louis Sym. (Angel) 371-096

Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade; Russian Easter Over.; Mehta, Israel Phil. (CBS Master.) 371-021

Copland Conducts Copland—Fanfare, Rodeo, Appalachian Spring, more. LOS & Columbia Sym. (CBS Master.) 367-953

Beethoven, Bruch: Violin Concertos. Isaac Stern (CBS Master.) 353-177

Richard Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra; Don Juan. Tennstedt, London Phil. (Angel) 404-715

Debussy: Images; Jeux; etc. Rattle, Birmingham Sym. (Angel) 404-707

Copland Conducts Copland—Billy The Kid (Suite), Portrait (H. Fonda, narrator), more. London Sym. (CBS Master.) 367-482

Bizet: Carmen and L'Arlesienne Suites 1 & 2. Ozawa, Orch. Nat'l De France (Angel) 331-595

Prokofiev: Peter & The Wolf; Saint-Saens: Carnival Of The Animals. I. Perlman, K&M Labeque; Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (Angel) 331-322

Canadian Brass—Bach: Art Of The Fugue (CBS Master.) 366-740

Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Pachelbel: Canon; more. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (Angel) 367-375

Bartok: Concerto For Orchestra; Suite From The Miraculous Mandarin. Mehta, Berlin Phil. (Sony Classical) 403-410

Selections with two numbers contain 2 CDs and count as 2—so write in both numbers.

● **Just mail the coupon and we'll send your 8 CDs, together with a bill for 1¢, plus shipping and handling.**

● **You agree to buy just six more selections in the next three years, at regular Club prices (currently \$12.98 to \$15.98, plus shipping and handling)—and you may cancel membership at any time after doing so.**

● **Free Music Magazine** sent every four weeks (up to 13 times a year), describing the Regular Selection, plus hundreds of alternate classical recordings, as well as new releases and all-time favorites from other fields of music. And Special Selection mailings up to six times a year (total of up to 19 buying opportunities).

● **Buy only what you want!** If you want the Regular or Special Selection, do nothing—it will be sent automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just mail the response card always provided by the date specified.

● **You always have 10 days to decide;** if not, you may return the Selection at our expense.

● **Half-Price Bonus Plan.** If you continue your membership after fulfilling your obligation, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan. It lets you buy one CD at half-price for each CD you buy at regular Club price.

● **10-Day Free Trial.** We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory package. If not satisfied, return everything within 10 days and you will have no further obligation.

● **Extra Bonus Offer:** You may take one additional CD right now at the super-low price of only \$6.95—and you are then entitled to take an extra CD as a bonus FREE! And you'll receive your discounted CD and your bonus CD with your 8 introductory selections—a total of 10 CDs in all!

COLUMBIA HOUSE: Terre Haute, IN 47811

**COLUMBIA HOUSE, 1400 N. Fruitridge Ave. 334/F91
P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129**

Please accept my membership under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 8 CDs listed below and bill me 1¢, plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy six more selections at regular Club prices, in the coming three years—and may cancel my membership at any time after doing so.

**SEND ME THESE
8 CDs FOR 1¢**

Send my CLASSICAL CDs to the following address:

Mr. Mrs. Miss Age _____

Print First Name Initial Last Name

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Do you have a VCR? (04) Yes No

Do you have a credit card? (03) Yes No **9S9-F6-59**

Extra Bonus Offer: Also send one more CD now, for which I will be billed only \$6.95.

...and I'm entitled to get this extra CD FREE!

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. These offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

THE SEPTEMBER ALMANAC



GOVERNMENT

September 1, as of today all new convertibles, small trucks, and vans must be equipped with lap-and-shoulder safety belts in rear forward-facing seats. 3, opening day for the first public school in the nation to be run by a private company. According to a plan agreed to by public-school officials, the newly built South Pointe Elementary School, in Miami Beach, Florida, will be run for a five-year trial period by Education Alternatives, a Minneapolis-based company that already runs two private schools in other parts of the country. The school, which offers a low student-teacher ratio and demands substantial parental involvement, is located in a community that is largely poor and Hispanic.



ARTS & LETTERS

September 25, Scarlett O'Hara's 55-year-long wait for another shot at Rhett Butler comes to an end today, when Alexandra Ripley's *Scarlett: The Sequel to Margaret Mitchell's Gone With the Wind*, for which Warner Books paid \$4.94 million, appears in bookstores in 40 countries. Warner is revealing nothing about the book's contents. No bound galleys have been sent out in advance for review. One big question is how the ending of Ripley's book compares with that of Mitchell's ("Tomorrow, I'll think of some way to get him back. After all, tomorrow is another day"). The final sentences of earlier novels by Ripley include "She put her sore feet gingerly on the stairs for the climb to her cold, empty bed" (*Charleston*) and "My most utterly beloved Mary, you taste like my favorite, red beans and rice" (*New Orleans Legacy*).

Q & A

Is any one hiccup cure better than the others?

Although doctors believe they have located a "hiccup center," in the upper spine, they cannot recommend a "best" treatment. A surprising number of folkloric hiccup remedies do appear to have medical validity. Some cures—among them, eating granulated sugar, hard bread, or crushed ice, and drinking from the far side of a glass—work, doctors think, because they irritate the soft palate or the pharynx, and so may inhibit impulses transmitted by the vagus nerve to the hiccup center. Others—including breath-holding and breathing in and out of a paper bag—appear to be effective because they disrupt respiratory rhythm and, it is thought, inhibit the diaphragm's ability to contract. In cases of persistent and so-called intractable hiccups, more-drastring measures may be called into play: drug therapy, acupuncture, hypnosis, and negative-reinforcement techniques.

DEMOGRAPHICS

September 1, the first nationally televised game of the National Football League's 1991 regular football season (the Minnesota Vikings versus the Chicago Bears) is to be broadcast today. NFL games are watched by twice as many people as watch any other sport. Perhaps surprisingly, during the past decade the audience for televised football has become increasingly female. According to the Simmons Study



of Media and Markets, women now account for 41 percent of those who watch NFL football games. Most women aren't just fair-weather fans; 37 percent of the loyal audience (those who watch games "frequently or almost always") are women, up from 33 percent in 1980. Nearly half of all American women have bought items that bear an NFL logo. In recognition of the growing prominence of female football fans, a line of women's fashion apparel, NFL Spirit, has been licensed by the NFL.



THE SKIES

September 9, New Moon. 10, a rare conjunction of the elusive planet Mercury and the bright planet Jupiter occurs, at 6:00 A.M. EDT, 45 minutes before sunrise. 23, Full Moon, also known this month as the Harvest Moon. Today is also the occasion of the Autumnal Equinox; the sun rises precisely in the east and sets precisely in the west, and will be seen directly overhead at noon by those who live along the Equator. 28, Venus, in the southeast, reaches its greatest brightness—17 times brighter than Sirius, the brightest star—early this morning.

ENVIRONMENT

This month is the end of the harvest season for peaches used for canning and, consequently, the time when peach pits and peach-orchard prunings become a valuable commodity in their own right. These, along with other agricultural wastes, are now in high demand as fuel for biomass power plants. Such plants are becoming increasingly common (there are more than 100 in California), to the point that operators in some states must scramble to buy up



sufficient quantities of dry agricultural waste to supplement the wood waste that they also use. The price of peach pits, after transportation costs are deducted, has doubled during the past three years. Overall, agricultural wastes generate enough electricity to power almost half a million homes a year, a significantly greater quantity than that generated by solar-power plants.

100 YEARS AGO

Woodrow Wilson, writing in the September, 1891, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "The modern critic is a leader of fashion. He carries with him the air of a literary worldliness. If your book be a novel, your reviewer will know all previous plots, all former, all possible motives and situations. You cannot write anything absolutely new for him, and why should you desire to do again what has been done already? If it be a poem, the reviewer's head already rings with the whole gamut of the world's metrical music; he can recognize any simile, recall all turns of phrase, match every sentiment; why seek to please him anew with old things? If it concern itself with the philosophy of politics, he can and will set himself to test it by the whole history of its kind from Plato down to Henry George. How can it but spoil your sincerity to know that your critic will know everything? Will you not be tempted of the devil to anticipate his judgment or his pretensions by pretending to know as much as he?"



WIZARD®

**SHARP
THINKING**



ORGANIZATIONAL POWER: PURE AND SIMPLE.



The Wizard® OZ-8000 has all the power you need to stay on time, on track and in control. Eleven built-in functions and a raised typewriter keyboard make it easy to store, retrieve and sort

phone numbers, important dates, your schedule, memos and more. You don't need to enter DOS commands. Just touch any function key and the Wizard displays the information you want.

EASY TO EXPAND.

Insert any optional Wizard software card for easy access to more power. The Wizard's patented touch-screen turns each card into a customized keypad. Choose from reference, business, entertainment, telecommunications and memory expansion cards that are as easy to use as the Wizard itself.

EASY TO EXCHANGE DATA. With the optional Organizer-Link and

cable, you can load files from your PC into your Wizard, or download work done on your Wizard to your PC.

EASY TO COMMUNICATE.

An Organizer Fax/Modem gives you the power to send a fax directly from your Wizard. Or, connect with on-line services to send and receive data over direct phone lines and even from a cellular phone. To learn how easy it is to organize your business and personal life, call 1-800-321-8877. In Canada, call 1-416-890-2100. And ask for the dealer nearest you.



SHARP®
FROM SHARP MINDS
COME SHARP PRODUCTS™

REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

Coming to Grief

The calibration of misery

I OPENED THE mail a few days ago to find a letter from a friend, and with it an article from the *Journal of Humanistic Psychology*, which he commended to my attention. The article, titled "Panetics," was written by R.G.H. Siu, who is a chemist, a former director of the Justice Department's National Institute of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice, and the author of several books, including *Microbial Decomposition of Cellulose*. No sooner had I glanced at the article's abstract than a legal term I had recently heard—"hedonic loss"—came forcefully to mind, along with the realization that hedonic loss might soon have some competition.

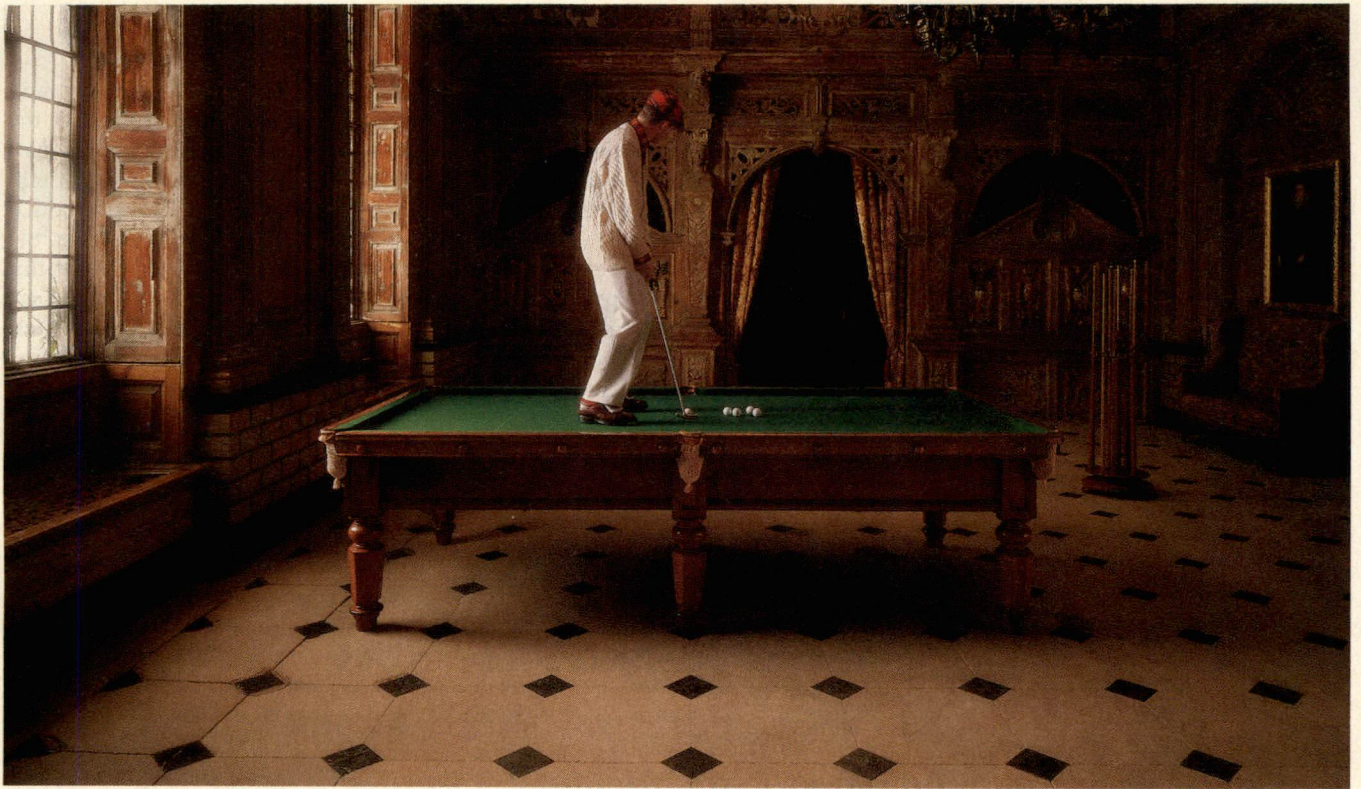
I'll come back to panetics in a moment. First: are you familiar with hedonic loss? It is a concept that has by now spread from the federal court system to the state courts, and from lawsuits involving wrongful death to those involving personal injury. Briefly, in wrongful-death and personal-injury cases the plaintiff used to be able to seek damages from a defendant for loss of earnings, for the cost of medical care, and for pain and

suffering, this last category being widely held to encompass such intangibles as "loss of companionship" and "loss of enjoyment." Over the years, however, intangibles have loomed ever larger in the eyes of lawyers and juries, and in a 1984 case that was heard in Illinois, *Sherrod v. Berry*, a federal court agreed for the first time that a life's forgone pleasures—the pleasure of residing among one's family, of singing in a choir, of gardening or playing tennis, of a first kiss or a summer day—constituted a whole new category for which damages could be awarded, over and above any award for pain and suffering. In coming to this conclusion the court accepted the argument of Stan V. Smith, an economist

from Chicago who testified in the case, that hedonic loss (his term, from the Greek *hedone*, meaning "pleasure") was a legitimate consideration. It also accepted as valid the complex economic models that Smith employed to estimate the monetary value of the hedonic loss involved in *Sherrod*. Smith's economic models needn't be explained here; suffice it to say that they derive from a calculation of the value of a human life, which in turn is based on a cold-blooded, Chicago-school analysis of what Americans, as individuals and through governments, pay to preserve and protect human life. For the purposes of computing hedonic loss, Stan Smith estimated the value of the life of a typical thirty-year-old at between \$500,000 and \$3.5 million. (His estimates are always presented to juries as a range—what he calls a "zone of fairness.") With sums like these at stake, it is not surprising to find lawyers for the plaintiffs in hedonic-loss cases speaking eloquently to juries of life's unfolding pleasures, its vast, ineffable bounty: a Pacific sunset beneath an amber sky . . . a soft breeze caressing a stand of pines . . . the trill of a mountain stream cascading over polished stones . . . the warm unknowingness of a newborn's smile.

I don't have any legal training, and I don't know whether, in terms of justice or efficiency, the concept of hedonic loss makes sense. It has certainly provoked much comment and much opposition. What seems most remarkable about the concept to me, though, is its implicit assumption that the





I BEAT HIM at the country club. The grass was *too long*. I beat him at Pebble Beach. The grass was *too short*. I beat him at St. Andrews. There was a *ROCK* in the way. Finally, I called his bluff. This time, it was the *FELT*. "*How smooth does it have to be?*" I begged. Smiling, he held forth his glass of *Glenfiddich® single malt Scotch*. I sighed. Tennis anyone?



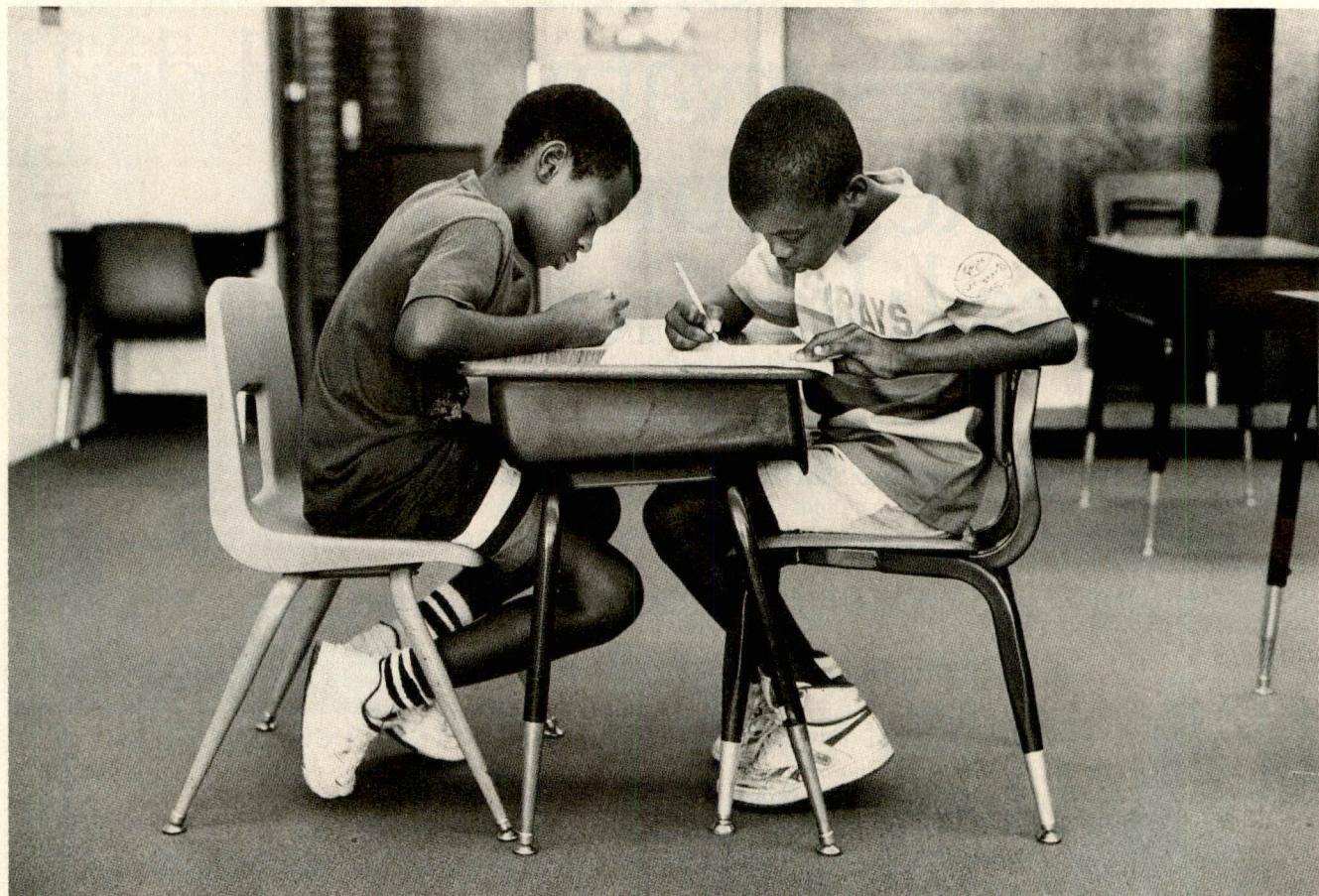
PURE MALT SCOTCH WITH
EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

NOT BLENDED WITH
GRAIN WHISKIES.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE GRANT FAMILY SINCE 1887.

NOT MATCHED BY
ANY BLEND.

TO SEND A GIFT OF GLENFIDDICH ANYWHERE IN THE U.S., CALL 1-800-238-4373.
VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. 43% ALC/VOL (86 PROOF). ©WILLIAM GRANT & SONS INC., NEW YORK, NY 10020.



OKLAHOMA CITY

Separate and Equal

To many black parents, a desegregated school is less important than a good one. A growing number even prefer to send their children to an all-black school, if it is nearby and the equal of any in the system



IN 1961, WHEN a black dentist named A. L. Dowell sued the Oklahoma City School Board for refusing to grant his son Robert admission to all-white Northeast High School, the city's black population was living under Jim Crow. Robert Dowell was enrolled in the only black high school in town—Douglass, located about a mile from Northeast. Douglass teachers from those days remember the hand-me-down textbooks they had to work with,

so tattered that they had to leaf through the first few pages to divine the subject. Former students recall trudging several miles north to school from the neighborhood where blacks were confined. There were no school buses for black children.

On a summer evening twenty-three years later, in 1984, a group of school-board members ventured up to Northeast High School to speak with parents and community leaders. In the intervening years the world had turned upside down, and it was about to turn upside down again. The first great change had taken place in 1972, when, after a decade of dithering and appeals, the school board had implemented the Finger Plan, a desegregation plan that called for the mandatory busing of both black and white children. The Oklahoma City schools followed the trajectory of desegregated urban school systems all over the country: resistance, submission, racial tension, white flight, and peace, if not always harmony. By the end of the 1970s the school bus had lost its totemic status:

it had become an inconvenience and an irritant rather than a moral affront.

And now the school board had come to propose a return to the *status quo ante*. In 1977 a federal judge had conceded that schools could be excused from the busing plan as the neighborhoods around them became integrated. By 1984 blacks were sufficiently scattered across Oklahoma City that many of the schools could be integrated without busing. A committee of the school board, led by a black man, was proposing a return to neighborhood schools at the elementary school level. The only schools that would become "racially identifiable" would be right there in the Northeast neighborhood, which had gone from all white to all black.

The striking thing about the meeting at Northeast High that evening is that the great majority of parents spoke in favor of the new plan, despite the fact that it would return many of their children to segregated elementary schools (an option of the plan allowed black parents to send their children to a white-majority school, using trans-

The photographs in this article were taken at Oklahoma City's Longfellow Elementary School and at the Milkwood School, in a nearby district.



portation provided by the school board). Civil-rights activists bitterly reproached the board members for marching backward. But the activists constituted a distinct minority, and they were seen as remnants of an older order. "It was very painful," says Susan Hermes, who chaired the school board at the time and is an advocate of the plan. "Many of these people have fought for civil rights all their lives. The most difficult part for them is to let go of that and let people work together in other ways."

The NAACP Legal Defense Fund took the school board to court, as it had two decades earlier. After five years the matter landed in the Supreme Court. The case was expected to provide the most important busing decision of recent years. In mid-January of this year the Court concluded, with a restraint somewhat disappointing to both sides, that a school board can be released from court-ordered busing and can even permit some resegregation as long as it has taken all "practicable" steps to eliminate the "vestiges" of past discrimination. The case was remanded to federal court, where it remains.

In his dissent Justice Thurgood Marshall condemned the decision as a reversal of the progress made since 1954, when the Court nullified the principle of "separate but equal" in *Brown v. Board of Education*. Many civil-rights activists, including those in Oklahoma City, have expressed fear about just this point. But most of the parents and teachers and administrators I spoke with recently during a week in Oklahoma City viewed the neighborhood plan for elementary schools in nonracial terms. Black parents often repeated what was said during the 1984 discussions at Northeast High: they believed in integration, but they were more concerned about the quality of their children's education. And they believed that their children could get an equal education in a racially separate setting—a historic change from the era of forced segregation.

I asked Arthur Steller, who came to Oklahoma City as superintendent of schools six years ago, whether desegregation had become irrelevant. Steller, a poised, dark-suited Yankee who is white, had obviously given a lot of thought to the question. He replied, "People have said historically that we need to have black youngsters in white



"To make a shoe this comfortable, there is only one way to look at leather. My Dad's way."

Like his father, Dan Marshall takes a hands-on approach to leather. He looks for consistent color character and uniform grain texture. He feels for the break that will allow each shoe to retain its look and fit year after year. He knows there are no short cuts to the one-shoe-at-a-time comfort of Sebago Classics. Like father, like son.




SEBAGO

America's World-Class Footwear™



schools because that's the only way they're going to get a good education. At one point in time that may have been true. However, there's nothing that makes that inherently true if you can eliminate the inequity of resources and if you put a focus and attention on reducing the achievement gaps between minority and majority students. It's more important for us to desegregate educational results than it is to physically desegregate students." When I asked Steller whether he would contemplate returning all levels of schools to a neighborhood plan, he didn't blink. "You could," he said. "We just haven't gotten in any discussion of that particular issue yet."

THE CAMPAIGN to desegregate the schools was conducted as part of the civil-rights struggle, not the education-reform movement, so most people assume that the integration of the schools was an end in itself, as was the integration of lunch counters and bus terminals. But that's not quite so. The *Brown* decision did not repudiate the doctrine of "separate but equal" as a simple violation of the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Rather, the Court concluded that "in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place." This was so because state-sponsored segregation, according to contemporary sociological research, "generates a feeling of inferiority [among excluded black children] as to their status in the community that

may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone." Black children had a right to equal education, and segregated education could not be equal.

The NAACP lawyers who argued *Brown* were explicit on this score. Robert Carter, now a federal judge in Manhattan, has written, "When we fashioned *Brown*, on the theory that equal education and integrated education were one and the same, the goal was equal educational opportunity, not integration." It was mere common sense, in the world of Jim Crow, that black children could not get a decent education without access to white facilities. That segregation also had a stigmatizing effect on black children seemed no less obvious, though the proof consisted largely of controlled experiments in laboratory-like settings; one famous example was Kenneth Clark's survey of children's racial attitudes using white dolls and black dolls.

The nature of the *Brown* decision and of the expectations it raised meant that desegregation could be both a success and a failure. It could be a success because the schools were integrated and because those schools helped knit the races together. It could be a failure because blacks could continue to lag behind whites educationally. That's more or less what has happened.

Desegregation has generally taken root where courts have ordered it, notwithstanding appalling exceptions like Boston. Ten years after *Brown* less than two percent of southern black

schoolchildren were attending schools with white children. But the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, President Lyndon Johnson's personal commitment to advance the civil-rights agenda despite the political costs of doing so, and a series of decisions at the federal and Supreme Court levels all worked together to compel recalcitrant school boards to design and implement busing plans. From 1968 to 1972 the proportion of southern black children attending schools that were at least half white shot from 19 percent to 45 percent. Then progress stalled; the figures have remained essentially stable.

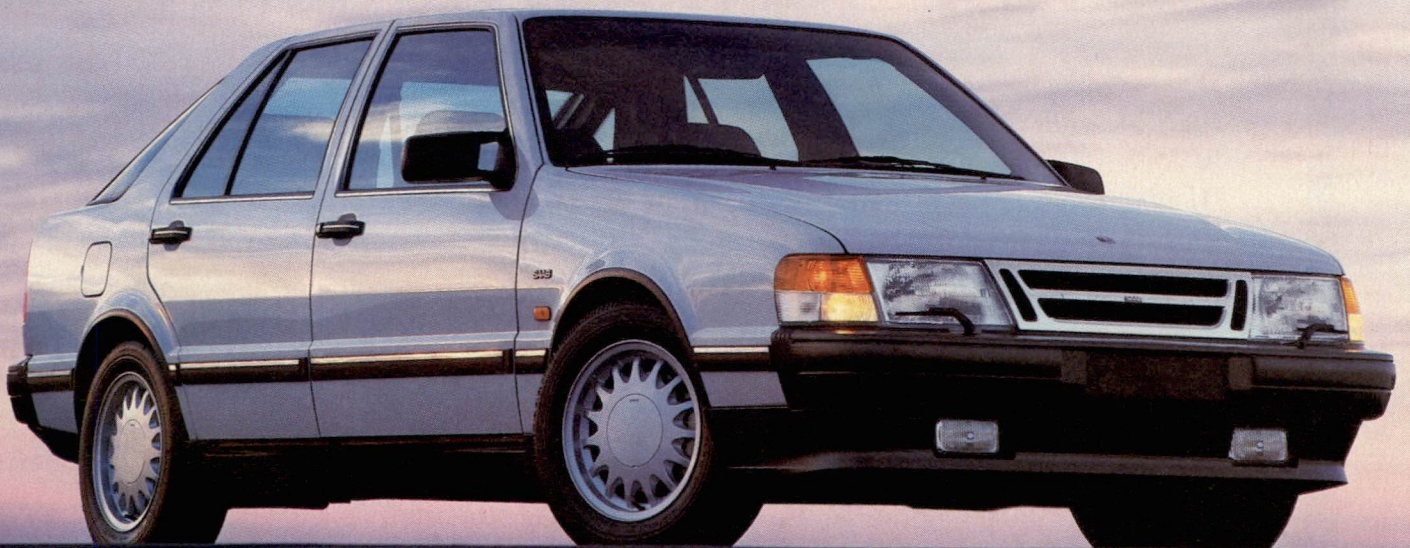
Southern schools are in fact more desegregated than northern ones. In most of the great northern cities desegregation either was never seriously tried or was tried only after so many whites had left the city for the suburbs that there simply weren't enough of them to go around. (In a 1974 ruling involving Detroit, the Supreme Court struck down a "metropolitan solution," of a kind that had also been tried elsewhere, in which children would be bused between city and suburb.) New York's schools have never been significantly desegregated, nor have those of Chicago, Philadelphia, or Detroit. But in most cities with a more equal racial balance in the schools—among them Buffalo, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, St. Paul, Louisville, Nashville, and Portland, Oregon—desegregation is a fact of life.

Desegregation, though, has not brought blacks the expected educational advantages. A task force in Milwaukee found that in the system's fifteen high schools, all but one of them integrated, blacks were scoring an average of 24 on a reading test on which white students were averaging 58. At every grade level and on virtually every index blacks lagged far behind whites. In 1990 black children nationwide scored almost 200 points lower than whites on their combined math and verbal SATs.

Of course, it is unreasonable to expect the "integration effect" wholly to compensate for the socioeconomic deficit with which many black children arrive in school. The real question is, How large is the effect? Hundreds of scholars, maybe thousands, have devoted themselves to this question. Their findings do not make a strong battle cry for a cause as unpopular as mandatory busing. A study of the studies, by Robert Crain and Rita Mahard,



THE SPORTS SEDAN FOR PEOPLE WHO INHERITED BRAINS INSTEAD OF WEALTH.



There are two ways to approach a sports sedan. You can spend your way into one, or you can think your way there.

For those who'd rather think than spend, there's the Saab 9000S, the sports sedan that brings something rare to the category: a complete car.

First, it's a driver's car, propelled by the largest engine Saab ever built and a highly tactile steering system.

But unlike some driver's cars, the 9000S doesn't shortchange pas-

*The Saab 900 Series:
From \$18,995 to \$34,795.**

*The Saab 9000 Series:
From \$23,895 to \$35,195.**

*For more information,
call 1-800-582-SAAB.*

sengers. It's the only import roomy enough to be rated a "Large" car by the EPA.

It also yields nothing to a station wagon in practicality. There's enough space (56.5 cu. ft.) for a six-foot sofa, with a hatchback for easy loading.

Nor does it yield to a luxury car when it comes to amenities. Including leather upholstery, electric sunroof, heated seats, a driver's-side air bag and anti-lock brakes.

All this in a car that, according to the Highway Loss Data Institute

(HLDI), ranks among the safest in its class. And is backed by one of the longest warranties in its class: 6 years or 80,000 miles.**

No other \$27,995* sports sedan can offer all that.

So if you've in fact inherited brains instead of wealth, the best place to spend that inheritance is at your Saab dealer, where the 9000S awaits your test drive.

SAAB

**WE DON'T MAKE COMPROMISES.
WE MAKE SAABS.SM**

*MSRP, excluding taxes, license, freight, dealer charges and options. Prices subject to change. **Limited warranty covers major components of engines, transmissions and other systems. See your Saab dealer for complete details. © 1991 Saab Cars USA, Inc.

“Maybe if someone else cared if I finish school, I would too.”

“There’s this poster in my homeroom; it says ‘Be cool, stay in school.’ Yeah right.

“If you’re cool, you don’t sit in class all day.

“Maybe school works for some people—they get a job, they wear a suit—but I don’t see too many people like that where I live, and they sure don’t see me.

“They just put up their slogans and hope I buy it. But I don’t.

“I need more to look up to than a poster.”

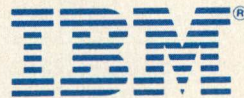
Here are two reasons why kids stay in school: because they think *it’s* worth it, and because they think *they’re* worth it.

Unfortunately a lot of very promising students aren’t convinced of either, and all the preaching in the world won’t change their minds. They need personal attention, and that’s why hundreds of IBMers get directly involved, serving as mentors for students at risk.

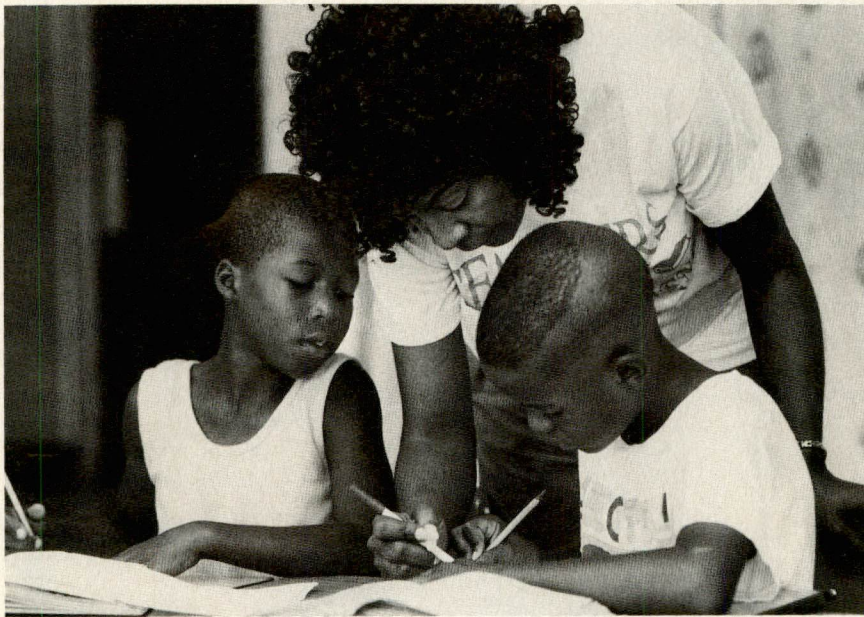
With help from teachers and school administrators, our people form close bonds with individual students, meeting at least once a week to help with homework, to serve as role models, to advise and to listen. The success of these efforts has been very encouraging, producing results a lot more quickly than you might expect.

Mentoring is just one of the ways that more than 20,000 IBM people volunteer their time to the cause of education.

To learn more about what we’re doing, write to us at IBM, P.O. Box 3974, Dept. 871, Peoria, IL 61614.







concluded that most evaluations of desegregation in terms of achievement are somewhat favorable; Crain and Mahard posit an average gain of four IQ points. Gary Orfield, of Harvard University, probably the leading scholar of desegregation issues, concedes that "nothing makes a huge difference" to test scores, including integration. Orfield argues that the most beneficial effects of desegregation come later, with college and career prospects. Yet another overview, from 1988, concludes that "the impact of desegregation on college attainment is positive, though not strong, for Northern blacks." Data on career attainment are sketchy.

It may be that Kenneth Clark's experiments with dolls don't have much to do with the real world of the schools. (They were widely criticized by other social scientists in the ensuing years.) Thirty years ago, when southern governors, school boards, and sheriffs were barring the way to the schoolhouse door, this question didn't really matter. As one study after another has declared the schools a national disgrace, especially over the past decade, the debate over busing has been replaced by a far more pragmatic question: What works?

IN 1972, THE first year of its school busing plan, Oklahoma City lost more than 20 percent of its enrollment. The school board had a terrible time trying to bring the composition of each school within 10 percent of that of the system overall. White parents of-

ten finagled the placement of their children in the neighborhood school, which left other schools too heavily black. Children were shuttled all over town. The burden fell most heavily on black parents, as it generally does with desegregation, because at levels up to the fifth grade all busing was from black to white areas. Blacks, few of whom had much choice, stayed in the system, and whites, especially affluent ones, left. Local private schools quickly learned to mail their literature to parents whose children were completing fourth grade and facing the prospect of being bused to schools in black neighborhoods. Enrollment in public schools has dropped from 71,000 at the time of desegregation to 37,000 today. The racial composition of the student body has gone from 75 percent white to 45 percent white. Today, as you drive along the city's ruler-straight four-lane roads, your eye is drawn to aging red-brick structures with school names incised into the masonry and real-estate signs out front: ghostly reminders of the system as it once was.

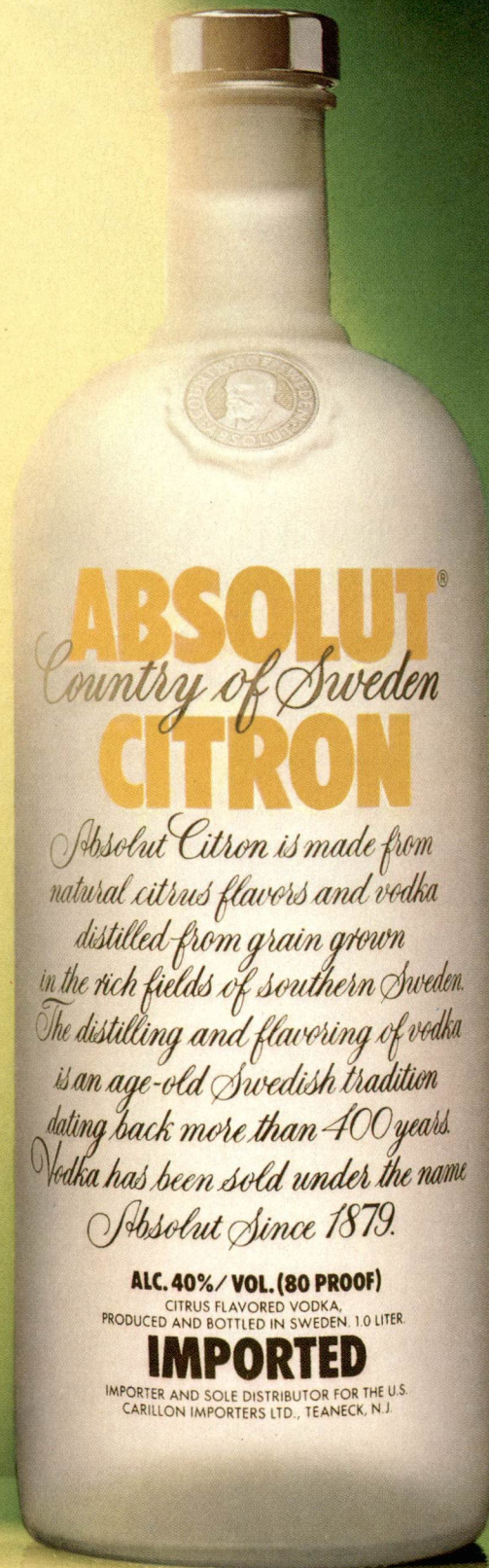
The problem wasn't just a matter of whites fleeing blacks, or even whites fleeing busing. By the mid-seventies racial hostilities had abated, and the assignment system had become less eccentric and disruptive. But the schools, like urban schools generally in the 1970s, were in a tailspin. Many of the well-to-do parents who left had been mainstays of the system, and their children had been high achievers. School administrators had focused on racial

harmony almost to the exclusion of educational matters. State legislators, who hadn't shown much concern for public education when it was segregated, lost all interest now that it was integrated. Oklahoma City today spends less money per pupil than Birmingham or Jackson, and less than half as much as Pittsburgh or St. Louis. As a result of all this neglect, children in the late seventies and early eighties were faring worse with every year they stayed in school: elementary students who scored above the national average on achievement tests were becoming below-average high school students.

Black parents as well as white voted with their feet. Millwood, a formerly all-white neighborhood that constituted a separate school district, became a middle-class black enclave. Millwood had only one school building, which housed all the grades, and it became the separate-but-equal facility of choice for black parents. Russell Perry, the publisher of Oklahoma City's black newspaper, *The Black Chronicle*, told me that "eighty percent of black parents would send their children to Millwood if they could find a way."

Many of the black parents I spoke with mentioned the Millwood school with undisguised envy. Sandra Stutton, who recalled the years she spent at the integrated Northwest Classen High School as the formative experience of her life, said nevertheless, "I would give my eyeteeth to get my kids into Millwood." School authorities, she said, have begun cracking down on nonresident parents trying to sneak their children in. "I just haven't found a way of getting an electricity bill with my name on it and an address in Millwood," she told me.

It was in this demoralized atmosphere that the school-board committee introduced its proposal to return to neighborhood schools at the elementary level. One reason the idea encountered so little resistance from black parents is that their children were the ones being bused in the first through the fourth grades. Even the Urban League, which had helped shape the Finger Plan, initially supported the proposal, though the NAACP opposed it. Leonard Benton, the head of the Urban League, recalls that parents had been complaining about the busing of young children from the outset, on grounds of equity. "The real concern



ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
CITRON

Absolut Citron is made from natural citrus flavors and vodka distilled from grain grown in the rich fields of southern Sweden. The distilling and flavoring of vodka is an age-old Swedish tradition dating back more than 400 years. Vodka has been sold under the name Absolut Since 1879.

ALC. 40% / VOL. (80 PROOF)

CITRUS FLAVORED VODKA,
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN. 1.0 LITER.

IMPORTED

IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

ABSOLUT LIMELIGHT.

FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF ABSOLUT® CITRON™ CITRUS-FLAVORED VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787.
PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1989 CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., TEANECK, NJ.

The ultimate in sound...The ultimate in savings...
The ultimate in savings...The ultimate in sou



Chris Isaak:
Heart Shaped World
(Reprise) 73735

Extreme: Pornograffiti
(A&M) 43557

Roger McGuinn: Back
From Rio (Arista) 81997

Pat Benatar: True Love
(Chrysalis) 44663

Fleetwood Mac:
Behind The Mask
(Warner Bros.) 43766

Bulgarian State Radio &
TV Choir: Le Mystere
des voix Bulgares
(Nonesuch) 01081

Tom Petty: Full Moon
Fever (MCA) 33911

The Best Of Bob Marley:
Legend (Island) 53521

Black Box: Dreamland
(RCA) 84063

America: History
(Greatest Hits)
(Warner Bros.) 23757

Dolly Parton, Linda
Ronstadt, Emmylou
Harris: Trio
(Warner Bros.) 14804

Yanni:
Reflections Of Passion
(Private Music) 24223

Jackson Browne:
The Pretender
(Elektra) 10848

Leon Redbone: Sugar
(Private Music) 62325

The Best Of Melanie
(Buddah) 20005

Jesus Jones: Doubt
(SBK) 44654

U2: The Joshua Tree
(Island) 53501

The B-52's: Cosmic
Thing (Reprise) 14742

Lisa Stansfield:
Affection (Arista) 34198

Traveling Wilburys: Vol.
1 (Warner Bros.) 00711

Stevie B: Love And
Emotion (RCA) 00539

Concrete Blonde: Blood-
letting (I.R.S.) 84212

Van Halen: OUB12
(Warner Bros.) 50913

The Cars: Greatest Hits
(Elektra) 53702

The Escape Club :
Dollars And Sex
(Atlantic) 54291

Eddie Brickett: Ghost Of
A Dog (Geffen) 73923

Bette Midler:
Some People's Lives
(Atlantic) 53568

Slaughter: Stick It Live
(Chrysalis) 20666

Cinderella: Heartbreak
Station (Mercury) 73694

Paul Simon: Graceland
(Warner Bros.) 72315

Carly Simon: Have
You Seen Me Lately?
(Arista) 20912

Supertramp: 14 Classics
(A&M) 04891

Carreras, Domingo,
Pavarotti: 3 Tenors
(London) 35078

Acoustic Alchemy:
Reference Point
(GRP) 82967

Music Of Bali
(Nonesuch) 44671

Jane's Addiction:
Ritual de lo Habitual
(Warner Bros.) 10020

Paula Abdul: Shut Up
And Dance (The Dance
Mixes) (Virgin) 80326

Reba McEntire: Rumor
Has It (MCA) 44609

Endless Love-Great
Motown Love Songs
(Motown) 10995

Best Of Eric Clapton:
Time Pieces
(Polydor) 23385

Prince: Graffiti Bridge
(Paisley Park) 34107

16 Top Country Hits,
Vol. 1 (MCA) 74207

Warner Bros. Symphony
Orchestra: Bugs Bunny
On Broadway
(Warner Bros.) 70059

Aerosmith: Pump
Geffen) 63678

Vince Gill: Pocket Full
Of Gold (MCA) 73599

Bad Company: Holy
Water (Atlantic) 24784

Replacements: All
Shook Down
(Warner Bros.) 83585

Grateful Dead : Built To
Last (Arista) 72230

Patsy Cline: 12 Greatest
Hits (MCA) 53849

Start with **4** COMPACT DISCS NOW
pay only shipping & handling with membership

Buy just **1** smash hit in one year's time

Then get **3** CDs of your choice, FREE⁽¹⁾

Enjoy **8** CDs for the price of one

Nothing more to buy...EVER!

ZZ Top: Recycler
(Warner Bros.) 73969

Janet Jackson's Rhythm
Nation (A&M) 72386

Crosby, Stills, Nash &
Young: Greatest Hits
(Atlantic) 30230

Frank Sinatra: Sinatra
Reprise/The Very Good
Years (Reprise) 80304

Lynyrd Skynyrd's
Innyrds (MCA) 01150

Foreigner: Records
(Atlantic) 53317.

Hi-Five (Jive) 10542

Clint Black: Killin' Time
(RCA) 01112

Charlie Parker: Bird/
Original Recordings
(Verve) 01044

Depeche Mode: Violator
(Sire) 73408

Anita Baker: Compo-
sitions (Elektra) 00921

Kitaro: Kojiki
(Geffen) 43758

Gerald Albright:
Dream Come True
(Atlantic) 10490 *

Simon & Garfunkel: The
Concert In Central Park
(Warner Bros.) 44006

Styx: Edge Of The
Century (A&M) 74498

Mötley Crüe:
Dr. Feelgood
(Elektra) 33928

The Police: Every
Breath You Take—The
Singles (A&M) 73924

Quincy Jones:
Back On The Block
(Warner Bros.) 64116

Vinnie James: All-
American Boy
(RCA) 63237

Clint Black: Put
Yourself In My Shoes
(RCA) 24690

Contraband
(Impact/MCA) 32031

Eagles: Hotel California
(Asylum) 30030

The Cole Porter
Songbook (RCA) 54023

Diane Schuur: Pure
Schuur (GRP) 10824

Guy!: Guy!...The Future
(MCA) 14875

George Strait: The
Chill Of An Early Fall
(MCA) 53641

Fleetwood Mac:
Rumours
(Warner Bros.) 24025

Father M.C.: Father's
Day (MCA) 53724

Z.Z. Hill: Greatest Hits
(Malaco) 64479

INXS: X (Atlantic) 64378

Tomita: Snowflakes Are
Dancing (RCA) 30763

Steelheart (MCA) 44528

Engelbert Humperdinck:
Love Is The Reason
(Crittique) 94103

Benny Goodman:
Yale University
Recordings, Vol. 1
(MusicMasters) 93504

Keith Sweat: I'll
Give All My Love To You
(Elektra) 51603

Dave Grusin: Havana/
Sdtk. (GRP) 11082

Madonna: The
Immaculate Collection
(Sire) 54164

Marvin Gaye: 15
Greatest Hits
(Motown) 53534 *

Damn Yankees
(Warner Bros.) 14852

Styx: 14 Classics
(A&M) 14822

Kronos Quartet:
Winter Was Hard
(Nonesuch) 00675

AC/DC: The Razors
Edge (ATCO) 33379

George Benson/
Count Basie Orch.:
Big Boss Band
(Warner Bros.) 13519

Nelson: After The Rain
(DGC) 74079

16 Top Country Hits,
Vol. 2 (MCA) 34217

You Can't Hurry Love
(Motown Love Songs)
(Motown) 10584 *

Kenny G: Live
(Arista) 64505

The Best Of Steely Dan:
Decade (MCA) 54135 *

Mario Lanza: The Great
Caruso (RCA) 80259

Gipsy Kings: Allegría
(Elektra) 11178

Joe Sample:
Ashes To Ashes
(Warner Bros.) 54092 *

K.T. Oslin:
Love In A Small Town
(Sire) 74372

Alan Jackson:
Here In The Real World
(Arista) 53833

Best Of The
Doobie Brothers
(Warner Bros.) 43738

Come Dancing With The
Kinks (Arista) 60077

Barry Manilow:
Live On Broadway
(Arista) 24805

Kathy Mattea: A
Collection Of Hits
(Mercury) 10791

R.E.M.: Eponymous
(I.R.S.) 00701

Very Best Of Cream:
Strange Brew
(Polydor) 00468

Ralph Tresvant
(MCA) 14889

Twin Peaks/TV Sdtk.
(Warner Bros.) 63540

Yellowjackets: Green-
house (GRP) 10475 *

Tangerine Dream:
Melrose
(Private Music) 10724 *

Chicago: Greatest Hits
1982-89 (Reprise) 63363

Billy Idol: Charmed Life
(Chrysalis) 62264

The Cure: Mixed Up
(Elektra) 74190

Joni Mitchell: Night Ride
Home (DGC) 10731

Great Love Songs Of
The '50s & '60s, Vol. 1
(Laurie) 20768

Lorrie Morgan:
Something In Red
(RCA) 83848

Yes: Classic Yes
(Atlantic) 50248

B.B. King:
Live At The Apollo
(Arista) 24735

Best Of Robert Palmer:
Addictions
(Island) 10819

Faith No More: The Real
Thing (Reprise) 63719

Spyro Gyra: Fast
Forward (GRP) 00829

Andrew Lloyd Webber:
The Premiere Collection
(MCA) 53868

John Coltrane: Giant
Steps (Atlantic) 34589 *

Chuck Berry: The Great
28 (Chess) 64137

Eagles: Their Greatest
Hits 1971-75
(Asylum) 23481

Selections From
"Cats"/Original Cast
(Geffen) 63269

Gordon Lightfoot:
Gord's Gold
(Reprise) 24008

The Best Of The
Manhattan Transfer
(Atlantic) 30125

Air Supply: Greatest
Hits (Arista) 34424

Whitney Houston: I'm
Your Baby Tonight
(Arista) 10663

Randy Travis:
Heroes And Friends
(Warner Bros.) 74597

Jackson Browne:
Running On Empty
Running (Elektra) 11056

Trixter
(Mechanic/MCA) 61594

Chick Corea Acoustic
Band: Alive
(GRP) 10721

Bell Biv DeVoe: Poison
(MCA) 00547

Marcus Roberts: Alone
With Three Giants
(Novus) 54397

Diane Schuur:
Collection (GRP) 63591

Best Of Dire Straits:
Money For Nothing
(Warner Bros.) 00713

Traveling Wilburys, Vol.
3 (Warner Bros.) 24817

Don Henley: End Of The
Innocence (Geffen) 01064

Peggy Lee Sings
The Blues
(MusicMasters) 43661

Hank Williams, Jr.:
America (The Way I See
It) (Warner Bros.) 20612

Cilburn: My Favorite
Chopin (RCA) 10998

The Best Of Bad
Company: 10 From 6
(Atlantic) 60321

1950's Rock & Roll
Revival (Buddah) 11179

Greatest Gospel Hits
(Malaco) 44366

Cher: Heart Of Stone
(Geffen) 42874

Debbie Gibson:
Anything Is Possible
(Atlantic) 24815

Best Of The Blues
(Pair) 11140 *

Raffi : Evergreen
Everblue (MCA) 10492

Artie Shaw: 1949
(MusicMasters) 73774

Oklahoma!/Original Cast
(MCA) 54115

AC/DC: Dirty Deeds
Don't Cheat
(Atlantic) 43944

Jimi Hendrix:
Electric Ladyland
(Reprise) 23362

James Galway & Henry
Mancini: In The Pink
(RCA) 51758

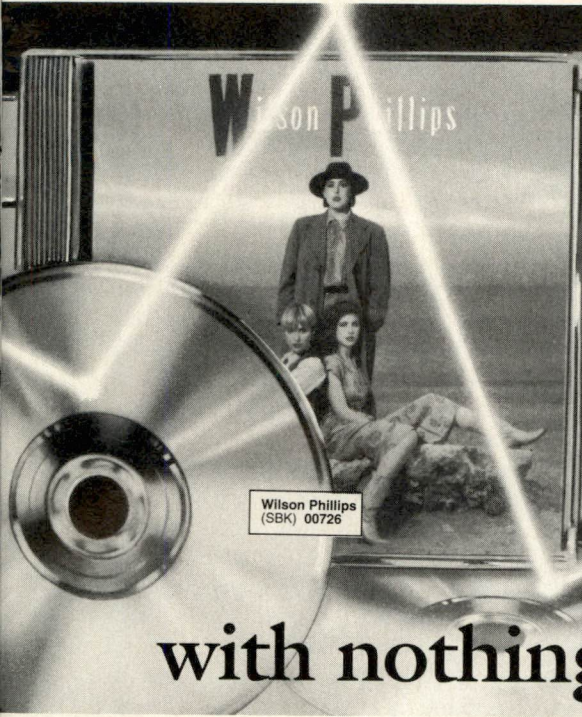
Count Basie: The Stand-
ards (Verve) 80235

..The ultimate in savings...
..The ultimate in sound...

8 COMPACT DISCS FOR THE PRICE OF 1

also available on cassettes

with nothing more to buy...ever!



Wilson Phillips (SBK) 00726

Another Bad Creation: Coolin' At The Playground (Motown) 10456

Sinéad O'Connor: I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got (Chrysalis) 33512

David Lee Roth: A Little Ain't Enough (Warner Bros.) 10551

Peter Gabriel: So (Geffen) 14764

Suzanne Ciani: Pianissimo (Private Music) 11047

Horowitz At Home (DG) 25211

Dee-Lite: World Clique (Elektra) 52050

Jon Bon Jovi: Blaze Of Glory (Mercury) 44490

Kentucky Headhunters: Pickin' On Nashville (Mercury) 24740

Guns N' Roses: Appetite For Destruction (Geffen) 70348

The Civil War/TV Sdtk. (Nonesuch) 14486

ZZ Top: Recycler (Warner Bros.) 73969

The Go-Gos: Greatest Hits (I.R.S.) 50315

Jeffrey Osborne: Only Human (Arista) 00545

U2: Rattle And Hum (Island) 00596

Neil Young: Ragged Glory (Reprise) 34621

Bon Jovi: New Jersey (Mercury) 00516

Def Leppard: Pyromania (Mercury) 70402

Daryl Hall & John Oates: Change Of Season (Arista) 00543

Keith Whitley: Greatest Hits (RCA) 10728

Elton John: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 (MCA) 63322

Buddy Holly: From The Original Master Tapes (MCA) 20069

Michael Feinstein: The MGM Album (Elektra) 10699

Hank Williams, Jr.: Pure Hank (Warner/Curb) 60351

Dionne Warwick Sings Cole Porter (Arista) 53326

Moody Blues: Days Of Future Passed (Threshold) 44245

Irving Berlin: Always (Verve) 00808

Bread: Anthology Of Bread (Elektra) 63386

James Taylor: Greatest Hits (Reprise) 23790

Scorpions: Crazy World (Mercury) 14795

Johnny Gill (Motown) 00738

Alabama: Pass It On Down (RCA) 00531

Winger: In The Heart Of The Young (Atlantic) 00570

The Best Of The Jets (MCA) 32134

Jeff Lynne: Armchair Theatre (Reprise) 00803

Chicago: Twenty 1 (Reprise) 10533

Paula Abdul: Forever Your Girl (Virgin) 00933

Guns N' Roses: GN'R Lies (Geffen) 00805

The Winans: Return (Qwest) 00530

The Unforgettable Glenn Miller (Bluebird) 60117

Best Of The Bubblegum Years (Buddah) 24141

Vincent Herring: American Experience (MusicMasters) 83701

The Robert Cray Band: Midnight Stroll (Mercury) 73659

The Jeff Healey Band: Hell To Pay (Arista) 00544

Amani A.W. Murray (GRP) 03669

The Who: Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 00790

Morrissey: Bona Drag (Sire) 00578

Vanilla Ice: To The Extreme (SBK) 24689

Ratt: Detonator (Atlantic) 63335

Rod Stewart's Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) 33779

Don Henley: Building The Perfect Beast (Geffen) 50129

Classic Marches/Slatkin (RCA) 00996

Fine Young Cannibals: The Raw & The Remixed (MCA) 53904

Peter, Paul & Mary: Flowers & Stones (Gold Castle) 64074

The Alarm: Standards (I.R.S.) 24765

John Cougar Mellencamp: Big Daddy (Mercury) 80064

10,000 Maniacs: Hope Chest (Elektra) 44340

Bob James: Grand Piano Canyon (Warner Bros.) 04899

Steve Winwood: Refugees Of The Heart (Virgin) 54232

Dread Zeppelin: Un-Led-Ed (I.R.S.) 63594

Tone-Loc: Loc-Ed After Dark (Delicious) 01033

The Neville Brothers: Brother's Keeper (A&M) 63513

Whitney Houston: Whitney (Arista) 52854

Bonnie Raitt Collection (Warner Bros.) 00569

The Best Of ZZ Top (Warner Bros.) 24040

Jazz Classics (Composé) 10460

Kik Trace: No Rules (RCA) 10719

Patty Loveless: On Down The Line (MCA) 00553

En Vogue: Born To Sing (Atlantic) 14187

Slaughter: Stick It To Ya (Chrysalis) 42308

The Oak Ridge Boys: Unstoppable (RCA) 64423

Marty Stuart: Tempted (MCA) 70076

George Strait: Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 (MCA) 63635

Deep Purple: Slaves & Masters (RCA) 11145

The Moody Blues: Greatest Hits (Threshold) 34284

Madonna: I'm Breathless (Sire) 00572

Tommy James & The Shondells: Anthology (Rhino) 44185

Allman Bros: Eat A Peach (Polydor) 63353

Pat Benatar: Best Shots (Chrysalis) 44319

Linda Ronstadt: Cry Like A Rainstorm, Howl Like The Wind (Elektra) 52212

R.E.M.: Green (Warner Bros.) 00715

START WITH 4 COMPACT DISCS NOW! Yes, start with any 4 compact discs shown here! You need buy just 1 more hit at regular Club prices (usually \$14.98 — \$15.98), and take up to one full year to do it. Then choose 3 more CDs FREE. That's 8 CDs for the price of 1 ... with nothing more to buy, ever! (A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.)

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES You select from hundreds of exciting CDs described in the Club's magazine which is mailed to you approximately every three weeks (19 times a year). Each issue highlights a Featured Selection in your preferred music category, plus alternate selections. If you'd like the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just return the card enclosed with each issue of your magazine by the date specified on the card. You will have at least 10 days to decide or you may return your Featured Selection at our expense. Cancel your membership at any time after completing your enrollment agreement simply by writing to us, or remain and take advantage of bonus discounts.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL Listen to your 4 introductory selections for a full 10 days. If not satisfied, return them with no further obligation. You send no money now, so complete the coupon and mail it today.

* Selections marked (*) not available on Cassette.

(1) A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.

CD745 BMG Compact Disc Club, 6550 E. 30th St., Indianapolis, IN 46219-1194. TRADEMARKS USED IN THE ADVT ARE THE PROPERTY OF VARIOUS TRADEMARK OWNERS.



START SAVING NOW — MAIL TODAY!

Mail to: BMG Compact Disc Club/P.O. Box 91412/Indianapolis, IN 46291

YES, please accept my membership in the BMG Compact Disc Club and send my first 4 CDs (check box below for cassettes) as I have indicated here, under the terms of this offer. I need buy just one more CD at regular Club prices during the next year — after which I can choose 3 more CDs FREE! That's 8 CDs for the price of one ... with nothing more to buy, ever! (A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.)

RUSH ME THESE 4 HITS NOW

(Indicate by number):

I am most interested in the music category checked here — but I am always free to choose from any (check one only):

- 1 **EASY LISTENING** Bette Midler, Barry Manilow
2 **COUNTRY** Clint Black, Reba McEntire
3 **HARD ROCK** ZZ Top, Aerosmith
4 **POP/SOFT ROCK** Madonna, Elton John
5 **CLASSICAL** Luciano Pavarotti, Vladimir Horowitz
6 **JAZZ** Kenny G, George Benson
7 **HEAVY METAL AC/DC** Slaughter

Mr. Mrs. Ms. First Name _____ Initial _____ Last Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Telephone (_____) _____ Area code _____

I PREFER CASSETTES!⁽²⁾
(You may choose cassettes with the same 10-day, no-obligation privilege. Full membership details will follow.)

We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Limited to new members, continental USA only. One membership per family. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

⁽²⁾ Cassette members will be serviced by the BMG Music Service; current Music Service members are not eligible.

AJTGM (AS)



among black parents," Benton says, "was the unfairness of the one-way busing." Benton now supports the establishment of a giant "educational park" to which all children would be bused. The proposal sounds wildly expensive and cumbersome, but Benton claims that it would correct the inequity and provide quality education.

Arthur Steller took over as superintendent of the Oklahoma City public schools in 1985, the year the elementary school neighborhood plan was implemented. His previous posting had been Mercer County, in the most backward region of West Virginia. Steller was a convert to the "effective schools" movement, whose tenets had been laid out a decade earlier by the late black scholar Ronald Edmonds. Edmonds had insisted that social scientists like James Coleman and Christopher Jencks were flat wrong in concluding that, as he put it, "family background causes pupil performance." What counted, he said, were the characteristics of the school. In schools that focus on basic skills—schools with high expectations and a secure sense of authority—any child can learn, Edmonds argued. The racial composition of the school was largely irrelevant. "Desegregation," Edmonds said, "must take a backseat to instructional reform."

IN OKLAHOMA CITY, Arthur Steller committed himself to desegregating educational results. Steller instructed every school in the system to break down achievement-test results

by race, gender, and socioeconomic status. Each school would be responsible for reducing gaps to within specific limits and for applying the tenets of the effective-schools movement in whatever ways seemed relevant. Schools were encouraged to bring low achievers into before-school and after-school programs, and also programs on Saturdays and during vacations. Steller and the school board raised graduation requirements, eliminated many electives, and stressed advanced-placement courses.

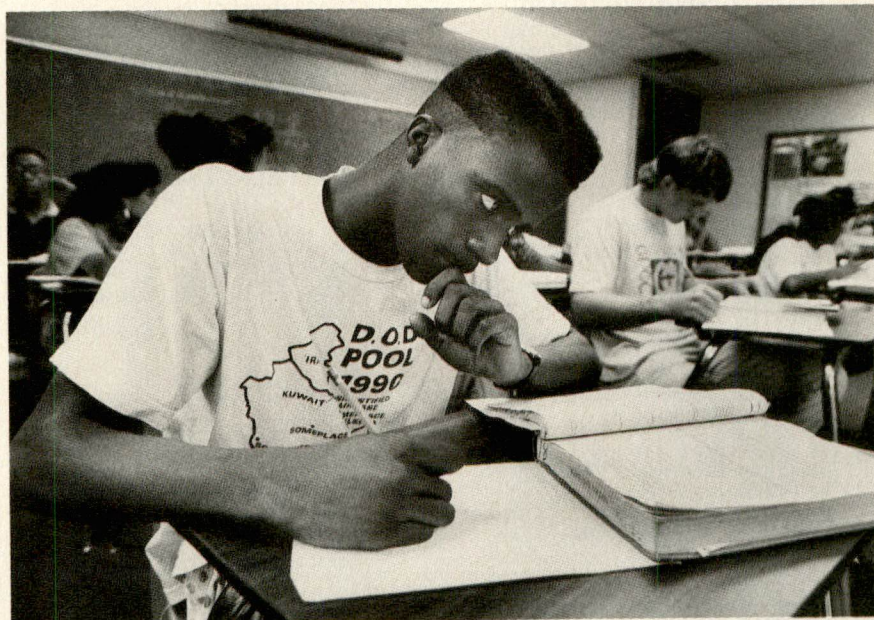
From 1988 to 1990 Oklahoma City's black students moved from the 43rd to the 49th percentile on achievement tests; blacks from the most disadvantaged backgrounds jumped from the 36th to the 45th percentile. White students also advanced—from the 65th to the 68th percentile. The "Dowell schools"—the ones that under the neighborhood plan have been effectively resegregated, so that they are virtually all-black—each receive \$40,000 in additional program funding, and students in them have recorded the largest advance, from the 34th percentile in 1986–1987 to the 48th in 1989–1990. The system-wide dropout rate has also fallen considerably during Steller's tenure. Earlier this year the American Association of School Administrators gave Steller its annual award in recognition of these changes.

The Dowell schools have become the basis on which Steller's experiment is judged. I spent a morning at Longfellow, an elementary school whose en-

rollment consists of two white, one Hispanic, and about 250 black children. Seventy percent of the children are eligible for the federal free-lunch program, which means that Longfellow is one of the least impoverished of the Dowell schools. Many, if not most, of the kids come from single-parent families, and at the end of the day a grandparent or an elder sibling is likely to come fetch them. Still, the surrounding streets are lined with houses, not apartment blocks or projects. It is not nearly so mean a setting as that of the average inner-city school. In the playground the basketball court was cracked and the rims had been torn off the backboards by middle-school students on one of their regular rampages, but the principal, Beverly Story, assured me that new rims would arrive in a few days. The school was clean and orderly and at least superficially well equipped. The students were quiet when they were supposed to be, and noisy the rest of the time.

Longfellow has become a Dowell showcase, because over four recent years achievement levels have risen from the 35th percentile to the 62nd. Teachers at Longfellow attribute the improvement to Story's focus on basic skills and her insistence on retesting and reteaching until a child has achieved mastery. Story talks about the extra funds she's able to pry loose from the school board on short notice, but even more about Edmonds's effective-schools tenets and the renewed involvement of parents, who now live much closer to where their children go to school, usually only a few blocks away. Story, who, like Steller, is white and a Yankee, acknowledges the arguments for integration, but says, "A lot of these kids weren't making progress in desegregated schools. The advantage of the neighborhood schools is that you can target aid to them much more easily."

Still, as an experiment in separate-but-equal the Dowell schools have a long way to go. Last September the Equity Committee, which had been charged by the school board with monitoring the treatment of black students once the neighborhood plan went into effect, kicked up a mighty storm by claiming that the all-black schools were worse than a group of "comparison schools" in the city, which it had selected—not only in test scores but also





in "teacher performance" and in some cases physical facilities. The report arrived a month before the school board was to defend the neighborhood plan before the Supreme Court. It was a potentially disastrous conjunction, and the board took the extraordinary step of rejecting the report and firing the paid "equity officer." Arthur Steller produced hundreds of pages of memos, statistics, and directives to refute the committee's findings, which he charged were motivated by a "personal political agenda"—to subvert the board's argument before the Court.

The report was tendentious and almost certainly unfair, given the strides made by black students and especially those in the Dowell schools, but it was also a sign that the black community intends to hold Steller to his promises. The fact is that family background *does* strongly influence pupil performance, but black parents are even less inclined than reform-minded school administrators to accept the idea of predestined outcomes. The equity-committee report also touched a sensitive nerve—the expectation of blacks that whites will deny them their fair share. Thelma R. Parks, the president of the board, who voted to accept the report, says, "There are still pockets of segregation in the system." Some black parents have seized on a supposed preponderance of inexperienced teachers in all-black schools to argue that their children are not getting the educational opportunities given to others. In the Dowell schools, Parks says, "those teachers just assume that the black children are going to fail," and thus reinforce the students' low expectations.

THE PASSION play of court-ordered desegregation remains in the memory of veteran teachers in the Oklahoma City schools, but little of it is visible in the schools themselves, and the surprise is how little attention anyone pays to the issue of integration. A few years ago a fight at a sandwich shop erupted between a white student and a black one attending Northwest Classen High School, and when the members of their respective factions joined them, a minor race riot ensued; but this was cited to me as an anachronism. Racial issues tend to be more subtle now. Charles Albritton, a guidance counselor at Classen who recalls the bad old days when black

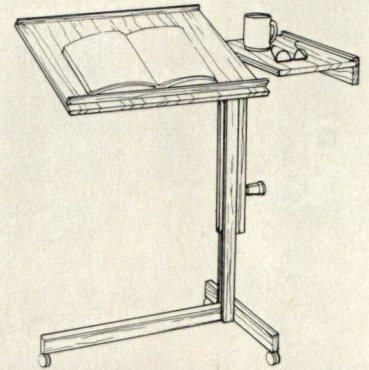
kids from the projects butted up against privileged whites in Classen's hallways, told me that although those days are gone, black students still complain of bias from white teachers.

Oklahoma City's principal gangs, the Bloods and the Crips, have members at Classen, but the principal, Richard Vrooman, has succeeded in minimizing their presence. Students at Classen say that "Northeast is a gang school," but at their own school an atmosphere of harmony appears to reign. Classen is 40 percent white and 35 percent black, with the remainder Asian, Hispanic, and Native American. No student or teacher I spoke with could remember a recent racial incident inside the school. Both the official school attitude and spontaneous comments reflected the belief that desegregation is a good thing.

One morning I asked the students in Elizabeth Grove's eleventh-grade English class what, if anything, it meant to them to be going to an integrated school. A black girl sitting up front, Katrina Watson, had just said that she had as many white friends as black friends, that race wasn't an issue, when Erin Bixler, a timid-looking pale blonde girl sitting behind her, piped up. Erin had grown up in Bethany, an all-white suburb just west of Oklahoma City. When her family moved, she was enrolled at Taft, a middle school near Classen. "I was scared to death," she said. "I didn't know anything about black people. We'd hear all these things in Bethany about how you were going to get beaten up in those schools, you were going to get killed." After a few weeks of terror she discovered that she had nothing to be afraid of. Now Erin considers her friends in Bethany hopelessly benighted. "The schools there all have air-conditioning and they're carpeted and everything else, but I like it more here."

As I was leaving, another student beckoned me over. His name was Ryan Veirs, and he had arrived just last December from the little town of Quinton, in eastern Oklahoma. His story was like Erin's only more so. "There wasn't a black within twenty miles of Quinton," he said in a deep drawl. "It was heavy, heavy KKK." When he arrived at Classen, he fully expected to have to fight for his life. He joined the wrestling team, which turned out to include only one other white kid. To his

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

\$195 + \$9.75 shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER

TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS

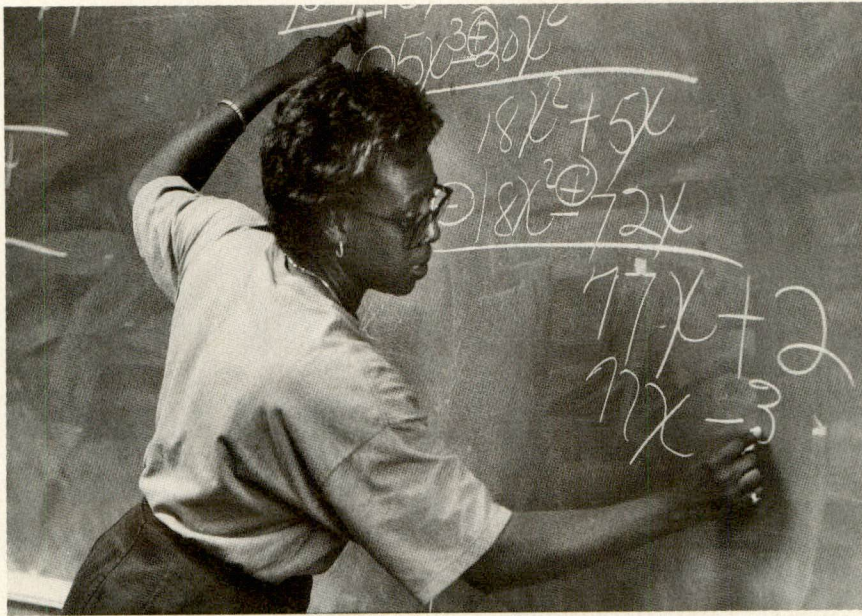
975 S. Congress Ave., Code ART14, Delray, FL 33445



**Guess which baby's mother
smoked while
she was pregnant.**

If you're pregnant, see a doctor now.
Fight low birthweight.
March of Dimes
Campaign For Healthier Babies





amazement and utter relief, he was befriended by the other members of the team. He told me with great pride that he now regularly hangs out with his black friends.

A high school is probably one of the most highly ramified social organizations in the universe, so I was scarcely in a position to say, after a few days, exactly how integrated Classen is. In the cafeteria blacks, whites, Asians, and Hispanics generally isolated themselves; the same was true in the parking lot as the students drove home. But they thought of racial and ethnic grouping as natural. There was group identity, but there was latitude for individual nonracial choice. I heard both sides on the question of whether a black kid would come under pressure for dating a white; it was a riskier choice for a black girl.

Teachers generally seemed to take what desegregation researchers call the "color-blind" attitude. I asked one teacher of an honors class whether tracking had the effect of separating students along racial lines. No, she said; her class faithfully represented the school's racial balance. In fact I counted four black students and about twenty whites—far from the school's overall racial balance. Another teacher said that she had stopped noticing who was white and who was black. Many of the students made no such pretense. When I asked about interracial friendships, several kids said to me that only whites who "acted black" had many black friends. A ninth-grade girl

thought that it worked the other way as well, but older students assured me that there was virtually no such thing as a black who "acted white."

One day at the Taco Bell just south of Classen, I found two tables of black and white kids killing time over lunch. A black freshman, James Williams, immediately appointed himself the group's designated talker. He enjoyed a measure of fame as the wide receiver who had caught the touchdown pass that had ended the Classen Knights' astounding forty-two-game losing streak. When I asked about desegregation, James said, half jokingly, "I think it really has an effect on white people." After James's monologue wound down, one of his white friends said, with mock gravity, "I'm actually black. I'm just white on the outside." So am I, said another.

It's paradoxical, but scarcely absurd, to suggest that desegregation provides as much of a benefit to white students as to blacks. I was scarcely the first person to notice the sense of relief and pride that white students felt in having achieved nonchalance with blacks. A study of five desegregated schools by two scholars, Janet Ward Schofield and H. Andrew Sagar, found "a reduction in the almost automatic fear with which many students, especially whites, responded to members of the other race." Schofield and Sagar also criticized the predominant view of desegregation as "a procedure designed to *help blacks*," rather than "to foster a two-way flow of information and influence."

As a procedure designed to help blacks—as an education reform—desegregation has not been terribly successful in Oklahoma City, or in a great many other places. But as a cure for the pathology of racial hatred and racial fear, it may have accomplished a great deal. Racial familiarization may have more significance for black students than for whites, for whom the white-dominated larger world is a natural home. "Every black kid who's going to make it has to cross that line at some point," Gary Orfield, at Harvard, says. "And the sooner you cross the line, the better."

Desegregation is not an "issue" at Classen, and a number of teachers were upset that I talked about it. There are no interracial discussion groups, as there were in the early days of the Finger Plan. Nobody talks about the hardship of getting on a bus, or leaving the home neighborhood. Desegregation is simply there, a fact of life that stretches beyond the memory of all the kids and many of the teachers. Racial difference—in achievement, background, manner—is simply there too, generally acknowledged, at least among students. It's not a utopia, but it's a mingled world. This seemed to me to be more than enough justification for the pain and suffering Oklahoma City went through to desegregate its schools.

THE POSSIBILITY is not altogether remote that by the fiftieth anniversary of the *Brown* decision, thirteen years hence, school desegregation will be a historical artifact and a curiosity. The suburbanization of whites and the urbanization of nonwhites has made desegregation impracticable in an increasing number of places. In the forty-seven school systems that make up the Council of the Great City Schools, nonwhite students constitute three quarters of the enrollment; in 1988 the Hispanic enrollment overtook that of whites. At the same time, desegregation has lost its advocates, one by one—first the White House and Congress, then the courts, then the bulk of black intellectuals and activists. The sudden appearance in recent months, in New York, Milwaukee, Detroit, and elsewhere, of proposals for "Afrocentric" schools designed specifically for black students is signal proof of the declining prestige of



integration. When I called up the NAACP in Louisville to ask about the city's famously successful desegregated system, the head of the education committee, John R. Whiting, said that the chapter was looking seriously at the Afrocentric-school proposals. "We don't worship at the shrine of racial balance," he admonished me.

It may be that *Brown*, having served its express purpose of making equal education accessible to black children, can now safely be retired. It may be that desegregation isn't needed. At the time of the decision, the black legal scholar Derrick Bell has written, it was

a legal as well as societal impossibility to provide equality in schools that blacks were required by law to attend, in a system where such attendance was a badge of inferiority. . . . *Brown* is significant because it ended the legal subordination of blacks, removed the barriers that prevented blacks from going to school with whites, and made it possible for black parents to gain an equal educational opportunity for their children wherever those children attended school.

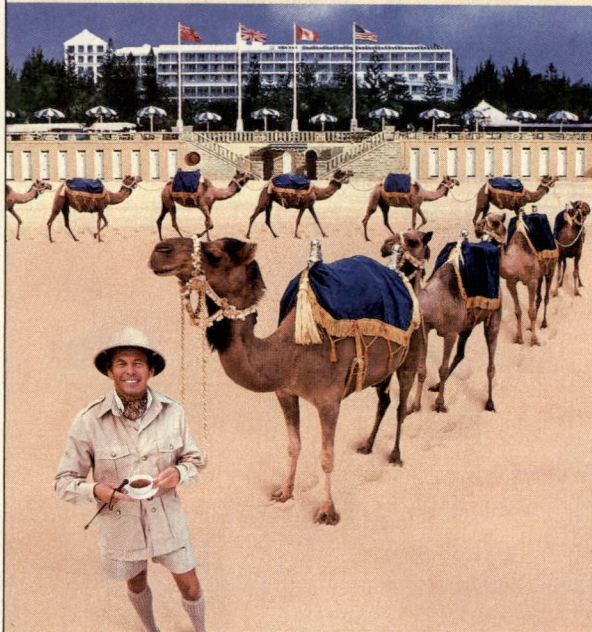
We should thus think of the offspring of *Brown* as including not only Northwest Classen High School but also the equity committee and the effective-schools movement and Arthur Steller's commitment to desegregating educational results.

And so school desegregation has lost its momentum, lost much of its constituency, and may even have lost its reason for being. What remains by way of justification for this cumbersome and intrusive process is the unmeasurable effect of growing up with schools like Classen. Some integrated environments might have the effect of reinforcing prejudices, and this point has been made by scholars of desegregation. But if they replace otherness with familiarity, if they help dissolve fear and contempt—is that so very little? As the age of desegregation gives way to the age of truly separate-but-equal, we might do well to recall something that Gunnar Myrdal wrote in *An American Dilemma*, almost fifty years ago: "The American Negro problem is a problem in the heart of the American. It is there that the interracial tension has its focus. It is there that the decisive struggle goes on."

—James Traub

"What you'll find at the end of Bermuda's longest resort beach is no mirage."

John Jefferis, General Manager



Actually, it's more like an oasis. A bastion of taste and civility set among the palms in this 34 acre tropical (yet oh-so-close-by) getaway.

Here you'll lounge in your private room or suite and get away from it all. Enjoy 24-hour tennis courts, a sparkling pool, a complete health spa and, of course, our pink sand beach. Our highly acclaimed culinary delights are never far away, thanks to our three restaurants.

Whatever you fancy, the Elbow Beach Hotel will most surely become your personal oasis in this trying world.

THE ELBOW BEACH HOTEL & BERMUDA

For Reservations Call Toll Free, (800) 223-7434.

Elbow Beach Hotel, Paget, Bermuda. John R. Jefferis, President and General Manager.
(809) 236-3535. Telex: 32-68 ELBOW BA.



SPAR FOR THE COURSE

They're contentious and contagious. They beat spar. They're The McLaughlin Group. (Clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Eleanor Clift, John McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, and Pat Buchanan.

Made possible by a grant from GE.



THE MCLAUGHLIN GROUP
Check your local listing for station and time.

We bring good things to life.

America needs a new fast and effective clean

AN ALARMING LACK OF PROGRESS IN CLEANUP.

When Congress enacted the Federal Superfund program in 1980, the goal was to quickly clean up America's most dangerous hazardous waste sites. Congress and many others assumed there would be only a relatively few such sites and that cleanup costs would be limited.

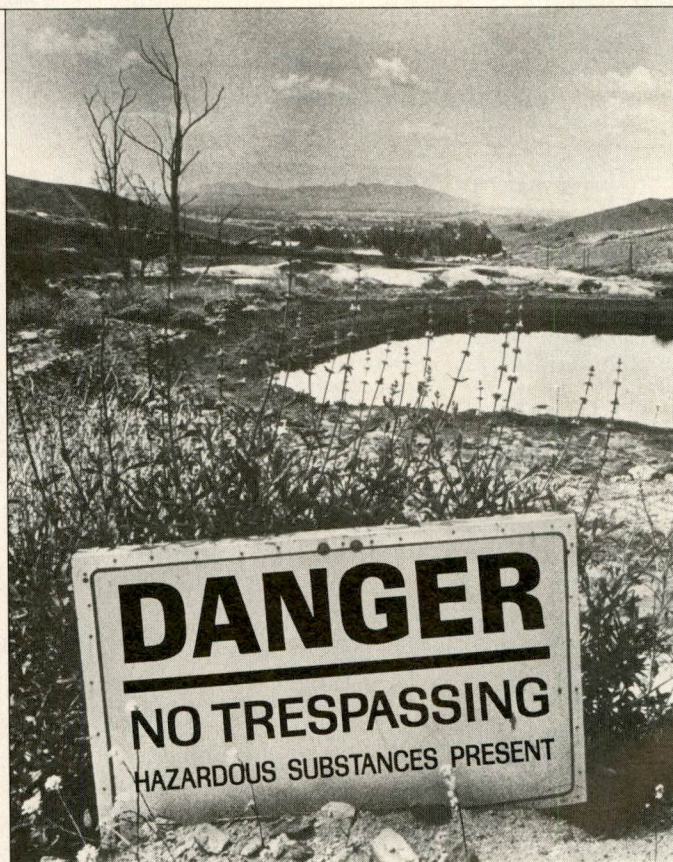
Now, after a decade of trying to make Superfund work, it's clear these assumptions were wrong and that a quick fix was never possible. What's wrong with Superfund and why has so little been accomplished?

The problem is twofold. First, the real scope of our nation's hazardous waste situation is far greater than Congress anticipated. With 1,200 priority sites already identified, growing numbers of sites are being found in every state. The Environmental Protection Agency expects that by the year 2000, there may be as many as 2,000 priority sites.

With rapidly rising cleanup costs, which now average about \$25 million per site, the eventual price tag is staggering. According to a top government agency, cleaning up all of America's hazardous waste sites could take from 30 to 60 years and cost up to \$500 billion!

A second problem is Superfund's alarming lack of progress in cleanup. A decade and billions of dollars later, fewer than 60 out of the 1,200 sites have actually been cleaned up.

Why? One major reason is Superfund's liability system. It requires that cleanup be paid for by establishing liability—who sent what waste, how much and where—and then negotiating or litigating with those believed to be responsible. While this sounds good in theory, it hasn't worked in practice. Instead, the result has been



delayed cleanup and enormous legal, consulting and other costs unrelated to cleanup.

COMPOUNDING THE PROBLEMS INSTEAD OF SOLVING THEM.

This is because working out who pays and how much for cleanup is very difficult. Under Superfund, anyone who simply used or owned the site at any time could be liable for the entire cleanup bill. Users can include major corporations, small businesses, local governments, hospitals, nursing homes, schools, even individuals. And it does not matter who caused the harm or whether they did anything wrong. Superfund's retroactive

w system to achieve up of our environment.

liability provision makes parties pay for past actions based on today's standards.

For example, at 422 sites almost 14,000 parties have been notified that they could be liable. In turn, many of them are identifying still others who contributed in some way to the presence of waste at each site. And since Superfund liability deals with past waste disposal, the record of users can go back 25, 30 or even 40 years and can number in the hundreds.

The result? The focus on cleanup has been lost as private and public parties spend years in difficult but unavoidable negotiations and litigation, trying to work out agreements that would provide funds for cleanup. At some sites, more money has been spent resolving complex factual issues than on cleanup itself. This does a lot for lawyers and consultants, but very little for the environment. And of course, these costs are eventually passed on to all of us as consumers in higher prices for goods and services. Isn't it time to stop this wasteful process and get on with cleaning up our environment?

At AIG, we think so. There is little to be gained by arguing over waste disposal that happened long ago. America needs a system that will promote fast and effective cleanup, reduce unnecessary legal fees, spread the cost of cleanup broadly, and encourage responsible waste management practices today.

A PROPOSED SOLUTION: THE NATIONAL ENVIRONMENTAL TRUST FUND.

To accomplish this, we have proposed creating a National Environmental Trust Fund, similar to the National Highway Trust Fund. Its resources would be used exclusively for cleaning up old hazardous waste sites. Superfund's tough

liability provisions would still apply for future pollution, as would all other state and federal environmental laws designed to promote responsible waste management.

One way this fund could be financed would be by adding a separate fee to commercial and industrial insurance premiums in the United States. Even a modest assessment, say 2% of premiums and an equivalent amount for self-insureds, would provide about \$40 billion over the next decade - more than enough to clean up the 1,200 highest-priority sites. Without endless time and money spent on legal debates about liability.

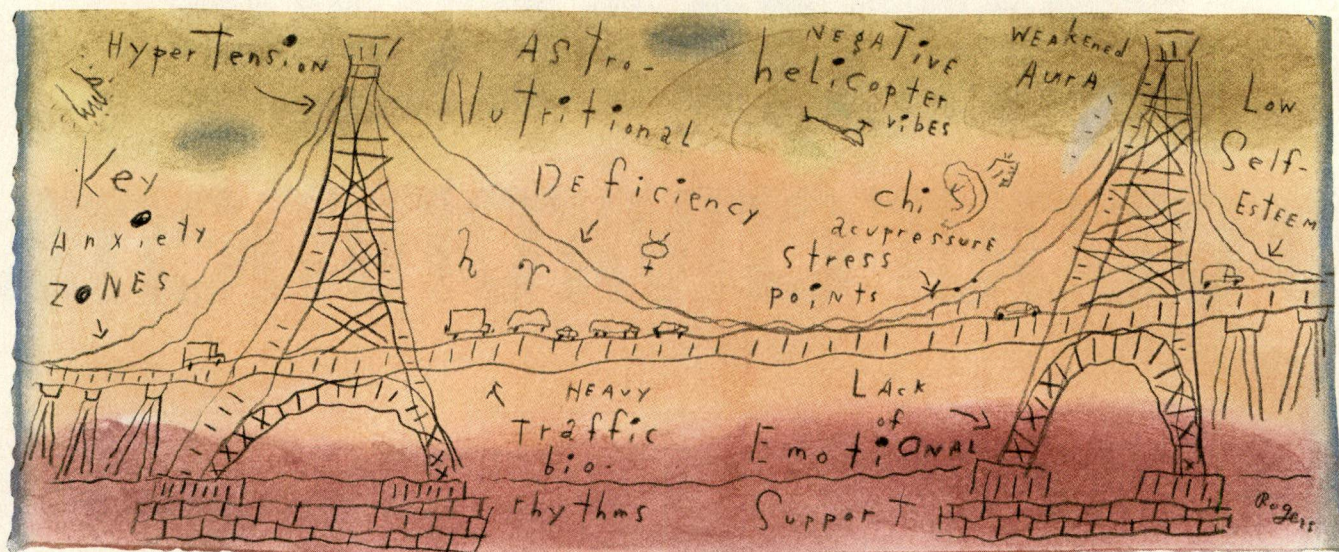
A national advisory board consisting of private individuals, industry and public officials could be charged with overseeing the program. We also suggest giving consideration to establishing local technical monitoring committees in each community. These groups of local citizens, representatives of industry and others would work with the Environmental Protection Agency and their own state on the particular cleanup site - from the very beginning of the cleanup effort.

YOU CAN HELP.

We've waited long enough and spent enough money in the courtrooms. Now it's time for action. A cleaner America should be all Americans' shared goal and shared responsibility.

To express your views, or if you would like further information about AIG's proposed National Environmental Trust Fund, write to Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, American International Group, Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

AIG World leaders in insurance
and financial services.



PRINCIPLES OF HOLISTIC¹ MEDICINE APPLIED TO INFRASTRUCTURE MAINTENANCE: A TEST CASE

BY FRED CATAPANO

INTRODUCTION

Though successfully practiced in the East for centuries,² holistic medicine—that is, the treatment of the entire physical and emotional configuration of the patient instead of the solely medical aspects of the condition³—has only recently been accepted by the American medical community,⁴ and has, in fact, begun to be embraced by other professions, as its efficacy has been established.^{5,6} Last year the Skepticism Committee of the American Society of Civil Engineers commissioned the author⁷ to investigate the

nically punctuated question “Could holistic engineering be applied to the remediation of infrastructure deterioration, and if so, how?”

Taking as a test case New York City’s ailing Williamsburg Bridge,⁸ we strove to discover which, if any, holistic principles could be employed in the maintenance of this historic and decrepit structure.⁹

SUMMARY OF RESEARCH

The perception of infrastructure elements as sensitive and sentient organisms responsive to holistic treatments

has generally been resisted by the engineering profession.¹⁰ While several recent efforts have been made to introduce holism in transportation planning,¹¹ these attempts have been uniformly laughable. Monographs from other disciplines, however, have, in isolated instances, touched on the possibilities for holistic applications in the field of capital-plant maintenance:

- Bettina Collingsworth has suggested that the introduction of labor-saving mechanized repair equipment, such as jackhammers, has resulted in the loss of the “personal” aspect of mainte-

¹ See Alistair Cooke-Simm, “Whatever Happened to the ‘W’ in ‘Holism?’” *Annals of the Anglo-American Orthographic Society*, XII (2), pp. 31–40.

² For an illuminating overview, see “Why the Japs Never Get Sick,” *Medical Corps Bulletin*, U.S. Army of Occupation (Tokyo: 1946), p. 17.

³ An excellent summary of the field is Ann Meaculpa, M.S., “You Have Only Yourself to Blame: A Holistic Approach to Health and Illness,” *Psychosomatics Today*, June, 1985, pp. 42–57.

⁴ Cf. “How You Feel May Indeed Determine How You Feel” (editorial), *N. Amer. Jrnl. Obvious Med.*, XIX (3), p. 4.

⁵ E.g., Francis X. Postfacto, Esq., “A Lawyer’s Nirvana: Maybe Your Client Is a Total Legal Basket Case,” *ABA Guide to Profits* (New York: Upper East Side Press, 1982), pp. 114–239.

⁶ E.g., Steve Leisure, D.D.S., “Why Stop at the Mouth? Holistic Dentistry and the Country Home,” *Dental Dollar\$*, April, 1986, pp. 12–40.

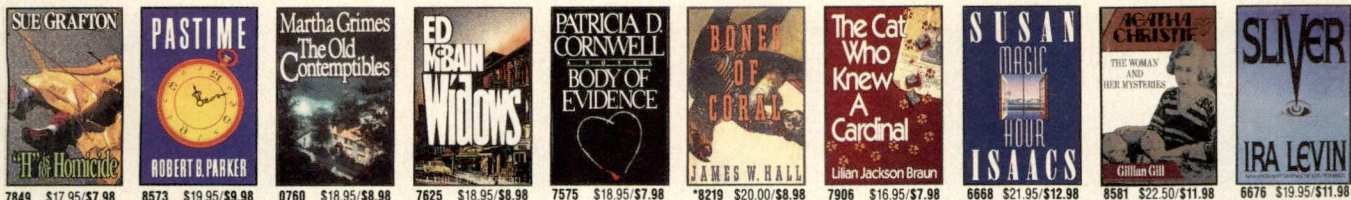
⁷ B.A., M.A., Ph.D., *inter alia*.

⁸ Documented in *To Hell in a Handbasket: The State of the City* (City of New York: Office of the Mayor, 1988), pp. 752–806.

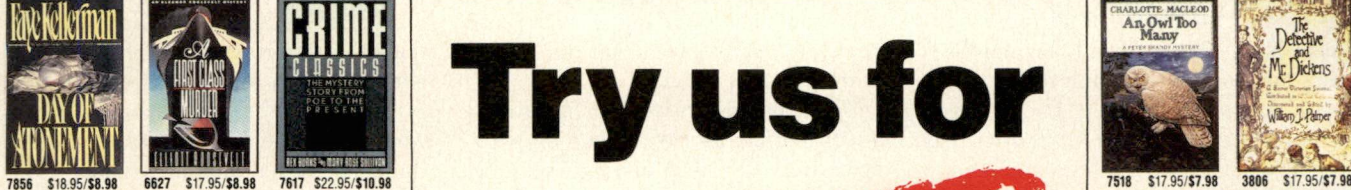
⁹ See “DEATHTRAP!!!” *New York Post*, May 27, 1987, p.1.

¹⁰ E.g., Walt Macho, “To Hell With This ‘Touchy-Feely Engineering’ Crap” (interview), *Engrng. News*, April, 1988, pp. 78–82.

¹¹ Notably the highly publicized 1990 Big Sur Conference on Macrobiotics and Highway Resurfacing, reported in *Transactions of the California Academy of Cosmics and Groovy Sunsets* (no volume numbers, no pagination).



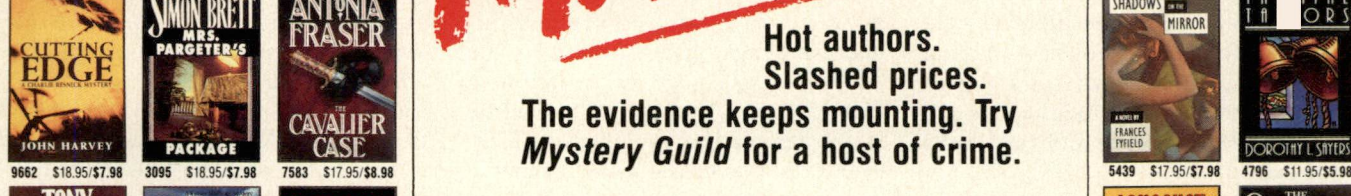
7849 \$17.95/\$8.98 8573 \$19.95/\$8.98 0760 \$18.95/\$8.98 7625 \$18.95/\$8.98 7575 \$18.95/\$7.98 *8219 \$20.00/\$8.98 7906 \$16.95/\$7.98 6668 \$21.95/\$12.98 8581 \$22.50/\$11.98 6676 \$19.95/\$11.98



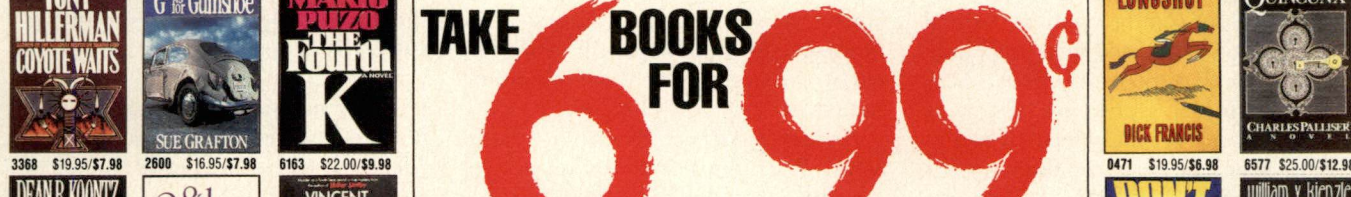
7856 \$18.95/\$8.98 6627 \$17.95/\$8.98 7617 \$22.95/\$10.98 7518 \$17.95/\$7.98 3806 \$17.95/\$7.98



*8466 \$19.95/\$11.98 2089 \$17.95/\$7.98 *8177 \$19.95/\$9.98 7526 \$17.95/\$7.98 6718 \$17.95/\$8.98



9662 \$18.95/\$7.98 3095 \$18.95/\$7.98 7583 \$17.95/\$8.98 5439 \$17.95/\$7.98 4796 \$11.95/\$5.98



3368 \$19.95/\$7.98 2600 \$16.95/\$7.98 6163 \$22.00/\$9.98 0471 \$19.95/\$6.98 6577 \$25.00/\$12.98



6684 \$22.95/\$12.98 3822 \$21.95/\$12.98 *6932 \$22.95/\$12.98 *8193 \$19.95/\$9.98 6650 \$16.95/\$8.98



6726 \$21.95/\$12.98 0638 \$19.95/\$8.98 *8185 \$7.98x 0869 \$18.95/\$7.98 2915 \$22.95/\$8.98 7567 \$21.95/\$13.98 6270 \$7.98x 0877 \$16.95/\$7.98 3889 \$18.95/\$8.98 7385 \$8.98x

Try us for
MURDER
 Hot authors.
 Slashed prices.
 The evidence keeps mounting. Try
Mystery Guild for a host of crime.
TAKE 6 BOOKS FOR 99¢
 when you join *Mystery Guild* now!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOUR MEMBERSHIP'S ACCEPTED...
A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION. If you're not 100% satisfied with your books, return them within 10 days *at our expense* and owe nothing. The Club Tote is your free gift to keep.
HUGE DISCOUNTS ON HARDCOVER BOOKS. Save as much as 60% off publishers' edition prices. Club books are sometimes altered in size to fit special presses.
THE FREE CLUB MAGAZINE. You'll receive up to 15 issues a year. Each issue reviews the Featured Book Selection(s) plus a wide variety of alternate books from the Club's extensive library.
SHOPPING MADE SIMPLE. To get the Featured Book Selection(s), *do nothing*—it will be sent automatically. If you prefer another book—or none at all—simply return your Member Reply Form by the specified date. A shipping and handling charge is added to each order.
AN EASY-TO-MEET OBLIGATION. Take up to 1 year to buy 4 more books at regular low Club prices. Afterwards, you may resign membership anytime.
RISK-FREE RETURN PRIVILEGES. If you get an unwanted book because your Club magazine was delayed and you had less than 10 days to respond, simply return the book *at our expense*.

Prices in fine print are for publishers' editions.
 Prices in bold print are for Club hardcover editions.



FREE TOTE with membership

MYSTERY GUILD

MAIL TO: *Mystery Guild*
 6550 East 30th Street, P.O. Box 6362
 Indianapolis, IN 46206-6362

Please write book numbers here:

YES! Please enroll me in *Mystery Guild* according to the risk-free membership plan described in this ad. Send me the 6 BOOKS I've indicated—plus my FREE CLUB TOTE. Bill me just 99¢, plus shipping and handling.

SAVE MORE—TAKE ANOTHER BOOK FOR \$3.49 (write book number)

Send me the book I've indicated and reduce my commitment to only 3 more books. Bill me just \$3.49, plus shipping and handling.

27816 11

Mr./Mrs. _____
 Miss/Ms. _____ please print 27817 35

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members serviced from Canada, where offer is slightly different. Sales tax added where applicable. We reserve the right to reject any application.

AL 9/91

x Hardcover edition exclusively for Club members * Explicit scenes and/or language

nance; she has urged a return to the more "caring" hands-on practices of earlier times. "It is no accident," she asserts,¹² "that the Great Wall of China is extant. Just think of all those delicate little Chinese hands lovingly laying stone upon stone, and think of how good that wall must feel."¹³

- Performance-related insecurity has been identified as a valid phenomenon by P. J. Coomerawamy and others,¹⁴ who have suggested that phrases such as "bumper to bumper," "five-mile backup," and "thirty-minute delays" may produce deleterious effects when overheard by aboveground ferrous structures that can receive commercial-radio-transmitted motorists' advisories. Coomerawamy believes that such structures cannot help having feelings of deep inadequacy after public ostracism over their inability to perform their vehicle-delivery tasks satisfactorily.

- Nutritional deficiencies may cause the failure of some structures' natural immune systems, according to Wallace Willis, whose work on the effects of hyperingestion of asphalt by laboratory animals¹⁵ inadvertently focused worldwide attention on an imperfectly understood aspect of highway rehabilitation programs.

- Miller and Jacobs have pointed to anxiety-accelerated deterioration in the pathology of tunnels.¹⁶ Citing the subaqueous passages' constant aware-

ness of millions of tons of overhead water pressure as a quotidian fact of life, they have hypothesized the presence of high levels of immunosuppressive chemicals in mortar joints near those cute little traffic signals on the ceiling of the Lincoln Tunnel.

- Hypertension may be a heretofore unconsidered risk to certain cold-climate roadways that undergo seasonal salting, according to Morton Freeman.¹⁷ Comparative studies of traffic-bearing infrastructure elements in upstate New York have revealed that sanding is preferable.¹⁸

RECOMMENDATIONS

The study finds merit in a holistic approach to infrastructure maintenance and urges that, as a test case, the Williamsburg Bridge be treated as a feeling, caring, and vulnerable entity. It is suggested that the following measures be implemented without delay:¹⁹

- *Change the name to Gotham Skyway.* Enhanced self-esteem, resulting from metaphoric nomenclature, will increase the structure's natural immunity to disease.²⁰

- *Provide sensitivity training to repair crews.* Recent research has suggested that inanimate objects may, in fact, be sensitive to pain²¹ and should be treated accordingly.

- *Greatly increase tolls.* Studies have shown a positive and lasting relationship between revenue production and

a sense of civic value and societal contribution.²²

- *Alter the paint scheme.* Experience indicates that primary-color infrastructures such as the Golden Gate Bridge, the Blue Ridge Parkway, and the Yellow Brick Road turn out to be relatively maintenance- and trouble-free, while neutral-shade structures, such as Zane Grey Viaduct, in Arizona, and Hollywood's Shirley Temple Black Bridge/Tunnel, along with others too numerous to mention, are in virtually total disrepair.

- *Observe significant anniversaries.* No single life event causes more disheartening reactions than the failure to celebrate important dates.²³ Suitable anniversaries might include date of opening, first suicide by jumping, and other statistical milestones.

- *Clean up the neighborhoods.* Since environmental shortcomings are known to be psychic stressors, the stable but untidy neighborhoods on both ends of the bridge should be razed and replaced by landscaped promenades and waterfront revitalization.²⁴ Approach ramps should be redesigned to include flowered median malls, seductive acceleration lanes, and grassy shoulders.

CONCLUSION

The author has proposed new techniques to bridge the gaps between the past and the future. The next step is up to someone else. □

¹² Bettina Collingsworth, R.N., "Effects of Therapeutic Touch on Elevated Railway Rights of Way: An Overview," *Amer. J. Metallurg. Nursg.*, XII (3), pp. 9-83.

¹³ For an incisive refutation, see "RR Execs Kibosh 'Screwball' Ideas," *New York Times*, June 30, 1986, p. 29.

¹⁴ P. J. Coomerawamy et al., "Breaker One-Niner: Some Broadcasting Challenges Presented by Shakespearean Asides in *Timon of Athens* and *Coriolanus*, and Sundry Other Observations," *C.B. News 'n' Views*, December, 1978, p. 46.

¹⁵ Reported in "Laboratory Prank Yields Surprising Results," *Newsletter*, Columbia Univ. Psych. Dept., October, 1987.

¹⁶ A. B. Miller and C. D. Jacobs, "Comparison of Ante- and Post-Diluvian Shanty Roofs in Tell-el-Amarna: A Follow-up to the Leakey Study," *Competitive Archaeology*, X (1), pp. 26-219.

¹⁷ See M. Freeman, *Risk Factors Associated With Sodium in Highly Salinized Expressways* (Salt Lake City: Brigham Young Univ. Press, 1982), p. 78.

¹⁸ H. Youngman and M. Berle, "Sandy Claws: What the Cat Got When She Crossed the Desert," in J. Leno, ed., *A Treasury of Superannuated Humor* (Catskill, N.Y.: Borscht Belt Press, 1988), pp. 183-201.

¹⁹ It may already be too late. See Juan Tegucigalpa, M.D., "Holistic Interventions in the Treatment of the 'Mañana Syndrome,'" *Psychology Tomorrow*, June, 1990.

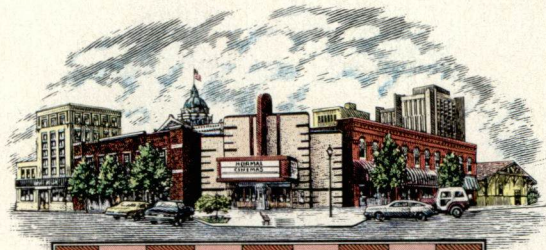
²⁰ Cf. Bud Waxman, "Correlative Productivity and Longevity Survey of 'Janitors' and 'Custodial Engineers,'" *Jrnl. Mgmt. Manipulatn.*, LVI (2), pp. 4-70.

²¹ See Mary Anderson, M.S.W., "Would You Sandblast Your Daughter?" *Neonatal Hygiene*, June, 1977, pp. 42-51. See also Bernard "Dutch" Kramer, P.E., "Highways Have Feelings Too," *Paving News*, August, 1988, p. 9.

²² A riveting example of this phenomenon is Luther Lassitude, *Call Me "Garbage": Memoirs of an Unemployed Head of Household* (Pittsburgh: Rust Belt Press, 1979).

²³ For the classic representation, see cartoon by Roz Chast in *The New Yorker*, July 12, 1985, p. 18. Captioned "Ooops!—Sorry, Honey . . .," the illustration depicts a man standing on the left, looking at his wristwatch, while on the right a woman stands arms akimbo. The living room is a mess. In center foreground a beagle wags its tail.

²⁴ *Pro bono* work in this field has been highly successful. See "At Absolutely No Cost to the Public: A Developers' Guide to Big-City Pork-Barrel Politics" (18th ed.), in-house publication of the Trump Organization.



Where does beef fit in a Normal diet?

Normal



First, what exactly is Normal? Well, it's an average Illinois town 35 miles east of Peoria. Which makes it extremely normal.



Here in Normal, people enjoy a variety of foods, including lean beef. The reasons are pretty obvious. A well-balanced diet means well-adjusted adults.



Normal people also choose the Skinniest Six cuts of beef. Hardly strange behavior, I'd say. These cuts run less than

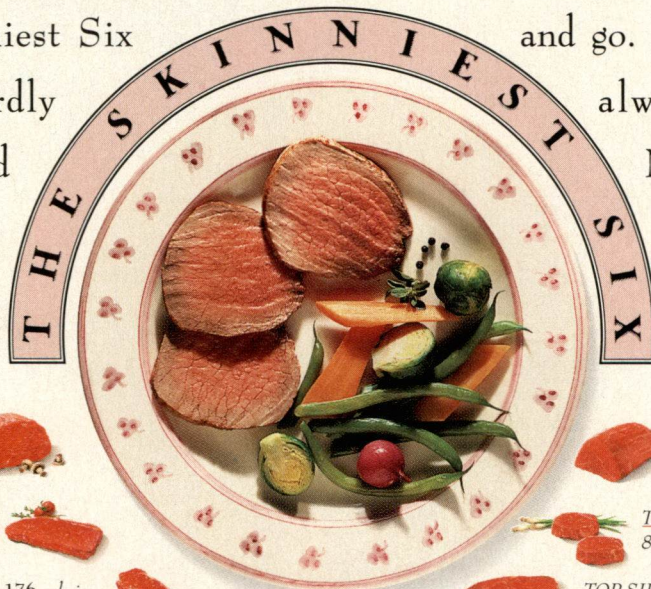
180 calories for three ounces.* Now you know where beef fits in the diet. On the right side of the plate next to the vegetables.



You see, ordinary folks ignore food crazes. They prefer a more balanced, moderate approach. Everything from carrots and cranberries to wild rice and lean beef. Remember, outlandish diets come and go. Eventually things always return to Normal.



See you in the next town.



ROUND TIP 157 calories
5.9 gms total fat* (2.1 gms sat. fat)

TOP ROUND 153 calories
4.2 gms total fat* (1.4 gms sat. fat)

TOP LOIN 176 calories
8.0 gms total fat* (3.1 gms sat. fat)

EYE OF ROUND 143 calories
4.2 gms total fat* (1.5 gms sat. fat)

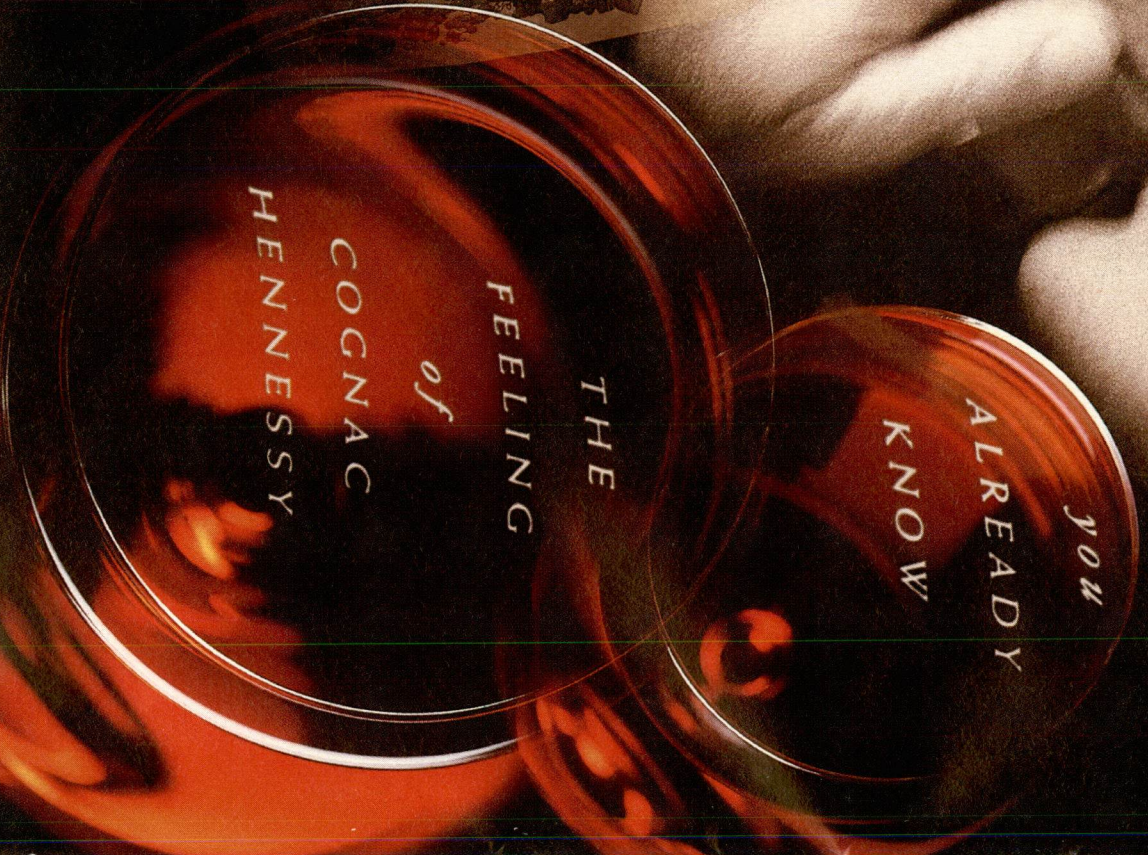
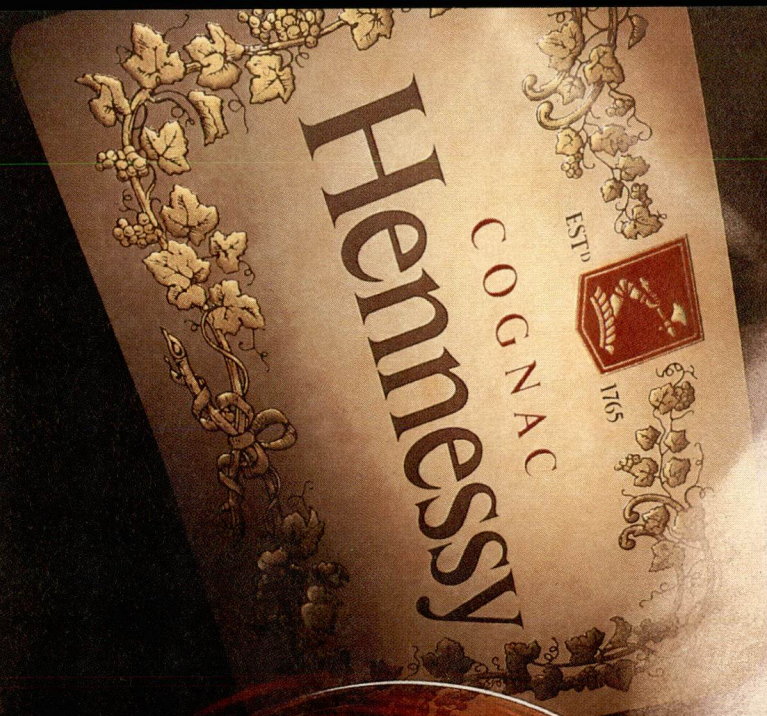
TENDERLOIN 179 calories
8.5 gms total fat* (3.2 gms sat. fat)

TOP SIRLOIN 165 calories
0.1 gms total fat* (2.4 gms sat. fat)

Beef.

Real food for real people.

*Sources: USDA Handbook 8-13 1990 Rev., U.S. RDA National Research Council 1989, 10th Edition. Figures are for a cooked and trimmed 3 oz. serving. 4 oz. uncooked yield 3 oz. cooked. ©1991 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board.



THE
FEELING
of
COGNAC
HENNESSY

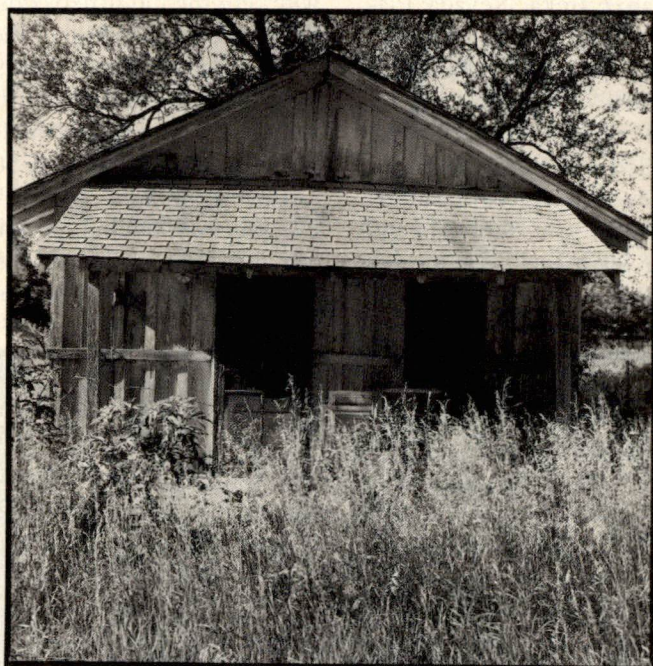
you
ALREADY
KNOW

you've
EVER
BEEN
KISSED

PRAIRY EARTH

Portraits From Chase County, Kansas

BY WILLIAM LEAST HEAT-MOON



It was probably necessary that we develop an American name system, for many of our native soils are unique and should bear their own identities. But in a stroke of scientific shorthand, the soils of our central grasslands are sometimes called simply "prairyerths."

—JOHN MADSON, *Where the Sky Began* (1982)

Kansas is the navel of the nation. . . . The statistics of the census tables are more eloquent than the tropes and phrases of the rhetorician. The story of Kansas needs no reinforcement from the imagination.

—JOHN JAMES INGALLS, "Kansas: 1591–1891" (c. 1896)

No one, I discover, begins to know the real geographic, democratic, indissoluble American Union in the present, or suspect it in the future, until he explores these Central States, and dwells awhile on their prairies or amid their busy towns.

—WALT WHITMAN, *Specimen Days* (1882)

Eternal prairie and grass, with occasional groups of trees. [Captain John] Frémont prefers this to every other landscape. To me it is as if someone would prefer a book with blank pages to a good story.

—CHARLES PREUSS, *Exploring With Frémont* (1842)

Kansas is no mere geographical expression, but a "state of mind," a religion, and a philosophy in one. . . .

The Kansas spirit is the American spirit double distilled. It is a new grafted product of American individualism, American idealism, American intolerance. Kansas is America in microcosm: as America conceives itself in respect to Europe, so Kansas conceives itself in respect to America.

—CARL BECKER, "Kansas" (1910)

Kansas brags on its thunder and lightning; and the boast is well founded.

—HORACE GREELEY, *An Overland Journey* (1859)

the last world war there was more of almost everything except abandoned farmhouses and collapsing windmills.

You may see the county from one of the many transcontinental flights that pass right over it, or you may see it from an Amtrak window (no stops in the county), or you may be fired down the long, smoking bore of the turnpike that shoots across it. You may also see it from its graveled roads, dirt lanes, pasture tracks, or vestiges of historic trails, or from its couple of hundred miles of canoe-navigable waters, and you can travel it by foot or chair—that is, by walking or reading. There's another means, too: call it dreaming, where the less-conscious mind can mouse about.

People passing through from other counties have sometimes found it a good spot to get thumped. A man from Marion, immediately west of here (now residing safely in Colorado), told me, "We used to call it Chasem County. The story there was chase 'em, catch 'em, kick 'em." I add only that people in Cottonwood Falls will comment on the number of federal marshals shot down in Marion. But one thing is certain here: Chase County, Kansas, looks much the way visitors want rural western America to look. A college student, a Pennsylvanian working on a ranch near Matfield Green, said to me, "I can't believe this county. I can't believe it's still like this. I mean, it's so Americana."

IFIRST ENTERED CHASE COUNTY, AS ALMOST EVERYONE traveling from the East did for a generation, along Highway 50. The year was 1952, and I was twelve years old and riding in the front seat as navigator while my father drove our Pontiac Chieftain, with its splendid hood ornament, an Indian's head whose chromium nose we followed for half a decade over much of America. In the past few weeks I've probed my memory to find even one detail of my first passage into the western prairies. What did I see, feel? Nothing except the route now returns. My guess is that I found the grasslands little more than miles to be got over—after all, that's the way Americans crossed Kansas. Still do.

In 1965, when I came out of the Navy, I drove over the prairie again on a visit to California, and the grasslands looked different to me, so alive and varied; I believe now that two years of watching the Atlantic Ocean had changed the way I viewed landscape, especially levelish, rolling things. I also had begun to see the prairies as native ground, the land my home town sat just out of sight of, and I began to like the American grasslands, not because they demand your attention, like mountains and coasts, but because they almost defy absorbed attention. At first, to be *here*, to be here *now*, was hard for me on the prairie. I liked the clarity of line in a place that seemed to require me to bring something to it and to open to it actively: see far, see little. I learned a prairie secret: take the numbing distance in small doses and gorge on the little details that beckon. The prairie doesn't give up any-

thing easily, unless it's horizon and sky. Search out its variation, its colors, its subtleties. It's not that I had to learn to think flat—the prairies rarely are—but I had to begin thinking open and lean, seeing without set points of obvious focus, first noticing the horizon and then drawing my vision back toward middle distance, where so little appears to exist. I came to understand that the prairies are nothing but grass as the sea is nothing but water, that most prairie life is *within* the place: under the stems, below the turf, beneath the stones. I came to understand that the prairie is not a topography that shows its all but rather a vastly exposed place of concealment, like the geodes so abundant in the county, where the splendid lies within a plain cover. At last I realized I was a man not of the sea or coasts or mountains but of the grasslands. Once I understood that, I began to find all sorts of reasons why, and here comes one:

I am driving west of Emporia, Kansas, on Highway 50 where it takes up the course of the two-mile-wide and east-running Cottonwood River, and I've just entered the prairie hills through a trough of wooded bottom that runs some way into the uplands before the road rises out of the floodplain to reveal the open spread of grasses. The change is sudden, stark, surprising. If I kept heading west, I would ride among the grasses—tall, middle, short—until I crossed the prairie and the plains (the words are not synonyms) and climbed into the foothills of the Rockies. By following Route 50 into Chase County, up out of the shadowed woodlands, out of the soybean and sorghum bottoms, and into the miles of something too big, too wild, to be called a meadow, I am recapitulating human history, retracing in an hour the sixty-five-million-year course of our evolution from some small bottom-dwelling mammal that began to climb trees and evolve and then crawl down and move into the East African savannas. It was tall grass that made man stand up: to be on all fours, to crouch in a six-foot-high world of thick cellulose, is to be blind and vulnerable. People may prefer the obvious beauty of mountains and seacoasts, but we are bipedal because of savanna; man is man because of tall grass. When I walk the prairie, I like to take along the notion that although my blood may long for the haven of the forest, its apprenticeship in the trees, it also recognizes this grand openness as the kind of place where it became itself.

Now: I am in the grasses, my arms upraised, spine and legs straight, everything upright like the bluestem, and I can walk a thousand miles over this prairie, but I can't climb a tree worth a damn.

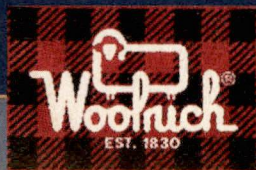
On Highway 50, exactly two miles west of the eastern Chase County line (man-made things are often exact distances here, because they grow up along section-line junctures), a gravel road crosses the highway, and I am walking it southward, toward where it passes over old Route 50 and then over the old Santa Fe tracks and then the new tracks, and then drops steeply down the high

SOME CLASSICS ARE MORE RELIABLE THAN OTHERS.



Fortunately, for those who appreciate classics, not all of them come with four wheels. Woolrich, for instance, has been around for over 160 years and, as far as we know, we've yet to leave anyone stranded twenty miles from town.

EAGLES NEST



BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN SPORTS

grade to the oldest Route 50 and runs a mile to the Cottonwood River. Between tracks and river stand four houses, a brick school, and, off in a grove, a wooden depot used as a storage shed, and the sign, although fading, still says SAFFORDVILLE.

Saffordville: population five, the youngest fifty-five, the oldest eighty-five. The village, once called Kenyon (I haven't discovered why), takes its name from a Kansas judge who advocated passage of the Homestead Act of 1862. I am in the grass and scrub that was once the town. I climb concrete steps leading to nothing and shuffle down native-stone sidewalk slabs going nowhere. Ahead is the concrete cooler house of a grocery; behind, the block shell of an auto garage. In 1940 two hundred people lived here. No town in the county has increased its population since the Second World War, and what I am about to say is true of other villages nearby, the two towns excepted. As a form of shorthand, let me call this dying the Saffordville syndrome: in the thirties the town had a doctor, three stores, two schools, one hotel, a blacksmith shop, a lumberyard, a creamery, a café, barber and butcher shops, a bank, a garage, a church, and five lodges (Masons, Woodmen, Eastern Star, Royal Neighbors, Ladies Aid). These happened: farmers needed fewer hands to get a good crop from the rich bottoms, and bigger implements required more land to make them pay; automobiles and paved roads opened the commerce of Emporia (so properly named); county schools consolidated.

That much is general American history. Saffordville added a detail that, in one Kansan's words, "capped the climax." Speculators trying to make a killing by inventing towns and then selling lots laid out Saffordville not just between Buckeye and Bull creeks but also on the first terrace of the Cottonwood River, so that heavy rains rush the village from three sides, and on the south a high bluff forces the Cottonwood in flood northward toward Saffordville, where the high railroad grade dams it. The effect was something like building a town at the bottom of a funnel; even after the citizens cut away a loop in the river, it didn't drain fast enough during a flood. In the 1940s an old raconteur wrote,

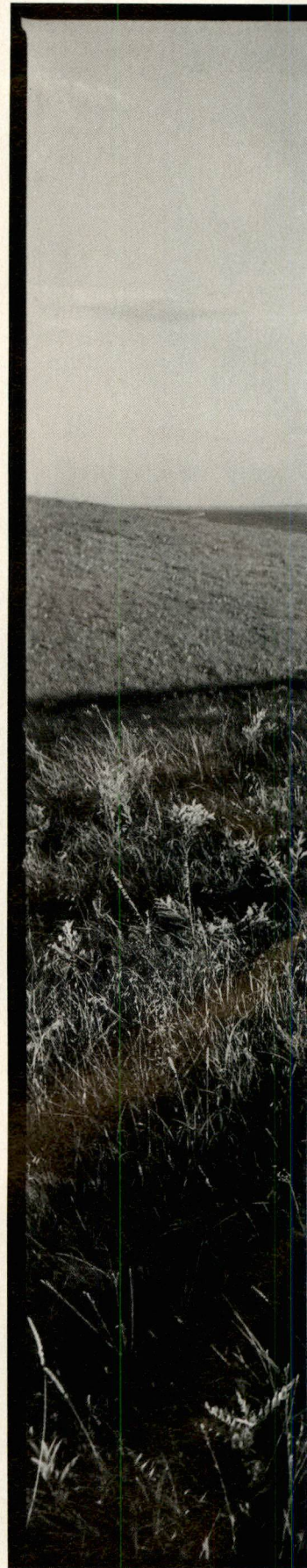
The Indians used to warn settlers who settled near the river. They said they had seen the water from bluff to bluff. The settlers did not pay any attention to the Indians warnings, and in 1904, there came a flood and the Cottonwood River overflowed its banks and flooded everything. Two weeks later it overflowed again, which was the last flood for nineteen years. Again in 1923, there came another flood. It was the last one until 1926. In 1929 there were two floods—one in June and the other in November. In the period from 1923 to 1929, the river overflowed eight times.

And then, as if to prove that these floods were not mere and rare chances of nature, in 1951 the Cottonwood flooded four times, the last the worst in white men's memory. Less than a hundred feet wide here, this river,

*I came
to understand
that the prairies are
nothing but
grass as the sea
is nothing
but water, that most
prairie life
is within the place:
under the stems, below
the turf, beneath
the stones.*



**Along the Madison-
Eureka Road,
southeastern Chase County**





which had caught fire from an oil-well spill a generation earlier, and two generations before that had gone dry (countians tell of walking the twelve miles to Emporia on the riverbed and of helplessly standing by their empty wells and watching their houses burn to the ground that summer)—this same river gathered the waters of its tributaries, running full of July rains, and went overnight from five feet deep to thirty feet, and took off once again across the valley, just as it was to do in 1965, 1973, 1985. Had there been an economic reason for Saffordville to continue, these repetitions of muddy water would have been serious drawbacks, but in the absence of reasons beyond the inertia of initial settlement, the Cottonwood, like a wronged red man, finally drove out the town. A fellow told me, "That river ate our dinner once too often." The residents packed up possessions, picked up their houses and church and even some of the stone-slab sidewalks, and moved a mile north to the higher ground of faceless Toledo, a mere assembling of houses that happen to stand in some proximity. Since the big flood of 1951 only two families have stayed on in Saffordville, and a couple of decades ago another moved in. To my knowledge, no one around here thinks them crazy.

On the First Terrace

I AM AT THE DINNER TABLE IN TOM BRIDGE'S HOUSE, A solid one-and-a-half-story red-brick, red-tile-roof place built in 1921 in Saffordville. Although it's not a big house, even today it stands out in the county. For twenty-five years Tom Bridge, tall and angular, has taught geology at Emporia State University, but he grew up on the Colorado grasslands at the foot of the Front Range.

In 1966 Tom got lost and drove into Saffordville and asked the old banker's son for directions to a piece of land he was considering buying. The son said he might sell Tom his house, and later he did, and Bridge knew all along that the house sat in the floodplain of the Cottonwood River. He moved in with his wife, Syble, and their four children, and it's quite possible that Tom and Syble will be the last citizens of Saffordville. From 1966 to 1973 they averaged a flood a year, but the water never got out of the basement. Tom didn't complain about the water but he did about Syble's overstocking canned goods, because they seemed a needless burden. In 1985 the river began to swell, and the Bridges began raising furniture, and they were soon out of bricks and concrete blocks, and they started setting cans of corn, tomato soup, and V-8 juice under the furniture legs. Of the three inhabited houses remaining in Saffordville, the Bridges' is the farthest from the river but on the lowest ground, and it isn't feasible to raise their brick house, as their neighbor did his big two-story frame place. So while the radio crackled out flood updates, the Bridges put down cans of chili and pork and beans—their sole defense against the river, and

not much more effective than wet towels against dusters.

As goes the Cottonwood, so goes Chase County: through the quarter-billion-year-old limestone hills the typically slow waters have cut a sixty-mile dogleg trough, northeast, east. Before the recent building of several impoundments, all the storm runoff in the county, except from two small portions in the south, along with much of the drainage of Marion County, rolled past Saffordville. Although nearly every village in Chase sits in the valley of the Cottonwood or one of its tributaries, only Saffordville, on the east, sooner or later gets the runoff from 1,700 square miles, an immense drainage for such a small channel. Without the Cottonwood watershed there would never have been much settlement in Chase or agriculture other than upland grazing, and the railroad and Highway 50 would not likely have passed this way, since transport crosses the hills through the gaps cut by the Cottonwood and the South Fork. The valleys hold the towns and the cultivation, but only 14 percent of the county is bottomland, and it is the rain falling on the other 86 percent, the uplands, that creates floods. Like Kane, an ancient Hawaiian god of creation, the Cottonwood gives life and destruction with equal nonchalance.

Now the river is rising:

The uplands, in saturation, can no longer hold the rain, and they slough it down the slopes to the creeks where a few days earlier quiet waters flowed blue-gray, the color of moonstone, but now they climb banks and rip off ledges with mad turnings of earthen roil, and where they join larger streams, they meet walls of water and back up until the whole county, its veinings of waterways become a huge thrombus, starts to overflow, and the word goes out by radio, by neighbors in pickups: "River's on the rise!" And all the time it's raining, raining so long that the *Emporia Gazette* has time to print front-page jokes about it: "If you've been saving for a rainy day, brother, this is it." Raining, and the Cottonwood, now thirty feet deep, tops out and starts across the bottoms and begins losing its hundred serpentines as it straightens itself to fit the more linear contours of the valley, and the word goes out, "Take high ground!" and people wonder, *Am I high enough?*, and now only parallel lines of cottonwoods and sycamores and willows mark the usual river course, and a man stands on a bridge and remembers how last week his rowboat hardly moved in the slow river when he fished east of the old milldam, and now the silent river has voice, loud, and one fellow says to his son, "It's that sound I don't like," and farmers start their combines and tractors (and one machine won't fire up) and move them to higher ground. "How high is high enough?" "Is there time to get the cattle out?" And everywhere along the South Fork and the Cottonwood the usual argument: "I'm not leaving. This is where I live. This is mine." And the old, benign river turns malevolent, and a farmer shouts at his wife, "It's sweeping us away!" and she won't listen, because women here are al-



...and 72.3% of them drink only one Sambuca.

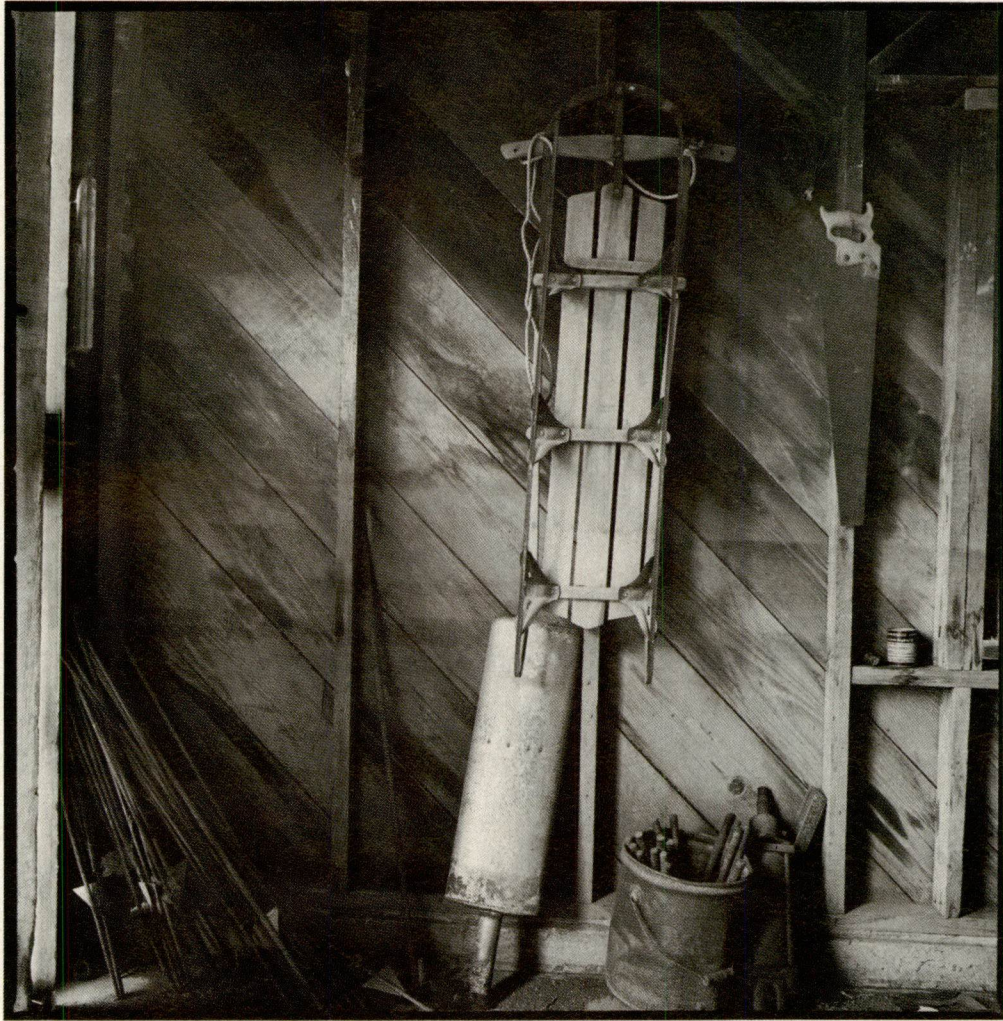
**Molinari Sambuca.
The only Sambuca Extra.**

The Italian courts have awarded Molinari the "Extra" designation because of its authenticity and choice ingredients.

But judging by the fact that over 70% of all the Sambuca sold in Italy is Molinari, we'd say that extra-smooth taste is what's made it one of the few things Italians agree on.



Molinari® Sambuca. L'unica "Extra."



Flood lines,
Tom and Syble Bridge's
garage

ways the last to leave, and out back the corn and milo are going under, green to brown, and she shouts, "I'm going upstairs!" and he shouts, "No you're not!" And she: "It's not going to take my house while I stand up on the bluff, not this river!" And he: "It ain't no river now!" It's a thing moving as if it knows what made this valley and knows its million-year right of tenancy, and it's going to tear out the fences and flush the squatters and their privies away and scrub the valley of the septic intrusion and let them go down with their hogs and stories of Noah.

The river has risen.

THIS IS SYBLE BRIDGE, SMALL AND TRIM. SHE SAYS to me, "The problem isn't the water, really; it's the mud that stays behind. The water drains out. The mud settles." And Tom says, and he is thinking of Dust Bowl days, too, "We get that same layer, the same type of dust or mud precipitated out of water." I'm laughing, and I say, All life you keep getting soil in your house from one agency or another. You're an earth scientist, and earth keeps coming in to live with you. It must make you glad you're not an entomologist. Or a mortician.

I ask, Where did you see the water first? and she says, "In '85 I opened the basement door, and it was coming up the stairs at me. It was rising faster than we'd seen it do before. I'd already gotten my home-canned goods out of the basement, and then they went under up here: sweet pickles and dills. Afterward we were afraid to eat them, but we ate the stuff in tin cans. Two dozen jars of pickles, still pretty and green, went to the dump, along with some furniture and mattresses and rugs: three flat-bed-truck loads. You understand, in '85 we never left the house. That's the way it is for us here—our neighbors, Edith and Frances, don't leave either. We have one room upstairs, and Tom and I go up to it, but we come down in our rubber boots and sit in the water to eat at the table. The man who built this house, Bill ImMasche, the banker, did the same thing: went upstairs and waited it out. During a flood Stanley North always came up to the back of the house in a rowboat to bring Bill his paper and mail and milk every day. In '51 they took the screen off the upstairs window to pass things in. Before he pulled away, Stanley said, 'You want this screen back on?' 'No,' says Bill. 'Leave it off. I'll swat flies. It'll give me something to do.' The floods never bothered him, but people say

that his wife's severe heart trouble came from worrying over this house flooding. He watched his pennies, but she shook him loose to build this place."

The Bridges have lived here twenty-two years, and I ask why they haven't at least built a levee around the house, a four-foot berm should do it, and Tom says, "When we get time," and I ask whether living here makes them watch the sky, and he says, "We've had floods when we've had no rain on our place. We have to listen to the radio, go down to the bridge to check on the river, especially at night, when we can't see it coming over the fields."

Syble says, "When the forecast is for flood, Tom starts moving vehicles to higher ground, and I mow the lawn so the grass clippings will wash away. If the forecast was for flooding tomorrow, I'd head right now for the canned goods, especially juice cans, the forty-six-ounce size. Two years ago it was ten inches in this room, but in '51 it was five feet, and that's what damaged the house. When we bought it, we had to put everything inside back together. We decorated with the idea that things would probably get wet." Now Syble is setting the table to serve a pork loin and mashed potatoes and broccoli, and she says, "In high water it gets quiet. About all we hear is the water slopping outside."

Tom: "This house is a riverboat that won't float. I'll look out a window and see carp jumping on the lawn. Frogs in the basement. Cordwood floating off the porch."

And Syble: "I looked out the window in '85 and saw the workbench float out the garage. An eddy carried it away. It wasn't a regular workbench: it was an old grand piano that had been gutted, but it had fancy carved legs. We kept tools and nails sitting on it. We watched it float out, go past the house, moving right along. It stopped over east, in Edith's field, tools still on top of it."

Tom: "I had three Honda motorcycles in the garage. They went beneath. There isn't time to get everything, so we go for the books first, then things in the basement. I turn off the electricity if water's coming upstairs. Syble got shocked the last time. You'll feel the electric current in the water, a kind of vibrating; it can kill you. We take oil lamps to the second floor. The toilet stops working, the bathtub backs up with foul stuff. There's no question a flood's inconvenient."

Syble: "You don't live in a floodplain and get excited about water. Now, a tornado gets us excited. Tom calls us collectors who need a flood every so often to clear things out anyway. When the water drops, we get the brooms and hose and squirt it and keep the water riled up, make it take the mud back out. If you let the mud dry, it's like concrete. We pump out the basement."

The Bridges have no flood insurance, and Tom tells me he sold their canoe, and Syble says, "I wouldn't want to be out in a flood in a canoe." They don't have a CB radio to make up for losing the telephone when the buried lines short out. I ask Tom if he will see water in this

house again, and he says, "That's a real possibility, but I don't worry about it. Our lives aren't threatened. Our possessions, yes."

Now the meal is over, and we are talking about geology, and someone has said that the Kansas pioneers' great fear was drought, and I say, Since erosion is the primary geologic force in Kansas, isn't it appropriate for a geologist to live amid the cycle of flood, erosion, and deposition? And Tom says, "Twenty-two years here now and I really understand sedimentary layering, what made these hills."

The Emma Chase

BROADWAY, WEST SIDE, A STOREFRONT WINDOW, and painted on the plate glass a cup of steaming coffee; morning, Cottonwood Falls, the Emma Chase Café, November: I'm inside and finishing a fine western omelet and in a moment will take on the planks of homemade wheat bread—just as soon as the shadow from the window coffee cup passes across my little notebook. The men's table (a bold woman sometimes sits at it, but rare is the man who sits at the women's table) has already emptied, and now the other one does too. On the west wall hangs a portrait of a woman from the time of Rutherford B. Hayes, and she, her hair parted centrally, turns a bit to the left, as if to answer someone in the street, her high collar crisp, her eyebrow ever so slightly raised, her lips pursed as if she's about to speak. (And now someone calls out from the kitchen to the new waitress, "On your ticket, what's this U.P.?" and the girl says, "Up," and from the kitchen, "You can't have scrambled eggs up.") The portrait is of "the woman history forgot"—Emma Chase, who said, "You can't start a revolution on an empty stomach." She was not wife, daughter, sister, or mother to Salmon P. Chase, the great enemy of slavery and Lincoln's Chief Justice, whose name the county carries. Emma stands in no man's shadow but in the dark recess that the past mostly is. In this county she's famous for having been forgotten; after all, who remembers that it was on the back of one of Emma's envelopes that Lincoln outlined his Emancipation Proclamation? That's been the story in the Falls, anyway.

Most countians now understand that Emma "A-Cookie-in-Every-Jar" Chase has the reality of an idea and an ideal, even if she had to be invented. When Linda Pretzer Thurston decided to open the café, a couple of years ago, she cast about for a name, something local, something feminine, and she searched the volumes of the *Chase County Historical Sketches* for an embodiment of certain values but came away unsatisfied by or unaware of the facts, such as those of 1889 about Minnie Morgan, of Cottonwood, one of the first women in the country to be elected mayor and *the* first—and probably the only one—to serve with an all-female city council. Minnie has stood in a few dark historical corridors herself: her daugh-



GOODYEAR INVICTA GS. BASED ON A SIMPLE BUT PROVEN HYDRAULIC PRINCIPLE.



Wet or dry, this is all that touches the road: the contact patch.

No one likes to drive in the rain.

Which is why Goodyear has devoted so many years, and so many millions of miles, to the science of wet traction.

It's this unequalled knowledge that has led to the development of 185-plus mph rain tires for some of the world's fastest racing cars.

And to the development of the Goodyear Invicta family of passenger car tires.

The Invicta family is the fourth generation of Goodyear all-season radials.

And it has found favor with some of the world's toughest tire critics: the engineers who develop vehicles like the Lexus LS400,

the Chrysler Town & Country, the Honda Accord and the Buick Park Avenue Ultra.

You'll find the Goodyear Invicta GS, GL or GA(L) as original equipment on all of these vehicles.

And Invicta radials were chosen for these vehicles only after rigorous comparison with other makes of tires.

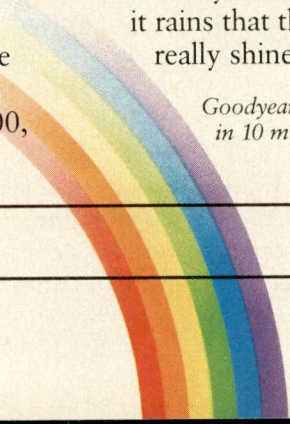
Usually, there is a minimum of 22 different points of comparison. Including treadwear, noise, durability. And wet traction.

No one likes to drive in the rain. But you'll find it's when it rains that the Invicta GS really shines.



Goodyear wins the most important tests of all.

Goodyear Invicta radials have proven their worth in 10 million miles of testing. Wet and dry.





Goodyear never forgets that the contents of your car are always more valuable than the car.



Buick Park Avenue Ultra



Chrysler Town & Country



Toyota Camry V6

You'll find Invicta GS, GL or GA(L) radials on some of the best vehicles available in America. One of the reasons they were selected is their wet weather capability.



The wet-weather technology that goes into Goodyear's 185+ mph Formula One rain tire goes into the Goodyear Invicta GS.



60000

The all-season compound and steel-belted radial construction of the Invicta GS mean lasting value, season after season.

GOODYEAR

THE BEST TIRES IN THE WORLD HAVE GOODYEAR WRITTEN ALL OVER THEM.

ter's biography of the family in the *Sketches* speaks of wild plums and a neighbor who threw the family's clothes down the cistern to save them from a prairie fire, and it mentions her father's founding of the county newspaper *The Leader* (of many papers, the only one still alive) and her brother's "Jayhawker in Yurru" travel books, but it says not one word about Minnie's mayoralty. There has not been a female mayor since.

So the café had no name until one night, at the family supper table, Linda and her identical twin said simultaneously in response to something she's now forgotten, "The Emma Chase!" Soon newspaper ads for the café printed Emma's chocolate-chip-cookie recipe, and asked townspeople to search their attic trunks for information about her. One day the president of the county historical society, Whitt Laughridge, came in with a large framed portrait of an unidentified woman he'd found in the vault. Thurston cried, "Yes! At last we have Emma!" Unsatisfied with history, she had invented a persona and then had to invent ways to get people to accept the name. Her ads and fabricated history worked so well that *she*, who grew up five miles west, in Elmdale, became to the citizens "Emma down at the café," and she doesn't mind.

There are other things she does object to, such as the racist joke a fellow told a while ago at the men's table, and to which she said loudly from across the room, "Did you hear that one at church, Ray?" and sometimes in answer to sexist comments she'll recite from the café refrigerator, covered with stick-on slogans like a large, upright bumper: THE ROOSTER CROWS BUT THE HEN DELIVERS, or WOMEN'S RIGHTS—REAGAN'S WRONGS.

Linda Thurston is trim and pretty, a dark strawberry blonde given to large, swinging earrings; today she wears a pair of silvery stars almost of a size to be hoisted atop the courthouse cupola for Christmas. She sits down across from me to see what I'm scratching in my notebook. I'm copying what is on her coffee mug:

I HAVE A B.A., M.A., PH.D.
ALL I NEED NOW IS A GOOD J.O.B.

Her doctorate is in child psychology. She is thirty-nine, divorced, and has a son, John. She calls across the little café to the new waitress, "We can't do scrambled eggs over easy."

She pushes the guest book toward me. In it are names from many states and also from Russia, Italy, Israel. She says, "My friends say I'm the white Aunt Jemima of the women's movement, a radicalized storefront feminist whose job is to get cowboys to eat quiche Lorraine even if they call it 'quick lorn.' I'm an aproned militant known for scratch pies, soups, and breads, the one who's taught a waitress Lamaze breathing on a café floor."

A man, his spine crumbling with age, his eyesight almost gone, comes up and holds out a palm of change for his coffee, and Linda takes out thirty-five cents, forget

the tax. Three years ago she and her young son lived near Kansas City, Kansas, where she worked with battered women and handicapped children, some of whose fathers couldn't remember their child's name; they all were poor city people who lived anonymously. She was also the president of a large chapter of the National Organization for Women, and she campaigned and typed and marched. When Ronald Reagan became President and inner-city social programs started disappearing, she found herself depressed and beginning to wonder who the enemy was, where the battlefield was, and she didn't understand why ideas so apparently democratic and humane were so despised, and she was no longer sure what it meant to help anyone disadvantaged or to be a feminist. Women seemed in retreat from action to the easier, safer battles of awareness. Things were retrogressing.

On a trip home to Elmdale she learned that the old and closed Village Inn Café was for sale, and she looked it over, found a broken-down and fouled building. Suddenly a fight against dirt and dilapidation, enemies you could lay your rubber-gloved hands on, looked good, especially when she heard that the county-seat citizens wanted a pleasant place once again to sit down with a coffee and find out whose cattle it was that went through the ice, whose horse had sent him over the fence. A group of Broadway business people met in Bell's western-clothing store and offered to buy the café building and lease it to her—after all, she was a native—and so Linda Thurston decided to live out her fantasy of running a homey little restaurant, and she moved back to Chase County, where, she hoped, "the Hills could heal." Her friend Linda Woody, a state lobbyist for NOW, had also wearied of the struggle against Reaganism, and joined her, and the once dingy, moribund café became unofficially the Retreat for Burned-Out Social Activists, a place where the women could serve homilies, history, and cold pasta salad.

Linda Thurston says: "I saw it as a haven of rest from political struggles, a place I'd have time to write up my research. If we could undermine a few stereotypes along the way and wake up a few people, that was fine too. I've never seen my return as going home so much as going forward to my roots, and I don't think I'll stay long enough to grow old here—unless I already have—and I believe when the time comes to go back to whatever, I'll know where that is. I've learned you can go home again, but I don't know whether you can stay home again."

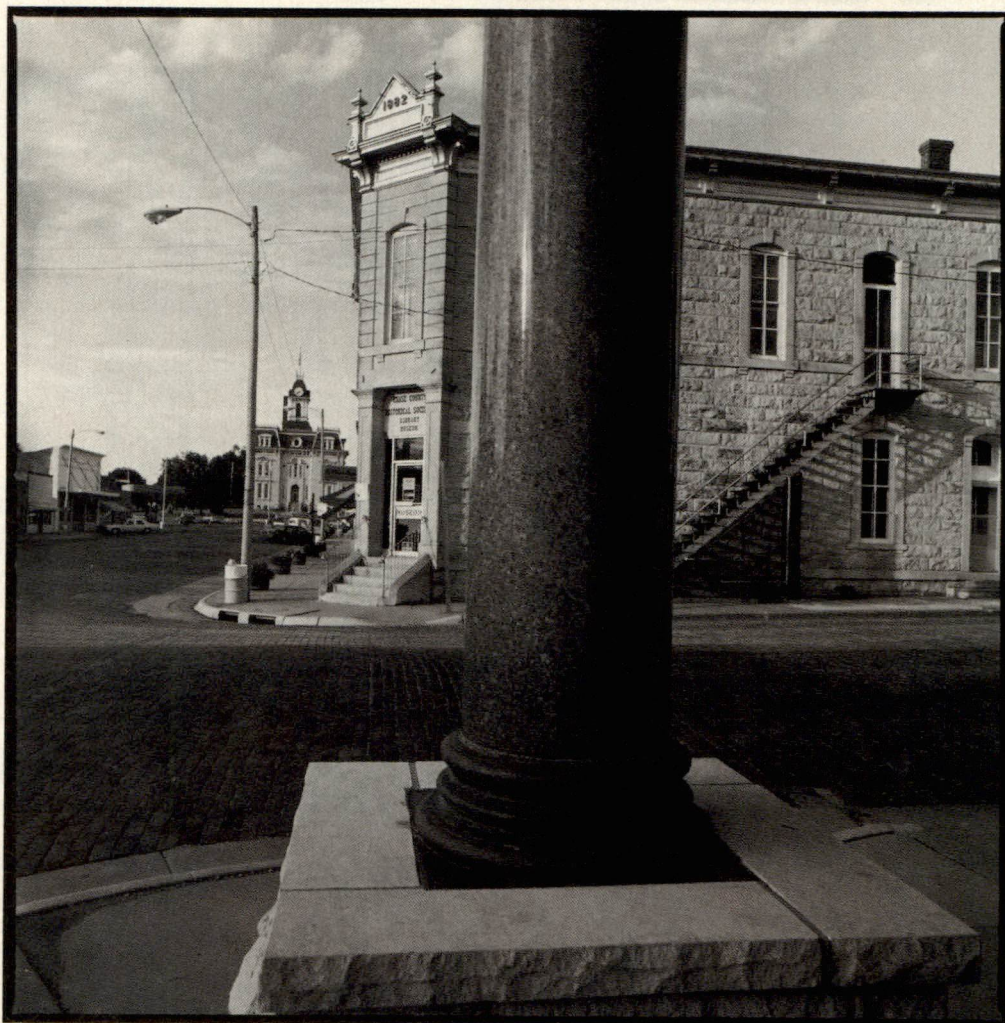
Refurbishing the café became a community task: the seventy-eight-year-old furniture dealer power-sanded the chipped floor, the clothier painted, a dry-waller showed the women how to mud wallboard, and they came to love the exhaustion of such work. Then they got to the Wolf stove, which yielded its encrusted grease to no woman or man or method from scrapers to torches. One day two fellows came in with an idea: they dismantled the range, put it in the back of a pickup, hauled it to the county highway yard, turned a steam hose on it, and reassem-

bled it into the beauty of new sculpture, and someone happily wrote on the blackboard Thurston had set up to list possible names for the place: The Clean Stove Café. Also on the board were The Double L, The Quarthouse, and Soup and Psychological Services, this last already beginning to have some meaning.

The women did not flaunt their politics, and the town was enough impressed with their hard work to ignore their ERA NOW! bumper stickers, and strollers stopped in to watch the work or help out or just pour themselves a cup of free coffee. After six weeks of reconstruction, the women papered over the street windows to create a little suspense for the opening, a couple of days later, while they completed last details. In a county where beef stands second only to Christianity, where gravy and chicken-fried steak are the bases from which all culinary judgments proceed, the women offered eggplant Parmesan, clam linguine, gazpacho, fettuccine Alfredo, and chicken-fried steak. Business was excellent, and the first day they sold out of pasta primavera, and the women were certain they could keep their pledge never to serve french fries or factory white bread. All their eggs came from Chase farms; on weekends, in season, they pre-

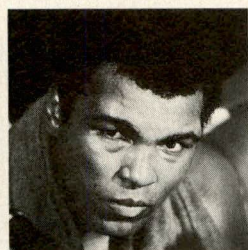
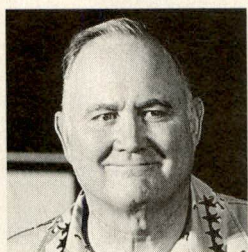
pared calf fries fresh from county pastures (and tolerated jokes attendant to feminists grilling ballocks), and they catered meals to businessmen in lodge meetings and ranch hands at corrals.

Linda says to me: "Scratch cooking all the way. The highest compliment is a woman saying, 'This is as good as I make at home.' But the men bitched all the time about no french fries or white bread, so we gave in and cut our own fry potatoes and baked our own white bread, but still, today, if you want your grilled cheese on Rainbo bread, you'll just have to go someplace else. That's the only thing we haven't compromised on. We've never altered our deeper values, because we refuse to divorce being café owners from our feminism. We're tolerated for it and sometimes we're explained by it: I heard a man ask his friend what a crepe was and why something like that would even be on the menu, and the waitress explained, 'They're for the ERA.' And that's right. We employ only women, and we try to bring to them what we've learned. In the first days of the café a wealthy lady told me there were no battered women in the county, and she believed that, but she's been misled—the problem is just buried. Not long ago, at the health fair in the school gym, we



Broadway,
Cottonwood Falls

Get involved in someone else's life.



BIOGRAPHY
Tuesdays 8pm ET/9pm PT



sponsored a display about services for abused women and children, and we found out later that some people were afraid to stand in front of it because a neighbor might think they were abused. And one day a woman, holding back tears, said to me, 'You ought to get out of here—the longer you stay, the worse you'll feel about yourself as a woman.' Maybe that's a minority view, but it's valid. The other side is that people here are still close to their pioneer ancestors, and they all can tell stories about strong and capable grandmothers. For a long time women have owned businesses in the county, so we're accepted, but then the café isn't a hardware store or a transmission shop."

The young waitress has just given a single check to a man sitting with two women, and Linda explains to her that she should give a check to each person and says, "Don't assume the male always pays," and to me, "Separate checks also protect privacy—people will watch and read something into who picks up the tab," and I ask whether lack of privacy isn't the worst thing about a small town, and she says, "And also the best: I love going to the post office in the morning and knowing everybody. The only time we honk a car horn is with a wave. It's touching when somebody asks about my son or my dad's health. We can't afford not to care about other people in a place this small. Our survival, in a way, depends on minimizing privacy, because the lack of it draws us into each other's lives, and that's a major resource in a little town where there aren't a thousand entertainments. There's an elderly man who lost his little granddaughter to a drunk, a hit-and-run driver, a few months ago. Every time the old fellow comes into the Emma, he retells the story, and every time people listen. What's that worth to a person? Or to a community? A café like this serves to bond us."

I'm scribbling things down, and she watches and says, "Growing up in this county, I learned not to ask questions. If people want you to know something, they'll tell you," and I say that I must be a popular fellow, what with a question mark in every sentence, and she says, "You don't count. You don't live here. Besides, the word is out that you're in the county. You'll be tolerated even if they do think you're about a half bubble off plumb." She watches me write that down, and she says, "We can't afford to ostracize each other just because we don't like this one's politics or the way that one raises her kids. You can get away with it in a city—picking and choosing—but here we're already picked. Participation by everybody discourages change, and the radical gets cut off. But if we give aberrant behavior a wide berth, we don't usually reject it completely. Every merchant on Broadway can tell a story about some petty shoplifter whose pilfering has been ignored to avoid a bigger problem. For an outsider, it's different: if you would espouse something terribly unpopular, like government ownership of land, they'll just question your sanity, but if you pocket a candy bar, they'll have you arrested. If I do either one, it would be just the reverse. We have limits, of course. The first and

most powerful enforcement is gossip and scorn, the sap and sinew of a small town."

When she gets up to ready the kitchen for lunch, I ask whether she or the Emma Chase has ever been scorned, and she says, "You'd be more likely to hear that than I would."

NOW, LATE AFTERNOON, A YEAR LATER: THE PAINTED coffee cup still steams on the window, and stalwart Emma Chase looks over the stacked chairs and onto Broadway, and the dank odor of an old and unused building slips between the locked twin doors. The café has been closed for nearly a year, and there's nothing more than a hope of somebody's reopening it, although everyone is tired of coffee in foam cups and factory cookies in the Senior Citizen's Center, a few doors down. Linda Woody has gone to Washington as a NOW lobbyist, and Linda Thurston is sixty miles up the road, at Kansas State University, an assistant professor in rural special education. The café is for sale, and she's asking \$8,000 less than she paid for it, in spite of its having become known as one of the best small-town eateries in the state, in spite of a Kansas Citian's offer to underwrite the franchising of Emma Chase cafés.

I've just returned from lunch with her in the student union, where she said, "Standing in front of that big Wolf stove, I kept remembering my degree and how useless it was getting with every fried egg. I'm ten years behind my colleagues. I worked hard at the café, and my feet hurt all the time, and I got arthritis in my hands, and finally I realized I didn't want to work that hard day after day and still not earn enough money to send my son to college. Every other business person on Broadway has at least one additional source of income—the furniture dealer runs a funeral parlor, the owners of the two women's dress shops have their husbands' income, the filling-station man has another in Strong City. The Emma Chase would support one frugal person, but it wouldn't even do that without weekend city people. Tourists coming to see the Hills, bicycle clubs—they kept us alive after we earned a name around the state by being special. But there were local folks who never came in, and I'd ask them what it would take to get them inside, and they'd say, 'We let the kids decide where we're going to eat out, and they choose McDonald's.' How does a box of toys in the Emma Chase compete against television commercials? And there's something else: good home cooking is common in the county. Franchise food is the novelty, especially when it's twenty miles away. What our café offered, city people wanted, but they also wanted clean floors, and the cowboys were afraid to come in and get the floor dirty."

I asked, Was it a loss? and she said, "I lost some money and something professionally, because I never found time to write, but I realized my fantasy, and I was at home for the last two years of my father's life. And I got

to live again according to the dictates of rainfall and the price of cattle and grain and the outbreaks of chicken pox. I was part of a community rebuilding its café, and working with those helpers got me to see men again as people instead of the enemy, and it meant something for my son to go to school with children of people I went to school with. And—I think I can say this—because of the Emma Chase, I see my femaleness differently: now I think feminism means being connected with other people, not just with other feminists.”

She was quiet for some time, and then she said, “There were losses, no question, but there was only one real failure—we never did get the farmers to eat alfalfa sprouts. They know silage when they see it. Maybe we should have tried it with gravy.”

Wind

WHEN THE KANSA INDIAN PEOPLE, THE SOUTH Wind people, were pushed out of the state, they carried with them the last perception of the wind as anything other than a faceless force, a force usually for destruction, that power behind the terrible prairie wildfires, the clout in the blizzards and droughts, and, most of all, in the tornadoes that will take up everything, even the fence posts. But people here know the wind well, and they often speak of it; yet, despite the dozen names in other places for local American winds, in this state (whose name may mean “wind people”) it has no identity but a direction, no epithet but a curse. A preacher here once told me, “Giving names to nature is un-Christian.” I said that it might help people connect with things, and who knows where that might lead, and he said, “To idolatry.” Yet the fact remains: the people are more activated by weather than by religion.

Chase County is in the heart of the notorious Tornado Alley of the Middle West, a belt that can average 250 tornadoes a year, more than anywhere else in the world. A hundred and sixty miles from here, Codell, Kansas, got thumped by a tornado every twentieth of May for three successive years, and five months ago a twister “touched down”—mashed down, really—a mile north of Saffordville at Toledo, a small collecting of houses and trailers, and the newspaper caption for a photograph of that crook’d finger of a funnel cloud was “HOLY TOLEDO!” Years earlier a cyclone wrecked a Friends’ meetinghouse there, but this time it skipped over the Methodists’ church and went for their houses. In Chase County I’ve found a nonchalance about natural forces born of fatalism: “If it’s gonna get me, it’ll get me.” In Cottonwood Falls, on a block where a house once sat, the old cave remains, collapsing, yet around it are six house trailers. Riding out a tornado in a mobile home is like stepping into combine blades—trailers become airborne chambers full of flying knives of aluminum and glass. No: if there is a dread in the county, it is not of dark skies but of the op-

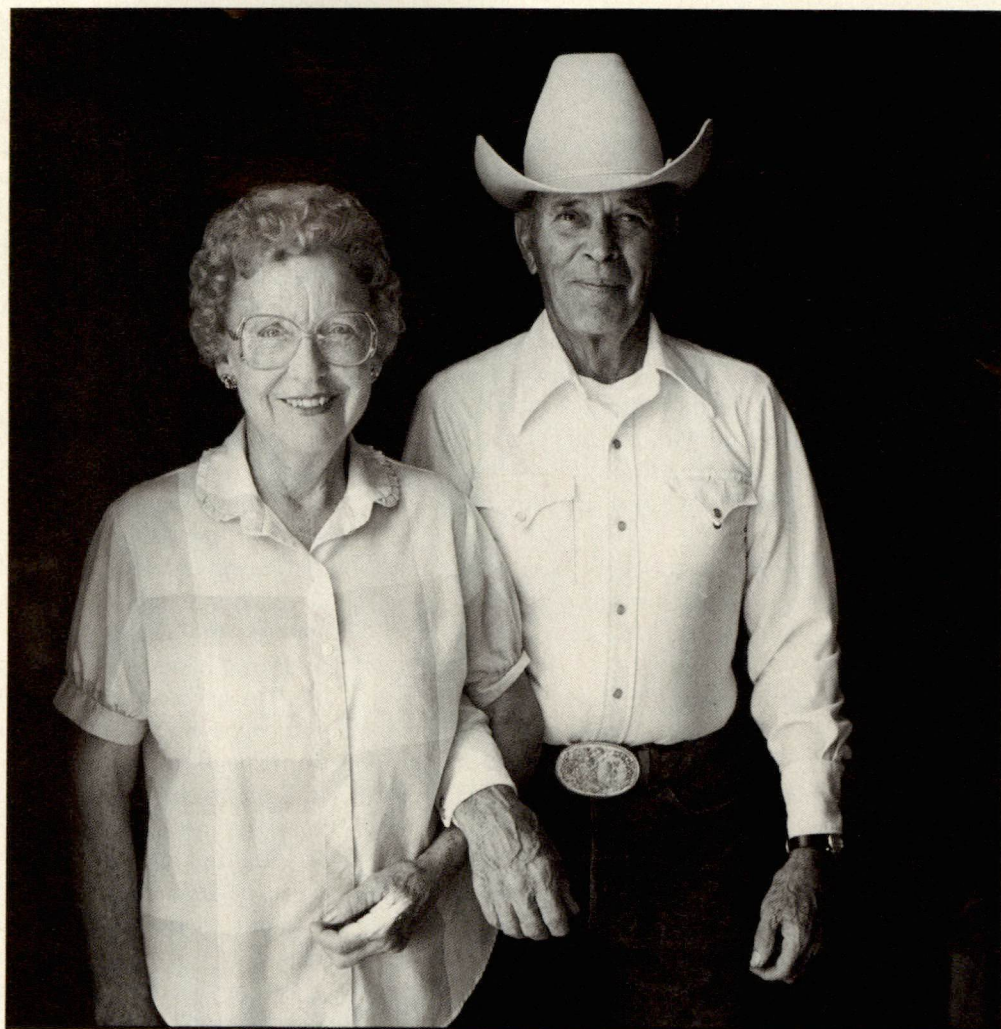
posite, of clear skies, days and days of clear skies, of a drought that nobody escapes, not even the shopkeepers. That any one person in particular will suffer losses from a tornado, however deadly, goes much against the odds, and many residents reach high school before they first see a twister; yet nobody who lives his full span in the county dies without a tornado story.

“*Tornado*”: a Spanish past participle meaning “turned,” from a verb meaning “to turn, alter, transform, repeat,” and “to restore.” Meteorologists speak of the reasons why the midlands of the United States suffer so many tornadoes: a range of high mountains west of a great expanse of sun-heated plains at a much lower altitude, swept by dry and cold northern air that meets warm and moist southern air from a large body of water and combines with a circulation pattern mixing things up—that is to say, the jet stream from Arctic Canada crosses the Rockies to meet a front from the Gulf of Mexico over the Great Plains, in the center of which sits Kansas, where since 1950 people have sighted 1,747 tornadoes. It is a place of such potential celestial violence that the meteorologists at the National Severe Storms Forecast Center, in Kansas City, Missouri, are sometimes called the Keepers of the Gates of Hell. Countians who have smelled the fulminous, cyclonic sky up close, people who have felt the ground shake and heard the earth itself roar and who have taken to a storm cellar that soon filled with loathsome greenish air, find the image apt.

Meteorologists speak of thunderstorms pregnant with tornadoes, storm-breeding clouds more than twice the height of Mount Everest; they speak of funicular envelopes and anvil clouds with pendant mammati and of thermal instability of winds in cyclonic vorticity, of rotatory columns of air torquing at velocities up to 300 miles an hour (although no anemometer has survived the eye of a storm), funnels that can move over the ground at the speed of a strolling man or at the rate of a barrel-assing semi on the turnpike; they say the width of the destruction can be the distance between home plate and deep centerfield and its length the hundred miles between New York City and Philadelphia. A tornado, although more violent than a much-longer-lasting hurricane, has a life measured in minutes, and the meteorologists watch it snuff out as it was born: unnamed.

I know here a grandfather, a man as bald as if a cyclonic wind had taken his scalp—something witnesses claim has happened—who calls twisters “Old Nell,” and he threatens to set crying children outside for her to carry off. People who have seen Old Nell close, up under her skirt, talk about her colors—pastel pink, black, blue, gray—and a survivor said this: “All at once a big hole opened in the sky with a mass of cherry red, a yellow tinge in the center,” and another said, “A funnel with beautiful electric-blue light,” and a third person, “It was glowing like it was illuminated from the inside.” And the witnesses speak of shapes: formless black masses, cones,

Paul and Leola Evans,
tornado survivors



cylinders, tubes, ribbons, pendants, dangling lariats, elephant trunks. They tell of ponds being vacuumed dry, eyes of geese sucked out, chickens clean-plucked from beak to bum, water pulled straight up out of toilet bowls, a woman's clothes torn off her, a wife killed after being jerked through a car window, a child carried two miles and set down with only scratches, a Cottonwood Falls woman (fearful of wind) cured of chronic headaches when a twister passed harmlessly within a few feet of her house.

PAUL AND LEOLA EVANS ARE IN THEIR EARLY SEVENTIES but appear a decade younger, their faces shaped by the prairie wind into strong and pleasing lines. They have no children. Paul speaks softly and to the point, and Leola is animated, the kind of woman who can take a small, smoldering story and breathe it into bright flame. Paul listens to her in barely noticeable amusement and from time to time tosses tinder to her.

Leola says: "It was 1949, May. Paul was home from the Pacific. We'd made it through the war, then this. We were living just across the county line, near Americus, on a little farm by the Neosho River. One Friday night I

came upstairs to bed, and Paul gawked at me. He said, 'What are you doing?' I was wearing my good rabbit-fur coat and wedding rings, and I had a handful of wooden matches. It wasn't cold at all. I said I didn't know but that something wasn't right, and he said, 'What's not right?' and I didn't know. We went to bed and just after dark it began to rain, and then the wind came on and blew harder, and we went downstairs and tried to open the door but the air pressure was so strong Paul couldn't even turn the knob. That wind had us locked in. We hunkered in the corner of the living room in just our pajamas—mine were new seersucker—and me in my fur coat. The wind got louder, then the windows blew out, and we realized we were in trouble when the heat stove went around the corner and out a wall that had just come down. We clamped on to each other like ticks, and then we were six feet in the air, and Paul was hanging on to my fur coat—for ballast, he says now—and we went up and out where the wall had been, and then we came down, and then we went up again, longer this time, and then came down in a heap of animals: a cow and one of our dogs with a two-by-four through it. The cow lived, but we lost the dog. We were out in the wheat field, sixty yards from the house,

and Paul had a knot above his eye that made him look like the Two-Headed Wonder Boy. Splintered wood and glass and metal all over, and the electric lines down and sparking, and here we were barefoot. Paul said to walk only when the lightning flashed to see what we were stepping on. We were more afraid of getting electrocuted than cut. We could see in the flashes that the second story was gone except for one room, and we saw the car was an accordion and our big truck was upside down. The old hog was so terrified she got between us and wouldn't leave all the way up to the neighbors'. Their place wasn't touched. They came to the door and saw a scared hog and two things in rags covered with black mud sucked up out of the river and coated with plaster dust and blood, and one of them was growing a second head. The neighbors didn't know who we were until they heard our voices."

Paul says, "That tornado was on a path to miss our house until it hit the Cottonwood and veered back on us. The Indians believed a twister will change course when it crosses a river."

Leola: "The next morning we walked back home—the electric clock was stopped at nine-forty, and I went upstairs to the room that was left, and there on the chest my glasses were just like I left them, but our bedroom was gone, and our mattress, all torn up, was in a tree where we'd have been."

Paul: "We spit plaster for three weeks. It was just plain imbedded in us."

I'm thinking, What truer children of Kansas than those taken aloft by the South Wind?

Last of the Kaw

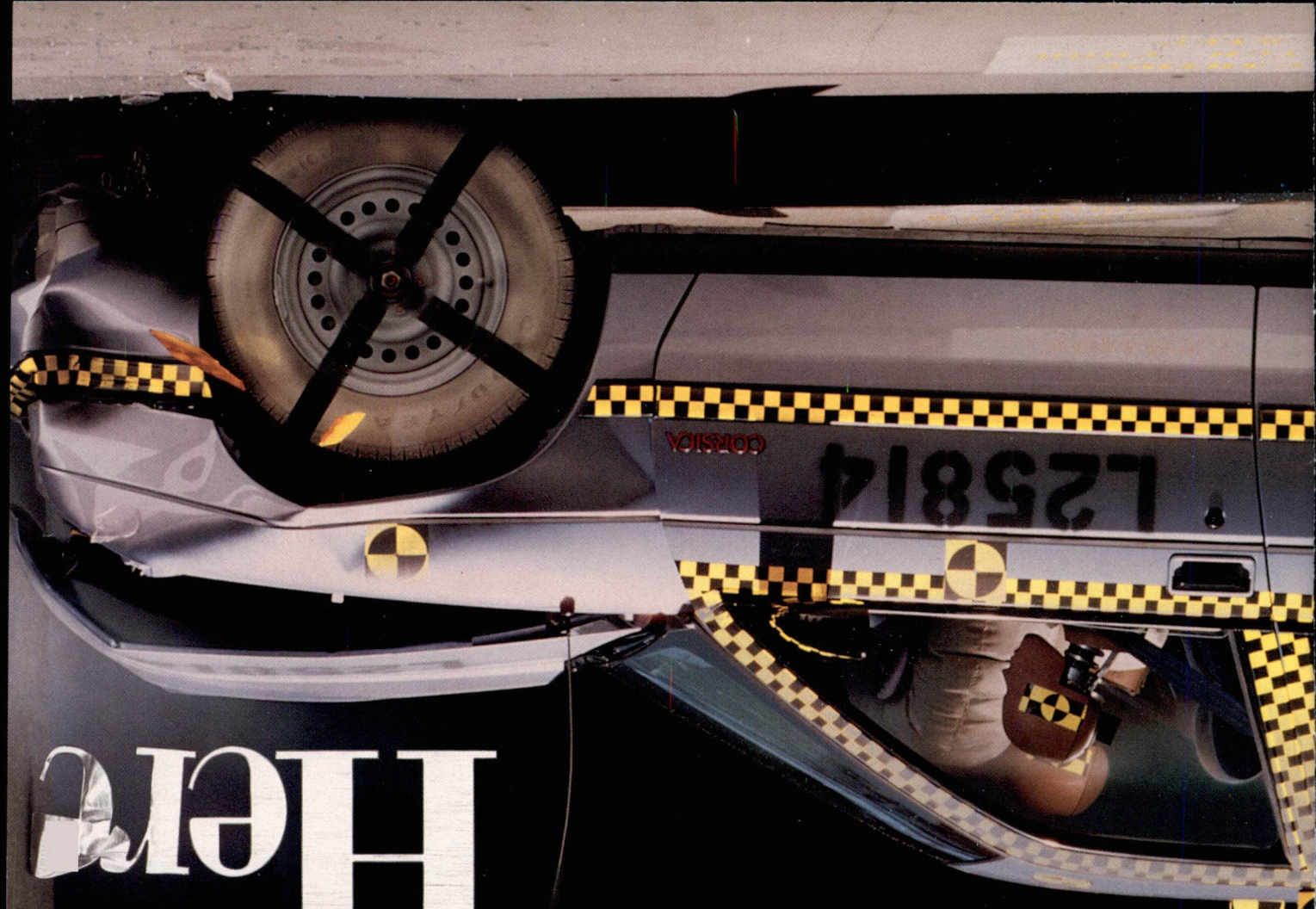
IN KAY COUNTY, OKLAHOMA, FIFTEEN MILES SOUTH of the Kansas line and twelve northeast of Ponca City, on a hilltop, in the distance the dammed and inundated valley of the Arkansas River turned to a reservoir called Kaw Lake: I am sitting in a maintenance shed with a grandson of a Kansa chief in a broad shaft of sunlight sloping through the open door; it warms us in the cool wind. He is seventy-seven, wears a slender moustache trimmed in the mode of the thirties: it and his wire-frame spectacles and billed cap make him appear less Kansa than he is, but his large, distinctive earlobes reveal the ancestry. From time to time he removes the hat to stroke his palm over his thinning hair; his hands are big, darkened as if oxidized, except for weathered-in networks of white like dried-up saline creeks; the fingernails are thick and broken. For twenty-eight years he was an oil-field pipeline worker, although he once attended business college. In a paper sack is his lunch: a can of Vienna sausage, two slices of white bread, an apple, an orange; during the time we talk, he does not eat, because he forgets about food and the passing hours. His words are soft with a slight rasp at the edges, as if they were old,

frayed cotton, and his pronunciation is that of the southwest hill country. He is six feet tall and big-boned without being burly, has had a little heart trouble, lives several miles away in Newkirk, no phone, drives a Lincoln Continental. His name is Jesse Mehojah, Jr.

A few yards north of the shed stands the old Kaw council house and south of it the dance-ground, a big circle of buffalo grass with a high view of the former reservation, east across the river. Yesterday I came to the dance-ground with Johnnie Ray McCauley, once a pipeline welder, now a recovering alcoholic and the new substance-abuse counselor for the Kaw tribe. Polite and kindly, he too has had heart problems; at fifty-seven, he's the youngest of the half-dozen full-blood Kansa remaining and the only one who still sings and dances, although he does not know any of the old Kaw songs: when the Wind People dance here, they bring in distant relations, the Poncas, to sing and drum. Johnnie has learned two Ponca songs, the Calling Song, which opens a dance and invokes the Great Unknown to join the circle, and the Finishing Song, which closes a dance and asks for blessing. He wants to keep alive the traditions that remain, in part because he now sees them as a shield to help fend off the alcoholism: in singing and dancing he finds strength and self-esteem. Yesterday, Johnnie said to me, "I'd like to sing them for you," and he did, and I listened and watched the strong, uplifted face I'd seen before in the Kansa portraits of George Catlin. The songs were a gift, a moment, at last, to enter the heart of the Ones-of-the-Wind.

Johnnie McCauley is a nephew of Jesse Mehojah, the most recognized of the full-bloods. I've read about Jesse and know something of his history, but he doesn't realize it even when I help with a detail of biography or history that allows him to pull up a string of others, as if I'd put a minnow on his hook so that he could haul in something bigger. Today people pronounce his name *Meh-hoo'-jee*, but he says the correct way is *Mikk'-ho-jay*: you must catch the first syllable in your throat. The name means "Gray Blanket," but he doesn't remember its significance. Among the old Kaws his father was simply Mikkojay, but to accommodate white understanding, he added the first name of Jesse—two syllables. The father was born in the Neosho Valley near Council Grove, Kansas, on the Diminished Reserve; in 1873, when he was just four, he came with his family and 500 other Kaws on a forced migration of 150 miles to Indian Territory, a foot journey of seventeen days. Jesse can't remember his father ever talking about the walk or the time in Kansas, but he was at the old reservation once, in 1925, when he was twelve, to see the Monument to the Unknown dedicated. Those memories are now dim.

In the Smithsonian Institution archives is a cracked glass-plate photograph of a traditional Kaw bark-house, a remarkable structure the people learned to build generations ago, even before the departure from the Ohio River



Safety
Doesn't
Stop
Here

*At General Motors, safety isn't one thing. It's everything. It's accident avoidance. It's crash protection. It's driver performance. It's a series of **Total Safety Systems**TM—over 100 different safety features that can give you the protection and peace of mind you need. At General Motors, we know that quality begins with safety.*

Safer stops. Even on slippery roads.

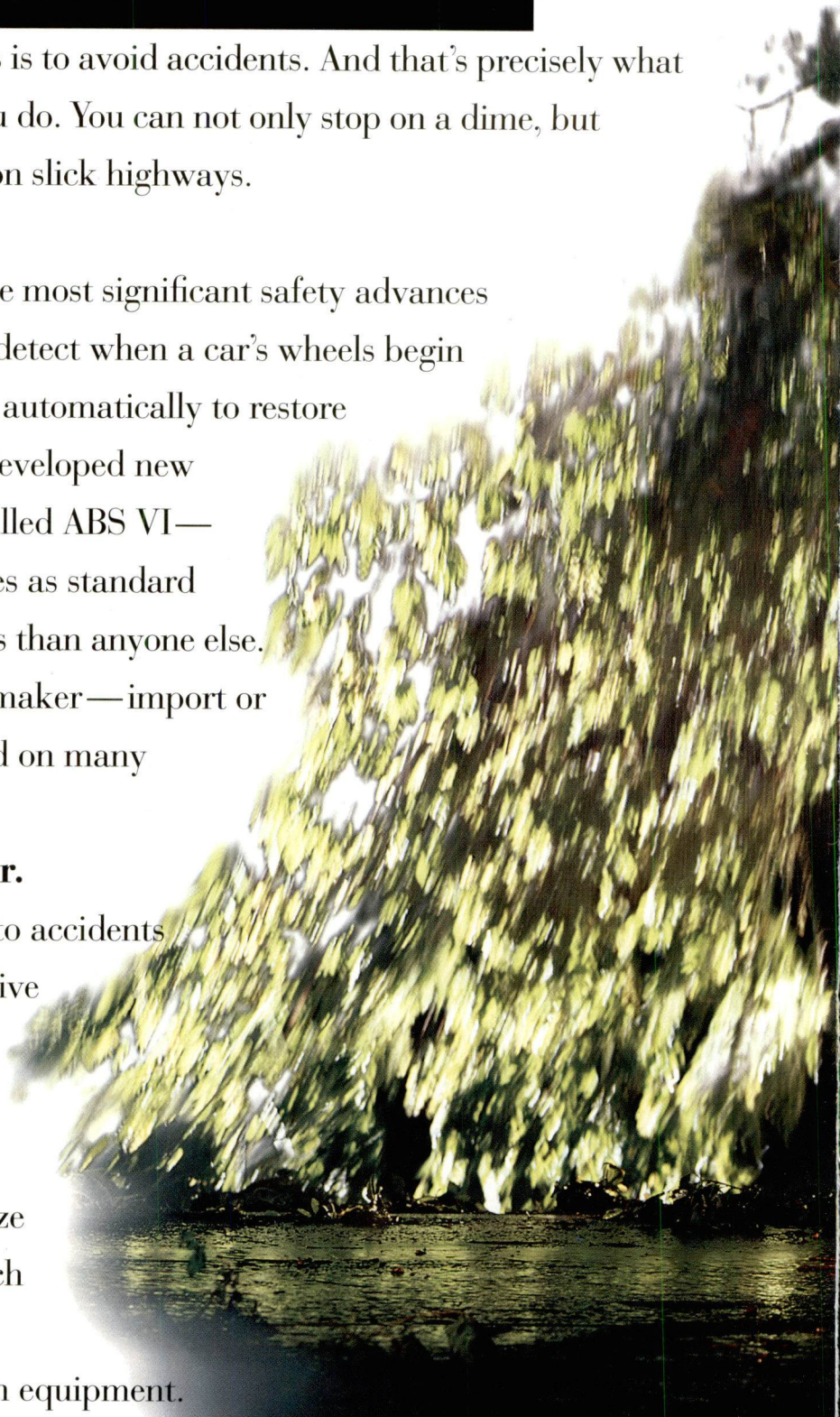
The best way to avoid injuries is to avoid accidents. And that's precisely what GM's anti-lock brakes can help you do. You can not only stop on a dime, but steer while you're doing it—even on slick highways.

Better control in panic stops.

Anti-lock brakes are one of the most significant safety advances in decades. Computerized sensors detect when a car's wheels begin locking-up, then pump the brakes automatically to restore the driver's control. And GM has developed new technology—a patented system called ABS VI—that lets us provide anti-lock brakes as standard equipment on more cars and trucks than anyone else. In fact, we'll be the only major carmaker—import or domestic—to make them standard on many small cars this Fall.

Compensating for human error.

The largest single cause of auto accidents is human error. So GM uses extensive crash analysis and biomedical research to design cars and trucks that help to compensate for many human mistakes. And we emphasize accident avoidance systems—which you're likely to use over 99 times more often than collision protection equipment.



Or Here.



GM

All-around protection for you and your family.

In a GM car, your family gets protection from every direction. Reinforced steel sections strengthen the roof,* front and sides, enveloping driver and passengers in a rugged "safety cage." Cushioned front and back with computer-designed crush zones, this cocoon-like structure helps to preserve the integrity of the "living space" and protect the lives of your family.

Our safety belts save lives.

They are the most effective piece of restraint equipment ever developed. Worn every time you drive, our GM safety belts can reduce the chance of driver fatalities by 42%. Add an air bag and your chances can improve by another 4%. What's more, GM safety belts are scientifically designed, positioned and anchored to give you excellent protection.

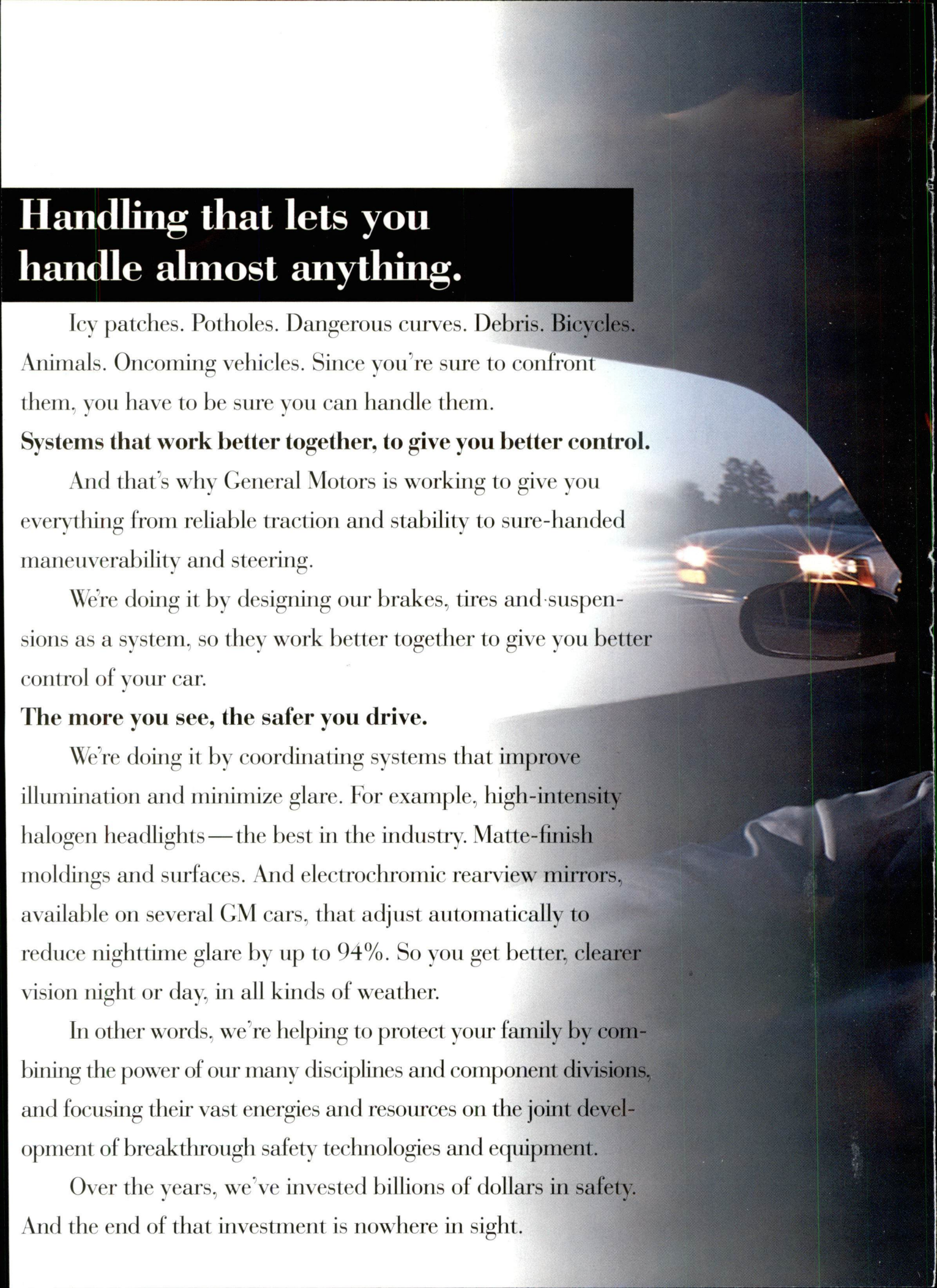
The best-engineered air bags.

We were the first to put air bags in production cars. Today, we have the best-engineered, most comprehensively tested air bag system in the world. Our system is fitted with a series of ultra-sophisticated sensors that know when to deploy the air bag—and, just as important, when not to. For example, GM air bags are designed not to deploy when you drive over a pothole or have a minor accident. During the 1991 model year, we built more air bag-equipped cars than any other manufacturer—domestic or imported. But we know that it takes more than one thing to keep you and your family safe. It takes everything.

*Except on convertibles.

Or Here.





Handling that lets you handle almost anything.

Icy patches. Potholes. Dangerous curves. Debris. Bicycles. Animals. Oncoming vehicles. Since you're sure to confront them, you have to be sure you can handle them.

Systems that work better together, to give you better control.

And that's why General Motors is working to give you everything from reliable traction and stability to sure-handed maneuverability and steering.

We're doing it by designing our brakes, tires and suspensions as a system, so they work better together to give you better control of your car.

The more you see, the safer you drive.

We're doing it by coordinating systems that improve illumination and minimize glare. For example, high-intensity halogen headlights—the best in the industry. Matte-finish moldings and surfaces. And electrochromic rearview mirrors, available on several GM cars, that adjust automatically to reduce nighttime glare by up to 94%. So you get better, clearer vision night or day, in all kinds of weather.

In other words, we're helping to protect your family by combining the power of our many disciplines and component divisions, and focusing their vast energies and resources on the joint development of breakthrough safety technologies and equipment.

Over the years, we've invested billions of dollars in safety. And the end of that investment is nowhere in sight.

Or Here.



Safety. The inside story.

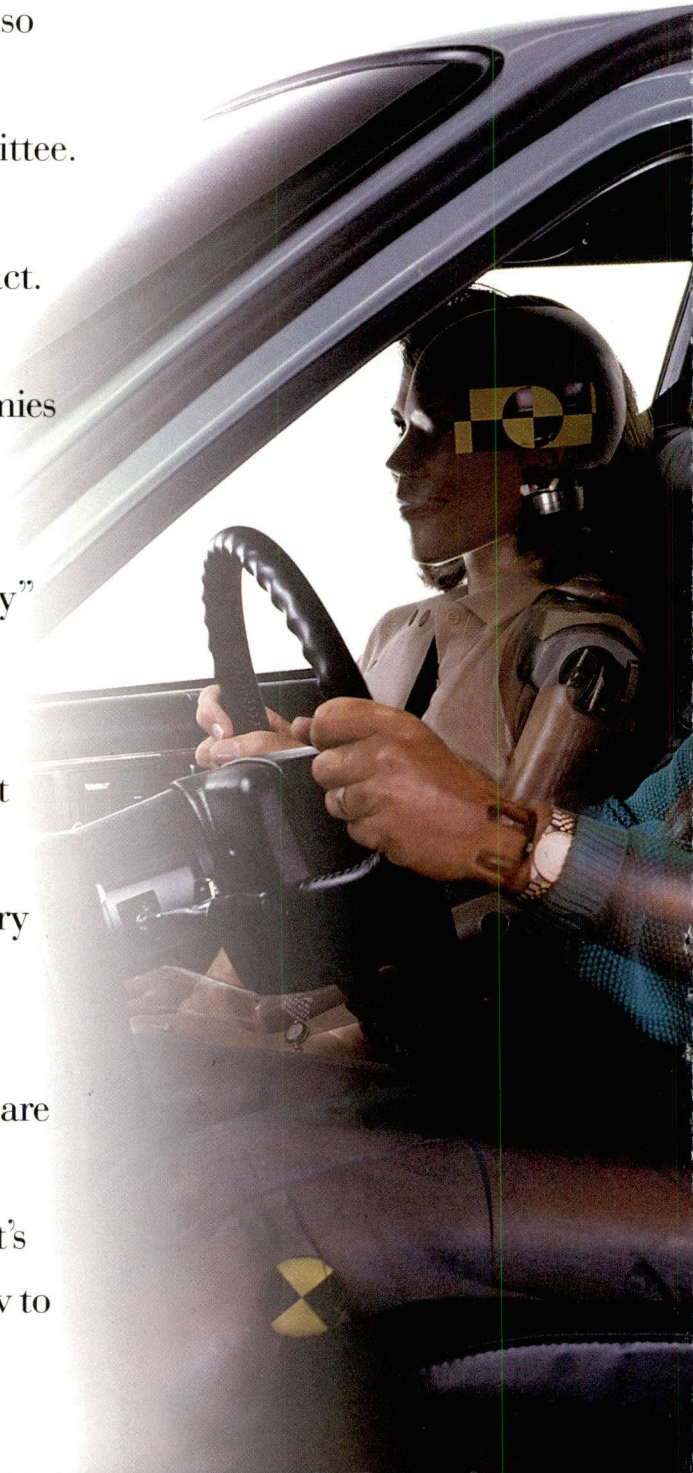
Nobody knows more about how to keep your family safe than General Motors.

No other carmaker does so many tests, with so many different physical types of test dummies. No other carmaker has a medical advisory committee. No other carmaker has a biomedical research laboratory to help reduce injuries caused by impact. **We know safety inside out.**

We designed the sophisticated crash-test dummies used so widely today—including the advanced “Hybrid III.” Because people come in different shapes and sizes, we’ve developed a whole “family” of dummies to help improve safety technology.

So it’s no accident that we’ve invented and patented a self-aligning steering wheel, and that it combines with a GM-designed, energy-absorbing steering column to help reduce the chance of injury to your chest and abdomen.

To increase our understanding of collision dynamics, we do four times more crash tests than are required to meet Government standards. We test at many different speeds. Many different angles. That’s why, every day, we learn more and more about how to give you better protection.



Or Here.



Safety isn't It's ever

It's the peace of mind you get when you know you've chosen a car that can help you avoid accidents. It's the security of knowing you've chosen a car that can help you survive a collision. It's the most important consideration when your family is in the car.

It's anti-lock brakes — available on more cars and trucks than any other carmaker. (GM is the only major manufacturer with anti-lock brakes as standard equipment on many small '92 models.)

It's a driver's side air bag. We've built more cars with an air bag during the 1991 model year than any Japanese, European or American carmaker. On many cars without air bags, a GM-patented, self-aligning steering wheel and an energy-absorbing steering column help reduce serious injuries.

It's a "safety cage" — a steel-reinforced passenger compartment, incorporating side-guard door beams.

It's 3-point, front and rear seat lap/shoulder safety belts in outboard positions.

It's computer-designed "crush zones" to help cushion and absorb the force of impact in a collision.

It's child-security door locks on select models.

It's padded, energy-absorbing interior surfaces.

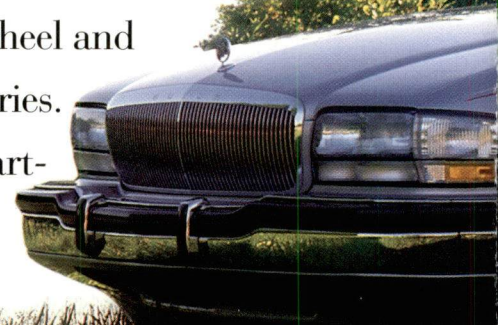
It's high-performance halogen headlights.

It's a laminated windshield, bonded to the car body, plus tempered side and rear glass.

It's performance-engineered tires, with visible tread-wear indicators.

It's an audible signal that alerts you when your disc brakes have too much wear.

It's all of this and more — in all, over 100 different safety features available from GM.



one thing. everything.

Buckle up, America!



Safety isn't one thing.
It's everything.

CHEVROLET

PONTIAC

OLDSMOBILE

BUICK

CADILLAC

GMC TRUCK

A safer car is a better car.

From design and engineering through testing and production, we're committed to bringing you safer, higher quality cars. Cars with **Total Safety Systems™** that help you avoid accidents. That help protect your family when a collision is unavoidable. That even help to improve your driving performance.

Safety first.

Our proving ground in Milford, Michigan, was the first motor vehicle research and testing facility in the world—and is still the most sophisticated.

In 1967, we developed a field accident file to assemble and analyze actual collision statistics. It helps us understand how accidents happen and why, so our engineers can design vehicles and systems that help to compensate for driver error.

The results are in.

A survey of automotive engineers recently ranked General Motors first in the industry in advanced safety engineering—ahead of *all* other automakers, including Mercedes-Benz and Volvo.

This year alone, we'll conduct over 500 major crash tests—more than

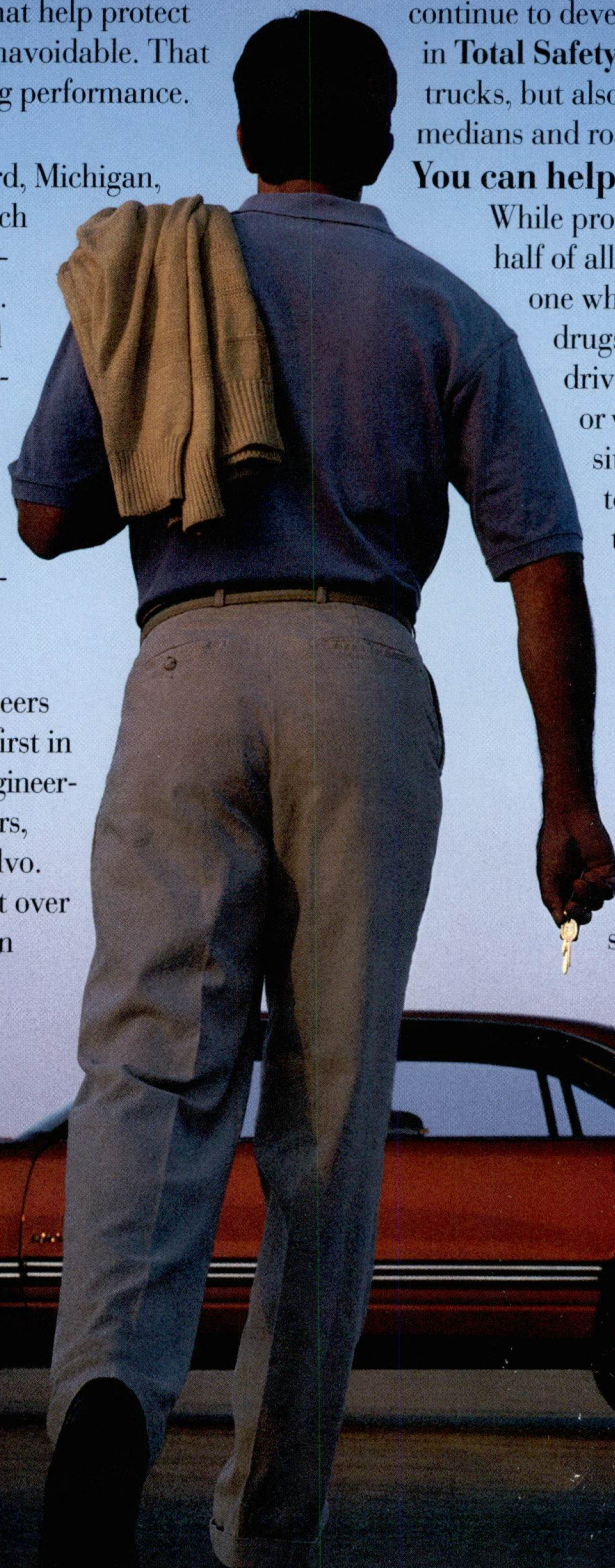
any other carmaker. We've distributed safety education videos to every elementary school and junior and senior high school in America. And we'll continue to develop major innovations, not only in **Total Safety Systems™** for our cars and trucks, but also in the design of highways, medians and road signs.

You can help.

While progress has been made, nearly half of all fatal crashes still involve someone who's been drinking or taking drugs. Many others are caused by drivers who aren't paying attention or who mishandle emergency situations. We design GM vehicles to help compensate for inadvertent driver error. And we urge you to encourage every member of your family to read the 60 pages of safe-driving tips and techniques in the owner's manual of your GM car.

We're doing our best to build better, safer cars.

But nothing will ever take the place of a better, safer driver.



TOTAL SAFETY



SYSTEMS.



PUTTING QUALITY
ON THE ROAD

Valley: the house is large and circular, its five-foot-high walls surmounted by a somewhat flattened conical roof. In the picture, on each side of the single doorway stand a man and a woman, Nopahwiah and Pahkahshutsa, Jesse's grandparents, and in this house, built near the Arkansas River soon after the exodus from Kansas, his mother was born. Nopahwiah, a descendant of White Plume, was the chief of the Kahola Band, the group that lived along the northern edge of Chase County; this branch of the tribe held out longest against the cultural erosion that worked apace once the Kaw reached Indian Territory and settled on the east bank of the Arkansas River where it enters Oklahoma. Jesse considers Nopahwiah the last "blood," or hereditary, chief of the tribe.

Mehojah is the next youngest of seven children; when he was born, in 1913, his parents lived in a two-story frame house on reservation land his father farmed. Actually, the reserve by then no longer existed, the allotment of 1902 having taken the land from the tribe and parceled it out to individual Kaws, the best acreage going mostly to the growing number of mixed-bloods. His parents attended regular church services, worked their land, and looked to the future of their children: they had become Thomas Jefferson's Christian farmers.

One day when Jesse and his younger brother and parents were in their buggy, on the way to the nearby white settlement of Kaw City, his father suffered a paralytic stroke. He lived on for some years, but the family had to move into Washungah, the reservation village laid out in 1902 as part of the allotment. Washungah was a mile upstream and across the river, on the east side, from the white town. When the Army Corps of Engineers flooded the bottomland, in the early 1970s, Kaw City moved up onto the bluff; its population is now about 300. As for Washungah, only the council house and some graves made it out. When Kaws today talk of cultural erosion, it has an additional, literal meaning.

Jesse is speaking: "We always ate well when I was a boy. Dad and Mama knew how to preserve food, can it up. Dad would butcher an animal, and the womenfolks went out and sliced the beef into long slivers and put it over a fire and cooked it. Then they hung it up on lines to cure. We call it jerky now. It was real good eating. Mama would make up hominy and boil it with the jerky, maybe add some potatoes or beans. We were efficient in preserving food. We hunted for the table—rabbits, squirrels, coons. In the summer the river would get low and we could walk along with a pitchfork and gig channel catfish, and up on Beaver Creek we'd catch mudcats and flatheads and perch. We used to take water from the creeks and springs in big stoneware pitchers, and pass them around the table, and each of us would honor Wakonda by drinking from the sacred water. It was pure then."

As he talks, he turns his thumbs slowly. Through the open door the wind carries a peculiar wavering voice, as if from some creature dying, and when I ask what bird

makes that strange, pitiful song, he says, "Isn't a bird—it's wind hung up in the fence wire."

He says, "Mama and Dad spoke English but not very good. She never did teach us two younger boys to speak Indian, although my older brothers and sisters spoke it. Mama wasn't ashamed—she was just looking at what was ahead of us, thinking of our welfare. She wanted us to learn office work and how to speak correct English, but Mama and Dad spoke Indian at home, prayed in Indian, but I and my little brother talked to them in English. I understood Indian—and I still do. When I hear Osages talking, I know what they're saying, but I can't join in. I remember hello: *hoo-way*." He sits quietly, thinking. "I can't seem to remember other words now. A person lets things get away from him. Sometimes I wish I'd gone ahead and learned it. My older brothers used to speak it in the oil fields when we were all pipeliners."

Again he reckons, then: "As far as I know, only old Elmer Clark can still speak Kaw. He's a half-breed, grew up around the Osage over east here. They speak slower than the Kaw. But the last full-bloods, none of us can speak it."

He turns his thumbs, listens to the wind in the fence. "Now, 'Kansas': that's not the proper pronunciation—it's *Kohn'-zay*. My parents always called themselves Kohnzay. I don't know where this 'Kaw' come in, but that's what we are today, officially, the Kaw Tribe of Oklahoma."

Were it not for Jesse Mehojah, there would probably not be a Kaw Tribe of any kind today. When, in 1902, the federal government, encouraged by Vice President Charles Curtis and other Kaw mixed-bloods, forced allotment onto the people, the tribe ceased to exist as a legal entity and most of the Kaw records went off to the Oklahoma Historical Society, as if they were old papers from some family come to the end of its line. Eighth-blood Curtis, once a real-estate developer (and, like Jesse, a descendant of White Plume), never lived in Indian Territory, although he saw to it that he and his sixteenth-blood children got nice parcels of tribal land at the expense of poor full-bloods.

"After 1902 our land went like wildfire—to whites—and we ended up with nothing. The Osages, next to us, sold off a lot of their land but they kept the mineral rights, and that's how they became such a wealthy tribe. But we let it all get away. If I'd been chieftain then, I would've never approved of allotment, because you're depriving your people. If you're a chief, then you don't think singularly. That's just born in my system."

When Jesse graduated from Kaw City High School, in the 1930s, and went off to the oil fields, his town of Washungah, its streets named after mixed-bloods, still had a mission school, an agency building, a council house, and a round house, where he danced in traditional costume. In the late sixties, when he began losing feeling in his fingers, Jesse discovered that he suffered from pernicious anemia (an irony for a red man who was about to become

embroiled in issues of blood quantum), and he retired from pipeline labor and returned to home ground to find tribal buildings falling apart or gone and his people broken into factions, generally along blood-quantum lines; the ruinous tension between full- and mixed-bloods left the full Kaws dispirited and struggling to hold to old ways and communal values, while the people of lesser blood pursued aggressive and successful individualism. The problems of the Neosho Valley had not simply reappeared—they had at last overwhelmed the tribe. The great American melting pot was bubbling hard, and mixed-bloods so controlled things that full-bloods were no longer represented in what little remained of tribal organization. The rape of the Kaw realm, after almost two centuries of facing Caucasians, was nearly complete.

That's when ancestral ghosts began stirring things and awakening the living. With water backing up behind the dam a few miles downriver, the Corps of Engineers started moving graves in the old cemetery at Washungah to high ground twelve miles away: the removal and the careless methods of doing it angered the seventeen remaining full-bloods.

Two other things also roused them: the last intact historic Kaw structure was about to go under, and, even though its bylaws specified that council members had to be at least one-quarter Kaw, the tribe was under the control of a sixteenth-blood who, full-bloods believed, was doing little for the people, instead pursuing a claim against the government for damages resulting from an 1825 treaty, money that could be collected not by the tribe but only by individuals. Jesse and a few others orga-

nized the Kaw Protective Association to watch over the interests of "the Indians," those who fit one federal definition of that time of a Native American—a blood quantum of 25 percent or more. The awakened tribe persuaded the corps to turn over a few acres of surplus land on the west side of the river and move there, block by block, the stone council house and rebuild it. With that evident symbol and the support of the full-bloods, the new group in 1973, exactly one century after the last removal, brought suit in federal court against "the breed people," or mixed-bloods, for the right to direct the tribe. The court decided in favor of the plaintiffs; led by the full-bloods, a new tribal council appeared with Jesse as chairman. Even though the Kaw once again had legally qualified and energetic native leaders who put tribal welfare first, their assets consisted of only the cemetery and the small council house: their original 100,137 acres of Indian Territory were gone.

They set up an office and sent representatives to Washington, where they discovered \$17,000 of Kaw money, a sum intended for tribal operations. With this as a base, they went after grants to build low-income housing at Newkirk, a few miles west of the old reservation. Establishing health-care facilities and providing employment for Kaws were more difficult steps, until the opening of a bingo hall at Newkirk. Now, among their several enterprises and 1,100 new acres (none of it on the original reserve), the hall is their largest source of income. Except for the spiritual aspects, what the bison once was to the Kansa, bingo is today.

"We didn't know anything about tribal government or laws or investments, but we said we were going to learn—learn good—and we dedicated ourselves. People told us, 'I didn't know there was any Kaws left.'"

Today, in the contemporary tribal office at Kaw City, the enrollment ledger shows 1,550 members, a population coincidentally close to the historical number of Kansa before the ravages of the earlier reservation years in Kansas. It appears that Jesse, the next to last full-blood ever to lead the tribe (his younger brother served as chairman a few years afterward), has helped his people restore themselves, a success foretold in his Kaw first name, Hohm-beh-scah, Coming Morning, an image that seems to extend Gray Blanket. He and the new council made significant progress—landmark achievements, in some ways, for Native Americans—so much so that it seems fair to raise the question implicit in the growing tribal roll: What is a Kaw? Jean-Paul Sartre said that a Jew is one so considered by others; at least to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, that is also a Kaw. The survival of the Wind People at last looks secure.

But what survives? Six full-bloods (all males and only one under seventy), five three-quarter-bloods, seventy-three half-bloods, about two hundred quarter-bloods, and a few others with odd quantum above 25 percent: that is to say, four fifths of the tribe are less than one-quarter Kaw. Some members who come into the office to

WITHIN THIS TREE

Within this tree
another tree
inhabits the same body;
within this stone
another stone rests,
its many shades of grey
the same,
its identical
surface and weight.
And within my body,
another body,
whose history, waiting,
sings; *there is no other body,*
it sings,
there is no other world.

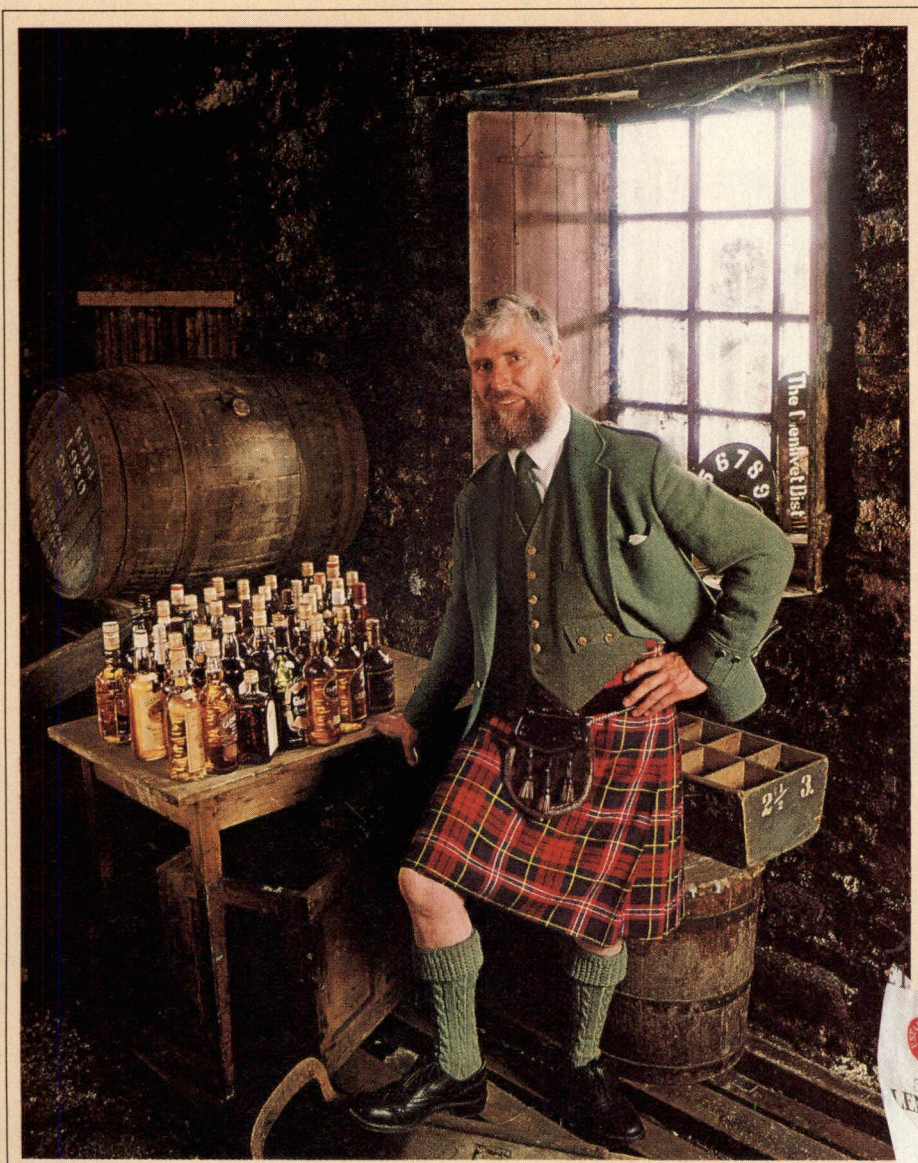
—Jane Hirshfield



“There are over forty-five Scotches with ‘Glen’
in their names.

The Glenlivet® is the father of them all.”

—Sandy Milne,
our Resident Sage.



Sandy Milne bemused by all the “Glens.”

His Majesty's Government bestowed on The Glenlivet Distillery the very first license under the Act of 1823 to legally distill single malt whisky in the Highlands.

It was thus that The Glenlivet became known as the father of all Scotch.

Ever since, experts on Scotch have heaped high praise on this, the most sophisticated of whiskies. Their prose is strewn with words like “classic” and “delicate” and “elegant” and, quite simply, “the finest.”

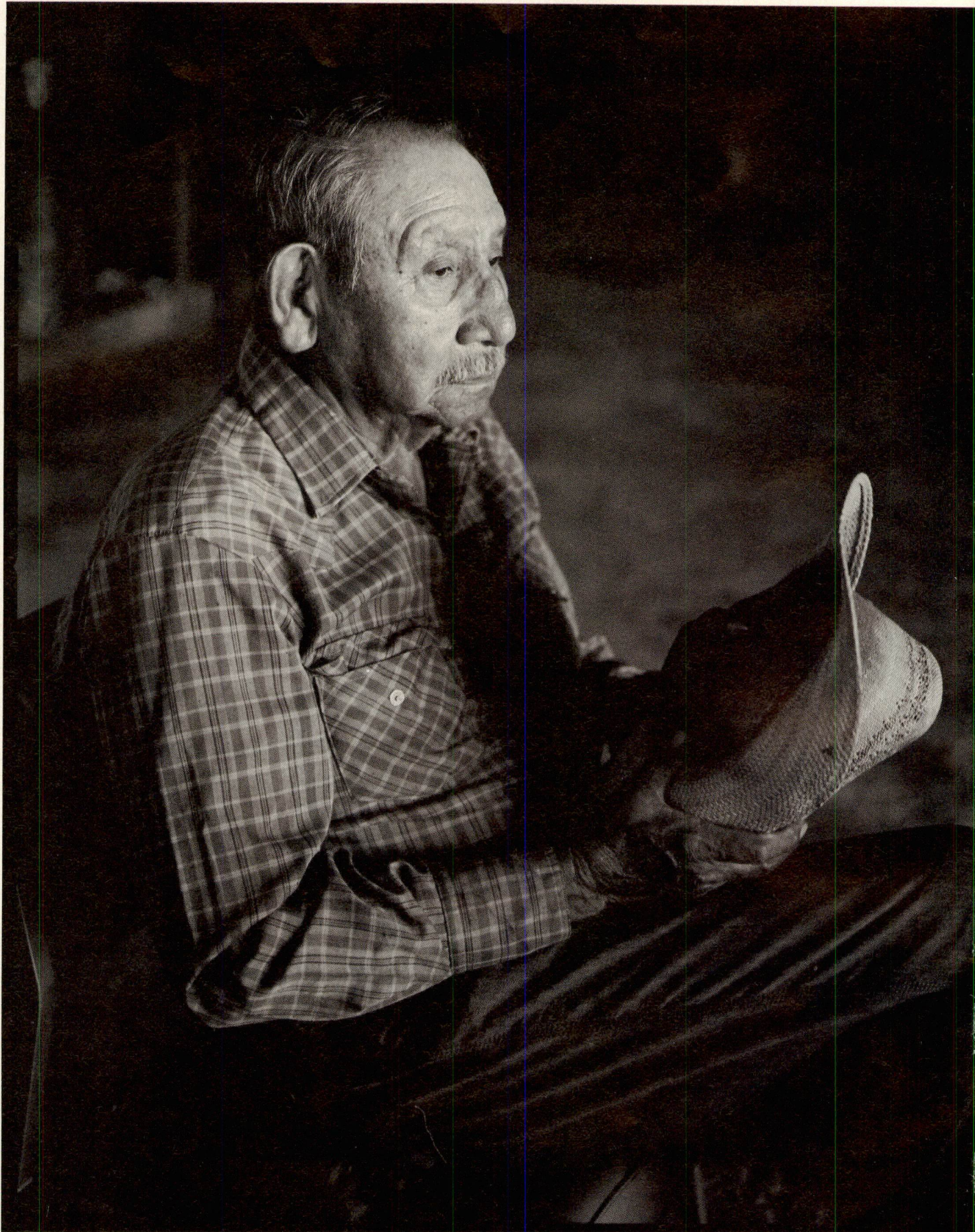
Small wonder that, for some time now, The Glenlivet has been the most sought-after single malt Scotch in the U.S. “Canny people, the Americans,” says our own Sandy Milne.



— What is a single malt Scotch? —

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whisky, from one single distillery. Not, like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky should therefore be compared to a *château*-bottled wine. Blended Scotch is more like a mixture of wines from different vineyards.

The Glenlivet.
The Father of All Scotch.



*How
many of these
no-bloods could tell
you who White
Plume was, or could
distinguish
a Kaw dog dance
from a Cheyenne
sun dance?
How many could
give you even so much
as a hoo-way?*



conduct business are blue-eyed blonds; others have quantum as low as 1/128. According to a full Kaw, "Stick a needle in their finger and that drop of blood you'll squeeze out is all the Kaw they got."

To appear on the roll a person need only prove descent from a 1902 allottee: a single Kansa ancestor qualifies you, provided you are not also on some other tribal roll. A half Kaw and half Osage, say, must decide where to put his allegiance. For years the roll was so loosely maintained that people went to it and simply added their names. Now, without the benefits that Jesse and other councilmen and chairpersons (the current one is a woman, only the second) helped establish, just how many of these members would bother to maintain their enrollment no one knows, although recently it has been more difficult to get a good turnout for the annual meeting. Worse, how many of these no-bloods (as quarter-and-aboves sometimes call them) could tell you who White Plume was, or what happened up at Council Grove, or could distinguish a Kaw dog dance from a Cheyenne sun dance? How many could give you even so much as a *hoo-way*?

Although a person must still be at least one-quarter Kaw to serve on the council, the time is coming when that proscription will have to change. Jesse says, "In fifty years there won't be much Kaw Indian left—there won't be much blood at all. The decision's made, and we all helped make it: I married a white woman. My children are half-breeds—but if you don't want to get on the wrong side of them, don't call them white."

A man walks into the maintenance shed and listens. Jesse says he is his second cousin, Joe Mehojah. "Joe's a half-breed. He was tribal chairman after me, my right-hand man, but he works in maintenance now. He's my boss."

Joe Mehojah is sixty-three, burly, squarely built, his baldness giving him the look of a Kansa warrior or a Marine grunt, both of which he has been: twenty-two years in the corps and, later, several weeks at Wounded Knee when the last federal attack occurred there. Along with Jesse, he also happened to be on Kaw business in the BIA building in Washington when Indians took it over in 1972; both of them stayed for the seven days of the occupation, until the bureau agreed to talk with the people whose welfare it supposedly oversees. A graduate of Haskell Institute, then the Indian high school in Lawrence, Kansas, Joe spent most of his early years with Native Americans of several tribes. "When I was younger, my mother and I would go into a café and people would stare. They were wondering what that Indian was doing with a good-looking white woman. She used to tell me, 'You're half white, but you should take up for the Indian people.' My grandmother used to tell me, 'Marry an Indian, marry an Indian.' And I did—a full-blood Oneida from Wisconsin. And I told my kids, 'Marry an Indian,' and they did. Their children married Indians, so my grandchildren are seven-eighths Native American, but

Jesse Mehojah, Jr.,
full-blooded Kaw

only an eighth Kaw. In fifty years quarter-blood Kaws will be like full-bloods today. It'll be a tribe of no-bloods."

Joe laughs before he says this: "Me, I know I'm a half-breed, but for years I blamed my father because a pretty white woman looked at him and he fell in love and married her, and then I was brought into the world. She's my mother—whatever else she is, that's what I want her to be—but I'm an Indian and I show it."

Looking at the first two chairmen of the reorganized tribe, men who four hours ago were picking up debris, I ask why they are working out of a maintenance shed rather than in the tribal office: a silence, shuffled sentences, silence, a few words spoken for my ears only, silence. Some topics a stranger doesn't engage in without harming others. Jesse says, "If I had one wish granted for my tribe, it would be for unity, harmony, prosperity. In harmony you can prosper. Today the almighty dollar gets in the way. For some people, it's a good investment to build a chemical-waste dump on our new land, but people who've lived here and remember this land, the changes bother them because they see it turning ugly. We get so far apart, and that hurts me."

(Later a senior Kaw explains this much: "Tribal politics can be bad. Too much treachery. It used to be we spoke out directly, but not now. And younger ones don't go to the older members for advice. I even heard one kid say, 'I wish you'd tell those elderly people to stay out of our Kaw business.' He was talking about the blood Indians who rebuilt this tribe.")

I ask, While we're on politics, why not get into religion, too? Both men are Latter-Day Saints. Before he goes back to cleaning, Joe recites the notion about Native Americans descending from the Lamanites, an ancient tribe of Israel that (according to the *Book of Mormon*) migrated to the Western Hemisphere. The widely held idea that Asian peoples crossed over the Bering land bridge he believes to be fiction. Jesse seems less sure, but he says, "About the Lamanites—that all's been brought down to me. I've been told that these lost tribes have been recorded. If it's documented, that's the way it is. But, even though we're Lamanites, I still feel we're Native Americans. I believe that every inch of ground you step on is Indian country."

I ask Jesse whether he would do anything differently if he could go back to the year he graduated from high school, and he says, "Like what?" and I ask whether he might marry a Kaw woman.

He doesn't like the question: "You're asking me to forsake some fifty years of love." He falls silent. Then, "To be rational, in these times you can see it would have been better for the tribe for me to have married into my own people—but who? Where was the woman for me? I was related to them all."

Silence again, but for the wind. Jesse says, "If I could go back with the voice of a chieftain, I'd advise my people to be more clannish rather than intermarrying. We all

branched out and depleted our numbers—that's the sad part of the whole thing."

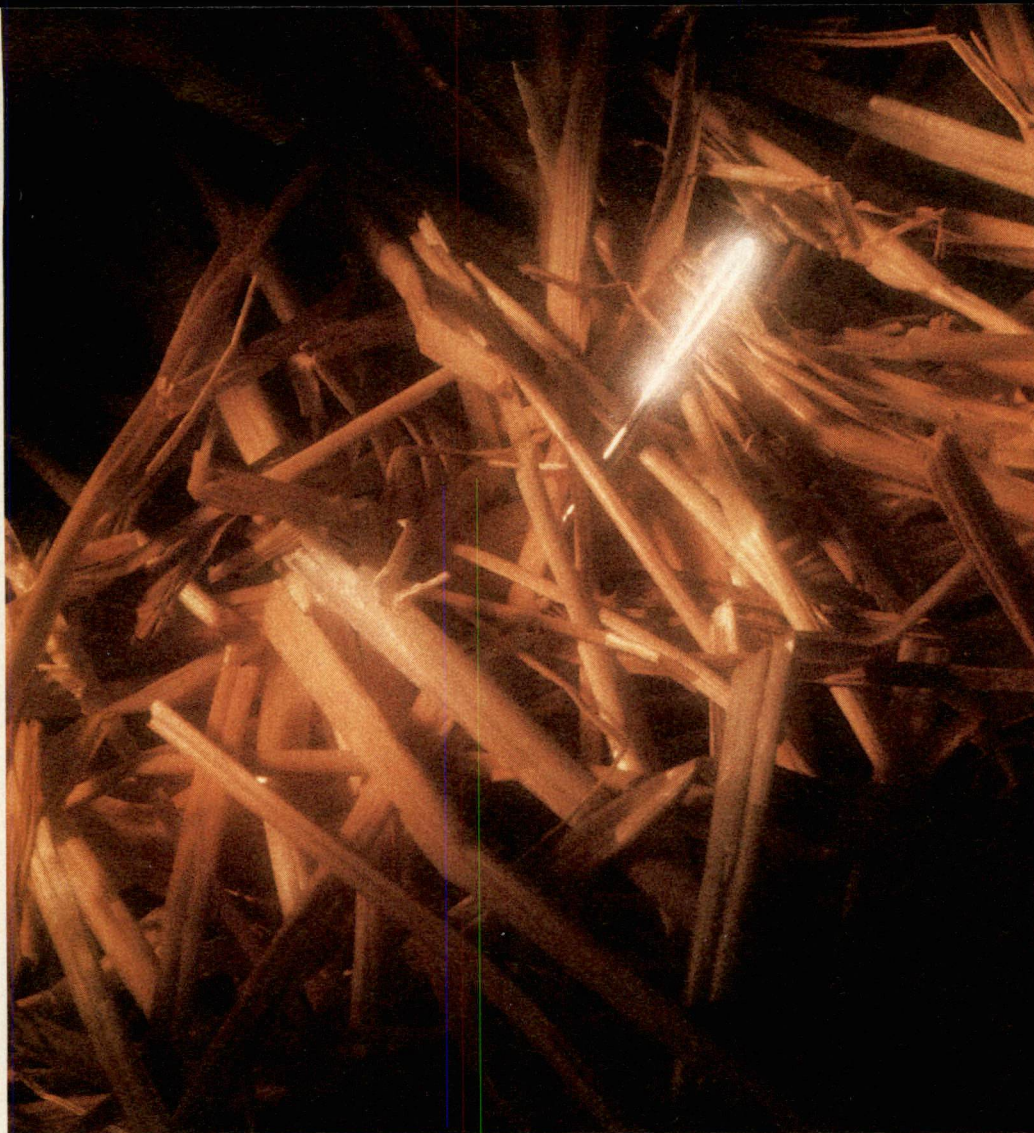
I say the Missouriia tribe is down to a pair of full-bloods, a brother and sister in their nineties, and then I ask, Is it sad watching and waiting for the last Kaw? Jesse shakes his head. "What else? What else? We were a proud tribe. To be the last—I don't even want to think about it. If I'm the one, I'll be a lonely Indian. When your people are gone, what have you got? A void."

Coming Morning turns his thumbs, the sun shaft gone, the air colder, the voice of the wind hung up in the barbed wire.

One Last Question

THE PINK POLISH ON THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD girl's fingernails is chipped, and dried blood is caked around the cuticles: she grasps the scrotum gently and pulls it taut and with a scalpel cuts off the tufted base and throws it down, and reaches deep into the sac to find the testicular cords, jerks them loose, and drops the testes into the clouded water of a gallon jar holding another three dozen. The whole operation is nearly bloodless. Cheryl will cut calves, but she refuses to brand them—that she leaves to the others. In my nostrils is the smell of burnt Hereford hair, an odor that takes getting accustomed to; white smoke from the electric branding iron swirls up for a few moments and then blows clear; on the little bull's haunch is a flying J, the raw skin shining brown like new harness leather. Linda leans and thrusts an inch-long hypodermic needle into the haunch. Through all of this the four-month-old bull has lain silent, but when Arlene puts the electric iron to its skull to burn off the buttons that would grow into horns, and smoke swirls again, the animal bawls keenly. Then it's all over, and the calf table—a hinged chute that clamps and lays out the Hereford—swings back upright and opens, and the little fellow shoots across the corral and looks around in confusion, and somebody calls out in falsetto, "Welcome to steerdom!" The five women move the next animal toward the calf table, but this one is recalcitrant, and Jane says, "Come on, sugar," and it takes a step or two and then throws its heavy little skull against Cheryl's head, and she drops to the dust, and it's a few minutes before she can continue. When she does, there is no vengeance in her work; throughout the hot June morning none of the all-woman crew has cursed or kicked the animals. If you've ever watched men castrating, branding, dehorning, and inoculating cattle, you know it just isn't done this way.

Jane Beedle Koger owns these calves and the land they graze on; she is thirty-five, dark blonde, about a thumb's length taller than five feet, and she often does things the way they aren't done. Consider her corral attire: a pink pith helmet, high-top pink sneakers, an emblazoned T-shirt: WE'RE OUT TO WIN OUR SPURS. Earlier she said



© 1990 Delta Dental Plans Association

Finding a dental plan is one thing.
Finding its participating dentists is something else.

Though there are many dental plans to choose from, the dentists actively under contract with these plans are few and far between. □ Not at Delta Dental. Over two-thirds of all practicing dentists nationwide are under contract with us. That means that even though your employees are free to choose any dentists, there's an excellent chance that their personal dentists are in our network. □ Our participating dentists help ensure quality care at affordable prices by agreeing to follow procedures relative to treatment reviews and fee limits. That's why they're the cornerstone of Delta Dental's unique three-point system that also incorporates extensive cost management features and plan design flexibility. □ It's a program only Delta Dental offers. That's why we now cover more than 20 million people in 23,000 groups and pay more than two billion dollars a year for dental care. To learn more about how your group can benefit from Delta Dental, call 1-800-441-3434 today.

Delta Dental
America's Leader In Dental Health Plans.

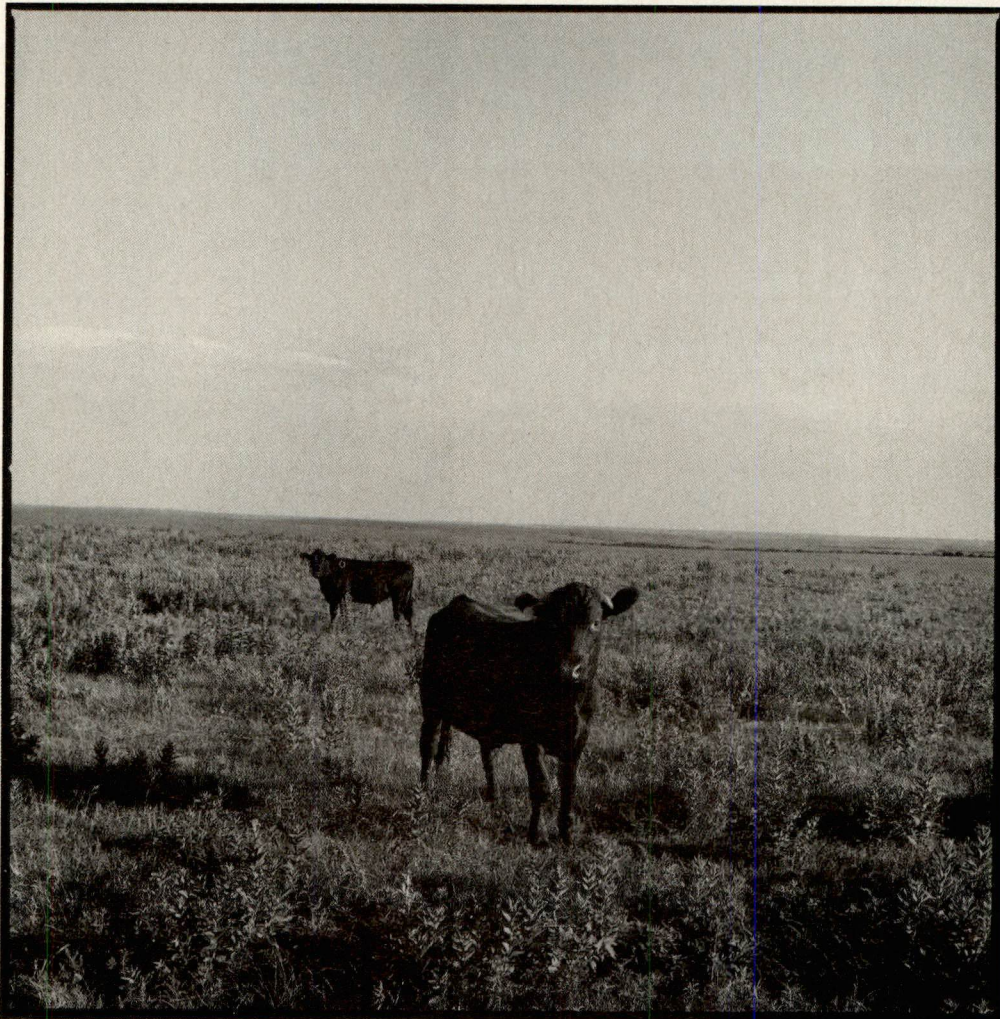
seriously to me, "My views aren't always in tune in here, so I keep them turned down." Although she usually hires only women to work cattle, she does employ one man to help with her 200 acres of feeder crops; but now that the last little bull has been cut, I'm the only intact male in six miles, and one of the women has just flashed the knife toward where I sit watching above the calf table and said, "Next?" and another says, "Forget it—he's a canner," meaning an animal too old to bring a good price, the kind Koger believes goes into most franchise burgers, and someone says, "Couldn't even get a Little Mac out of him."

Jane Koger has awakened her employees to feminism as Linda Thurston helped awaken hers, and this morning she said, "Agricultural knowledge doesn't pass on a Y chromosome—it's learned behavior, and if a cowboy can learn to work cattle, *anybody* can. I mean, his idea is, 'If it don't fit, get a goddamn hammer.' When a woman is around animals, her nurturing instinct comes out." Jane knows that any cowboy who didn't scorn such talk would be ridiculed, and she knows that in spite of her early success, men here still say an all-woman operation can't last long; her response is to quote native son William Allen

White: "My advice to the women's clubs of America is to raise more hell and fewer dahlias." She raises only a little of the one and none of the other, but she does raise 300 crossbred Herefords. She can see no reason for rodeos, which only perpetuate adolescent-male myths about cowboys and encourage a moronic masculine desire for dominance over dumb animals: "Some of these guys are so bright they can't even see when they're running a pasture calf to death."

When the cattle are again on the grass, we climb into her Jeep, and she hands me the jar of ballocks, which roll sluggishly in the thick water as we bounce back to the ranch, where she will clean the little creamy ovoids, heavily veined with purple and looking like nothing so much as nighthawk eggs, and dole them out to her friends like Godiva chocolates. As for herself, she's never eaten one.

I've known Jane for a year or so, occasionally seeing her along the desolate roads near her pastures in the southeast part of the county, but it was only a couple of weeks ago that I went to her house in Bazaar, after I heard her crew was going to cut and brand. That evening we stood and talked on her back porch, and she said abruptly, "Do you eat red meat?" and I thought she was set-



Near Homestead Ranch,
southeastern Chase County

ting me up, as she likes to do, and I said, If it's brown, and she said, "I just got some steaks today." We went inside and she began fixing two mail-order strips. Jane doesn't eat her own animals; about that she said, "Inconsistency is just great," and she put the cuts on the grill and said, "I grew up eating beef twice a day. Now maybe it's once a week." Jane Koger's 6,000-acre Homestead Ranch, a third of which she leases for transient grazing, goes mostly to her year-round cow and calf operation, where she allows eight acres to each animal, twice the transient ratio.

She grew up in Cottonwood Falls. Her father, Evan, a Yale graduate in English literature, is an heir to one of the big ranching operations in the state, a place partly composed of land an ancestor bought from the New York Rockefellers. On that ranch, in the Gypsum Hills of southwest Kansas, Jane and her sisters used to spend summers working cattle. Her mother is a native countian and a descendant of an old ranching family. When Jane went off to the first of several colleges, she vowed never to return to Kansas; she studied some religion but never graduated, although she did earn her pilot's license. At a tiny Nazarene college in Idaho she realized that the Flint Hills still held her, even after eight years, and a novel gave her the final urging: "Evan challenged me to read *Atlas Shrugged*, so I did, and Dagny Taggart became my mentor. I thought if she could run a railroad and succeed while playing by men's rules, I could operate some outfit. She woke up in me the importance of ethics in business and the dangers of compromise. So I came home to run my railroad, which turned out to be a ranch, and I've been motivated—like Dagny—by anger at people saying 'You can't.'"

Evan Koger saw several reasons for not buying Chase pastureland at more than the fifty dollars an acre he had last paid, years earlier, and he refused to help Jane buy back land once in her mother's family. She said to me, "I figured it was better to buy it and lose it than never to try. Evan antagonized me to success. He'd say, 'Jane, you just can't do it—there are things you can't do.' But I knew that because we're not as strong as men, we don't have to be as dumb, so instead of muscle we use a come-along to pull a calf from the uterus, or we get a front-end loader to move a chute. Gears and ratchets and hydraulics are great equalizers. The upshot of all this was that with my sister Kay, I committed at twenty-five to a quarter-of-a-million-dollar debt to the Federal Land Bank. Evan gave me some seed stock. Later I bought out Kay's interest—she and her husband run a ranch up at Hymer. After my grandmother died, I bought her home, this house, and remodeled it a little, and now I've reassembled a lot of family land. When I'd proved a few things—had succeeded almost in spite of Evan—then he contributed some more land. I've taken a ranchers' short course at Kansas State—my family calls it a short rancher's course—and I've attended a stockmen's school in Texas,

and I read. Still, people here think I've had it all handed to me. They say Evan Koger was born with a silver spoon in his mouth but his kids have left him with a plastic fork."

She set out the steaks and rice and broccoli, and I said that I'd heard she had one of the biggest ranches in Chase among those who run their own cattle, and she said, somewhat absently, "I suppose," and then, "People here sit around and compare how poor they are, see who's the worst off. I mean, being successful in this county is suicide. Nobody wants you to succeed. People get together and tear you down, and that used to bother me until I realized it wasn't just me they tore down—I saw that if they could chew me up and spit me out as a potential failure or whatever, they wouldn't even pause before going on to the next person. They'll get around to you, too. I just don't understand it: they talk about economic development here, and at the same time they don't want anybody to achieve anything."

I said someone had told me that in spite of all the low-income families here there were a dozen countians worth more than a million dollars out of a population of only about 3,000, and she nodded and said, "But this is still a great county for not taking risks and not having a good time. Before my parents moved away, they belonged to the Over Forty Club, and all they did was have good times. There's nothing like that around now. A lot of people don't know what they have, because they've always lived here, and it's the only world they know, so it looks typical and ordinary. That's sad."

(Later she would say, "Last year a colt was born in the early morning, and I was there with it. That afternoon I was in New York on Broadway, buying a ticket for *The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe*, Lily Tomlin's one-woman show. I was standing in line with trash blowing around, bag ladies limping by, everything shoulder to shoulder, and I was thinking of that wet colt in Chase County, Kansas, and I felt I knew how different this place is and what it's worth. I love New York, and one of the reasons I love it is that it shows me what I have in this county.")

To the end of helping city people explore the tallgrass country and understand where their Whoppers and tenderloins come from, for several weeks each year Jane opens the Homestead to a few women; for sixty dollars a day, a visitor can eat and sleep in the old south ranch house on Thurman Creek and loaf about the prairie, or she can join the crew and help work cattle, even down to castration. Jane said, "I like people, but I live where there aren't many, and I want to share some of this prairie—a few people at a time. But to get outsiders to see the beauty, they have to slow down and stay for a while. This place comes to you slowly—or maybe we come slowly to it. I want women to see the reality of my operation, and if they're not afraid, they can watch a pregnancy check or watch the electro-ejaculator go up the bull's

rectum, and they can help measure testicles to determine if he's fit to service my cows. People should understand at this basic level what has to happen to put a burger in their mouths. The women who come in here are great—they ask all the questions you hope nobody will ever ask, like 'How do you make silage?' They don't mean how do you cut and pack it—they want to know how caramelization works. They want to know about chemical enhancements in my beef, and I tell them I use antibiotics only by injection—they're necessary to inoculate against blackleg, pinkeye, and influenza, and I put antibiotics into feed only during the three weeks' stress of weaning. Hormones I don't use at all. I tell these women they should get on the cattle industry, because too much shit goes into beef—not nearly as much, of course, as goes into hogs. If it was feasible now, I'd raise only natural beef. I'd feel better about organic meat, but ranchers' traditions and consumers' unwillingness to pay a few cents more makes it difficult. When the Europeans announced they wouldn't buy American beef because of possible dangers to humans from animals laced up with hormones, I cheered. I mean, when will we wake up?"

After we finished the meal and pushed our chairs from the table, she said, "There's no public access in the Flint Hills worth talking about, so my 'internships'—the real name is Prairie Women Adventures—help out, and I have some control over who explores my land. I think a private response like this is better than the prairie park, even if I can only take five or six people a week."

I said, You're an assault-rifle radical until the park comes up, and then you turn into a shoot-that-clock reactionary, and she said again, "Inconsistency is just great. You know that my grandmother was one of the leading park opponents, but I've never been opposed to maintaining grassland, although I am against overrunning the place. You've got two million acres in Yellowstone, and now they're moving out bears instead of Winnebagos—that's mismanagement I don't want to see happen here." She was warming up, and what she took to be my views on issues may have altered her words somewhat. "I like Aldo Leopold's idea of stewardship: the recorder of deeds saying the land is mine doesn't really make it mine, but in this county I'd rather say I'm a feminist than an environmentalist. People tolerate me—they even expect me to be a feminist, but being an environmentalist is just not an acceptable mode of behavior, although one day ranchers and conservationists are going to be on the same side. Already we both agree that the place can't be opened to Winnebagos or tourist strips and then survive."

For the third time the phone rang, and for the second time she said, "No, *he's* here," and when she sat again, she said, "I've learned that I can't get the land to do what *I* want it to do—mostly I have to follow what *it* wants to do, so it's my responsibility to learn how the prairie lives. If the land wants fire, I give it a match. I'm a manager, that's all, and basically what I am is a bug manager. What

I'm really interested in is my cows' digestion, and that's a result of microorganisms in soil and water and stomachs. Basically, this is a bug ranch. Don't thank a rancher for your steak—thank bugs."

I leaned toward the floor and said, Thank you one and all, and she groaned and with her pink sneaker kicked my chair. She said, "Look: one day I'm going to write an essay called 'Maggots and Rattlesnakes,' and the idea will be that we're all in this together, even the things we may not like. Maggots are an integral part of my world, where I have dead animals and disease. I need all kinds of decay—my business depends on it. My crop is really grass, and cattle are just the means to harvest and package it."

I said that not everyone here saw things that way, and especially the absentee landlords did not seem to act as stewards, and Jane said, "The bad thing about absentee ownership is the system of payments where the managing cowhand receives the check from the cattle owner and then pays the landlord. We need to reroute it so that the cattle owner pays the landlord, who will inspect the pastures to protect her investment, and then pay the cowhand. The way it is now, in the short term overgrazing gives more dollars to managers and cattle owners."

I asked whether absentee owners didn't often treat their land like old-time bonds, where all the investor did was clip a coupon and send it in, and she said, "It's hard to care about what you don't see. A couple of years ago I wanted to double absentee owners' taxes, which would have included Evan, and the county treasurer said she'd go along if I could convince my father. Well, good-bye to that idea." Jane sat quietly for a while, and I picked up the plates, and she said, "If anyone anywhere should be environmentalists, all of us here should: if we lose the land's productivity, we've lost our hope of living on here."

Out along the near tracks the Santa Fe horned and die-seled through Bazaar, its noisy regularity a kind of Big Ben to the hamlet. Jane said, "Ask one last question and then go home," and I asked what was so special about the Flint Hills. Picking and handling her words carefully, as if they were newborn, and taking her time, she said, "These hills are so everlasting. I get bored with the work sometimes but never the place. But you need an excuse to stay on, and ranching is one we all understand." And, a moment later: "I've come to see that if I can sit still, things and people will come here. Even canners like you." And she was quiet and then said, "Maybe that's the religion I left Kansas to find." There was a silence and then, when I thought it safe, I said, And then you clicked the heels of your ruby slippers three times, and she let fly a pink sneaker, and she said quietly, "Nevertheless."

After I was out the door and in the cool and dewed night, a chuck-will's-widow calling from a wooded slope, I noticed for the first time her Jeep license-plate letters: IMNXTC. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

JOAN CRAWFORD AND BETTE DAVIS

AFTER A YEAR IN Hollywood, playing teary-eyed ingenues in dull movies, Bette Davis is ready to throw in the Kleenex and head back to Broadway. Her bags are packed when Warner Brothers surprises her with a contract and transforms her into a platinum blonde. Film exhibitors take note, and in 1932 vote her a "Star of Tomorrow." At the awards banquet the diminutive Davis steps up to the radio microphones and is about to gush her thanks over the airwaves when loud shrieks are heard, followed by the glittering entrance of Joan Crawford and her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The radio crew and photographers zoom to the divine couple, leaving Davis stranded, forgotten—and fuming.

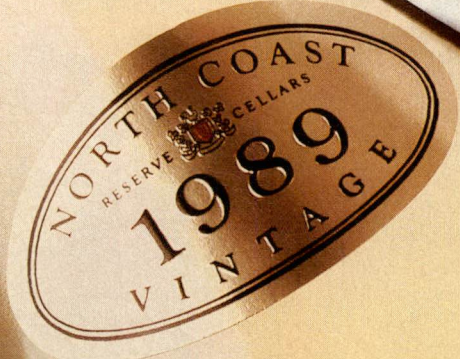
Fade to 1935. Davis, too, is now a star. Crawford, her marriage to Fairbanks and her affair with Clark Gable both over, eyes her new leading man, Franchot Tone. Just as their romance heats up, Tone is sent over to Warner's to co-star in *Dangerous* with Davis. She's married, but falls for Tone anyway. She demands that their scenes together be expanded, which entails

more private meetings. Davis is sure she can win the upper-class Phi Beta Kappa from the shallow movie queen. She is wrong. When shooting ends, Crawford and Tone marry. Davis's consolation is her first Oscar.

Cut to 1942. The war is on. Crawford will soon disband her fan club for the duration. Davis wonders if she should continue acting. "But then I felt that's what the enemy wanted—to destroy and paralyze America. So I decided to keep on working." By 1945 she is the highest-paid woman in America, but soon thereafter the tide turns. Crawford, now at Warner's, wins an Oscar for *Mildred Pierce* and replaces Davis as the studio's big money-maker.

The years slip away but the grudges don't. In 1962 both are fifty-four, washed up in Hollywood, and the survivors of four marriages apiece when, in desperation, they sign to co-star in *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* Bette plays Joan's sister, who, jealous of her sibling's success, schemes to kill her. You could hardly call it a stretch.

—Edward Sorel



THE RESERVE CELLARS OF

Ernest & Julio Gallo

North Coast
CHARDONNAY
OF CALIFORNIA

& BOTTLED BY ERNEST & JULIO GALLO, MODESTO, CALIFORNIA



Grilled Norwegian salmon on a lattice of green beans.
©E. & J. Gallo Winery, Modesto, CA.

It's time for a change to Gallo.



A Short Story



Sole Custody

by Lynna Williams

ANNA HAS DECIDED TO FLY TO CHICAGO TO kidnap her ex-husband's new baby. She hasn't known what to pack for this trip—she does not know how long she will be gone or exactly where she will go when she has the child—and the garment bag she is dragging past the boarding gate to the airplane is swollen with too many sweaters and shoes. When she leaves Dallas on business for her law office, she is a no-nonsense “two dresses, one jacket, two blouses, one skirt” packer who takes pleasure in weaving in and out between more heavily burdened travelers. On the plane Anna has to ask a young man wearing a baseball jersey to help her lift the bag into the overhead compartment. She sits down feeling relieved that the evidence she is not herself today has been safely hidden away. Before she fastens her seat belt, Anna stands to look around the airplane. The flight isn't crowded for a Friday morning, and she sees only three children, little boys in Sunday suits, the oldest about nine. They seem to be traveling alone; as she watches, the oldest reaches across the middle seat to wipe cracker crumbs from around the mouth of the smallest boy. The sweetness of it reaches her from a dozen rows back, and she looks away. She is glad she has seen the boys so early in the trip, though, because she has learned that the unexpected—what she does not see coming—can pierce her heart.

Since her daughter, Katie, died, Anna has made a routine of this searching out of the faces of children in public places. She looks directly at them, she registers that they are individual and alive, and she feels protected in some way from the unexpected shocks of recognition that once made it difficult for her to see any child without crying for Katie.

The plane is in the air now, and Anna settles back in her seat. She has not slept more than a few hours since this business with Jay started, four days ago, and she is tempted to let exhaustion take over for the two-hour flight to O'Hare. She will have time later to think about

what she is going to do, she decides, and she works her head against the headrest, waiting for sleep to overtake her. She has only a second to prepare herself for the image rising before her. She and Katie are at the kitchen table in the old house on Turtle Creek. It is the summer before Katie got sick, so she was five, and she had come home from day camp so excited about her discovery of dinosaurs that Anna had to hold her against the overpowering joy of it.

“Slow down, Squeaky, I can't understand what you're saying,” Anna said when Katie was gathered in her lap. Katie looked at her, all eyes and mouth and impatience. “Mommy, I don't have *time*,” she said, scrambling off Anna's lap in a run. She came back into the kitchen with scissors and glue and several colors of construction paper, and she and Anna made blue dinosaurs instead of dinner.

Anna opens her eyes. She is not going to be able to sleep, and she uncovers her mouth, where one hand has gone automatically at the thought of Katie feeding cheese to a grinning construction-paper dinosaur.

Two and a half years have passed since Katie's death. Anna has different ways of measuring the time: two base-

ball seasons, two birthdays, two rounds of fall school clothes in Sanger's downtown window. At times Anna is deliberate in remembering her daughter; she shuts out the world with

Since the death of her daughter, Anna searches the faces of children in public places, noting that they are individual and alive, not re-enactments of Katie

no other purpose than to recall whole some piece of her past with Katie. At other times thoughts of her daughter are like Muzak in Anna's mind: low-key and familiar, but still capable of sudden melodic riffs, like the replay of Katie's voice calling from her bedroom, “Mommy? What can we use for its eyes? I need you, Mommy!”

Anna shakes her head to clear it, because the memories are too strong today, and she does not want to think about Katie here, does not want to be a grieving mother reliving the past in a jet somewhere over Oklahoma. She has other things to think about, and she sits up straight, the way she does in court.

“KIDNAPPING” IS THE WRONG WORD. ANNA has no plans to take the baby—his name is Eli—across state lines. She wants to be clear about this: Jay is the one with delusions, not she; only because he has fixed on Katie as their object is Anna on this plane.

That she even saw the story Jay wrote for *Chicago* magazine was an accident; it had arrived in Monday's office mail from a lawyer friend in Evanston with a note written across the top: "I know you and Jay aren't in contact anymore, but he told you about this, right?" The note said more, but Anna had stopped reading, smiling at the phrase "in contact." It had a raffish air she liked, as though she and Jay were two circling small planes whose pilots had decided, on a whim, to switch their radios off. But when she thought about it, it seemed as good a way as any to describe all the things that she and Jay weren't to each other anymore. She put the clipping away, but as she worked her way slowly through a stack of depositions, she began to wonder what Jay was supposed to have told her. Finally she fished it out of the envelope and sat back to read it. *This is a joke*, she thought, and then, just as quickly, she knew that it was not. "No," she said, so loudly that her secretary, Maryanne, came around the corner to ask what was wrong. "Nothing. Shut the door," Anna said, and turned her head before she could see the look—"Now what's wrong?"—on Maryanne's face.

"I knew a woman once the same thing happened to," Anna said out loud, the words with which Maryanne greeted every atrocity that brought people into the offices of Seddon and Hardwicke. Hearing herself speak that comfortable lie allowed her to pick up the story again and go on. It was about the birth of Eli, four months earlier, and Jay's conviction, growing every day, that this happy little boy was Katie, astonishingly alive in him.

"I will tell you honestly that I had not been a man who believed in God, and after my little girl died, there was nothing I believed in at all," Jay had written.

So I do not pretend to know the answers to this miracle that has given me my daughter back again, in a little boy who looks nothing like her, but bears the unmistakable imprint of her soul. I do not need those answers, because I have all that matters here with me, in the child my wife, Ellen, and I have given safe passage back into this world.

The story wasn't long, only a page, and as Anna read it again, it shrank even more, until it was only that one paragraph. She read the lines over and over, looking for any suggestion that this was metaphor, that Jay simply meant that Katie lived on in Eli because any new life is a rebirth. It wasn't there. He meant what he said: Katie had returned to him. Just him. Then Anna read the words out loud, bearing down harder on the personal pronouns each time. *My* daughter. *My* little girl. Here with *me*. *My* wife, Ellen, and *I*. Then she went back to the beginning and started over, as though she might have overlooked the mention of Katie's mother, the acknowledgment that Katie had had a mother at all before she died. Nothing.

When she was done, when she had studied the twelve paragraphs of text as carefully as she would analyze a

brief, she walked down the hall and filled the bathroom sink with cold water. Then she did what Katie had christened "face swimming," holding her hair back with one hand and submerging her face up to the hairline in the basin, feeling the cooling movement of the water all around her. As she did, she saw Katie standing on the beach at Padre Island at high tide, the straps of her pink bathing suit falling over her shoulders, clapping her hands at the ocean's retreat. Anna let go of her hair and gripped the basin, so tightly that the color slowly left her hands.

After a long moment, when most of the wildness was gone from her face—when she could say to Maryanne,



"Sorry I yelled. It's just the Sanford plea bargain falling apart again"—Anna went back into her office, where pictures of Katie were hung low over the couch, and shut the door. She lay down on the couch and for the first time in years summoned what had once been familiar and dear, not about Katie but about Jay—before Katie got sick, before everything changed. That Jay had had almost no spite, and even less sense of property: he forgave everyone everything, and he let go of whatever was his that might be needed elsewhere, secrets as casually as sweaters or bites of ballpark hot dogs. Anna looked at the clipping in her hand. Who was Jay now? She had no idea; she simply had no reference points that were of any use to her, nothing in the past that could explain this—that Jay had become a man capable of claiming custody of their only child, living and dead.

She sat up and pulled the Rolodex from the sofa table into her lap. Flipping to *W*, she found the listing for Jay Whitmore and the number he had given her during the sale of the house. Punching down hard on each number, Anna felt stronger already, as though she were really doing something now and would make sense of all this soon. No one answered. Anna let the phone ring until the answering machine picked up, and a woman's voice said, "Hi. This is 457-9807. Leave your name and number and we'll call you soon. Hope it's a good day for you." At the beep Anna said, "Jay, call me," and, after hesitating a moment, added, "It's Anna," and her home and work numbers.

Over the next two days Anna dialed the number every hour and then, when she felt she might choke with all that was going unsaid, every half hour. The only answer she got was the tape wishing her a good day. "Jay. It's Anna. Call," she said every time, wondering if he would be able to hear in her voice what she saw in her mirror: a woman whose anger made her hands shake, who could not sleep or keep food down, a woman whose memories of her child had been violated by a man she had loved. "Grave-robbing," Anna called it on the morning of the third day, and let the tears come.

When Jay had not called back by Tuesday night, Anna started calling everyone she knew who might know where he was. The list was not long. Anna had been to Chicago several times on business, but only once with Jay and Katie; Jay had moved there after the separation and divorce; Anna had never met his new wife and did not know who—or what—their friends were. She concentrated instead on calling the few friends from their years together with whom Jay might still be in touch. In five hours on the telephone Anna gathered four invitations to dinner, a job offer in Denver, and the offer of a date to the symphony with Jay's old city editor at *The Dallas Morning News*.

When she hung up from the last call, not knowing much more than she had when she started, except that Ellen was apparently a schoolteacher and a blonde, Anna

went into the kitchen and made, and threw away, a tuna sandwich. She stood at the sink for a while, looking out the kitchen window the way she looked at juries when she didn't know what else she could say to them other than to remind them that she was a nice woman with a hard job. Usually when she was that low, some other idea—something else she could do—came to her fairly quickly, and that happened now. She went back into the living room and called the magazine, saying she was an old friend coming to town soon and that she needed to reach Jay. The girl on the phone—Anna imagined her as a recent college graduate who wrote narrative verse and fantasized about Jay when she was home alone eating Stouffer's—didn't know where Jay was; he wrote for them freelance and didn't check in every week. But she did tell Anna that Jay was scheduled to tape the *Chicago Morning* television show that Saturday. He would not be talking about Eli; his topic was something else he had written for the magazine, she said—the drug wars on the South Side, maybe? Anna said that sounded right, thanked her, and then, just before she hung up, asked another question.

"Oh," the girl said. "I'm sure you'll get to meet Ellen and the baby if you're at the taping. They're always with Jay."

When she hung up, Anna sat for a long time telling herself all the reasons why she had to stop here, put all this behind her, and go on, as difficult as that would be. Then she made three more phone calls. The first was to Jay, where, again, no one answered; the second was to her office, to arrange for a long weekend; and the third was to the airline.

THE PLANE BEGINS ITS DESCENT INTO O'HARE, and Anna tells herself again that she is doing the right thing. She has had no choice but to make the trip and see the truth for herself. She is sure she knows what the truth is: that the baby might have Jay's eyes, as Katie did, or the same long fingers, or her delight in anything musical, but he will have nothing more, because nothing more is possible.

Her plans for tomorrow morning are unclear; she is sure only that she wants to get close to Eli long enough to hold him in her arms. She has no criminal intent, she reminds herself; she is only going to see and touch Jay's son, nothing more. She is certain she will need only that much to write an end to this appalling postscript to Katie's death and Jay's continuing disintegration; with it done, she will tell Jay exactly what she thinks of his appropriation of Katie for his new life, hand him his son, and go home to Dallas.

The other possibility—that, holding Eli in her arms, she will see what Jay sees, believe what he believes—Anna does not consider at all.

IN THE TERMINAL ANNA WALKS, AS FAST AS HER garment bag will allow, past the people happily reassembling themselves into families. She is a hundred yards down the concourse when, to prove that she can, she looks back to see the three little boys from the plane run into the arms of a woman about her age. Anna hears the woman calling their names, "Hal! Ken! Sam!" and she starts walking again, faster this time, because she has not been prepared for the sound of a mother's voice after a long separation. She reaches the terminal doors just in time; when tears fill her eyes, it could be just the bright sunlight reflecting off the long line of Yellow Cabs. "Damn," Anna says, because the Yellow Cabs are orange. The summer Katie was four, and Jay was writing a series about transportation in the year 2000, the three of them took cabs all over the United States on their way to trains and buses and airplanes. Katie loved the fact that all of them sat in the back seat together, but she never did get over her disappointment that Yellow Cabs were usually some other color. Anna had forgotten that, and when she is directed to a blue Town Taxi, something in her face makes the cabdriver especially respectful of her bag. On the Loop, headed for The Palmer House, Anna takes out a compact and dabs at her eyes until the cabdriver looks less concerned. Then she sits back in her seat and shakes her head, because she does not believe she has been crying over a fleet of misnamed cabs.

All right, she thinks. What if Jay is telling the truth?

"Stop it," Anna says then, and the cabdriver looks concerned again and asks if she's changed her mind about The Palmer House. "No," Anna says. "No, I haven't."

He looks at her and away, as if to say, "Whatever, lady," and she laughs. After a moment they are both laughing, and for the rest of the ride she loses herself in a conversation about the sixties.

At The Palmer House, Anna tips the driver five dollars and goes inside feeling better than she has since she opened her mail on Monday. *I'll see the baby and I'll go home*, she thinks, and the knowledge that she can do just that—she can end it there—goes with her upstairs to her room. But a few minutes later, unpacking, seeing the indentation she felt in Dallas take shape on the bed in the growing pile of clothes, Anna feels her optimism leave her all at once, and she sits down. *What am I doing here?* she thinks, and then closes her eyes, the way Katie did when she begged for a scary story and then didn't want to see what might be waiting for her down the hallway. But Anna doesn't have to conjure up some anonymous bogeyman. She knows exactly what is scaring her; she has already said the words to herself, in the cab.

The truth is that when Katie was first sick, Anna saw the future and knew that her daughter was not just ill but dying. That being the case, how can she be sure Jay's delusion is only that and nothing more? The answer is that she cannot be sure, and of all the reasons she has to de-

spise Jay—as many reasons as she once had to love him—this return of uncertainty about what is possible and what is not possible is what Anna is now holding against him most.

Anna's vision happened the day after Katie's admission to the hospital, before the lymphoma was diagnosed, a fall afternoon when all the radios in the children's ward were turned to game five of the World Series. Anna was coming back from the library with an armful of the "big girl" books that Katie took such pleasure in pretending she could read.

The door to the room was half open; when Anna shifted the books in her arms and used her elbows to push against it, she saw Katie asleep on her back, her right arm, the one with the IV needle in it, crooked over her heart. Anna started to back away—Katie had never before been able to sleep on her own, without her mother or father in the room—but as she did, she looked at the bed again, and this time Katie was dead. She could think of no other way to say it: Anna looked at her daughter and knew that the dripping IV was the cruelest kind of lie and that Katie was gone. In that instant—when Anna reached for the wall and understood that no support in the world was strong enough for the weight she would always carry now—a smiling nurse pushed past to wake Katie for her medication, and Anna had her daughter back again.

THINKING ABOUT THAT DAY IN THE HOSPITAL, Anna walks around her hotel room turning on every light, first the wall switches that control the lighting over the bed and by the window, then the heat lamp in the bathroom, and then the lamps by the bed. She needs this light to see what she is doing. She is deliberately breaking the rules she set for herself after Katie died, rules she believes have made it possible for her to wake up in the morning, go downtown to practice law, and come home again at night, all without breaking apart. The rules say she can remember anything about Katie as long as she omits the six months after the first hospital admission, the six months when Katie was dying.

But she cannot deal with tomorrow, she cannot make sense of any of this, if she does not think about just that time—or, more particularly, Jay and Katie in that time. So, shaking a little, because she knows that if she starts this, she will have to finish it somehow, Anna reaches for the phone and dials Jay's number again. When she hears only the ringing that makes her think of Katie chasing crickets on Turtle Creek, she puts the phone down and walks out of her hotel room.

On the street Anna waits until another Town Taxi stops for her. She gives the driver Jay's address in Oak Park, and in twenty minutes the cab is in front of a red-brick bungalow. The cabdriver tells Anna where she can catch

a bus back to town when she is through, and drives away, leaving her alone.

It is early evening by now, time for people to be coming home from work, but the street is quiet. Anna has a sudden image of herself standing on the sidewalk in front of Jay's house, and she straightens her suit coat and begins to walk down the driveway to the front porch. The door is painted bright green—the door knocker is a brass frog with its legs dangling free—and Anna feels better suddenly, as if this violation of taste were the final proof that Jay is some other person now. She pounds the frog on the door, a little harder than necessary; when no one comes to the door, she walks across the porch to the bay window. The drapes are white gauze—much too thin, Anna thinks—and she has no difficulty seeing into the living room. She recognizes a few pieces of furniture—a love seat re-covered in rose, an oak refectory table—but the dominant decor is classic “couple with four-month-old baby.” Blankets and stuffed animals are strewn everywhere; a huge teddy bear is strapped into a windup swing that Eli is still too young to use. Turning her head, Anna sees pictures arranged in two rows on the far wall. She leans into the window and squints, trying to make the shapes and colors come into focus. She is scanning the top row for the second time, unable to make out either Jay or a baby, when her eyes shift to the pictures arranged below. In only a second Anna realizes that every picture there is a picture of Katie.

Anna takes a step back from the window and comes down hard on a squeaky toy shaped like an airplane. She bends over, takes the toy into her hands, cradling it against the cry it makes when touched, and sits down on the porch steps. She is still carrying it when she walks away from the house.

The bus lets her off three blocks from the hotel; back in her room she lays the airplane toy on the table in front of her. She thinks about Jay building a shrine to Katie, on his wall and in his little boy, and she pulls the toy to her. *Katie*, she thinks. *Jay*.

AFTER ANNA'S VISION, IN THE TIME THE NURSE needed to get to Katie's bed by the window, Anna's world shrank to one resolve—"I will not scream." After a moment she was able to say, in a voice that sounded only a little out of breath, "I'm going to get some coffee while you're with her; I'll be right back." She walked out of the room and down the hallway slowly, because she felt as if any sudden movement might bring back the vision of Katie motionless in her bed. In the women's bathroom she went into a stall and waited until the two nurses talking at the sinks had gone. Then she took their place at the mirror, leaning forward to see if her face had changed in any way that would reveal to Katie and Jay what she knew to be true—that the world had undergone so fundamental an

alteration as to bring all natural laws into question. She looked tired, nothing more than that, and she understood suddenly that she had entered some new land, where everything looked the same and Katie was dying. The cruelty of it caught her just below the breastbone, and before she could stop it, a sound came out of her that she had never heard before. She backed away from the sink, from that sound, into a stall, and sat down, taking in mouthfuls of air against the panic rising in her, concentrating only on letting air out, evenly, slowly, until she was sure that she was not going to scream. Then, because she could do nothing else, she got up and walked out of the lounge toward Katie's room.

She was there in five minutes, sitting by the bed, telling Katie about a princess with an irritable dolphin for a governess. The story was familiar—if she paused too long, Katie finished the sentence and went on without her—but Anna had become a different woman, with the singleness of purpose she imagined priests had. Katie was to be her only focus now, since Katie was the only map of any use in both the old world and the new.

Several times that afternoon Anna thought about telling Jay what she had seen—what she now believed was Katie's future—but when he came into the room carrying Katie's bears, she looked at him and did not speak. The three of them were in this new land together now—the land made real by her vision, the land where five-year-olds could die—and Anna could not say what the rules were anymore. She could not be sure, but she thought that in this peculiar universe saying out loud the words "Jay, Katie is going to die" might make it happen. So she kept silent, and in that silence, Anna would come to believe later, two things happened: Her marriage to Jay ended. And she became a believer in impossible things, because if Katie could die, what of impossibility was left?

Two days after Anna's vision the doctors invited her and Jay into a conference room and, using color transparencies for emphasis, told them that while great strides were being made every day, Katie's cancer was incurable. She might live a year, they said, she might not live three months; everything would be done for her, but nothing short of a miracle would save her life. Anna could hear the voices—Jay's, rising in disbelief and then rage, the doctors', sympathetic but firm—but she had stopped listening. She already knew that Katie was going to die, and when Jay stopped talking and began to cry, she felt a faint impatience. The feeling was replaced by shame as he reached for her and she accepted his embrace, when all she wanted to do was get away from the conference table, where the slides documenting the probable progression of Katie's disease were spread out like a poker hand. The doctors said again how sorry they were and left; Anna and Jay stayed on at the table. Jay was still crying, softly, the way Katie did when she was pushed off a ride at the playground and thought she'd never get back on. "Anna," Jay

HOT Jazz—COOL Price!

No Obligation to Buy Again—Ever!

JUST \$1 ENTITLES YOU TO THE COOL SOUNDS OF BENNY CARTER, DIZZY GILLESPIE, LOUIE BELLSON AND MORE!

THE BIGGEST NAMES IN JAZZ COME TOGETHER FOR A SPECTACULAR HOT JAZZ ALBUM THAT'S GUARANTEED TO BECOME AMONG YOUR ALL-TIME FAVORITES! Whether you're a long-time jazz fan or someone who's just beginning to discover this magnificent musical genre, here's a blockbuster musical treat that's guaranteed to delight your ears, uplift your spirit and get your feet tapping.

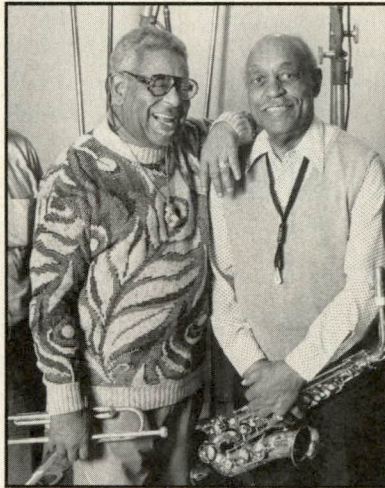
Grammy Lifetime Achievement Award winner Benny Carter teams up with jazz giants Dizzy Gillespie, Roland Hanna, George Mraz, Louie Bellson and Howard Alden for a show-stopping, excitement-packed recording entitled *In The Mood For Swing*.

Here's a jazz masterpiece destined to become a classic—written, produced and performed as only these legends of jazz could. Rarely—if at all—will you find works or artists of this caliber together on one recording. Yet this blockbuster jazz masterwork is yours on your choice of compact disc, cassette or record for just \$1 through JAZZ HERITAGE—with no obligation to ever buy another selection.

Don't pass up this remarkable opportunity to own this jazz treasure. Act today and enjoy swinging jazz selections such as: *In The Mood For Swing...Another Time, Another Place...The Courtship...Rock Me To Sleep...Janel...Blue Moonlight...Southside Samba...and more.*

NO OBLIGATION TO BUY AGAIN. Yes, you accept only the recordings you truly want from the wealth of jazz treasures offered by JAZZ HERITAGE. Take as many or as few of these spectacular jazz masterpieces as you like. There is no minimum purchase obligation. No club "commitment." Positively no obligation to ever buy another recording unless you want to.

JAZZ HERITAGE: Your guarantee of the best the world of jazz has to offer. JAZZ HERITAGE is devoted to bringing you only the finest jazz ever recorded. Month after month, our editors preview hundreds of jazz recordings. Only the very best are selected and made available to



our members. As a JAZZ HERITAGE member, you can be certain that each and every selection offered is music guaranteed to delight, enrich, entertain, and amuse as only the world's most splendid jazz could. You'll be offered only the finest jazz works—from legends such as Sarah Vaughan, The Modern Jazz Quartet, Herbie Hancock, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, Lena Horne, Artie Shaw, John Coltrane, Wes Montgomery, Chick Corea, Mel Tormé, Buddy Rich, Oscar Peterson, Bill Evans, Gerry Mulligan, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Thelonious Monk and many more.

The World's Hottest Music At The World's Coolest Prices! All JAZZ HERITAGE selections are magnificently priced. Purchase as many or as few as you wish from our free "members only" publication, the JAZZ HERITAGE REVIEW. It's truly today's hottest jazz—yours at a cool, cool, price.

FREE "Members Only" Magazine. It's called JAZZ HERITAGE REVIEW and it's sent to you every 4 weeks (13 times a year). Each issue is chock-full of superb jazz music selections including Main Selections.

Buy Only What You Want! If you want the Main Selections, do nothing—they will be sent to you automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just mail the form provided by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

You'll Always Have At Least 10 Days To Decide. If the REVIEW is delayed and you receive the Main Selections without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return them at our expense.

Nothing More To Buy—Ever! You have no obligation to buy more recordings and can cancel your membership at any time. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one recording in any six-month period.

ACT TODAY AND GET THIS BLOCKBUSTER JAZZ RECORDING, PERFORMED BY THE LEGENDS OF JAZZ FOR JUST \$1 You can't find better, more robust, more invigorating music anywhere at any price. So be certain to reply today. This superb state-of-the-art recording is yours on your choice of compact disc, cassette or record—for just \$1 when you accept our invitation to become a member of JAZZ HERITAGE.

Remember, there is never any obligation to buy again. This may well be the best jazz savings opportunity anywhere in the world today.

ACT NOW!



REPLY FORM

*0038302

MAIL TODAY TO: JAZZ HERITAGE, P.O. BOX 398, Oakhurst, NJ 07755

YES! I have enclosed \$1. Send me JAZZ HERITAGE'S block-buster recording of Benny Carter's *In The Mood For Swing*—and enroll me as a member of JAZZ HERITAGE. Establish an account in my name and begin my FREE subscription to JAZZ HERITAGE.

I understand that there is never any purchase obligation, no minimum number of selections that I must buy in the future, and that I may cancel my membership at any time.

- My payment of \$1 is enclosed. Please send my introductory recording as a:
- Compact Disc #9L, \$1.00 Cassette #11T, \$1.00 Record #13H, \$1.00

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

- Please send me FREE information about the Musical Heritage Society, the no-purchase-obligation club for classical music lovers.

NOTE: This is an introductory offer intended only to attract new subscribers. Only one application per household will be considered. All applications are subject to review and acceptance. Offer valid only within the connecting United States. As a member you are under no obligation to purchase any additional recordings, and you may cancel your membership at any time. JAZZ HERITAGE reserves the right to cancel your membership if you choose not to buy and pay for a recording in any six-month period.

said then, and she thought he was going to tell her they would get through this together, for Katie's sake. "Anna, Katie's not going to die. I know she isn't," Jay said. He was saying it again when Anna slipped her hands out of his and left the room.

ANNA AND JAY BOTH TOOK INDEFINITE LEAVES of absence from their jobs, Anna as a public defender and Jay as a political reporter for *The Dallas Morning News*, and made a second home in Katie's corner room at Children's.

Looking back, Anna marveled at the ease with which she and Jay separated to take up different orbits around Katie. When they were not tending to her in some way, both did the other things that, incredibly, still had to be done. They ate and made telephone calls; they talked about anything that did not matter; they took turns staying with Katie while the other went on short walks around the hospital; sometimes they slept or drove home to do laundry at a house that now seemed like a museum of the life they had had together when Katie was well. Anna knew that she—the Anna she had been outside Katie's room that day—seemed not to exist anymore, and certainly the Jay and Anna they had been together were gone, replaced by these people who smiled and played and cried with Katie, but were silent and distracted with each other.

Some part of Anna knew that she and Jay should be talking more, knew that there must be some comfort they could give each other, but she could think of no route she could take to Jay that would not bring her face to face with his conviction that Katie was going to live. As much as she wanted to believe that, she did not—and the fact that Jay never wavered, even as Katie got sicker every day, created a distance between them that grew until it was itself fully formed, a longer

and heavier twin to their dying child. Still, at times Anna looked at Jay and wanted her old life back, wanted him back—wanted it so badly that she could not catch her breath. Once, she saw Jay watching her and knew that he was thinking about her too. Anna loved him then, but in the next moment they both looked at Katie, impossibly small in the white hospital bed, and they let each other go. They had other priorities; for the six months Katie took to die, every act of Anna's was in service to her memory.

I will never forget this, Anna thought every time she rubbed Katie's back or felt her heart beat when she bent

to kiss her good-night or sat up playing Go Fish with her or held her against the pain that came with daybreak. *This is what I will have when Katie is gone.*

A hundred times after Katie was gone, Anna thought that the different ways she and Jay were with each other in those last months had to do with Anna's vision in the hospital—with the certain knowledge she had, and Jay did not, that Katie would die. Anna shamelessly hedged her bets: she bargained endlessly for Katie's life with a God she had not talked to since eighth grade, but every time she touched Katie or said her name, she was saying good-bye. Jay continued to make no bets at all: he simply never saw Katie's death as a possibility. As Anna watched,



he raised denial to greater heights each day, until, at the funeral, he looked sick not so much with grief as with some awful surprise. When Jay held Katie or kissed her, he was not saying, as Anna did, "I will not forget this." He was saying, "I can throw this moment away. We will have *years* of other moments."

When it was much too late, on the day when Katie went into a coma from which she did not wake, Anna looked up and saw, really saw, Jay. He was leaning over Katie's bed, his left hand stretched out around the tubes and oxygen mask to stroke her hair back from her forehead. "Come on, Squeaky," he was saying. "It's a beauti-

ful day, and Daddy's here. Open your eyes, Squeaker. Let Daddy see you."

Jay never stopped talking as he smoothed Katie's hair over and over, but Anna could not listen. She went out into the hall and leaned against the wall, closing her eyes against the image of Jay still alive to hope when no hope remained. And for the first time Anna realized what it would mean to Jay, after Katie was dead, that he had never said good-bye. She felt dazed, as though she had come out of the dark into sunlight so bright she could barely look into it. "Jay," she said, and felt a tug of recognition that propelled her back into Katie's room. She walked toward Jay, still at Katie's bed; she could not save Katie, she knew that, but she could save Jay. She could make him save himself. "Jay," she said, but he did not turn to look at her, and he shook off the hand she reached out to him. "I'm talking to Katie now, Anna," he said. And then, without pausing, "Where were we, baby? Oh, well, when I was little, everybody in Oak Cliff rode horses on Saturday morning, and my horse was the best. You'll have a horse when you're bigger; not next year, next year you'll still be too small, but the year after that, for sure."

"Jay," Anna said again, and when he did not respond, she went back into the hall and wept for them all. She knew then that she was going to lose them both, but she did what she had to do: she sat by Katie's bed, listening to the *EEK! eek!* the portable life-support system made as it took each breath for Katie; she tried again to talk to Jay. But in the end she stopped trying, because she did not have any energy to spare for anything but the task of gathering her memories. If that was the only way she could keep Katie with her, she must have them all. By then Anna knew that memories were the only thing she would be able to salvage.

She was right about that, too. Four months after Katie's death she and Jay separated, and six months after that the divorce was final. Anna signed the papers dated September 8, 1986, but she knew that other dates mattered more: the day Katie came in from the back yard complaining that her stomach hurt; the day Anna decided not to share her vision with Jay; the day Anna stopped trying to make Jay face the truth and say good-bye to his child; and, finally, the day Katie died. When his daughter was gone, when Jay was made to see that all his hope and bravado had brought him nothing, he blamed Anna. "You knew she was going to die," he screamed at her before he left, and Anna closed her eyes and saw Katie clearly, wearing a red pompon hat and curling her tongue at a nurse holding a tray of medicines. Her mind full of Katie, she did not have to hear Jay shouting at her or the front door slam or the car pull out of the driveway. Most of all she did not have to hear the indictment behind the words: You believed in her death, and Katie died. What would have happened if both of us had believed in her life?

THE CLOCK BY ANNA'S BED READS FIVE AFTER midnight when she has remembered everything, and she stands up to turn off the lights. She is still thinking about the day Jay left the house, about the way Jay blamed her for what he saw as her easier acceptance of Katie's death. If she sees him tomorrow, she thinks, she will say what she never said in the months after Katie's funeral: "Children aren't like Tinkerbell, Jay; wishing doesn't make them live." Not *if*, she thinks, *when*. She will see Jay tomorrow, Jay and Eli, and she will see for herself what is true and what is not. She stops by the table and dials Jay's number again; he answers on the third ring. "Hello," he says. "Hello. Who is this?" Anna has not heard his voice in more than a year, and she stands for a moment listening before she puts the receiver down. She will talk to Jay tomorrow.

In bed Anna lies with the curtains open wide enough to see the lights of the Sears Tower. She has never run a marathon, but she imagines that this is how racers feel coming over the top of a hill toward the finish line. She wants to get a glass of water, but stays where she is, too tired to move; she is drained, but she feels good, too. She has remembered Katie and Jay, and she has not fallen apart. And she knows what she is going to do next. Waiting for sleep, Anna sees for the first time how zealously she has regulated her memories of Katie in the years since her death: shaping their content, guarding against unwanted appearances by other characters like Jay or the doctors with the color slides, even selecting the times when it is "appropriate" to remember. *How sad*, Anna thinks, and is surprised at the choice of words, since she has only been protecting herself against more pain.

Some choices, though, have not been Anna's to make: some things she believed she would never forget she has forgotten. Katie would be eight this year—she would be wearing her hair in a braid and taking piano—but Anna can no longer get an exact picture of Katie's face when she closes her eyes. She can remember so much—colors, physical sensations, smells, sounds: Katie's skin, like a baby seal's, wet and taut, when she was laid on Anna's belly after her birth; her laugh; her hair after a bath; the unholy joy in her eyes the day she discovered the "music" toilets make when flushed; tears standing on her eyelashes. But Anna cannot make her child's face come into focus. The image is unmistakably Katie, but it is indistinct, soft, without edges or depth. Anna is almost asleep now—she can feel herself being pulled down into darkness—but she is still thinking about Katie's face and that she must look at pictures now to see it exactly. For an instant a panicky thought pushes sleep away: *Will I know when I hold Eli? Will I know if it's Katie?* Anna digs her body farther into the sheets, taking deep breaths to quiet herself. *I'll know*, she thinks, and carries that with her into the night.

ANNA WAKES TO ANOTHER TRUTH, A TRUTH that is with her until she fumbles for the light and makes it shrink back in the darkness: Anna loved Katie—oh, God, so much—and Katie loved her. But Katie was Jay's too. Anna sits up in bed and pulls her knees to her chest, wanting to feel any kind of human warmth. She takes a deep breath and lets it go, letting the truth escape with it into the hotel room: Katie loved Jay best. It started when Anna was still pregnant, when Jay decided the baby was a girl and named her Katie Patricia, after both of her grandmothers. When Katie was born, Jay behaved as though they had always known each other, and from the beginning Katie seemed to believe it too. Anna tightens her grip on her knees, because none of these memories are safe.

Her moments with Katie were different. In her memories, loving experiments with action and sound and dialogue, she and Katie made the construction-paper dinosaurs. Anna can see it clearly: Katie hunched over the kitchen table with a blue crayon, coloring in the eyes, saying, "How do I make eyelashes, Mommy? And can we make them so they'll fly?"

Anna's memories are lies and not lies, and now, sitting up in the Palmer House double bed, she acknowledges that. She has done what she had to do: she has taken Jay's memories of Katie as hers. After the funeral, when she and Jay went back to the house, where there was no air, or no air that Anna could breathe without gasping, she realized that in almost every memory of Katie she had stored so carefully, her daughter was dying. She screamed at Jay, "Help me; I can't see Katie's face," and he looked at her for a long time before he helped her into bed. "She loved me," she said into Jay's face when he bent to cover her with a quilt. "Of course she did," was all he said. That night he moved into the guest bedroom, and Anna could not bring herself to go to him. After a while she no longer wanted to. She had her memories.

IN THE MORNING ANNA ORDERS ROOM-SERVICE orange juice and eggs, and sits reading the *Chicago Tribune* until it's time to leave for the network affiliate where the show is being taped. She walks out of the hotel onto Michigan Avenue and turns left, toward Water Tower Place. She knows where she is going and she walks quickly, shivering a little against the North Shore wind. At the television station she stands in line with other men and women waiting to go upstairs to the taping. Twice she hears Jay's name and turns around, but it's only a neighborhood activist talking about his interview with a fourteen-year-old crack dealer. When the elevator comes, Anna is the first on; on the sixteenth floor she gets off last and lags behind in the corridor as the ushers show the audience members to their seats. Suddenly Anna feels ridiculous, not like a lawyer or even a wronged woman but simply like a person who gets

caught making up stories. What is she going to do here? She has put her energy into the revision of her personal history; when she has thought of this place at all, she has imagined Jay and Ellen and Eli in plain sight, waiting for her. Now she's here, and they are nowhere to be seen.

"I loved my daughter," Anna says aloud, and feels something give inside her, because this is true. She knows it is. People are looking at her now, but she does what she does in court: she picks one face, a woman about her own age wearing a TAKE BACK THE NIGHT! T-shirt, and she talks directly to her. "She died, and I tried to keep her with me anyway. I didn't want to share her with anyone. But she's gone. Katie's gone." People are moving away from her, wondering in low voices what to do, but the woman Anna is speaking to does not back away. She takes Anna's hands and holds them in hers, tightly, the way Katie held the "fairies" they captured on summer nights on the front lawn. Anna is crying now, because she remembers that. On hot nights after dinner, she and Katie took their iced tea to the front porch and Anna made up stories about fairies who lived in the trees and only came down for the best little girls. "Make one come, Mommy," Katie would say, and then Anna would clap her hands and push them gently on top of Katie's fists. "There's one," Anna said every time, and every time Katie echoed, "There's one."

Anna is crying harder now, because how could she not have remembered that? The woman holding her hands begins to walk backward, slowly, pulling Anna along toward a bench beside the elevator.

"Do you have a little girl?" Anna says, and the woman nods yes, her eyes filling with tears. "I'm glad," Anna says. "Thank you for helping me. I'm all right now. I just remembered something, is all."

She pulls her hands free, and takes the tissues the woman is offering. She blows her nose, a horrible wet sound that makes her laugh, and she thinks about Jay and Ellen and Eli. Behind her, in the studio, the taping has begun, and she can hear Jay's voice laying down the law about murder in the streets. She says thank you again to the woman who helped her, walks to the studio door, and looks through the square of glass. The stage and the seats are at a right angle from where she is standing; she can see Jay and, in the front row, the top half of a woman in a jogging suit, holding a baby in her arms. But Anna does not go into the studio; she turns around and walks to the elevator and then into the street. Somewhere near here is the park where she taught Katie to play hopscotch, the August day the two of them went for a walk together, leaving Jay to ride cabs around the city by himself. At the first spotlight on Michigan Avenue, Anna hesitates for a moment, because she is not sure if the park is uptown from the art museum or downtown. She is not worried, though; she crosses with the light and moves quickly through the mid-morning crowd on the sidewalk, knowing that with time she will remember everything. □

Hundreds of stone slabs crowded with carved hieroglyphs have much to tell us about one of the ancient world's most accomplished and mysterious civilizations. A group of brilliant young epigraphers, most of them from the United States, are deciphering those hieroglyphs at a pace unimagined only thirty years ago, and important new discoveries seem imminent

THE DECIPHERMENT OF ANCIENT MAYA

BY DAVID ROBERTS



Limestone panel from the eighth century A.D. depicting a ballgame. The ballplayer on the right has been defeated; the fate that awaits him is death. The glyph in the caption above the ball suggests that one of the players has a royal title

FOR ROUGHLY 650 YEARS, FROM A.D. 250 TO 900, Maya Indians, living in what is today southern Mexico, Guatemala, Belize, and western Honduras and El Salvador, created the greatest civilization ever to flourish in the pre-Columbian Western Hemisphere.

Out of the tangled jungle, among the ceiba and mahogany trees, sprang Tikal, with its 3,000 structures, ten reservoirs, and six temple-pyramids, including the tallest ancient structure (229 feet) ever found in the Americas. At Copán—"a valley of romance and wonder," according to the explorer who rediscovered it in the nineteenth century—the Maya built an exquisite ball court and a staircase of sixty-three broad steps covered with inscrip-

tions, and carved scores of vivid sculptures of gods out of green volcanic tuff. During the 650 years of greatest vitality, now called the Classic Period, the Maya built some 200 cities. At Palenque they executed a labyrinthine palace complex festooned with eloquent stuccos; at Bonampak they created the finest ancient mural paintings in the New World; at Quiriguá they built a stone monument thirty-five feet high, covered with bas-relief portraits and intricate hieroglyphs. Their small-scale art was rich and various: jade masks, carved wooden lintels, bones engraved with delicate vignettes, painted chocolate cups, ceramic figurines, bowls and pots of stunning design. And in creating a true writing system, the Maya accomplished something not achieved by either of the other two pre-

eminent New World cultures, the Aztec and the Inca.

Abruptly and mysteriously, at the end of the ninth century the great Mayan civilization collapsed. When the Spaniards came, 700 years later, the Maya were still linked, intellectually and spiritually, to the Classic Period. But the conquistadors were more interested in gold and conversions to Christianity than in ancient cities. The devastations of war, slavery, and disease killed 90 percent of the Maya. In the wake of this genocide most surviving links to the Classic Period were severed.

The rediscovery of this vanished ancient culture dates from the daring explorations of an American lawyer named John Lloyd Stephens and an English artist named Frederick Catherwood, who prowled through Central American jungles from 1839 to 1842. Catherwood's skillful engravings showed scores of upright stone slabs, or stelae, whose surfaces were crowded with columns of strange but suggestive symbols. Stephens's books about his explorations with Catherwood became best sellers, and curiosity about this lost Mayan glory seized the public imagination.

The survival of the carved hieroglyphs, on hundreds of stelae moldering in the jungle, promised a rich understanding of the ancient city-builders. Musing on Copán, Stephens wrote, "One thing I believe, that its history is graven on its monuments. . . . Who shall read them?" Scholars soon struggled to decipher the arcane writing system, but a century's toil produced almost nothing in the way of useful translation. A leading German expert, Paul Schellhas, predicted gloomily that the Mayan glyphs would never be deciphered.

Meanwhile, the leading archaeologists wove a supposedly comprehensive explanation of Classic Mayan civilization. Finding almost no evidence of defensive structures among the ruins of the great cities, these scholars concluded that the Maya were a peaceful, philosophical culture. Sylvanus Morley, an American expert who died in 1948, deduced that the Old Empire spread outward from such sites as Tikal and Copán during Classic times; after the collapse the Maya moved north and established a New Empire in Chichén Itzá and other sites in the Yucatán. J. Eric Thompson, an English archaeologist, doubted that the great ruins were cities; calling them "ceremonial centers," he postulated that they had been largely vacant, reserved for priests who were devoted to the worship of time.

These theories, we now know, were dead wrong.

The Egypt Analogy

AS LATE AS 1960 ONLY A FEW MAYAN GLYPHS HAD been deciphered. In the years since then, however, the decoding of Mayan writing has finally begun in earnest. During the past decade the enterprise has gathered momentum, and in the past two or three years some of the most important decipherment yet accomplished has taken place, thanks to the work of a handful of young epigraphers, most of them from the United States. Their toil is so frenetic that they have almost no time to publish. In a zealously collaborative mission they trade discoveries by way of late-night phone calls, letters dashed off on airplanes, hallway bull sessions at professional conferences.

An obvious analogy is the reappraisal of ancient Egypt. Napoleon's short-lived conquest of the Nile Delta, in 1798, spawned a popular interest in Egyptology. Ignored for centuries, one of the most magnificent civilizations of antiquity began to emerge from the shadows. The pyramids and the Sphinx became the universally familiar icons they are today. Among the booty hauled away from ancient sites were the twin obelisks called Cleopatra's Needles (one ended up in London, the other in New York), a pink obelisk from Thebes that stands today in Paris's Place de la Concorde, and a curious stone of black fine-grained basalt, carved with writing in three languages, found at Rosetta, east of Alexandria.

Since the Renaissance, antiquaries, travelers, and scientists had puzzled over the colossal ruins strewn across the sands of the lower Nile. Yet by 1820 little more was known about the Egypt of the pharaohs than what had

come down as hearsay in fragmentary Greek and Roman sources. The key to the hieroglyphic script of the ancient Egyptians had been lost around A.D. 400.

In this scholarly desert farfetched deductions by savants took root. The pyramids, they concluded, were either observatories or a stone allegory wrought by a Christian God. China had once been a colony of Egypt. Nothing of the true history or religion of the ancient Egyptians, none of the names of their kings or details of their wars, was known.

Then, in 1822, an out-of-work history teacher named Jean-François Champollion made one of the great intellectual breakthroughs of the century. Ruminating over the Rosetta Stone—which he suspected displayed paral-

A FEW SECRETS OF THE LANGUAGE WERE SOLVED EARLY, SUCH AS THE MAYAN NUMBER SYSTEM, THE WORKINGS OF THE CULTURE'S DAZZLINGLY PRECISE CALENDAR, AND THE GLYPHS FOR CERTAIN GODS AND ANIMALS. BUT FOR HALF A CENTURY AFTER 1900, WORK ON THE DECIPHERMENT OF MAYAN GLYPHS REMAINED VIRTUALLY STALLED.



IF WE ALL AGED
HALF AS WELL,
THE WORLD WOULD BE
A MUCH MORE
CIVILIZED PLACE.


Some say the secret to the popularity of Ballantine's Finest Scotch is its artful blend of 42 single malt whiskies. Others proclaim the virtues of water, peat or heather, traces of which can be detected in every sip. But all discussions about Scotch must ultimately turn to the oak barrels in which it matures.

Newly distilled single malt Scotch enters the barrel naked, virtually clear, fiery in its potency, but somewhat lacking in manners. Over the years it acquires a golden hue, drawn from the wood itself. Air penetrates the porous surface, whispering hints of the outside world to the budding whisky inside. In turn, evaporation imparts a subtle sweetness to the surrounding air.



When the whisky emerges from its long metamorphosis, it has mellowed considerably. Tempered with soft Scottish water and merged into the Ballantine's Finest blend, each of the single malts confidently introduces itself to your glass, proud of its origin, asserting its flavor with the firm handshake of individual Scotch character.

Then a softer side to Ballantine's is revealed, a sentimental quality that blooms on the palate like a flower unveiling hidden color. The finish is gentle but firm, dignified and noble.

The true measure of civilization is simple qualities like these. Happily, they are available for the price of a bottle of Ballantine's Finest. 

Please write. We welcome all correspondence.



Ballantine's

THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH™

lel texts in Greek characters, Egyptian hieroglyphics, and Demotic, a cursive version of Egyptian—the young Frenchman stumbled on the key to decipherment. His crucial insight was that the hieroglyphs were not pure logographs (symbols each of which stands for a different word) but were in large part phonetic (symbols standing for syllables, which could be combined to form many different words). From Champollion's font has sprung a flood of modern knowledge about the civilization of the Ptolemies, the Ramessides, Tutankhamen, and Cleopatra.

The ancient Maya are in many respects the New World equivalent of the Egyptians. And as Linda Schele, a University of Texas art historian and one of the best young epigraphers, puts it, "In Mayan studies this is the time of Champollion. This will never happen again—never, ever."

The Mayan Experts

NO MAYAN EPIGRAPHER HAS MADE A GREATER contribution than David Stuart. A shy, slender twenty-six-year-old graduate student at Vanderbilt, in Nashville, Stuart seems laid back, almost dreamy, compared with his colleagues, who are notorious for their manic intensity. On a withering 95° day several months ago, Stuart stood in a clearing in the virgin rain forest of northern Guatemala and "read" a fallen stela to me.

"That's the verb 'to adorn,'" Stuart said, pointing to a glyph that had been carved in soft limestone more than 1,200 years ago. "The bound captive is Jaguar Claw, who was the ruler of Seibal." Stuart stepped back to look at a whole sentence. "'Six days after the war event with Seibal,'" he recited, "'Jaguar Claw, the holy lord of Seibal, was adorned.' For sacrifice, that is. They dressed him up before they put him to death." A defeated Mayan king, the epigraphers have shown, was held captive for as long as several years, tortured, costumed and prettified, forced to play a ball game that he was preordained to lose, and then often beheaded. The bizarre sadomasochistic rituals of warfare between kings, which the ancient Maya apparently practiced instead of the wholesale slaughter of one city by another, is one of the many areas of Mayan life to which the epigraphers have brought dazzling new insights.

Stuart walked a few yards to another stela lying in the grass. Like the first slab, this one featured an elaborately decorated king standing on the back of a bound captive. Stuart pointed to a marginal detail. "See the heron with a fish in its mouth? It may be a play on words, because the Maya word for 'heron' is the same as the word for 'captive.' It's like a rebus: the Maya are using a picture of one thing to represent another."

Later, Stuart pointed out a single glyph on the round surface of an altar. "We can't decipher it, because this is

the only known instance of the glyph." He stared at the anthropomorphic carving and muttered, half to himself, "I know it's a verb." Why? "Because it comes right after the date, and right before a name."

The place is called Dos Pilas. Stuart is part of a multidisciplinary Vanderbilt team headed by Professor Arthur Demarest, whose six-year investigation of sites near the Pasión River represents one of the most ambitious Mayan field projects under way. The team has made spectacular finds, including a previously unknown ruin on a peninsula jutting into a lake. The ruin is guarded by a moat forty feet deep, whose unusual structure promises to revise ideas of Mayan warfare.

Dos Pilas is not an easy place to work. To get to it you must drive two hours on a bone-jarring rut of a road to Sayaxché (a frontier town out of Conrad), ride for ninety minutes in an outboard-powered canoe up a tributary of the Pasión, and then hike for three hours through the jungle. In December of 1989 an overeager Dutch tourist died of heat exhaustion in the course of this hike; the locals who hauled his body out left a cross made of mule bones as a *memento mori*. The rain forest here is lush and steamy, full of the cries of exotic animals and insects. Wander a few feet off the trail, and you may easily get lost. A year ago a scientist and his Guatemalan guide spent nine hours, without water, lost in this wilderness. Before they managed to reorient themselves, they stumbled upon a previously unknown Mayan cave, chock-full of sacred ritual pottery.

The Vanderbilt base camp is near a stronghold of Guatemalan guerrillas, who for the past sixteen years have waged a bitter war against one government after another. Even as Stuart read the stela to me, a gun battle that cost several lives was taking place a few miles away. The rain forest here abounds with snakes, including the deadly fer-de-lance; for all work off the trail, team members must wear fiberglass leggings, which have already saved the life of one Dos Pilas laborer. Shortly before my visit a dig at Río Azul, to the northeast, had to be shut down after a Guatemalan worker was bitten by a fer-de-lance. Rushed to the hospital, he had had his leg amputated, and barely survived.

But Dos Pilas is an epigrapher's delight. Only a month before my visit the Vanderbilt team had unearthed a hieroglyphic stairway, a series of broad stone steps with pristine glyphs carved on the risers. Remarkably, a wall of prehistoric rubble runs perpendicularly across the inscriptions. Nothing like such a juxtaposition has ever before been found at a Mayan site. Demarest believes that the hastily built wall, which encircles Dos Pilas, is evidence of a desperate late stage of occupancy. For centuries before that stage, a stylized combat fought largely by kings and chosen warriors had kept the balance of power among dozens of rival city-states in a precarious equilibrium. Death and destruction were held to a minimum. If Demarest is right, near the end of the Classic Period the

rules governing that combat broke down; warfare began to involve full-scale attacks on cities, devastation of agricultural fields, and far more killing and death. The rubble wall at Dos Pilas bespeaks the terror of a people in fear of annihilation.

Stuart paused before the staircase, from which, within a few weeks, the rubble wall would be carefully removed. Summarizing the visible glyphs, he said, "Ruler One put this up. It has to do with a war against Tikal. All the really interesting part—the who, what, and where—is under the rubble. All we've got now is the when."

Among the eight or ten epigraphers who are in the van-

a family trip to archaeological sites all over Mexico. Later, at age eight, he sat mesmerized at the Mayan site Cobá, staring at glyphs and at the drawings epigraphers had made of them.

"I was absorbed even then by the visual complexity of the glyphs," Stuart says drily. He presented his first paper at age twelve. Its title, "Some Thoughts on Certain Occurrences of the T565 Glyph Element at Palenque," already bore the stamp of reticence that has come to be his trademark. "Early on," Linda Schele says, "people wanted to dismiss what David was doing, because he was so young."



A lintel (left), possibly from El Cayo, in Mexico, dating back to the late eighth century A.D.; and a stela from the mid-seventh century A.D. (right) from Dos Pilas, in Guatemala. The figure on the lintel is a woman wearing the long outer garment known as a huipil. In her hand she holds God K, whose presence reveals the woman's high birth

guard of Maya decipherment, David Stuart is generally conceded to be the most talented. Demarest, his faculty adviser at Vanderbilt, says, "All the others have to work incredibly hard to make a decipherment. David just seems to do it effortlessly. I've been there when he's read an inscription just as it's been brushed off for the first time."

Indeed, though he would blush at the analogy, Stuart seems to be a kind of Mozart of epigraphy. The son of Mayan archaeologists, he grew up surrounded by glyphs and potsherds. "The joke," a colleague says, "is that one of David's first words was Dzibilchaltún"—the name of the dig in the Yucatán where his father was working when David was an infant. Stuart's earliest memory is of

At eighteen Stuart received a five-year MacArthur "genius" grant; he is the youngest person yet to have been so honored. The media bombarded him with the kind of attention normally lavished on movie stars and athletes, an experience that still makes him wince. "I don't like the term 'whiz kid,'" he says softly. The wonder is that Stuart did not develop a celebrity's ego. "The MacArthur could have been very unhealthy for him," says Stuart's closest colleague, Stephen Houston, a professor at Vanderbilt. "I give a lot of credit to David's parents. They're very down-to-earth people."

At the time of the Spanish conquest, astonishingly, the Maya were still writing glyphs—not on stone stelae but in handmade books. A treatise written by Friar Diego de

Landa in the Yucatán in 1566 contains a passage that haunts every Mayanist:

These people also used certain characters or letters, with which they wrote in their books about the antiquities and their sciences. . . . We found a great number of books in these letters, and since they contained nothing but superstitions and falsehoods of the devil we burned them all, which they took most grievously, and which gave them great pain.

The Mayan books were made of long pieces of fig-bark paper, plastered with gesso and folded screen-fashion, like the bellows of an accordion; the covers were made of jaguar skin. The "letters" were drawn by master scribes in black and red paint, with fine-haired brushes. The manuscripts that Landa and his fellow Franciscans burned bore the exquisite calligraphy of a tradition at least a millennium and a half old.

Not all the Mayan books vanished in the fires. Some of them found their way to Europe as part of the Royal Fifth, the share of booty that Cortés sent to Charles V. The fig-paper books were puzzled over by scholars in Seville and Valladolid, and Albrecht Dürer may have seen them in Brussels. But Europeans could make nothing of these strange productions. Over the years their fragile paper crumbled into dust, and many were likely thrown out as trash. By the nineteenth century, when Mayan writing was rediscovered, fragments of only three books survived in Europe, one each in Dresden, Paris, and Madrid.

This trio of texts, along with the stelae rediscovered by Stephens and Catherwood, were all that scholars had to work with when they began to puzzle over Mayan writing, in the 1840s. By then the direct descendants of the builders of Copán and Chichén Itzá and Tikal had completely lost the knowledge of how to read the glyphs. The murderous Spanish conquest had claimed the life of virtually every member of the elite class, probably the only Maya who could write.

A few secrets of the language were solved early, such as the Mayan number system, the workings of the culture's dazzlingly precise calendar, and the glyphs for certain gods and animals. But for half a century after 1900, work on the decipherment of Mayan glyphs remained virtually stalled, despite the concerted efforts of a succession of brilliant scholars. The basic structure of the writing proved so intractable that as late as 1960 the script re-

mained, in the words of one expert, "mute and unread." Some of the best minds in Mayan studies despaired of further progress; many agreed with Paul Schellhas that the writing would never be deciphered.

In general, steady progress on undeciphered scripts is by no means inevitable. From the Etruscans, who lived in Tuscany before the Romans, we have some 10,000 inscriptions, perhaps twice as many as we have from the Maya. Yet only a few Etruscan words can be read. In the early 1950s, when an amateur epigrapher named Michael Ventris deciphered Linear B, the ancient Mycenaean language discovered in Crete, his feat made headlines. A

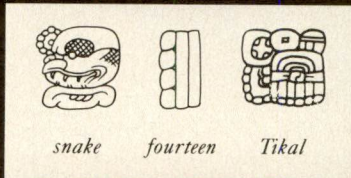
parallel script found on neighboring tablets, Linear A, the Minoan language of Crete, remains uncomprehended. Iberian, the pre-Roman writing from Spain; Sinaitic, an apparent precursor of Hebrew; Archaic Sumerian, the earliest written language in the world; Mohenjo-Daro, from the Indus Valley; futhark runes, from Scandinavia; Elamite, from Iran; the very earliest Egyptian hieroglyphics—all these and other major writing systems remain undeciphered, with no breakthroughs in sight. In the case of Rongorongo, found on wooden tablets from Easter Island, experts cannot even agree on whether the characters are a true language or simply a set of mnemonic symbols used to remind singers of ritual chants.

With only hints from the hieroglyphs, the archaeologists influenced by Sylvanus Morley and Eric Thompson sketched out their compelling portrait of the peaceful, priest-ruled, time-obsessed Maya. In 1950 Thompson summed up his view of Mayan writing in a famous passage:

I conceive the endless progress of time as the supreme mystery of Maya religion, a subject which pervaded Maya thought to an extent without parallel in the history of mankind. In such a setting there was no place for personal records, for, in relation to the vastness of time, man and his doings shrink to insignificance. To add details of war or peace, of marriage or giving in marriage, to the solemn roll call of the periods of time is as though a tourist were to carve his initials on Donatello's David.

Younger scholars today tend to snicker at the Morley-Thompson notion of the pacific, calendar-happy Maya. Linda Schele and her co-author Mary Miller write, "The Maya were considered the Greeks of the New World, and the Aztecs were seen as Romans—one pure, original and beautiful, the other slavish, derivative and cold." But,

**THE SON OF MAYAN AR-
CHAEOLOGISTS, STUART
GREW UP SURROUNDED BY
GLYPHS AND POTSDERDS.
HE PRESENTED HIS FIRST
PAPER AT AGE TWELVE. ITS
TITLE, "SOME THOUGHTS ON
CERTAIN OCCURRENCES OF
THE T565 GLYPH ELEMENT AT
PALENQUE," ALREADY BORE
THE STAMP OF RETICENCE
THAT HAS COME TO BE HIS
TRADEMARK.**



TWA'S AWARD WINNING BUSINESS CLASS.

THE ONLY AIRLINE WITH A SEPARATE BUSINESS CLASS CABIN
ON EVERY COAST TO COAST FLIGHT.



Of all the airlines flying coast to coast, only TWA has the service that's beyond comparison.

TWA's Ambassador Class[®] service is not only one of the best. It is the best. Once again the readers of *Business Traveler International* Magazine have voted it best of all U.S. airlines flying abroad...for the third year in a row.

You will experience the luxury and privacy of TWA's separate Business Class cabin. *Our major competitors don't even have one.*

You'll enjoy the comfort of TWA's extra wide reclining seats. *Our major competitors don't have those either.*

In TWA's Ambassador Class, you'll enjoy a choice of gourmet entrees served on fine china. *On our major competitors you won't.*

You'll be served complimentary premium brand liquors and cocktails. Even receive headsets at no charge. *Our major competitors make you pay extra.*

And, as a TWA Ambassador Class passenger, you will earn 25% more FFB[®] miles on every nonstop coast to coast flight. If you are not already a member, request free enrollment when you make your reservation.

You'll also enjoy all the advantages of TWA's separate and exclusive check-in as a TWA Ambassador Class passenger.

So next time fly TWA's Ambassador Class and experience the best Business Class in the business. For reservations, call your Travel Agent or TWA at 1-800-221-2000.

TWA

Business Class

We did it first. We do it better.sm

like other pioneers later proved wrong, Morley and Thompson made reasonable inferences from limited data. The ancient Maya, we now know, were an exceedingly aggressive and warlike people: in Schele's pithy phrase, "blood was the mortar" of their society. "Man and his doings" were of paramount interest to them—so much so that the stelae boast vaingloriously about the great deeds rulers performed. Rather than living in a huge empire like Rome's, the Maya were spread across a balkanized land of feuding peoples, like the West of the Native Americans before the white man came.

The Fruit of Early Efforts

THE HALLMARK OF MAYAN ART IS INTRICACY OF ornamentation. The designers of the stelae—and of carved jade plaques and wooden lintels, incised bones and seashells, painted murals and pots—abhorred blank space. The term "baroque" has often been invoked. To the naive eye Mayan

HONEY

Only calmness will reassure
the bees to let you rob their hoard.
Any sweat of fear provokes them.
Approach with confidence, and from
the side, not shading their entrance.
And hush smoke gently from the spout
of the pot of rags, for sparks will
anger them. If you go near bees
every day they will know you.
And never jerk or turn so quick
you excite them. If weeds are trimmed
around the hive they have access
and feel free. When they taste your smoke
they fill themselves with honey and
are laden and lazy as you
lift the lid to let in daylight.
No bee full of sweetness wants to
sting. Resist greed. With the top off
you touch the fat gold frames, each cell
a hex perfect as a snowflake,
a sealed relic of sun and time
and roots of many acres fixed
in crystal-tight arrays, in rows
and lattices of sweeter latin
from scattered prose of meadow, woods.

—Robert Morgan

iconography has the dazzling but unfathomable busyness of, say, the stuccoed walls of the Moorish Alhambra.

The same crowded richness of detail characterizes Mayan writing. Each hieroglyph occupies a pre-allotted cubicle on the stone's surface; we know from unfinished inscriptions that the carver blocked out a grid of squares before filling in the words. The glyphs are arranged in pairs of vertical columns, which the ancient Maya read left to right, top to bottom.

The only readily accessible feature of Mayan glyphs is the number system, which a tourist can master after a week of looking at monuments. The Maya used a system based on the number twenty, with only three symbols: a bar for five, a dot for one, and a stylized shell for zero. Neither the Greeks nor the Romans were able to conceive of zero and use it as the basis of a numerical place system, an intellectual discovery with profound consequences for cultures that made it. In the Old World only the Hindus or perhaps the Babylonians before them made this breakthrough. The Mayan discovery of zero was obviously independent of the Hindu or Babylonian.

At the time of the Spanish conquest, the immensely elaborate Mayan calendar was still being used by astrologer-priests to divine the future and meditate upon the past. Thanks to that fact, Mayan dates can be precisely correlated with the Gregorian calendar. On most stelae the hieroglyphic inscription begins with the date of the stone's dedication, recorded in a five-number sequence called the Long Count. Thus we know, for instance, that Stela 11 at Piedras Negras, Guatemala, was dedicated on August 22, A.D. 731.

The earliest firmly dated Mayan monument is Stela 29 at Tikal, with a date of A.D. 292. The most recent monument date yet found is A.D. 909. This span of 600-plus years covers the golden age of Mayan culture, when most of the great cities were built. Indeed, one definition of the Classic Period is the age during which monuments were dated by the Long Count.

By working backward, scholars figured out that the Mayan calendar numbered from a Day Zero—August 13, 3114 B.C. This was considered the beginning not of the world, however, but only of the current cycle of a perhaps infinitely ancient universe. Their flexible number system allowed the Maya to conjure with unimaginably distant dates. A stela at Quiriguá is inscribed with a date 400 million years in the past. What this means, nobody knows.

Around A.D. 900 the most advanced civilization the New World had ever seen suddenly collapsed. The causes of this breakdown constitute the greatest unsolved problem that Mayanists confront. After A.D. 909 the Maya erected no more carved stelae that have been found and seem to have raised few new temples, let alone cities, except in the northern Yucatán, at such sites as Chichén Itzá and Tulum.

By the 1540s, owing to the ruthlessness of the conquis-

tadors, the Maya in the Yucatán and the Guatemalan highlands had submitted to Spanish rule. One group, however, the proud and canny Itzá, retreated to a fabled lake deep in the Petén, a jungle wilderness in northern Guatemala, where they built an island capital called Tayasal. For a century and a half Spanish expeditions thrust inland toward Tayasal; some explorers met their deaths in Itzá ambushes. But finally, in the period 1695–1697, the Spaniards reached the lake and conquered Tayasal.

The pivotal figure in this conquest was Padre Andres de Avendaño y Loyola, one of the most extraordinary men ever to appear in Spanish America. Avendaño turned the tide of Itzá resistance by convincing the defenders of Tayasal, to their astonishment, that their own calendrical prophecies predicted a major upheaval in 1696. He was able to perform this feat because, unique among Europeans, he had learned to read Mayan hieroglyphs. Avendaño's brief account of the conquest of Tayasal alludes to another treatise he had written, explaining the decipherment; this book, alas, is lost to history.

As late as the beginning of the eighteenth century a few Mayan sages (and one Franciscan friar) could still read the glyphs. But the tradition of literacy among the Maya was utterly severed by the annihilation of the elite class, completed at Tayasal, and today knowledge of the glyphs among the Maya is extinct.

The Landa Treatise and Further Developments

WITHOUT THE ROSETTA STONE, CHAMPOLION could not have deciphered Egyptian hieroglyphs. The closest thing to a Rosetta Stone for Mayan glyphs comes on a single page of a treatise written by Diego de Landa, the book-burning friar. Called before a Spanish court to defend his harsh treatment of the Maya, Landa wrote his *Relación de*

las cosas de Yucatán in 1566. Lost for centuries, the book was rediscovered by a Flemish priest in the 1860s. According to its English translator, William Gates, 99 percent of what we know about the Maya at the time of the conquest derives from Landa.

One day in Mérida, Landa asked one of the last literate Maya, a man named Gaspar Antonio Chi, to write down the Mayan "alphabet" in glyphs. With the inevitable naiveté of a sixteenth-century European, Landa assumed that the basic building blocks of Maya were alphabetic letters, as is the case in Spanish and all other European languages. Ancient Maya, however—like Chinese, ancient Egyptian, and

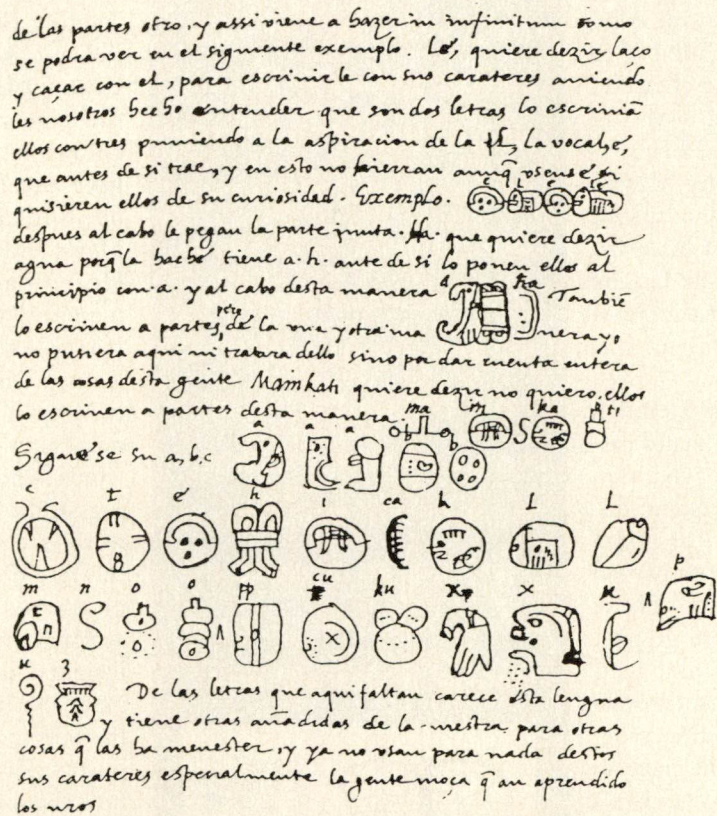
many other languages—has no alphabet: the very concept of a letter is foreign to it.

Gaspar Antonio may have tried to explain this fact to Landa, but the friar could not understand: all languages, he assumed, had alphabets. Grumbling as he performed the task, the Mayan gave Landa something similar to an alphabet but crucially different. Four centuries would intervene before scholars could discover exactly what Gaspar Antonio had delivered to the demanding Franciscan.

In the meantime, as they pored over the intricate glyphs, students of the lost language tacitly made a pivotal but erroneous assumption. The glyphs look like stylized pictures: you can see a

jaguar's head here, a bird's foot there, a human profile elsewhere. More-abstract glyphs, it was assumed, were pictures that had been simplified and stylized over the centuries. The erroneous assumption was that Maya was a purely logographic language: that is, each glyph stood for a word.

The first real breakthrough came in 1952, in the work of an obscure Soviet linguist named Yuri Knorosov. Pondering Landa's alphabet, he became convinced that the glyphs Gaspar Antonio had drawn represented neither letters (as Landa thought) nor words (as all Mayan scholars assumed) but *syllables*. Landa had asked his informant to draw the letter *B*, but he must have pronounced the letter *beh*, as the Spanish do. Gaspar Antonio, then, had written what Knorosov guessed—correctly—was the



A page from Diego de Landa's *Relación de las cosas de Yucatán*, which helped scholars crack the Mayan code

glyph for the Mayan syllable *beh*. In a *tour de force* of reasoning, Knorosov made a number of phonetic decipherments. For instance, Knorosov showed that a glyph already suspected of meaning "turkey" was a compound of two syllabic glyphs, *ku* and *tzu*. In a dictionary of modern Yucatec Maya, Knorosov found "turkey" glossed as *kutz*. (Today's Maya speak at least thirty-one different languages, most of them mutually unintelligible. A few, including Chol and Yucatec, turn out to resemble closely the written language of the ancient Maya.)

Most Western Mayanists refused to accept Knorosov's radical notion that the glyphs were in part phonetic. The Russian's work, unfortunately, was riddled with wild errors, as well as insightful discoveries, and filled with sneering Marxist-Leninist rhetoric. Knorosov had never seen a Mayan site. Instead, he had analyzed facsimiles of the three surviving Mayan books in Europe. Eric Thompson, with a sneering rhetoric of his own, ridiculed Knorosov into limbo. During the 1950s and 1960s only a couple of Mayanists kept the Russian's seminal premise alive.

In 1958 a Mexican scholar, Heinrich Berlin, announced another major discovery. By examining similar glyphs in scores of different contexts, he deduced that a certain kind of glyph must refer either to a place (a Mayan city) or to its ruling dynasty. These signposts he called emblem glyphs. They were the first strong hint that, contra Thompson, the inscriptions were not limited to "the endless progress of time." The coup de grace to Thompson's theory came at the hands of a colleague at the Carnegie Institution, in Washington. In 1960 Tatiana Proskouriakoff, after mulling over dates from seven sets of stelae at Piedras Negras, pointed out that within each set all the dates fit into a human lifespan, and that the span of dates in a set often overlapped those in one or two other sets. She concluded that the inscriptions recorded not astronomical musings but the births, enthronements, and deaths of kings and their heirs. The evidence Proskouriakoff marshaled was overwhelming, and proved that Mayan inscriptions were primarily historical.

According to Peter Mathews, of the University of Calgary, who had the story from Proskouriakoff herself, she walked down the hall and gave the manuscript of her groundbreaking paper to Thompson, then the most respected Mayanist in the world. He glanced at the argument and told her that it couldn't possibly be true. The

next day he handed the paper back to her, saying, "You're absolutely right." To his credit, Thompson acknowledged Proskouriakoff's discovery in print, even though it contradicted much of his life's work.

The Dual Role of Glyphs

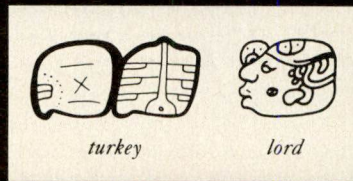
DECIPHERMENT HAS ALWAYS BEEN A GREAT field for amateurs. Champollion was an unemployed history teacher, Michael Ventris an architect. Proskouriakoff also trained as an architect.

Even today, amid the collaborative ferment of Maya decipherment, prescribing the ideal training for an epigrapher would be difficult. According to one of the best, a twenty-seven-year-old German from the University of Bonn named Nikolai Grube, "A good epigrapher needs to have excellent training in linguistics, needs to know both Chol and Yucatec Maya, and should know Spanish well. He must also have an excellent visual memory." Grube taught himself cuneiform writing and David Stuart learned Chinese, each to aid his work in Maya. Yet some of today's decipherment stars do not fit Grube's formula. Linda Schele, for example, was teaching studio art in Alabama when she went as a tourist to Palenque, where the riddle of the Maya caused her to plunge passionately into a new career.

Some uncanny mixture of intuitive insight and logical clarity seems to animate the best epigraphers. The field has become highly technical, yet computers play almost no part in it. By now about 800 different Mayan glyphs have been identified. A good epigrapher not only knows all 800 by heart but knows virtually every context in which each appears. Several months ago Stuart walked into the museum at Tikal and saw a photo of a looted artifact recently recovered by Guatemalan authorities. He stared, mesmerized, at the photo, and murmured, "This is too much. See that jaguar in the center? It's actually a glyph—the name of someone. It occurs at Piedras Negras and at Yaxchilán." Stuart carries in his head a card catalogue of thousands of different Mayan texts, which he flips through effortlessly to find the previous appearances of a single glyph.

To make a new decipherment, someone like Stuart essentially marshals a series of "if-then" syllogisms, drawing upon the known texts in Mayan books and on stelae, pots, and lintels. If this glyph is a verb, then it will appear just before a glyph that is a noun (word order is not the

THE CAUSES OF THE LATE-CLASSIC COLLAPSE REMAIN AN ENIGMA. "THEY WERE WORRIED ABOUT WAR AT THE END," SCHELE SAYS. "ECOLOGICAL DISASTERS, TOO. DEFORESTATION. STARVATION. I THINK THE POPULATION ROSE TO THE LIMIT THE TECHNOLOGY COULD BEAR. THEY WERE SO CLOSE TO THE EDGE, IF ANYTHING WENT WRONG, IT WAS ALL OVER."

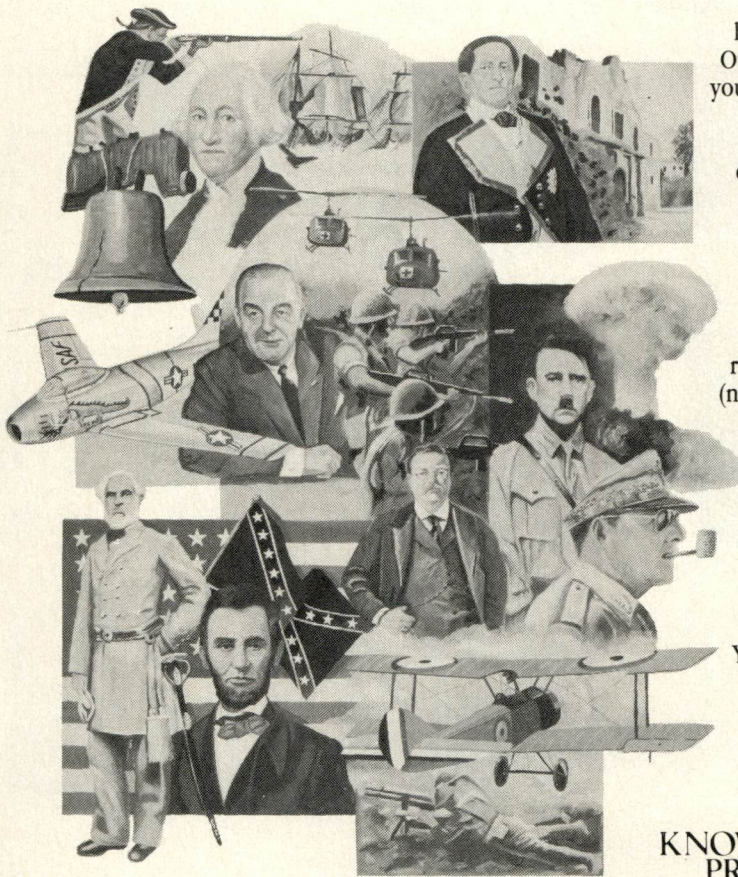


America's Wars ...

As You've Never Heard Them!



Hear *how* and *why* the United States has gone to war in a compelling drama narrated by **George C. Scott.**



Here, for the first time, is a comprehensive, dramatic history of the United States at War — on audio cassettes! Our nation's nine major wars are explained so clearly that you'll never forget them — or the lessons they have taught us.

More than a military history, these cassettes explore the political, economic and social forces that have erupted in warfare. You'll come to understand the forces that cause war — irreconcilable political principles, trade disputes, territorial ambition, and even fear.

You'll feel the immediate desolation and misery that war always brings. And you'll learn how a war's political legacy may produce more lasting damage. From later cassettes in the Audio Classics Series[®], you'll relive the creation and adoption of The U.S. Constitution (narrated by Walter Cronkite), discover the insights of The Giants of Political Thought, and understand economic progress and conflict in The Great Economic Thinkers (narrated by Louis Rukeyser). With the Audio Classics, you'll begin to recognize patterns in *today's* news that will produce *tomorrow's* successes and failures.

\$1.00 TRIAL OFFER.

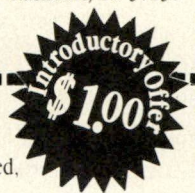
For only \$1.00 plus shipping and handling, you can begin your subscription to the Audio Classics Series[®]. You have the right to return the current selection for any reason within 15 days, and you may cancel at any time. Don't miss this opportunity to be delighted, horrified and profoundly moved by history's greatest lessons!

To order, complete and mail the coupon below or call us toll-free — 1-800-876-4332.

KNOWLEDGE[®] PRODUCTS

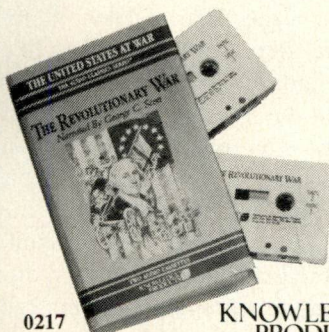
Customer Service Center
P.O. Box 305151 • Nashville, TN 37230

1-800-876-4332 EXT.212



YES! Send me, for \$1.00 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling, *The American Revolution, Part I*, and begin my no-risk subscription to the AUDIO CLASSICS SERIES. I will receive an album of two cassettes every 4 weeks for as long as I wish, and you'll charge my credit card \$14.95 plus \$2 shipping and handling (\$4 outside the U.S.) for each set. If I'm ever displeased, I have the right to return the current selection within 15 days and owe nothing. I may cancel at any time without penalty.

Charge my VISA MasterCard American Express



Account No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Daytime Phone _____ We will call only if there is a problem with your order.

same in Maya as it is in English). If the glyph on one stela refers to the accompanying picture of a king, then what does it tell us that the same glyph is associated with a different picture on another stela? And so on. Even a simple decipherment is difficult to explain to a lay reader, so thorny and subtle is the chain of reasoning. Nearly all decipherments are at first tentative, and many fail the test of further verification. Yet when a decipherment clicks, it unleashes a tide of corroboration. These are the moments an epigrapher lives for.

No single discovery in the past twenty years has had the impact of Knorosov's, Berlin's, and Proskouriakoff's

teen) possible syllables. The challenge for epigraphers is to identify the glyph that stands for each of those ninety-five syllables. So far, for example, the glyphs for *cha*, *che*, *chi*, and *chu* have been identified, but *cho* is still out there on the loose. Every year epigraphers nail down a few more syllable glyphs, and by now the syllabary is more than half full.

Mayan glyphs can be either logographic or phonetic—that is, they can stand either for a word or for a syllable. In Maya you can often write a word in two different ways, by giving the unique logograph for the word or by “spelling it out” in syllables. The great power of a phonetic de-



A piece of the Grolier Codex (left), one of the few Mayan documents that survived the Spanish bonfires. The limestone panel (right) depicts events that, by our calendrical system, began on August 23, A.D. 783—this according to the glyphs beside the seated ruler. The ruler is being presented with captives who have undergone ritual bloodletting and will eventually be killed

great intuitive leaps. Progress has come in thousands of tiny increments. The approach that has yielded the most vivid results is the search for glyphs that represent phonetic syllables. It is reasonable to assume that ancient Maya was composed of the same nineteen consonant sounds and five vowel sounds as the several Mayan languages spoken today that closely resemble it. This hypothesis allows scholars to construct what they call a syllabary—a chart of all the possible syllables in the language.

The *ch* sound in Maya, for instance, matched with the five vowel sounds (*a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*), produces five syllables, sounded as *cha*, *che*, *chi*, *cho*, and *chu*. In ancient Maya there should be a total of ninety-five (five times nine-

cipherment is that it tells us not only what the word means but also—if the assumption about enduring pronunciation is correct—how it sounded in the seventh century. For some time now epigraphers have recognized the glyphs that identify most of the rulers of Tikal. To refer to these ancient despots, they make up names like Curl Nose and Stormy Sky and Shield Skull. Such nicknames are playful shorthand descriptions of the glyphs: the glyph for one of the men who reigned over Tikal in the seventh century looks like a design conjoining a shield and a skull. We have no idea, however, how the Maya pronounced the glyph we refer to as Shield Skull. But when David Kelley, of the University of Calgary, discovered that a ruler of Palenque whom epigraphers had

dubbed Hand Shield was also named in phonetic glyphs, Kelley learned that the ruler's people had called him Pa-cal. For the first time the true name of a Mayan king was revealed to us.

Though late in life Eric Thompson reluctantly granted the historicity of Mayan inscriptions, he never accepted phoneticism; he refused to believe that glyphs could represent syllables as well as whole words. Surprisingly, both Berlin and Proskouriakoff balked on the same question. Shortly before he died, Berlin told Linda Schele, "I must admit that it works. But I'm too old to learn all this new stuff."

The quest for decipherments is made infinitely more difficult by the huge variability of the Mayan scripts. One problem is to recognize stylistic differences between carvers or scribes—in the way that a reader of English can recognize the same word in two quite different specimens of handwriting. But the ancient Maya loved to play with language for its own sake. Any given glyph may appear, as Schele points out, "in either abstract or personified form, which in turn can be either anthropomorphic or zoomorphic and in head or full figure form." On top of this, each glyph-square may contain as many as nine signs, and the curlicues and squiggles that hang like barnacles on the most prominent sign may be affixes that modify its meaning or they may be independent signs, made to appear subordinate just because the Mayan carver liked the looks of it that way.

Written Maya has been revealed to be grammatically and syntactically rich and strange. The normal word order is verb-object-subject, as if we said, "Wrote the book he." The language boasts such nuances as tense and aspect, multiple affixes, and a pattern called the ergative, in which the choice of pronoun depends on the transitivity of the verb. To make matters even knottier, the Maya were demon punsters.

What We Now Know About the Maya

EPIGRAPHERS ARE FREQUENTLY ASKED WHAT PERCENTAGE of the Mayan glyphs have been deciphered. The question itself is ill defined. Often epigraphers have a good idea of a glyph's meaning; they can say something like "This glyph means birth." But the ultimate goal of decipherment is to be able to understand the glyphs as the Maya did. To use ancient Greek as an analogy, we want not only to know the story of Odysseus's return to Ithaca but also to be able to read every line of the *Odyssey* out loud. "For about seventy-five percent of the glyphs we have an idea what the Maya were talking about," Nikolai Grube says. "But so far we can read and pronounce only about forty percent as the Maya did." David Stuart makes an even lower estimate: around 25 or 30 percent.

How has the partial decipherment transformed our understanding of the Classic Maya? One must preface any

answer with a caveat. In burning the invaluable fig-paper books the Franciscans committed an unforgivable crime. As Kathryn Josserand, a Florida State University Mayanist, says, "Imagine what future archaeologists would know of American life if they had only the inscriptions on monuments in Washington, D.C." The texts on the best Mayan stelae, to be sure, are rich and eloquent. The three Mayan books in European libraries are all concerned with ritual astronomical matters. We know, however, from Spanish accounts, that Mayan books also dealt with history, genealogy, songs, prophecies, and what the friars called science. The Quiché Maya epic the *Popol Vuh*, which was written in highland Guatemala in the 1550s by bards whom the friars had taught to write in Maya transliterated into roman letters, is a mythic narrative so powerful and poetic that it magnifies the tragedy of the lost literature.

In 1971 a fig-paper book appeared out of nowhere at an exhibit at the Grolier Club in New York. How it got there remains a murky business, but most students believe that the book was retrieved from a dry cave in Chiapas by a looter and sold to a Mexican collector. Several authorities, including Thompson and the Mexican government, thought the Grolier Codex a fake, but it has since been carbon-dated to A.D. 1230 and proved genuine. Unfortunately, this fourth known Mayan book is in bad shape, and what can be read of it concerns only calculations of the cycle of Venus.

Limited though the carved inscriptions may be, epigraphers have wrung from them knowledge that immeasurably deepens, even revolutionizes, our grasp of the Classic Maya. Perhaps most important, the glyphs appear to lay to rest for good the Morley-Thompson notion of a peaceful, contemplative civilization. On the evidence, the Maya were every bit as bloody and warlike as the Aztecs. Their rulers validated their reigns and celebrated the completion of time cycles through ritual bloodletting: kings pierced their penises with stingray spines, queens ran barbed ropes through holes in their tongues. Graphic depictions of these gruesome rites appear on monuments that were known by the nineteenth century, but Mayanists, influenced by conventional wisdom, resisted their implications. What we now believe to be dripping blood, they saw as water. In 1899 the pioneering investigator Alfred Maudslay published a drawing of a Yaxchilán lintel which deliberately omitted the tongue-rasping rope with which a queen mutilated herself.

Gone, too, with the new decipherment, is any vestige of Morley's Old and New empires. The Maya apparently never confederated; they always lived in feuding city-states, and their stelae repeatedly celebrate the victories of one over another. At least until the last century and a half before the collapse, warfare was a highly stylized business.

One of the great mysteries of the Classic Period was a span of roughly 160 years that has come to be called the

Tikal Hiatus. Archaeologists had observed that at Tikal, the greatest of all Mayan cities, no monuments were raised from A.D. 534 to 690. The cause of that gap remained a matter for conjecture until 1986. Working in a ball court at Caracol, a site in Belize some forty miles southeast of Tikal, Diane and Arlen Chase, of the University of Central Florida, unearthed a pristine glyph-covered altar. Diane ran back to camp to get Stephen Houston, the project epigrapher. Reading the altar, Houston found that it documented Caracol's victory over Tikal in 562, and its subsequent 140 years of domination over its grander neighbor.

As Nikolai Grube puts it, "Nobody had ever believed that Tikal, this great city, could have been defeated by anyone else." The Chases and Houston's discovery is one of the triumphs of Mayan epigraphy. A major war and conquest, otherwise lost to archaeology, became known through one reading of glyphs, and with that reading one of the chief puzzles about the Classic Period was solved.

At the best-documented sites epigraphers have been able to put together dynastic sequences of kings. From A.D. 292 to 869 at Tikal, we have a well-dated roster of twenty-seven rulers, twenty-three of whose name-glyphs we can recognize. More and more, the personalities of some of these jungle despots emerge. As Linda Schele has written,

The ancient Maya have become a historical people. . . . Perhaps one day the names of . . . Pacal of Palenque, Yax-Pac of Copán and Ah Cacaw of Tikal will take their place next to the names of Ramses of Egypt, Darius of Persia and Perikles of Athens, as we teach our children the history of the world.

On a number of important matters the inscriptions shed no light. They tell us nothing whatsoever about the Mayan economy and trade, subjects that linger in a lacuna of ignorance. On the other hand, decipherment has begun to penetrate some of the more sophisticated corners of ancient Mayan thought. In a landmark 1989 paper Stuart and Houston demonstrated that an oft-occurring glyph, catalogued as T539, was pronounced *way* and alluded to the Mesoamerican notion of a "co-essence," "an animal or celestial phenomenon . . . that is believed to share in the consciousness of the person who 'owns' it." This powerful decipherment implies that many of the supernatural figures that used to be called "gods" or "underworld denizens" by iconographers are rather to be thought of as mystic doppelgängers to Mayan heroes.

Stuart and Houston were also the first to find Mayan toponyms, glyphs that unequivocally name geographic places. Stuart showed that the toponym for Aguateca was a pictographic rendering of "sun-faced split mountain"—a perfect description of the eastward-looking site, which is cleft by a deep crevice in the rock. Stuart made this reading without ever having visited Aguateca. In a comparable flash of insight, he not only identified the top-

onym of a site on a lake in the Petén but also discovered a phonetic rendering of the toponym which he could read as Yax-há, which means "Green Water." Strikingly, today's Maya still call the site Yaxhá. Never before had an epigrapher showed that a Mayan place-name had remained stable for nearly 2,000 years.

For the foreseeable future epigraphers are unlikely to run out of mysteries to ponder. The causes of the late-Classic collapse—a calamity as sudden and as far-reaching as the fall of Rome—remain an enigma. Because monument-carving ceased—as far as we know—after A.D. 909, we may never have a revealing record of that Mesoamerican apocalypse. "I'll tell you what they were worried about," Schele says. "They were worried about war at the end. Ecological disasters, too. Deforestation. Starvation. I think the population rose to the limit the technology could bear. They were so close to the edge, if anything went wrong, it was all over." Yet Schele's theory remains only an educated guess.

Other essential mysteries make epigraphers salivate: How and why did Mayan writing develop? Why was the system successful for so long? How did the Mayan economy work? How did Mayan civilization differ from one site to another? Were the gods of Bonampak, for instance, worshiped also at Copán? How much did the Maya know about the rest of the world?

One of the burning questions at the moment is the extent to which writing systems other than the Mayan developed in the New World. In 1986 a barefoot fisherman waded into a swampy river in Veracruz, far to the northwest of the Mayan domain. Stepping on a flat stone slab, he was surprised to feel complicated patterns under his toes. When the slab was hauled out of the river, experts were astonished to find a finely carved stela, with twenty-one columns of hieroglyphs. More astonishing was the fact that the glyphs were not Mayan. The carvers, however, had recorded a pair of Long Count dates that could be read as A.D. 143 and 156—earlier than any known Mayan monument.

The finding of the La Mojarra stela, as it is called, is "a fabulous thing," David Stuart says. "I think it will prove to be one of the milestone discoveries of the last fifty years." Maya was long considered the only true writing system to have developed in the New World. Now we know that another written language, perhaps belonging to the Olmec people, developed more or less independently. Some 400 glyphs are discernible on the stela. Simply on the basis of their variety Grube speculates that the La Mojarra language may have fewer signs than Maya, and may thus represent an even more phonetic, less logographic system. But unless many more carved stones are found in Veracruz, the glyphs will probably never be read. □

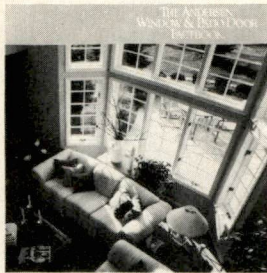
CREDITS: All but one of the photographs in this article are the work of Justin Kerr. The picture on the right on page 91 is by Matthew Hale. The glyph drawings are by S. D. Houston.

The Collection

A COMPENDIUM OF CATALOGUES

AUTUMN 1991

To order catalogues, simply complete and mail the coupon printed on the last page.



2. ANDERSEN WINDOWS, INC.

Window and patio door factbook. Full-color booklet provides energy facts; basic size charts; information on creating custom combinations and patio doors, planning a project, and choosing a contractor. It's a complete resource on windows and patio doors. Andersen Windows, Inc. Free.



3. AUDIO FORUM

Foreign language, self-instructional book/cassette courses. 198 courses, 63 languages. Comprehensive—developed for State Department personnel. Brief courses available—ideal for learning while driving. 36-page catalogue, \$1.00, refunded with order.

CATALOGS OF THE WORLD

presents



1. A. ANDREWS

Direct from Hong Kong! Our 362-page catalogue offers everything from Noritake cutlery and china to clothing, handicrafts, jewelry, cameras, stereo equipment, watches, clocks, etc., at low Hong Kong prices. \$10.00, refundable with order (\$20.00 foreign).

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873



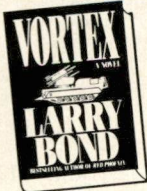
BUY BOOKS?
BUY SMART!
USE AMERICA'S #1
BOOK SALE CATALOG

4. BARNES & NOBLE

The Barnes & Noble sale catalogue can save you up to 80% on quality overstocks, imports, exclusive reprints, CDs, cassettes, and videos. Many items are mail-order exclusives. \$1.00.

BOOKS ON TAPE

World's Largest Selection of Audio Books



5. BOOKS ON TAPE, INC.

More than 2,500 best sellers on cassette, all full-length. Rentals by mail. Pre-paid delivery and return. Your satisfaction guaranteed. Call toll-free (800) 626-3333 for a free color brochure.



6. BOSE EXPRESS MUSIC

The first complete record store in a catalogue. Shop from home for any CD, tape, or video in print. Subscribers get our 240-page 1991 catalogue and one free year of updates covering new releases and music specials. One-year subscription, \$6.00, refundable with your first order.

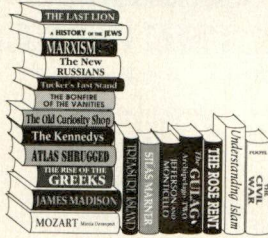
The Chocolate

CATALOG

7. THE CHOCOLATE CATALOG

Since 1656 we've set the standard for chocolate! The tradition began when Napoleon named Karl Frederic Bissinger "Confisseur Imperial by Appointment." 300 years later we still handcraft traditional chocolates, truffles, petit fours, and more. Taste a tradition. Catalogue, free.

Audio Books



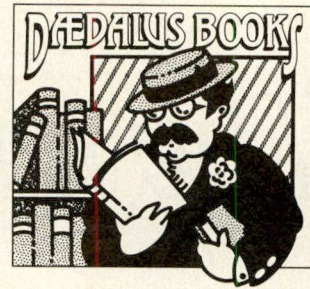
8. CLASSICS ON TAPE

Low prices on over 300 unabridged recordings of timeless books; specializing in history, biography, politics, economics, philosophy, religion, and literature. Available for purchase or 30- and 45-day rentals. Call toll-free for a free catalogue (800) SAY-BOOK; that's (800) 729-2665.



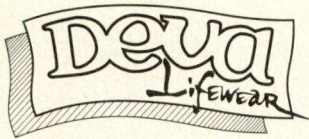
9. CRATE & BARREL

One year of the most interesting cookware, glassware, tableware, china, and accessories in the world. One year of the newest products for contemporary lifestyles. One year of our exciting catalogues for just \$2.00.



10. DAEDALUS BOOKS

Six catalogues a year feature descriptions and pictures of hundreds of books at 50-90% off. Current authors include Alice Walker, Annie Dillard, Paul Monette, Ethan Canin, and Michael Dorris. \$1.00.



11. DEVA

Deva is a network of friends and neighbors who handcraft a unique collection of natural fiberwear for women and men. Styles run the gamut from drawstring pants and shorts to casual jackets, skirts, and sleepwear. Full-color, recycled-paper catalogue, \$1.00.



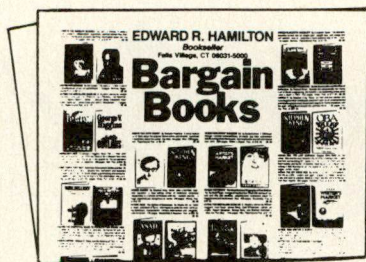
12. EARTH CARE PAPER

Choose the most environmentally sound papers. Earth-friendly holiday cards, gift wrap, note cards, stationary, and office papers—all made from recycled paper! Best unbleached and high post-consumer-waste-content papers available. 48-page catalogue, \$1.00.



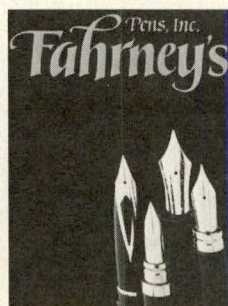
13. ECCO BELLA

Entice yourself with 40 color pages of ecological products for you, your home, and your pets. All-natural skin-care products, unique fragrances, biodegradable household products, non-toxic pet items, recycled paper, energy savers, gifts, and more! Fast shipping and 100% guarantee. \$2.00.



14. EDWARD HAMILTON BOOKS

Save up to 80% on publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports, and reprints—up to 8,000 titles each month including 600-1,500 new arrivals. Fiction, biography, history, literature, art, science, and more. Free.



15. FAHRNEY'S PENS

Discover Fahrney's, the pen fancier's mecca for over 60 years. We offer the finest writing instruments from around the world. We also carry refills, ink, lead, and accessories—everything you'll need for great writing. \$2.00.

GEVALIA KAFFE



By Appointment to
His Majesty the King of Sweden

16. GEVALIA KAFFE

From elegant gold-trimmed porcelain coffee sets to exotic blends of gourmet coffees from around the world, this catalogue offers a delightful assortment of thoughtful gifts and coffee accessories from Sweden's Gevalia Kaffe Import Service. 48-page catalogue, free.



Home Film Festival®

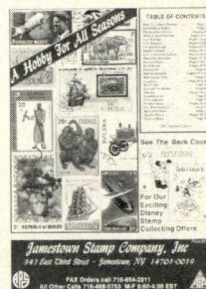
17. HOME FILM FESTIVAL

Over 1,500 quality videos your local store probably hasn't even heard of are yours to rent or purchase by mail from Home Film Festival, including *Betty Blue*, *Story of Women*, and *Salò*. Foreign films, limited releases, documentaries, classics, and more. (800) 258-3456. Free.



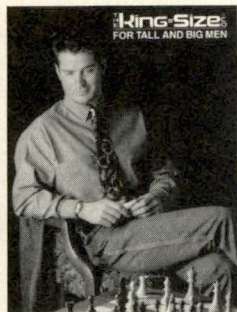
18. INTERNATIONAL RESOURCES

Enjoy authentic instant Indian meals in your kitchen with our finely powdered all-natural Indian spice mixtures. We promise satisfaction and delicious taste with our Indian blends: Tandoori marinade, rice pilaf, popcorn spice, Garam Masala, and more. Catalogue, free. (800) 669-SPICE.



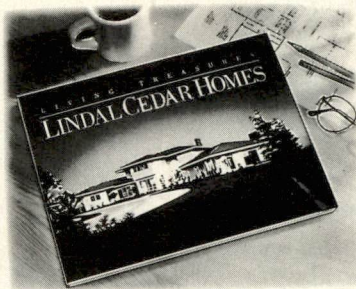
19. JAMESTOWN STAMP

In Jamestown Stamp's free catalogue, bargains include worldwide stamps, accessories, supplies, baseball cards, postcards, and bank notes. Free when requesting approvals. Buy what you like, return the balance—free.



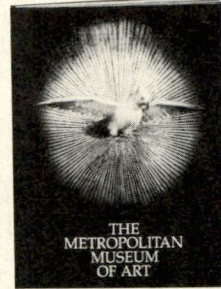
20. THE KING-SIZE COMPANY

The King-Size catalogue features quality clothing and accessories for big and tall men. Sizes to 8XL, sleeves to 40", and shoes sizes 12 to 16. All 100% fit and satisfaction guaranteed. Free.



21. LINDAL CEDAR HOMES

Vaulted ceilings, dramatic entries, expansive decks, and award-winning architecture. Explore it all in the spectacular new 240-page Lindal Planbook. One hundred and one floor plans, 596 photographs, unique planning grids, and more. \$15.00.



22. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Discover the perfect Christmas present from the Metropolitan Museum in our new 144-page catalogue. Jewelry, decorative works of art, prints, art books, Christmas cards, children's presents, and more. Catalogue, \$1.00.



23. MISSION ORCHARDS

Free pears! Orchard-fresh fruit, heavenly desserts, monthly fruit and dessert clubs. Impressive gifts. Subscribe to a full year of our catalogues for \$2.00 and receive a gift of free pears!



MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS BOSTON

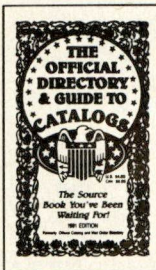
24. MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

A wide selection of exclusive gifts inspired by the Museum's renowned collections. Explore 96 pages of fine jewelry, scarves, notecards, prints, sculpture, art books, and unusual gifts for children. \$2.00.

Neiman Marcus

25. NEIMAN MARCUS

All your holiday fantasies come to life in the new 1991 Neiman Marcus Christmas Book. Over 100 colorful pages, including another outrageous "His and Hers" gift. Send \$6.50, applicable toward your first credit purchase (foreign copy, \$15.00).



26. THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY & GUIDE TO CATALOGS

This special 128-page pocket-sized book of catalogues, categorized for easy reference, includes books to videos and everything in between. A \$4.95 value, yours for just \$3.00. Plus a free bonus book, a \$6.00 value, featuring over 250 more catalogues in beautiful color.

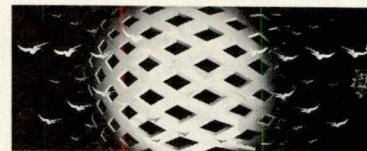
*the Pen and
the Sword Ltd.*

27. THE PEN & THE SWORD, LTD.

Purveyors of world-class writing instruments, custom cutlery, collectible watches, and specialty items. Impeccable service, intelligent prices. Catalogue and literature, \$3.00, refundable. (718) 382-4847.

Record Art

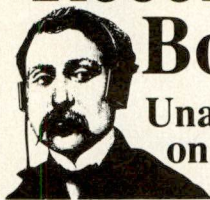
LIMITED EDITION ROCK 'N' ROLL ART PRINTS



28. THE RECORD ART COLLECTION

New! Fine art, limited-edition lithographic prints. Created from the original art on great album covers. Includes *Tommy* (shown), *Hotel California*, *Dylan's Self Portrait*, *Led Zeppelin*, *The Joshua Tree*, and other classics. Color catalogue, \$2.00.

**Recorded
Books**



**Unabridged
on cassette**

29. RECORDED BOOKS

Listen to unabridged Recorded Books while you drive. Six hundred best sellers, mysteries, and more, expertly narrated on cassette. Free introductory brochure. Call (800) 638-1304. Ask about easy rentals by mail.



30. REI

REI offers the best for your outdoor adventures. Quality gear, clothing, and accessories for hikers, campers, cyclists, and other outdoor enthusiasts. Knowledgeable and friendly service too! Satisfaction guaranteed. Free holiday catalogue! Call (800) 426-4840, operator #N1098.

Everything for today's homes!



RENOVATOR'S

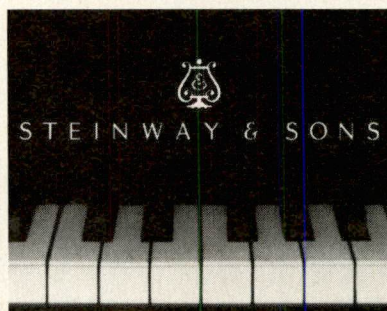
31. RENOVATOR'S SUPPLY

Free color catalogue jammed with thousands of unique items at fantastic savings! Solid brass lighting fixtures, china sinks, brass and chrome faucets, solid brass door and cabinet hardware, wall plates, and more! Satisfaction guaranteed. Free.



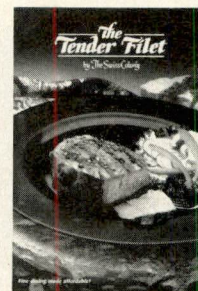
32. SIGNALS CATALOG

Give your brain a workout with these challenging Mensa Quiz Books. The Signals catalogue offers a unique collection of educational toys and games, videos, books, cassettes, sweatshirts, T-shirts, and jewelry. Many products are related to public television. \$1.00.



33. STEINWAY & SONS

The piano chosen by 90% of the world's performing artists. An extraordinary musical instrument and enduring investment, handmade without compromise since 1853. Color brochure of grands and verticals, \$5.00.



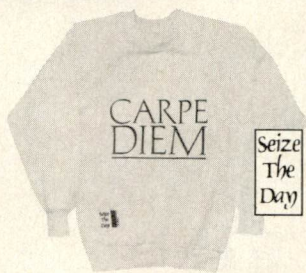
34. THE TENDER FILET

Fine dining made affordable. The Tender Filet offers you only the finest steaks, seafood, entrées, appetizers, and desserts. Each premium selection is packaged frozen and shipped for guaranteed delivery. Dept. 1WTFA. \$1.00.



35. WINTERSILKS

The WinterSilks catalogue offers men's and women's silk long johns, silk turtle-necks, silk sweaters, and many exclusive silk fashions at 10-40% off normal retail. Fully guaranteed! One-year subscription, free!



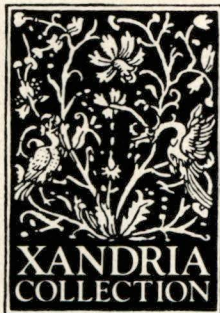
36. WIRELESS CATALOG

Translated from Latin, *carpe diem* means "seize the day." Here's an upbeat shirt from Wireless, the catalogue with fun, hard-to-find gifts: sweatshirts, T-shirts, watches, vintage radio shows, videos, memorabilia, cassettes, compact discs, and books—everything for your list. \$1.00.



37. WORLD WIDE GAMES

Unique games, puzzles, and much more: Graeme Base's fantastic *Animalia*, musical kaleidoscope, architectural puzzles, environmentally focused jigsaws, and board games. Superbly crafted gifts that will expand horizons, amuse, and teach. Catalogue, \$2.00.



38. XANDRIA COLLECTION

Exclusive catalogue collection of personal pleasures, dedicated to communication and sensual well-being. Confidentiality, quality, 100% satisfaction. \$4.00 (applied toward first order). Must be 21 years old.



39. YELLOW SILK: JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS

Intelligent literature, fine arts, and Eros in this full-color quarterly, stunning to eye, ear, mind, heart, and body. Editorial policy: "All persuasions; no brutality." O. Henry Short Story Award winner; anthology from Crown Publishing, 1991. Four issues, \$30.00; single copy, \$7.50.



40. ZBS AUDIOCASSETTES

Ruby 3, The Fourth Tower of Inverness, and Moon over Morocco on audiocassettes. "Stretches the barriers of sound and imagination"—*L.A. Times*. Heard on 600 radio stations in the U.S. and in 25 foreign countries. Catalogue, \$1.00.

The Collection Order Form

To order, send this form. Circle the numbers of the catalogues you would like to receive. Be sure to provide your name and address, and enclose a check or money order, payable to *The Atlantic*, for catalogues that require payment. International orders accepted only if accompanied by U.S. funds. *Requests cannot be honored after December 9, 1991.* Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery. Send order form and payment to *The Atlantic* Collection, P. O. Box 5086, Pittsfield, MA 02103-5086.

- | | | | |
|------------------------------------|--|--|--|
| 1. A. ANDREWS\$1.00 | 12. EARTH CARE PAPER\$1.00 | 23. MISSION ORCHARDS\$2.00 | 31. RENOVATOR'S SUPPLYFREE |
| foreign\$2.00 | 13. ECCO BELLA\$2.00 | 24. MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON\$2.00 | 32. SIGNALS CATALOG\$1.00 |
| 2. ANDERSEN WINDOWS, INC.FREE | 14. EDWARD HAMILTON BOOKSFREE | 25. NEIMAN MARCUS\$6.50 | 33. STEINWAY & SONS\$5.00 |
| 3. AUDIO FORUM\$1.00 | 15. FAHRNEY'S PENS\$2.00 | foreign\$15.00 | 34. THE TENDER FILET\$1.00 |
| 4. BARNES & NOBLE\$1.00 | 16. GEVALIA KAFFEFREE | 26. THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY & GUIDE TO CATALOGS\$3.00 | 35. WINTERSILKSFREE |
| 5. BOOKS ON TAPE, INC.FREE | 17. HOME FILM FESTIVALFREE | 27. THE PEN & THE SWORD, LTD.\$3.00 | 36. WIRELESS CATALOG\$1.00 |
| 6. BOSE EXPRESS MUSIC\$6.00 | 18. INTERNATIONAL RESOURCESFREE | 28. THE RECORD ART COLLECTION\$2.00 | 37. WORLD WIDE GAMES\$2.00 |
| 7. THE CHOCOLATE CATALOGFREE | 19. JAMESTOWN STAMPFREE | 29. RECORDED BOOKSFREE | 38. XANDRIA COLLECTION\$4.00 |
| 8. CLASSICS ON TAPEFREE | 20. THE KING-SIZE COMPANYFREE | 30. REIFREE | 39. YELLOW SILK: JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTSsingle copy, \$7.50
four issues, \$30.00 |
| 9. CRATE & BARREL\$2.00 | 21. LINDAL CEDAR HOMES\$15.00 | | 40. ZBS AUDIOCASSETTES\$1.00 |
| 10. DAEDALUS BOOKS\$1.00 | 22. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART\$1.00 | | |
| 11. DEVA\$1.00 | | | |

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SHIPPING AND HANDLING\$1.00

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ _____



Better With Age

At eighty-four, Benny Carter is at the height of his musical powers

by Francis Davis

JAZZ IS ENDURING what appears to be a mid-life crisis. As in people, the telltale symptom is a drooling infatuation with youth. It all began with the success of Wynton Marsalis, who was just twenty when he released his first album, in 1982. Overlooking the fact that musicians as talented as Marsalis are rare at any age, the major record labels have been signing untested young instrumentalists in the hope that lightning will strike twice. Not surprisingly, given the promotional effort of which these labels are capable, these young musicians are virtually the only

jazz performers now receiving any notice. They are being treated as such a novelty that it's becoming difficult to remember that jazz was once assumed to *require* the vigor of youth.

For a reminder of the way things used to be, I recently reread an essay called "Why Do They Age So Badly?," by the late French critic and composer André Hodeir. (Written sometime in the 1950s, it was included in Hodeir's 1962 collection *Toward Jazz*, translated by Noel Burch.) Lamenting that what lay ahead for any jazz musician who reached middle age having achieved

some degree of recognition was "an unremitting decline, an inevitable subsidence into complacency," Hodeir argued that "jazz has one thing in common with sports: it requires its performers . . . to be in first-rate physical condition." But whereas "the aging athlete is *obliged* to retire" (Hodeir's italics), jazz audiences permit older musicians to go on suiting up, as it were, until they drop. Hodeir cited as an example of fans reluctant to "repudiate their traditional idols" a Parisian audience that responded worshipfully to the trumpeter Roy Eldridge in 1950, "when he was already well on the decline."

In 1950 Eldridge was all of thirty-nine, with at least twenty-five more years of crackling solos ahead of him. What has aged badly is Hodeir's argument, although in fairness it should be acknowledged that he was one of the first to write about jazz with such candor, and that his essay dates from a period when bebop—then considered the ultimate in modernity—must have made the mature accomplishments of swing-era veterans like Eldridge seem a little passé. Reading "Why Do They Age So Badly?" in 1991, I find myself wondering what Hodeir would make of the alto saxophonist Benny Carter, who turned eighty-four last month, and whose powers as an improviser remain miraculously unimpaired.

The perseverance of elderly musicians is an open invitation to sentimentality, and Carter long ago reached the age at which an instrumentalist elicits admiration merely for playing, no matter how shakily. But I really do believe that Carter, who aside from Lionel Hampton is the last surviving major figure of the 1930s, is still making vibrant contributions to jazz six decades later. In so doing, he offers present-day audiences a singular thrill—the chance to look back on history as it continues to unfold.

CARTER HAS been around practically forever. Although the standard discographies show him to have made his recording debut with Charlie Johnson's Paradise Orchestra, in 1928, Carter himself remembers participating in a session with the blues singer Clara Smith four years earlier. His first recorded arrangement (of "P.D.Q. Blues," for Fletcher Henderson) was written in 1927, the same year

he published his first composition ("Nobody Knows," co-written with Fats Waller). After working as a sideman with Henderson and Chick Webb, and serving as music director of McKinney's Cotton Pickers and leader of the Wilburforce Collegians, Carter formed the first of his own big bands in 1932.

These are dates that I have selected almost at random from the detailed chronology included in Morroe Berger, Edward Berger, and James Patrick's exhaustive two-volume *Benny Carter: A Life in American Music* (1982). Another piece of information might give a better sense of just how long Carter has been active in music. The album usually cited as his best is *Further Definitions* (MCA Impulse MCA-5651), from 1961. It reunited him with his fellow saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, whose path had regularly crossed his over the decades, most notably with Henderson in the twenties and on the four titles they recorded together with the guitarist Django Reinhardt, in Paris in 1937. Two numbers were reprised from that 1937 session, with Phil Woods and Charlie Rouse taking the places of the French saxophonists André Ekyan and Alix Combelle. For the album Carter, whose trademark as an arranger is his rich saxophone voicings, also orchestrated Hawkins's emblematic 1939 solo on "Body and Soul" for four horns, and paid homage to Duke Ellington and Ben Webster by including the famous sax-section chorus from their 1940 recording of "Cotton Tail." *Further Definitions* was hailed as a latter-day triumph for Carter upon its release, almost thirty years ago.

Carter has long inspired something approaching awe in his fellow musicians. He surpassed even Johnny Hodges as the primary influence on the alto saxophone before the arrival of Charlie Parker, in the 1940s. But he also plays credible trumpet (Dizzy Gillespie, who was in his brass section as a young musician, once said of him that "he was always the best trumpet player in his band"), and he might have become one of the greatest of jazz clarinetists had he not abandoned the clarinet in 1946.

Although he is one of only a handful of musicians to have left a mark on jazz as both an improviser and an orchestrator (Cab Calloway, Benny Goodman, and Artie Shaw were among the rival

bandleaders who played his arrangements in the thirties and forties), Carter never succeeded in keeping an orchestra together for very long, and finally disbanded for good in 1946. What makes this so surprising is that Carter's first band enjoyed the services of Sid Catlett, perhaps the greatest of big-band drummers, and that Gillespie, Teddy Wilson, Chu Berry, Ben Webster, and Miles Davis were Carter band members at one time or another. It probably also hindered Carter that he was in Europe from 1935 to 1938, when America was catching swing fever, and in Hollywood, writing music for movies and TV, for much of three decades, after playing on the soundtrack of and helping to orchestrate the music for *Stormy Weather* in 1943.

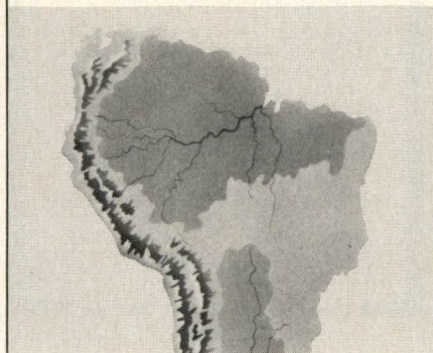
Carter was underutilized and perhaps racially typecast by the studios: although he worked on more than two dozen theatrical films, including *An American in Paris*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *The Guns of Navarone*, and *Red Sky at Morning*, his only complete scores were those for *A Man Called Adam*, a 1966 jazz movie starring Sammy Davis, Jr., and *Buck and the Preacher*, a 1972 western with Sidney Poitier and Harry Belafonte. Carter's best work for TV was his music for some thirty-five episodes of the crime series *M Squad* in the late 1950s. The four selections from *M Squad* included on *All of Me* (Bluebird 3000-2-RB), a recent reissue, demonstrate Carter's ability to produce idiomatically convincing jazz within the framework of TV-genre conventions.

Carter again became a full-time jazz musician around 1976. His stepped-up pace since then, in both playing and composing, has created the happy illusion that he is playing better than ever, and we have had more opportunities to hear him. Everyone I know who writes about jazz seems to have his own favorite Carter solo recorded since that time. Mine is his virtuoso turn on the standard "Lover Man," from his otherwise uneventful 1985 album *A Gentleman and His Music* (Concord Jazz CCD-4285). In addition to being the recent solo that best demonstrates Carter's undiminished instrumental command, it is also the one that best illustrates his confident embrace of contemporary rhythmic values. Hearing "Lover Man," you know at once you're listening to Benny Carter, thanks to that enviably urbane intonation of his (which

A world class adventure...



Without ever leaving the Americas.



If you're thinking about a travel vacation but don't want to leave the Americas, here's good news. The M/V Americana gives you deluxe, spacious cabins, world class dining and continental service as you cruise to some of the most exotic, seldom-seen ports in South America.

If you're looking for excitement and adventure on the world's most luxurious freighter, send for details, or call your travel agent today.

46 Day Cruises from \$6,900 to \$13,800 per person. Shorter cruise segments available.

Please send a free copy of the M/V Americana brochure to:



Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Phone _____
 My Travel Agent _____

IVARAN
Lines

Newport Financial Center, 111 Pavonia Avenue
 Jersey City, NJ 07310-1755
 DEPT. A0991

201-798-5656
 1-800-451-1639 (Outside NJ)

To get a good idea of what a great idea we have in Image Watches... paste your color logo here.

OR EVEN BETTER

Send us your color logo

(Any size letterhead, photo, brochure, artwork which need not be returned)

along with U.S. \$14.50 each*

*(Tax, shipping included.)
(special below-cost introductory offer)
Limit: 2 samples per company @ \$14.50 each
Please send this ad with your logo & \$14.50 ea. to take advantage of this offer

and we'll rush you a personalized working quartz watch sample as our convincer!

Your company logo in full color on the dial of a deluxe, water-resistant wristwatch. 18K Goldplated case, water-resistant leather strap, battery powered quartz movement with a 1-year no-service-charge warranty (battery included). Men's and women's styles. Remarkably inexpensive even in small quantities.

IMAGE WATCHES,™ INC.
400 S. Atlantic Blvd., Suite 302
Monterey Park, CA 91754 • (213) 726-8050
Attn: Mr. Shala
9 am - 5 pm Mon. - Fri., Pacific Coast Time

Logo Watch Leader for over 10 Years

Unconditional Money Back Guarantee

© Image Watches,™ Inc. all rights reserved

NEW! Thin Water-Resistant Case

Use your PC to Master Japanese and Chinese

Enjoy learning Asian languages with *Smart Characters for Students™* word processor and vocabulary tutor for PCs. Handy on-line references, dictionaries, vocabulary drills, and *furigana* speed reading and writing. Learn and use *kanji* and *hanzi* rapidly and effectively while creating your own compositions and vocabulary lessons. Just \$79.95. Call or write for a free brochure.

知
字

Apropos Customer Service, 8 Belknap Street, Arlington, Massachusetts 02174. 800 676-4021

OWN A PIECE OF HISTORY

We deal in original letters and documents written by famous people. Americans, World Leaders, Scientists, Authors, Artists, Composers and many more.

Call toll-free or send \$2 for our catalogue today.

Please include phone number and individuals of interest



A. Lincoln

American Historical Guild

130 Circle Drive, Suite 200
Roslyn Heights, N.Y. 11577
(516) 621-3051 • 800-544-1947

Hodeir, ever the nay-sayer, once characterized as "effeminate") and to that rococo approach to harmony he once shared with Coleman Hawkins. Still, this isn't a solo you could imagine Carter playing fifty or even twenty years ago, because his asymmetrical double-time phrasing is so modern in conception—it's just short of abstract, despite his fealty to the melody.

LATE LAST summer Carter shared a bill with the vibraphonists Milt Jackson and Bobby Hutcherson at Lincoln Center, just up the block from where the apartment house he lived in as a child once stood; the area was called San Juan Hill in those days, and it was known as a tough neighborhood. Jackson and Hutcherson each played a set accompanied by just a rhythm section; then they joined Carter and a big band for the premiere of a suite called "Good Vibes," which Lincoln Center had commissioned from Carter for this occasion. Although both the featured soloists interpreted Carter's new music with relish, neither paid him the courtesy of performing even one of his tunes during the first half.

In a way, the evening was typical. The only Carter tune you're ever likely to hear during a jam session is "When Lights Are Low," which musicians usually know not from Carter's recordings of it (the first was with the singer Elisabeth Welch, in 1936, and the most famous was with Lionel Hampton on vibraphone, three years later) but from the version Miles Davis recorded in 1953, without Carter's elegant bridge. For that matter, Carter himself is frequently guilty of not featuring enough of his own tunes when he plays nightclubs and festivals.

I asked about this when I spoke with him by telephone in his home in southern California late last year. "That's been because I've always felt that when people come to hear me, they want to hear me play songs with which they're already familiar," he told me in a tone intended to communicate that this policy was the result of practicality, not undue modesty. "But you know, somebody else once asked me the same question, and I told him that I

don't play many of my own tunes because the audience wouldn't know them. He pointed out that they never will get to know them if I don't play them. But I have started traveling with lead sheets of my tunes for the musicians I might play with who don't know them."

The proof of Carter's genius as a composer can be found on *Central City Sketches* (Musicmasters CIJD 60126X), featuring Carter with the American Jazz Orchestra, a New York repertory ensemble directed by the pianist John Lewis. This includes flawless performances of Carter compositions ranging in vintage from "Blues in My Heart" (1931), which would have been a perfect vehicle for Jackson at Lincoln Center, to the title suite, which Carter completed just in time for a concert he played with the AJO at Cooper Union a week or so before the recording session, in 1987. In addition to reviving interest in Carter, the Cooper Union concert, which was talked about for months afterward, supplied a rationale for the emerging jazz-repertory movement: it called attention to still timely masterpieces that weren't likely to be heard in concert unless someone made a special effort to perform them.

Marian McPartland Plays the Benny Carter Songbook (Concord Jazz CCD-4412), with Carter augmenting the pianist McPartland's trio on six of eleven tracks, nicely complements *Central City Sketches*, featuring as it does informal interpretations of such outstanding Carter tunes as "When Lights Are

Low" (as on the disc with the AJO, the bridge is restored); "Lonely Woman," sung by Peggy Lee in 1947 and not to be confused with pieces of the same name by Ornette Coleman and Horace Silver; "Only Trust Your Heart," a bossa nova introduced by Stan Getz and Astrud Gilberto in the 1964 TV film *The Hanged Man*;

and "Doozy," a sinuous blues that lives up to its name, first recorded on *Further Definitions* and performed twice on *Central City Sketches*.

CARTER NOW records so regularly that it has become possible to pick and choose among his albums. *All That Jazz Live at Princeton* (Musicmasters 5059-2C), his latest, re-



corded in concert last year at Princeton University, where he frequently conducts master classes, suffers from a humdrum selection of tunes—nothing new by Carter, who seems unfamiliar with the chord changes to Thelonious Monk's "Hackensack" and Clifford Brown's "Blues Walk"—and unrewarding vocals by Carter, the trumpeter Clark Terry, and a glib singer named Billy Hill. (Hill was once a member of the pop group the Essex, whose delightful "Easier Said Than Done" reached No. 1 in 1963.) Carter is the only reason for hearing *The Return of Mel Powell* (Chiaroscuro CR[D] 301), which was recorded aboard the S.S. *Norway* in 1987. Powell, who once played piano in Benny Goodman's big band and who last year won a Pulitzer for "serious" composition, sounds as though he's slumming here, or as though he thinks it's still 1938. His choppy, foursquare rhythm inhibits Carter, who seems more in his element when surrounded by relative modernists than he does in the company of musicians from his own era.

Along with *Central City Sketches*, the plums in Carter's recent discography are *My Man Benny—My Man Phil* (Musicmasters 5036-2C), from 1989, on which he piques the alto saxophonist Phil Woods into some beautifully animated playing, and *Over the Rainbow* (Musicmasters 5015-2C), from 1988, which rivals even *Further Definitions* in demonstrating Carter's unparalleled skill at writing for saxophones. The most irresistible of the eight performances on *Over the Rainbow* is the standard "Out of Nowhere." After individual choruses by Carter and fellow saxophonists Frank Wess, Herb Geller, Jimmy Heath, and Joe Temperley (plus a brief spot by the pianist Richard Wyands), Carter leads the saxophones through a speedy series of harmonic variations so full of swagger that at first I assumed I was hearing an orchestration of the solo Coleman Hawkins played on this tune with Carter and Django Reinhardt in 1937.

Carter recorded for a variety of labels, large and small, in the 1930s, and this might explain why—with the exception of a no-longer-available boxed set in the Time-Life Giants of Jazz se-

ries—no comprehensive survey of his early recordings has ever been issued by an American company. Before berating American companies for not giving us seminal Benny Carter in chronological order, it's good to remember that these performances are still protected by copyright in the United States, though they no longer are in Europe. Classics—a French label that is distributed here by Qualiton Imports (24-02 40th Avenue, Long Island City, NY 11101)—has come to the rescue with five volumes (so far) of *Benny Carter and His Orchestra* (Classics 522, 530, 541, 552, and 579).

In addition to all of Carter's big-band sides through 1940, these splendidly remastered compact discs include his work with the Chocolate Dandies, a small, studio-only group drawn from the ranks of the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra and other big bands, and the twelve ahead-of-their-time-and-then-some performances recorded in 1933 by the Ellington-smitten Irish composer Spike Hughes and "His Negro Orchestra," which was actually Carter's big band augmented by such star soloists as Coleman Hawkins and Red Allen. Carter isn't extensively featured on the material by Hughes, but his band distinguishes itself in interpreting Hughes's ambitious scores, and both "Noctourne" and "Music at Midnight" offer striking examples of Carter's abilities as a clarinetist.

Reissues like these usually put elder musicians in the hopeless position of competing with their past accomplishments. Carter actually seems to be gaining on himself as the years roll by. In baseball it's possible to chart the progress of a Darryl Strawberry or a Roger Clemens by measuring his record against that of a Willie Mays or a Sandy Koufax at a similar stage in his career. In jazz, too, we can measure the accomplishments of Wynton Marsalis as he nears thirty by comparing them with the accomplishments of Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, or Miles Davis at the same point. We can compare Sonny Rollins at sixty with Coleman Hawkins at that age. But against what other jazz octogenarian can we measure Benny Carter? There has never been anyone like him. □



If you've been reluctant to purchase sensual products through the mail, we would like to offer you three things that might change your mind.

1. We guarantee your privacy.

Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we never sell, rent or trade any names.

2. We guarantee your satisfaction.

If a product is unsatisfactory simply return it for replacement or refund.

3. We guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure... Should it malfunction, simply return it to us for a replacement.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of sensual products, including the finest and most effective products from around the world. It is designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone whose ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasures.

The Xandria Gold Collection...

a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. Send for the **Xandria Collection Gold Edition Catalogue**. It is priced at just \$4.00 which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

**The Xandria Collection, Dept. AT0991
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131**

Please send me, by first class mail, the **Xandria Collection Gold Edition Catalogue**. Enclosed is my check or money order for \$4.00 which will be applied towards my first purchase. (\$4 U.S., CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name _____

Address _____

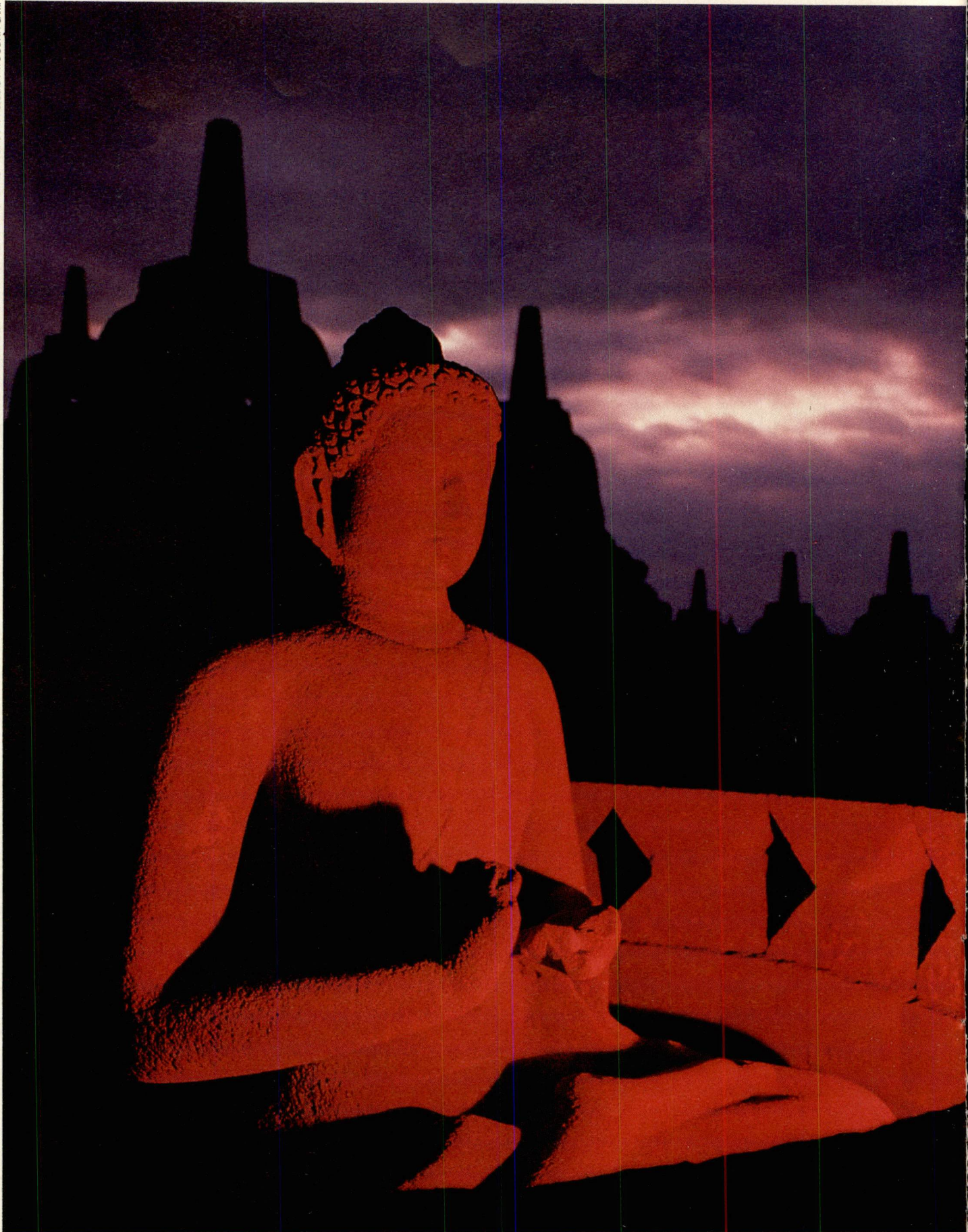
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age.

(signature required)

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., South San Francisco 94080
Void where prohibited by law.





An Asian Agenda

The biggest cities aren't always the best

by James Fallows

PEOPLE TRAVELING in Asia have a natural tendency to focus on capital cities—Tokyo, Bangkok, Seoul. The international airlines go there; the hotels are modern and the clerks speak English; businesses, universities, and museums are concentrated in one place. In many Asian countries the capital dominates to a degree that no single city has ever dominated the United States. Greater Tokyo is Japan's equivalent of New York, Washington, Boston, and Los Angeles combined. In the past decade Thailand's industrial output has soared, but if you exclude businesses based in or near Bangkok it has barely changed.

The imbalance between metropolis and hinterland is a big social problem for Asian societies, as it is for Third World countries in general. Subsistence farmers in Java or rural Thailand know they must go to the capital if they want to educate their children or find a paying job. But the same imbalance also creates opportunities for a "second city" approach to travel. Precisely because so many of the bad (as well as good) effects of modernization have been shunted away from most sites except the capital, the smaller cities in each country can display the nation's character to advantage.

The "second cities" I have in mind are not always exactly second-ranking in population and economic strength. What matters is that they are large enough to be interesting but don't suffer the distortions of being No. 1. Kyoto is the classic second city, a showplace of traditional culture—Asia's counterpart to Florence or Leningrad. The cities in Asian countries can generally be divided into "Tokyo" and "Kyoto" categories. Those in the first category, today's capitals, are where you go to do your business and realize your ambitions. Those in the second, often yesterday's capitals, are where you drink in the atmosphere and look around.

Seoul has skyscrapers, a few historic gates and temples, and lots of pollution and traffic jams. Kyongju, in southeast Korea, was, like Kyoto, a capital a thousand years ago and is now a city of temples and shrines. Such bustle as Malaysia has is confined to Kuala Lumpur. Malacca and Penang, Malaysia's two second cities, would remain recognizable in their torpor to Graham Greene or Somerset Maugham.

My favorite illustrations of the second-city principle are in Southeast Asia. In Thailand, Indonesia, and Burma, travelers who make it beyond

*At left: a Buddha and stupas at the temple of Borobudur, near Jogjakarta, Indonesia.
Above: women of the Akha tribe in northern Thailand, near Chiang Mai*

the capital will have a much different and more satisfying experience than those who stay on the big-city route.

BANGKOK, Thailand's No. 1 city in every conceivable way, will someday provide rich material for a writer or film-maker who wants to show, as Dickens did with London in the mid-nineteenth century, how cruel and messy economic growth can be. For the past decade the city has been booming and many people have gotten rich, but daily life for most people seems to have gotten worse. The bus stations disgorge rural migrants who end up sleeping in shanties. The roads are so glutted with cars and the motorized carts called *tuktuks* that the traffic stops and the air turns brown. Chiang Mai, Thailand's second city, has fostered enough of a spillover tourist industry that old-timers complain that it, too, is being "ruined." I think it still has a long way to go.

Chiang Mai is near the northern tip of Thailand, in the vast highland zone that spreads across the nearby borders of Burma, Laos, and China's Yunnan province. This region includes the infamous "Golden Triangle," where much of the world's narcotics supply originates. Anthropologists flock here to study the dozen or so hill tribes, such as the Hmong, the Akha, and the Lahu, who move across national borders, practicing slash-and-burn agriculture as they go.

Chiang Mai itself has a fresh-air upland feel after the humidity and dirt of Bangkok. It was the capital of the independent Lanna Thai kingdom 500 years ago, and the old moat is visible below the restored city walls. Just outside the city is the leafy, improbably Wellesley-like campus of Chiang Mai University. Its front gate is dominated by the university seal, which depicts an elephant brandishing the torch of knowledge in its upraised trunk.

The city is distinctly a jumping-off point at the edge of the frontier. Thais are always coming in from the hills with tribal crafts to sell and, of course, with drugs. (If this, unwisely, should be your interest, bear in mind that U.S. Customs pays close attention to travelers who have visited Thailand.) And foreigners are always heading out of Chiang Mai on hill-country treks.

I am sure that anthropologists would deplore the superficiality of these jour-

neys. Even I was depressed by the typical one-day trip that hotels and tour companies offer. As the huge "trek" bus rolls up to each "authentic village," the gaily costumed tribesmen pop out to their assigned places at souvenir stands. But my wife and I went on a three-day trek toward the Burmese border that was authentic enough for us. It began with a four-hour drive in the back of a pickup truck, then a three-hour trip upriver in a motorized canoe, and then what seemed like a month but was actually two hours in a howdah on the back of an elephant as it swayed and lumbered up steep hills. We traveled the next few days on foot and slept in villages that may not have been "unspoiled" but were certainly unimproved. As we walked on mountain trails overlooking glades full of swaying opium poppies, I speculated that the "supply-side" policy, which would attempt to solve America's drug problems by cutting off the source, was touchingly ambitious.

You can get to Chiang Mai from Bangkok by taking either an hour-long flight on Thai Air or a relatively comfortable overnight trip (be sure to book a sleeper) on the national railroad. It's possible to rent a car and make the drive in twelve or so hours, but as in many developing countries, driving is not really safe. Chiang Mai has modern hotels—we stayed at the Chiang Inn Hotel—and numerous hostels.

INDONESIA HAS NOT been as aggressive or clever as Thailand in promoting tourism, but in a way its artlessness underscores its appeal. Indonesia is the most exotic-seeming place I have ever been: the Indonesians seem to be so wrapped up in their own culture that they don't much care what outsiders might think of them. When you step out onto a street in Indonesia, you are enveloped by clouds of clove-scented smoke from the local *kretek* cigarettes. I used to think of this as an obvious but apt symbol for the distinctive "atmosphere" of Indonesia. When you are lucky, you are enveloped as well by clouds of music from gamelan orchestras, with their ethereal bronze or bamboo gongs.

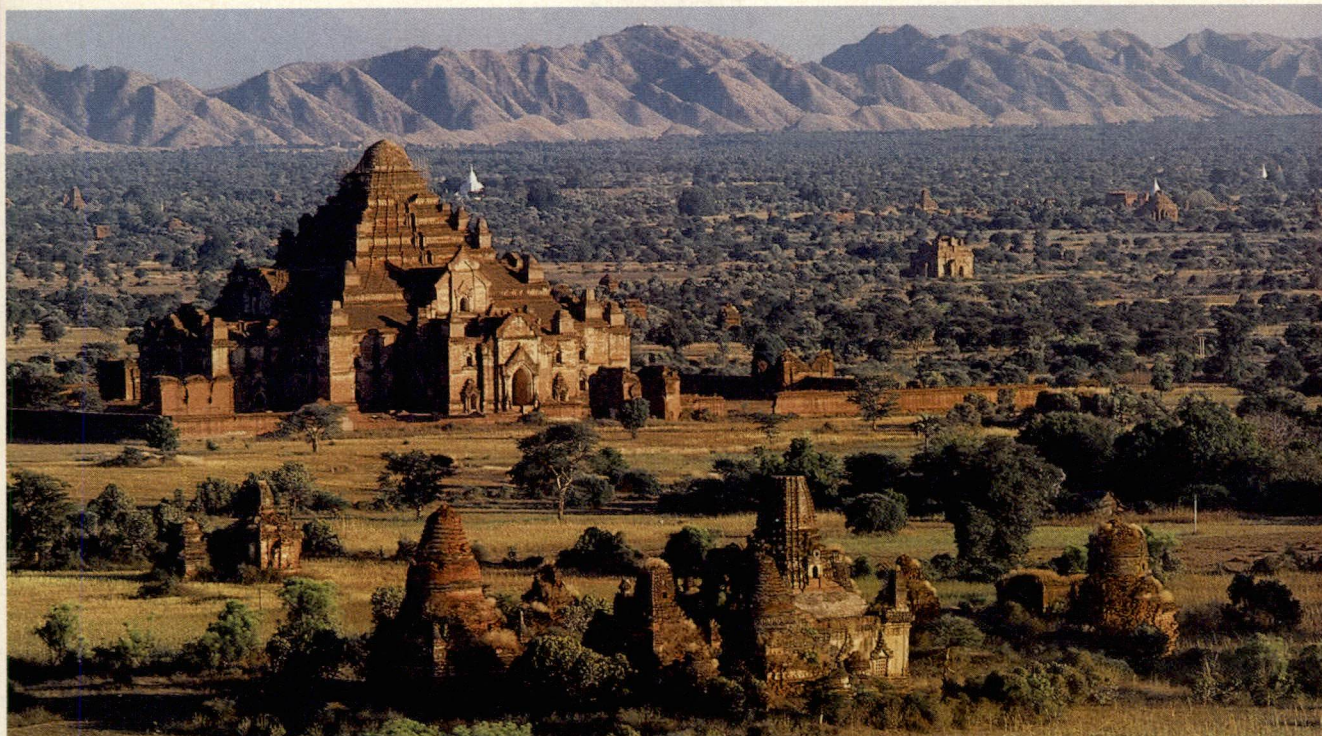
The traditional stronghold of Javanese arts is Jogjakarta, 300 miles south-east of Jakarta, in the center of Java. Jakarta itself, Indonesia's No. 1 city, is huge and sprawling and ugly. Jogja, as

the No. 2 city is called, is small and slow and, even compared with Chiang Mai, unspoiled. It remains the home of the arts that give Indonesia its strong cultural identity: waxing and dying batik cloth; making the leather and wooden puppets that are used in the eerie *wayang* shadow plays; gamelan music; and Javanese dance, with its fantastic backward manipulation of the fingers. Three times a week dance or gamelan performances are held in an outdoor pavilion at the *kraton*, the 250-year-old palace of the Sultan of Jogjakarta. The courtyard of the *kraton* is made of hard-packed red dirt. Barefoot court attendants pad across it, carrying special rice to the sultan's table or bearing batiks to be washed. An extraordinarily beautiful movie called *Max Havelaar*, made more than a decade ago, depicted Java during the Dutch imperial age. It's hard to find, but if you ever come across it, you'll see how little *kraton* life has changed.

Garuda, the main Indonesian airline, offers an inexpensive hour-long flight from Jakarta to Jogja, which is the easiest way to get there. Another possibility is a special train called the Bima, after a famous figure from the *wayang* plays. It is a charming combination of squalor and elegance; the table may be dirty, but the waiter spreads a starched white tablecloth over it before you dine. The Bima is, however, comically inconvenient, arriving from Jakarta sometime between midnight and 4:00 A.M. The leading hotel in town, the Ambarukmo Palace, has a gamelan orchestra in its lobby and a pool outside. Jogja, too, has many hostels.

When you tire of Jogja itself, you can drive an hour outside town to the mighty temple of Borobudur. This is a multi-tiered stone monument, as big at its base as one of the Great Pyramids of Egypt. Indonesia's religious life involves Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism, and animist faiths enmeshed with one another, and Borobudur itself portrays both Hindu and Buddhist deities. The structure, which is covered with hundreds of Buddha figures, has recently been restored in a fifteen-year project sponsored by the United Nations.

It is a chore to climb to the top of the temple, but the result is worthwhile, especially at sunset or dawn. In every direction you see the deep, deep green of rice paddies and palm trees, combining with the red of tile roofs and the



MARY BETH CAMP / MATRIX

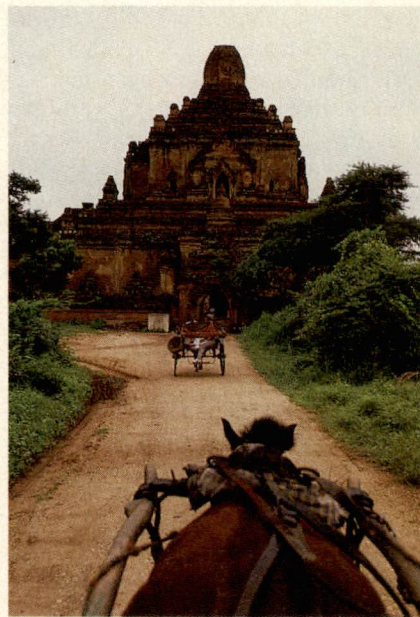
In Pagan, Burma, which was a capital city a millennium ago, Dhammayangyi Temple is among the 5,000 monuments still standing

orange of the sun, all the colors intense tropical hues. The volcano Mount Merapi, whose eruptions make the region's soil so fertile, sits smoking in the middle distance. Heavy clouds blow across the sky.

THE ONLY Asian vista I've found more evocative is one in Burma's hinterland. It is awkward even to mention Burma (which its regime now calls Myanmar) in a travel article, since the country is so difficult to get to and is a place of such despair. Apart perhaps from North Korea's, Burma's government is the most repressive and benighted in all of Asia, a counterpart to Haiti's in the days of Papa Doc and the Tonton Macoute. The country's No. 1 city, Rangoon, is a heartbreaking museum of decay. The buildings the British left behind forty years ago are still there, but now they're crumbling in the heat and rain.

Yet in Burma's broad central plain, through which runs the Irrawaddy River, is a marvel that should be as famous as the Great Wall of China. Mandalay, Burma's second city, is more cheerful and bustling than Rangoon; like Chiang Mai, it is an entrepôt for traders and smugglers coming in from the hills. Beyond Mandalay, five or six hours by jeep, is the marvel: Pagan, which was the capital of northern Burma a thou-

sand years ago. During a 200-year burst of religious fervor, Pagan's rulers built thousands of temples, pagodas, stupas, and other monuments. Then the armies of Kublai Khan stormed in and Pagan was abandoned. As Tony Wheeler, the author of the indispensable *Burma: A Travel Survival Kit*, wrote, it is "as if all the medieval cathedrals of Europe had been built in one small area, and then deserted, barely touched over the centuries."

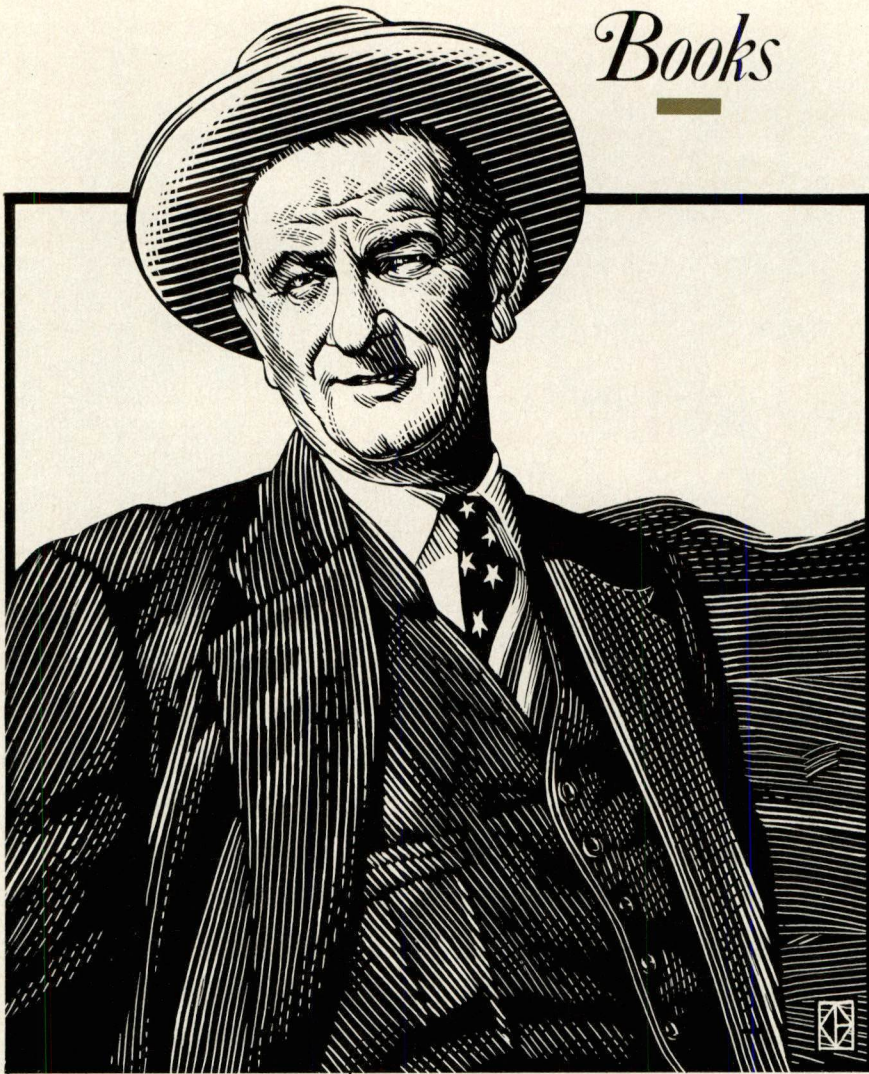


LINDSAY HEBBERD / WOODFIN CAMP

Transportation by tonga in Pagan

Most of the structures were made of wood, and have vanished. Still, more than 5,000 of them, made of brick and earth, remain, some as large and grandiose as the Victor Emmanuel Monument in Rome, others pup-tent-sized personal shrines. Apart from the temples and pagodas, almost nothing remains in Pagan: a few farmers tending plots of beans or rice among the monuments, a few vendors sitting by trays of thousand-year-old clay pipes or pottery shards. I believe these artifacts to be authentic; as I walked from temple to temple, I saw other relics protruding from the dusty earth. Perversely yet somehow inevitably, the only modern-looking factory I saw in Burma is also located in Pagan, its smokestacks poking up among the spires.

If, just before sunset, you climb to the top of one of the largest temples, such as Thatbyinnyu or Ananda, and look in any direction except toward the chemical plant, you survey an unearthly scene. Dark-ocher temples stand out against the baked red-clay landscape, for miles and miles and miles. The sun starts descending, and all the reds deepen. No sound or glare of city lights intrudes. You think about how big the world still is, and how briefly men live. You will not see these sights or think just these thoughts back home—or in any country's No. 1 city. □



A Fairer Likeness

by David M. Kennedy

LONE STAR RISING: Lyndon Johnson and His Times, 1908–1960
by Robert Dallek.
Oxford University Press, \$30.00.

“PAINT MY picture truly like me,” Oliver Cromwell allegedly instructed his portraitist, “roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything. . . .” In the three centuries since Cromwell’s time his injunction has been transformed. It once served as a reminder to the biographer to strive for realism and balance and critical distance, but it has somehow become an imperative—the wart doctrine, it might be called—to expose

and emphasize the most scurrilous details of the subject’s life, and to assume not merely a critical posture but an adversarial one toward the biographee. Without such salacious revelations and such authorial animosity, modern biographies risk wanting for credibility and, presumably, for readers. Whether it is modern lives or only modern literary tastes that have grown more lurid and antagonistic is an interesting speculation.

Few contemporary practitioners of the biographer’s craft have honored the wart doctrine more sedulously than Robert A. Caro. The two volumes published to date of his biography of Lyndon Johnson (*The Path to Power*, 1982 [previewed in *The Atlantic*], and *Means of Ascent*, 1990), which take the story of Johnson’s life as far as his election to the U.S. Senate in 1948, abundantly demonstrate Caro’s thoroughness as a researcher and his skill as a dramatist. They also attest to his remorse-

less hostility to his subject. Caro commands an encyclopedic knowledge of the minutiae of Johnson’s life, right down to the pearl-gray 20X beaver Stetson and the bright floral-patterned necktie that Johnson sported at the judicial hearing concerning allegations of fraud in his 1948 election. Caro’s account of that election, in *Means of Ascent*, is a page-turning triumph of the storyteller’s art. But what animates Caro’s swarms of detail, and what fuels his obsessive, indefatigable pursuit of his man, is a fixation on Johnson’s “utter ruthlessness . . . and a seemingly bottomless capacity for deceit, deception and betrayal.” Caro deems that characterization so essential to his account that it appears verbatim in the introductions to both his volumes.

Now comes another enormous biography of Johnson, covering much of the same ground, by Robert Dallek, a historian at the University of California at Los Angeles and the author of a prizewinning study of Franklin Roosevelt’s foreign policy. Like Caro, Dallek cannot contain Johnson’s large life between two covers, though he has managed in this first of two projected volumes to bring the story as far as Johnson’s election as Vice President, in 1960. His research is every bit as comprehensive as Caro’s. As a dramatist he may have to yield to Caro, though his personality sketches and his eye for the telling anecdote are masterly—reminiscent of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., at his best, in his *Age of Roosevelt*. Dallek can also spin a mighty good yarn, while avoiding melodramatic excesses like Caro’s description of Johnson’s opponent Coke Stevenson, accompanied by the famed former Texas Ranger Frank Hamer, as they strode down the street of the Rio Grande Valley town of Alice in 1948 to challenge the vote count in the now-notorious Ballot Box Number 13: “two tall, broad-shouldered, erect, silent men—two living legends of Texas,” with Hamer’s right hand “poised just above the butt of his gun, his fingers curled for the draw.” On balance, as a historian seeking to place his subject in context and as a biographer sensitive to the full range of Johnson’s stu-

pefyingly complex character, Dallek has Caro beat all to feathers—as they might have said in that bleak, gritty pre-New Deal west Texas hill country that framed Johnson's life and perhaps holds the key to understanding it.

LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON presents an extraordinary challenge to any biographer. He was a man of vibrant compassion and colossal vulgarity, a man who spent his desperately needed first paycheck on athletic equipment for his impoverished pupils in the dusty little Texas town of Cotulla, and a man who habitually forced subordinates to watch him defecate. He combined Falstaffian appetites with Lincolnian ambitions, personal greed with high ideals. He gorged on work, women, and food, overbore friend and foe alike, and ravened for both money and power. Like Falstaff's, his physical presence was overwhelming—all six feet three and a half inches of him, thrusting himself into intimidating proximity with his interlocutor, perpetually in motion, pawing and hugging and poking, wheedling, cajoling, boasting, flattering, threatening, persuading, demanding. Even Franklin Roosevelt, hardly of retiring temperament himself and no stranger to forceful personalities, thought that Johnson "came on like a freight train."

Unlike Lincoln's, Johnson's ambition was not simply a little engine that knew no rest; it was a roaring, unstoppable dynamo. It propelled him from obscure rural poverty to prodigious wealth and the pinnacles of political achievement—and eventually over the precipice of political ruination. The arc of his life's trajectory, even in a culture weaned on Horatio Alger myths, was extraordinary—from his childhood in a rude home, with outdoor plumbing and illuminated by kerosene lamp, all the way to the White House. He owed his achievement not simply to the typical Alger hero's qualities of luck and pluck but to titanic labor and consuming competitiveness. He detested losing. When the high school debate team that he coached in Houston in 1931 was defeated, he—not his debaters—ran to the men's room and vomited. His withdrawal from the presidential election of 1968 must have inflicted upon him unimaginable agonies. Russell Baker once compared Johnson to "a character out of a Russian novel . . .



Shop the magical Christmas collections of Bloomingdale's By Mail. Fabulous gifts. Funny, pretty and witty gifts. For your own copy of our Christmas catalog, and a sampling of future issues, send \$3.00 or call 1-800-443-3666 and charge it. (You'll even receive a Gift Certificate for \$5.00 toward your first purchase!)

B L O O M I N G D A L E ' S
BY MAIL LTD.

PO Box 13864, Albany, NY 12212-3864

Name _____ Apt. _____
Address _____ Zip _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

US and Canada residents only Source X12M

Maybe you don't need another diet. Maybe what you need is a faster metabolism.



Diets alone don't work.
When you eat less, your body adjusts its metabolism to a lower level, making you tired, grumpy and hungry.

The best way to raise your metabolism while you diet is through regular aerobic exercise.

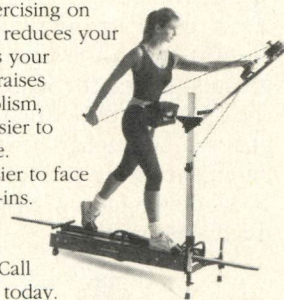
NordicTrack is the most effective way to raise your metabolism.

NordicTrack burns more calories than any other aerobic exercise machine. Up to 1,100 calories per hour, according to fitness experts.

And exercising on NordicTrack reduces your fat, increases your muscle and raises your metabolism, making it easier to stay in shape.

And easier to face those weigh-ins.

What are you waiting for? Call NordicTrack today.



NordicTrack
A CML Company

Call or Write for a
**FREE VIDEO
& Brochure**

1-800-328-5888 EXT 11011

Please send me a free brochure
 Also a free video VHS Beta

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone () _____

NordicTrack, Dept #11011,
141C Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318

Coming
Next
Month
In

The
Atlantic



THREE FORESTRY
MYTHS

by Perri Knize

The U.S. Forest Service argues that federal timber is needed to meet an escalating demand for wood; that the sale of federal timber aids timber-dependent communities; and that timber sales make a profit for the federal treasury. All these claims, the author argues, are without foundation.



CHARLEMAGNE'S
DREAM

by Kenneth C. Danforth

For more than a millennium Europeans have sought to link two of their greatest rivers, the Rhine and the Danube, by a canal. The goal will be reached next year, when one of the greatest public-works projects in history is finally completed.



HOW I CAME WEST,
AND WHY I STAYED

by Alison Baker

"On one wall of her cabin she had a USGS map, all squiggles, with red-headed pins marking the cheerleader sightings." A short story.

a storm of warring human instincts: sinner and saint, buffoon and statesman, cynic and sentimentalist." His aide George Reedy called him "a man of too many paradoxes." Telling his life story would tax the narrative power of Tolstoy and the descriptive talents of Mencken. Dallek is aware of the scope of his burden as Johnson's biographer, and he prudently warns the reader that his subject presents "contradictions that defy easy understanding."

Caro seeks understanding through simplification, with the result that his account, especially in *Means of Ascent*, is in the end as one-dimensional as the lone and level Texas llano. Dallek renders his subject with much more chiaroscuro. Indeed, Dallek often casts light where Caro only sees shadow. In Caro's view, for example, the Texas political operator Alvin J. Wirtz promoted Johnson's candidacy for Congress in 1937 as a means to rescue Wirtz's client Brown & Root from imminent ruin. The construction firm of Brown & Root had staked its future on the prospect of federal funding for a dam on the lower Colorado River, near Austin. Congressman Johnson would be the instrument of obtaining that funding, and to get him elected, according to Caro, Wirtz cynically instructed Johnson to run as "Roosevelt's man." That electoral strategy, Caro writes, was "nothing but pragmatism." Wirtz in fact shared "the views of the reactionary Roosevelt-hating businessmen of whom he was both legal representative and confidant."

Dallek acknowledges the interest that Brown & Root had in the young Johnson, and the enormous, often surreptitious, probably illegal role that Brown & Root, along with Wirtz, played in financing Johnson's later political career. But Dallek also offers a description of Wirtz as someone who "loved Roosevelt and the New Deal, and . . . was a champion of public power and Federal welfare programs." Moreover, Dallek adds that "like Lyndon, [Wirtz] saw FDR's New Deal as helping to create a more prosperous Texas and new south." He concedes,

Wirtz and Johnson were self-serving opportunists. . . ; but they were also new breed southerners who saw the Federal government as a vehicle for advancing the interests of their state and region. They were not only shrewd operators with their eyes on

the main chance but also men of vision who worked effectively for a larger good.

Here lay a rationale for the lower Colorado River dam project—and for a raft of other federal projects in Texas and the South which Johnson promoted—which reached far beyond the interests of Brown & Root.

IT WAS JOHNSON'S appreciation of that rationale which led President Roosevelt in 1937 to pay special attention to the new young representative from Texas's Tenth Congressional District. Johnson was "the most remarkable young man," FDR told his assistant, Thomas Corcoran. "Now I like this boy, and you're going to help him with anything you can." Corcoran helped plenty. "When Roosevelt told me to take care of the boy," he later explained, "that meant to watch out for his financial backers too. In Lyndon's case there was just this little road building firm, Brown and Root." Dallek adds, "Word went out . . . that Federal contracts in Texas were to go to 'Lyndon's friends.'" For example, Brown & Root was awarded the contract to build the Corpus Christi Naval Air Station—one of many such favors.

For Caro, these kinds of revelations suffice to damn to perdition Johnson and all his works. For Dallek, they are part of a larger design, one for which not Johnson but Franklin Roosevelt was the original draftsman. Roosevelt's purpose was announced in the Roosevelt Administration's 1938 *Report on Economic Conditions of the South*, which described the region as "the Nation's No. 1 economic problem. . . ." The New Deal fired its first salvo in the war on southern poverty with the Tennessee Valley Authority, launched in 1933 as the country's first comprehensive experiment in regional economic development. By the late 1930s a much enlarged array of New Deal programs could be brought to bear to channel federal resources southward: Farm Security Administration loans to farmers, Work Projects Administration and Public Works Administration contracts for construction projects, U.S. Housing Authority subsidies to home-builders, and Rural Electrification Administration grants to electrical cooperatives. Lyndon Johnson used them all. Within two years of his election to Congress he had secured some \$70 million in

federal monies for his constituents.

The Second World War, of course, vastly accelerated the pace of government investment in the South—and in the West as well. Taken together, New Deal and wartime policies constituted a far-reaching program for the forced economic modernization of the South and the West. Beyond that economic development beckoned a vision of politically modernizing the South, relaxing the death grip of the conservative southern establishment on the Democratic Party, and clearing the path for the civil-rights movement. Though those policies proved largely successful, they were ferociously resisted by many southerners, and are controversial still.

This is the picture into which Dallek paints Lyndon Johnson. He persuasively renders this part of his story as something considerably more interesting than the saga of a self-serving pork-barrel politician. In Lyndon Johnson, Franklin Roosevelt had found one of the few promising instruments of his "southern strategy." Roosevelt's "Brain Truster" Rexford Tugwell once described FDR's purpose as, simply, "a better life for all Americans, and a better America to live it in. I think it was that general." The President's concern merged with the aching ambition of the young congressman, an ambition that transcended his personal desires. "Of all the things I have ever done," Johnson reflected in 1959, "nothing has ever given me as much satisfaction as bringing power to the hill country of Texas. Today in my home county we have full grown men who have never ever seen a kerosene lamp except possibly in a movie—and that is all to the good."

JOHNSON NOT ONLY shared Roosevelt's vision; in due time he vastly amplified it. Roosevelt's war on southern poverty would prove to be only a preliminary skirmish in what became Johnson's full-scale, nationwide War on Poverty. Roosevelt's relatively modest aspirations for the New Deal would inflate into Johnson's heady dreams of the Great Society. Johnson's "whole life experience," Dallek writes,

was at the core of his identity as a southern New Dealer liberal nationalist who aimed to integrate the South into the mainstream of Ameri-

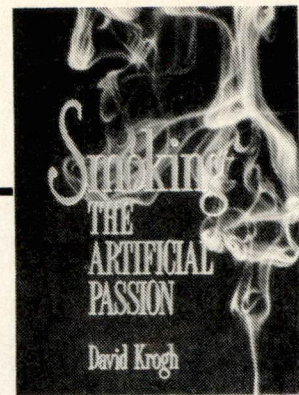
can economic life. . . . [T]he plight of the children at Cotulla and his sense of exhilaration at being able to help them, . . . the suffering caused by the Depression and the humane response of FDR's government, all made him a strong believer in using Federal power for the good of needy Americans everywhere, but especially in the South.

Dallek insists that it is only within this larger framework that we can appreciate the true drama of the victory margin of eighty-seven votes that "Landslide Lyndon" achieved in the 1948 Democratic senatorial primary campaign against Texas Governor Coke Stevenson.

It now seems beyond question—thanks largely to Caro's investigative effort—that Johnson's operatives in the 1948 election illegally added 202 votes to his count in the town of Alice, and perhaps more elsewhere. Whether this manipulation of the voting returns merely offset identical abuses by Stevenson's forces will probably remain a moot question. But the story of the 1948 election is not just a melodrama of electoral villainy, nor simply an episode in an individual's political career. It is a key chapter in the history of the modern South, and of the nation.

As Dallek makes clear, Coke Stevenson was no rudely wronged white-hatted innocent. He had helped W. Lee "Pappy" O'Daniel steal the 1941 senatorial election from Johnson through fraudulent reporting of the vote from certain Texas counties. He was associated with the so-called Texas Regulars, a potent political faction that in 1944 had split the Texas Democratic Party into pro- and anti-Roosevelt elements. The Regulars denounced "the Communist-controlled New Deal," called for a restoration of states' rights, and asserted "the supremacy of the white race." Their actions foreshadowed the 1948 split in the national party, when the Dixiecrats bolted in protest against the strong civil-rights plank in Harry S. Truman's platform.

Stevenson himself had commented about a wartime lynching in Texarkana that "certain members of the Negro race from time to time furnish the setting for mob violence by the outrageous crimes which they commit." He was also an isolationist who opposed the Marshall Plan. According to the legendary Texas historian J. Frank Do-



A Compelling New Account of the Pleasures and Perils of Tobacco

PROBING THE DEEP ROOTS
OF AN INTRIGUING HABIT

SMOKING THE ARTIFICIAL PASSION

DAVID KROGH

Why do millions of people (including one out of every four Americans) ignore the harmful consequences of tobacco and continue smoking? Author David Krogh provides some fascinating answers in a provocative investigation of this passion, with an appendix on how to quit.

208 pages, 30 illustrations

2246-1, \$17.95, cloth

Spanning the Sciences

W. H. Freeman and Company

The book publishing arm of Scientific American

Introducing

Ladybug



the new
magazine
for children
ages 2 to 7
from
CRICKET
magazine

Discover the pleasure of quiet moments with your child, in a world of ideas, adventures, and activities. "It's a delight to the eye, an adventure for the mind."

—Lloyd Alexander, author/Newbery medalist

\$19.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *It's like getting one newsstand copy FREE!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us this coupon.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

LADYBUG, Box 58344, Boulder, CO 80322

1-800-BUG PALS

(1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5L)

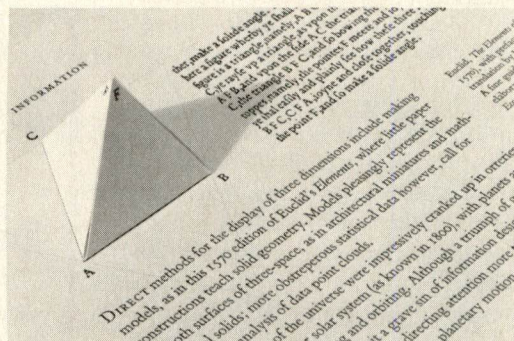
SLAE7

"A remarkable range of examples for visual thinking. A real treat for all who reason and learn by means of images." RUDOLF ARNHEIM

"The book itself provides a model of good design—each beautifully printed page a harmony of space, type and illustration. . ." NEW YORK TIMES

"Spectacular, reminiscent of E. H. Gombrich's *Art and Illusion*." BALLAST QUARTERLY

"An incredibly beautiful, true, refined and luscious book." DENISE SCOTT BROWN and ROBERT VENTURI



A three dimensional fold-up from the first English translation of Euclid's *Geometry*, published in 1570

ENVISIONING INFORMATION

by EDWARD R. TUFTE

Over 400 illustrations with exquisite 6- to 12-color printing throughout. Finest examples in technical, creative, and scientific presentations: diagrams, legal exhibits, computer graphics, charts, maps, and use of color. Moneyback guarantee. \$48 per copy postpaid. Also available: *The Visual Display of Quantitative Information*, \$40 per copy postpaid.

Send check to: Graphics Press Box 430-M Cheshire, Connecticut 06410

Answers to the August Puzzler

R	O	L	I	B	E	R	T	H	G	I	R
I	G	E	D	E	T	A	L	E	N	N	P
A	R	A	L	L	S	E	I	N	E	S	S
N	E	C	A	E	I	R	A	W	G	R	E
T	P	I	C	P	H	O	R	O	L	T	A
S	U	S	K	A	T	L	E	B	L	E	S
N	I	I	A	R	G	O	T	I	E	S	T
A	M	A	D	O	E	H	S	U	R	T	E
T	R	I	A	U	N	D	A	O	C	O	R
E	E	D	C	S	A	G	E	D	I	M	U
X	T	R	A	P	T	D	I	E	S	P	L
E	T	A	L	O	N	A	V	D	A	N	A

"RECTANGULAR"

1. R(I-GO)-R
2. G-IN-S-ENG
3. ELIDE (hidden)
4. DELIBERATED (anag.)
5. TEL-EPA-(THIS)T (*tape + let* rev.)
6. ARE-NA (rev.)
7. R(ACE)-R
8. LACK-A-DA-IS-I-CAL(I)
9. EART-(HEN-WAR)E (*a tree* anag.)
10. SP(RIGHT-LINE)-SS
11. ELS(I)E
12. R(D)SER (anag. + I)
13. PIC-K-SUP
14. H-O-LOG-RAP-H
15. ROLLER COASTER (anag.)
16. TR(y)-EAT
17. SUPERGIANTS (anag.)
18. ELBOW GREASE (anag.)
19. S(EST)ETS
20. GROUNDHO-G (anag. + g)
21. TI(BE)T
22. AN(IM)-A
23. T(RUST-I)EST
24. A(IRMA)DA
25. CO(y)-MIC(e)
26. RUMOR (homophone)
27. EXTERMINATE (anag.)
28. DR-ATT-ED
29. CARD-I-AC(e)
30. SPONTANEOUS (anag.)
31. DI(SAD-VAN)TAGED (*dated GI* anag.)
32. D(A-V)ID
33. ESPLANADE (hidden)
34. PLUM-P
35. EXTRAPOLATE (anag.)

bie, Stevenson knew "as much about foreign affairs as a hog knows about Sunday." He represented, in short, everything from which Johnson and the national Democratic leadership were trying to liberate the South: its stultifying heritage of parochialism, economic backwardness, racism, and isolationism. For this reason Truman, like Roosevelt before him, favored Johnson's candidacy. Dallek even speculates that Truman's Attorney General, Tom Clark, may have lobbied Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black to issue the court order that effectively ended Stevenson's petition to keep Johnson off the ballot.

It is the cardinal virtue of Dallek's book that here and elsewhere he renders the events of Johnson's life in their full historical context. The result is a biography that illumines not only both the excellencies and the malignancies of Johnson's often baffling character but also the political and social landscape across which he so hugely moved. Dallek does not blink at the unsavory parts of his subject, nor does he luxuriate in them. He understands that political survival in Texas may have necessitated dirty tricks, and assuredly required occasional ideological trimming and the delicate balancing of principle and practicality. Truman knew this too, and did not object to Johnson's support for the Taft-Hartley Law, an anti-labor measure opposed by liberals and passed over Truman's veto. There was no political advantage to a Texas politician in antagonizing "the big oil boys" when, as Johnson explained, "labor's not much stronger in Texas than a popcorn fart."

AS LONG AS HE was a Texas politician, this was the balancing act that Lyndon Johnson was compelled to perform. Witnessing the conservative Republican take-over of Congress in 1946, he shifted rightward, muting his New Dealish sentiments. Yet Dallek suggests that this was a tactical adjustment, not proof of insincerity or of callous opportunism. Insofar as possible Johnson stayed true to his New Deal heritage. In his maiden Senate speech, in 1949, he opposed applying cloture to debate on civil-rights legislation, thus preserving the classic southern device of the filibuster as a defense against civil-rights reform. But seven years later, in 1956, he was

one of only three southern senators who refused to sign the "Southern Manifesto," which pledged resistance to the Supreme Court's school-integration decision in *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka*. That refusal, said Oregon Senator Richard Neuberger, constituted as "courageous an act of political valor as I have seen. . . ."

Johnson was by then well on his way to becoming the most powerful Senate majority leader in American history. The columnist Stewart Alsop mused that he had perhaps become even more powerful than the President, "because he loves to exercise power and President Eisenhower does not." His influence in Congress, his geographical background, and what Dallek calls his "genuine commitment to New Deal, Fair Deal programs, the liberal nationalism of the thirties and forties, that transformed America," made him a natural vice-presidential candidate on the Democratic ticket with John Fitzgerald Kennedy in 1960. On November 22, 1963, in Dallas, he became President of the United States.

This installment of Dallek's biography ends in 1960, but in a sense both it and Robert Caro's volumes are books about the decade that followed. For both authors, the paradoxes of Johnson's life mirror and perhaps embody the central, agonizing paradox of the 1960s, the decade of triumphant liberal achievement and catastrophic liberal failure. Both Caro and Dallek seem preoccupied with some urgent riddles. Perhaps, they suggest, much as a knowledge of Lincoln's life can help unlock the historical meaning of the Civil War, a deep understanding of Johnson's life will provide clues to these riddles: How did American society, just as it conquered the heights of liberal reform, almost immediately slide into a bitter repudiation of the liberal heritage? What explains the seismic shift in American political and cultural values which shook this country in the 1960s and whose aftershocks unsettle us still?

Caro places the epicenter of that shift in Dallas, precisely at the instant of Kennedy's death. Until that moment, he writes, "the delicate yet crucial fabric of credence and faith between the people of the United States and the man they had placed in the White House" was intact. "By the time Johnson left office, the fabric was in

shreds." So, too, Caro implies, was the social fabric in general, and Lyndon Johnson was the culprit. This view of history is consistent with the conventions of dramatic (or melodramatic) narrative of which Caro is a master, but it does scant justice to the complex realities of modern American history. It also, to put it mildly, assigns a rather large explanatory role to a single man's personality. It is, in the end, a cartoon.

Robert Dallek is not a cartoonist but a scrupulously faithful portraitist. He appreciates how tangled is the skein of history, and how mysterious is the human heart—especially Lyndon Johnson's heart. He gives us Johnson warts and all. He knows that if you want Falstaff, you can't have him lean. If understanding Johnson's life is in fact the key to understanding the 1960s, in Dallek's telling neither the puzzle nor the solution will be a simple matter. How the liberal legacy fared in Johnson's hands in the tumultuous decade of his presidency will be the essential subject of Dallek's next volume. This reviewer can't wait to read it. □

A Voice Against Anonymous Death

by Michael Lydon

THE JAMES JONES READER:
Outstanding Selections From
His War Writings
Birch Lane Press/Carol Publishing,
\$24.95.

WHEN THE JAPANESE attacked Pearl Harbor, on December 7, 1941, James Jones was there, a twenty-year-old enlisted man eating Sunday breakfast in the mess hall at nearby Schofield Barracks. Nothing seemed to set him apart from his fellows. The son of a small-town Illinois dentist, Jones had joined the Army out of high school, one more directionless Depression kid looking for three squares and a bunk guaranteed. He

had started reading Thomas Wolfe, however, and discovered that he had been "a writer all along without really having realized it."

That morning he and the others looked up from their pancakes and coffee as dull rumbles shook the barracks. Someone said it must be dynamite, but even as the men nodded agreement, they heard fighter planes screaming overhead. Still clutching their bonus-ration half pints of milk, they ran into the quadrangle and saw columns of smoke rising above Wheeler Field. Japanese pilots, flying so low the soldiers could see their faces, strafed them with machine-gun fire, and they rushed back inside for their weapons. "This is it," one man said to another.

Jones described Pearl Harbor morning—using nearly the same words—four times in his writing, first ten months later, in a book report on *The Red Badge of Courage* for a University of Hawaii English course, and then in *From Here to Eternity*, *The Pistol*, and the nonfiction *WWII*. And no wonder: he knew he was an eyewitness to an event that changed millions of lives, his among them. Yet those unforgettable few minutes had a particular impact on Jones. In their smoke and confusion a young writer suddenly saw his great subject—men at war.

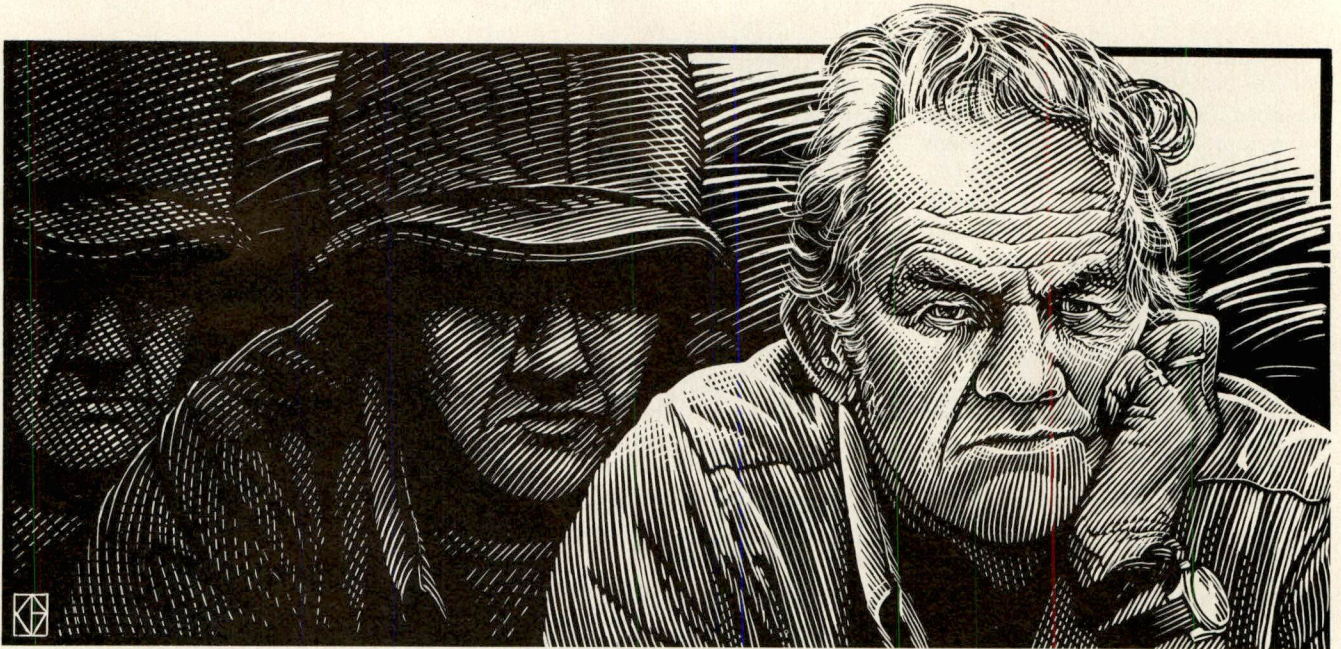
From that moment, though he was soon fighting on Guadalcanal, even killing a Japanese soldier in hand-to-hand combat, Jones was as much observer as participant. The regimental doctor teased him in the heat of battle:

"Hello, Jonesie. Getting more material for that book of yours you're gonna write?"

I laughed, a little hysterically probably. "More than I want, Doc."

Days and nights facing instant death numbed Jones and the other soldiers to their souls, an agonizing process Jones later called "the evolution of a soldier." The last step in this process, Jones wrote in *WWII*, was "to accept anonymity in death," and this step his own nascent hope of immortality would not let him take.

I remember lying on my belly more than once, and looking at the other sweating faces all around me and wondering which of us lying there who died that week would ever be remembered in the particulars of his death by any of the others who sur-



vived. And of course nobody else would know, or much care. I simply did not want to die and not be remembered for it. Or not be remembered at all.

Luckily, Jones suffered head and ankle injuries just bad enough to get him shipped to an Army hospital in the States—"the best way to be wounded," according to Corporal Fife in *The Thin Red Line*, the second of Jones's three great war novels. More serious was the emotional damage. When again declared fit for active duty, Jones thrice went AWOL to escape going back into combat, this time in Europe. Army psychiatrists found a "psychoneurosis" that had not been present when he enlisted, and in July of 1944 Jones was honorably discharged for "disability in line of duty and not due to his own misconduct." He went home to Robinson, Illinois, and began to write.

Seven years of flailing, the first two sympathetically guided by Wolfe's legendary editor, Maxwell Perkins, of Scribner's, produced *From Here to Eternity*, a big, brawling novel about the soldiers in pre-Pearl Hawaii. Despite occasional run-on sentences inspired by Wolfe—

But in early March the times between the rains got shorter and the rains themselves got longer, until finally there were no times between, but only rain, of which the earth would avidly drink its fill and then, like a man dehydrated in the desert who can't keep from drinking too much, vomit all the rest it could not

assimilate, down the streets and down the hills, along the flumes and irrigation ditches that webbed the carmine earth of the plateau and now were torrential rivers.

—the scope and detail of *Eternity's* realism, and its frank vernacular language, owe more to Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and James T. Farrell. An enormous best seller, *Eternity* became, like *The Grapes of Wrath* before it and *The Caine Mutiny* after it, a novel that a big public and critics alike took to heart. The stubborn southern loner Prewitt, the cynical Sergeant Warden, and Maggio, the scrappy Italian (soon played by Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra in a film that swept the Academy Awards), became well-loved characters. Readers everywhere winced and cheered simultaneously as Prewitt killed cruel Fatso Judson to avenge Maggio's murder:

His knife went into Fatso at the diaphragm, just under the ribs. . . .

They stood that way perhaps a second or two, perhaps five seconds, thigh to thigh, Prew with his lower lip between his teeth pushing and twisting the knifeblade probing in the fat until the haft was buried in it gouging. . . . Then Fatso started down.

Eternity made Jones famous, a lion of New York's hard-drinking literary crowd, profiled in *Life* and paired with Norman Mailer as an angry young man of the postwar novel. In the twenty-six years until his death, in 1977, Jones wrote steadily, publishing six more

novels plus a volume of short stories and two books of reportage. All sold well, and Jones lived well in Paris on the proceeds. Yet Major American Writer status is no guard against fashion, and Jones's reputation rode a roller coaster, up when he wrote about war, down when he took on peace. Critics savaged *The Merry Month of May* ("as great a crime against nature as against literature"—*Newsweek*), even his friend William Styron found *Go to the Widow-Maker* "filled with plywood characters, implausible dialogue, and thick wedges of plain atrocious writing," and Mailer wrote in *Advertisements for Myself* that Jones had "sold out." Jones's struggles against the blockbuster trap are evident in a letter to Helen Meyer, the president of Dell Publishing, defending his offbeat, and short, *A Touch of Danger*.

I think when you say "major novel" you really mean "big, long, naturalistic novel." Such as Jones is "noted for." . . .

I don't think you understand what's a major book, Helen. It doesn't have to be 500,000 words.

The somber tone of *Whistle*, Jones's unfinished and posthumously published last novel, won wide respect, rounding off his career on an appreciative note. Yet in the decade and a half since, Jones has drifted into a "jury's out" limbo, and bringing in a favorable verdict today means bucking current critical trends. Not only is he a traditional realist in the postmodern era, he is also a White Male Author if ever

there was one. Pugnacious masculinity rises like heat from every paragraph. His characters, nearly all white men, live a life that "still had fist fights in it," and Jones describes their relations with women in terms that are more passionately than politically correct.

Indeed, even this new *Reader*, containing excerpts from Jones's war writing, seems to take a defensive stance in presenting Jones's case, abandoning his domestic novels to protect the combat core. "Boil Jones down to his war books," I hear the editors arguing implicitly, "then boil those down to their essential scenes, and you'll find a residue that can't be dismissed."

I WOULD DISMISS nothing by Jones, and I find the domestic novels full of overlooked virtues. *Some Came Running* may be the best of these, a bleak tale of hate between two brothers and one of the earliest and sharpest pictures of the postwar boom, when America began to move from Main Street to mall. At the country-club bar on Christmas Eve the businessman brother, Frank Hirsh, sells a crony on what a little wheeling and dealing could do for a pasture near the new highway:

"A big modern ranch-style place built in a right angle—a regular shopping center with space for eight or ten or a dozen stores, and . . . plenty of parkin' space, enough for at least two hundred cars. . . .

". . . You know what I mean, Clark? A regular village in itself. You could even call it that: *Parkman Village*. . . ."

Go to the Widow-Maker is both lusty romantic comedy and roman à clef. Jones uses a sexual crisis he survived in the mid-1950s as raw material for a love triangle between a playwright, his aging mistress, and his beautiful young wife, and he reports their every emotional twist in the voice of squeamish experience. *A Touch of Danger*, Jones's one attempt at the detective genre, is "a departure," as he called it himself, but done with a good-humored modesty that Raymond Chandler would have applauded. The tone of *The Merry Month of May* seems oddly prim unless we remember that this is not Jones speaking but the narrator, Jonathan James Hartley III, a stuffy bachelor. Hartley thinks he is simply telling how his friends the Gallaghers fell apart as a



Put the whole world at your fingertips, with . . .

Venturer MultiBand Receiver only \$99⁹⁵*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**

• We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs \$30 more—\$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

The Venturer Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the International shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The Venturer works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V DC source. We import Venturers in container loads and can offer them for just \$99.95. But we have an even better deal: **Buy two for \$199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!** Take advantage of this special offer and order your Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s) today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER

TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050

24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1195A928 or for the Cassette version, give order #1196A928. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone—for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add ship./insur.: \$7.95 for one; \$9.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.



139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

America's Civil War Battlefields A Disappearing Legacy



"In great deeds something abides
On great fields something stays"
—General Joshua Chamberlain

Protect
the battlefields.
Honor those Americans
whose sacrifices built
a better, stronger
nation.

Find out how you can help. Write:
Civil War Battlefield Campaign
The Conservation Fund
1800 N. Kent Street, Suite 1120
Arlington, Virginia 22209

Create the Ultimate Cup Of Coffee



Start with our Green Mountain Coffee Roasters Coffee. It's *freshly roasted* in small batches *just hours* (not weeks or months!) before we rush it to you. The difference in flavor is *extraordinary*.

We guarantee it!



Call 1-800-223-6768
for a FREE \$5 CERTIFICATE and brochure of
50 delicious gourmet
coffees or mail the coupon below.

G·R·E·E·N
MOUNTAIN
Coffee

33 Coffee Lane
Waterbury, VT 05676
1-800-223-6768



Yes, please rush my FREE \$5 certificate and catalog of all 50 gourmet coffees.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____



5991

family during the Paris student protests in 1968, but what we see—quite as we might in a Ford Madox Ford novel—is that Hartley's gossiping tongue triggered the tragedy.

The editors of the *Reader* have a point, however: the war trilogy—*Eternity*, *The Thin Red Line*, and *Whistle*—is Jones's masterwork. Jones defined "greatness in art" as "telling the whole truth beautifully, to create catharsis," and in these three fine novels he achieves it, purging himself, in pungent English prose, of all he learned about life as a soldier.

Jones builds his trilogy on one company of soldiers, about eighty men, drawn from every corner of America. Cocky kids at first, stuck at a sleepy Hawaiian outpost, they get drunk and fight over women and points of pride until, at the end of *Eternity*, Pearl Harbor shatters their world. *The Thin Red Line* catches them in the hell of combat, crawling up God-forsaken hills on Guadalcanal, their bellies pressed into the mud to escape withering Japanese fire. In *Whistle* those who don't escape limp home, cocky no more, to cling together in the hushed wards of a Tennessee Army hospital, hoping to heal their scarred bodies and souls.

The three novels cover "a time span corresponding to my own experience," Jones wrote in *Whistle's* introduction, yet far from being a shapeless reminiscence, the trilogy has a structure that in solidity and scope can stand beside Dreiser's *Trilogy of Desire*. As Dreiser follows financier Frank Cowperwood from youth through victorious middle years to the defeats of old age, so Jones follows his soldiers as they progress from innocence through experience to reflection. Dreiser grounds his dramatic curve on geography, using precise pictures of place to make us see Cowperwood moving from Philadelphia to Chicago to London and finally to New York. Jones paints his three locales and the troopships that connect them in equally vivid detail, making us feel every step of the soldiers' long voyage west and then east around the curve of half the earth.

Dreiser, his roots in nineteenth-century realism, writes as an outside observer. Jones, a twentieth-century realist, begins that way but digs progressively deeper into each character's point of view until, in *Whistle*, we see the soldiers' outsides only in short sen-

tences that occasionally bridge long streams of thought. In *The Thin Red Line*, Jones keeps us looking through his soldiers' eyes as they discover both combat's horrors—

What if just as he put up his head another one exploded and a piece of it took him square between the eyes, or knifed into his face, or ripped through his helmet and split his skull?

—and its perverse pleasures:

The truth was, he liked all this shit. He liked being shot at, liked being frightened, liked lying in holes scared to death and digging his fingernails into the ground, liked shooting at strangers and seeing them fall hurt, liked his stickywet feet in his stickywet socks. Part of him did.

Dreiser unifies his huge cast around one character, Cowperwood; Jones unifies his around three, Prewitt, Warden, and Stark. Unlike Dreiser (and unlike Balzac, Trollope, and most other serial novelists), Jones gives the central characters new names in each novel. Jones felt he had to do so because the story of *Eternity* demanded that Prewitt die even though Jones needed the character in the second and third books. His solution was to use slightly different names for the three characters, leaving enough similarity to be a clue to their continuing identity. Thus Prewitt is Witt in *The Thin Red Line* and Prell in *Whistle*. Warden becomes Welsh and then Winch; Stark becomes Storm and then Strange.

Jones was trying to solve a problem, not pose a paradox, but using different names for the same character served his deepest concerns as a writer. From the Emerson quotation that opens *Eternity*, that all history may "be explained from individual experience," to his dedication of *Whistle* to "every man who served in the US Armed Forces in World War II," Jones tried to create characters as real and ornery as the soldiers he fought beside and thereby save them all, himself included, from anonymous death. Prewitt, Witt, and Prell stand proud and distinct, yet they also blend into one another, one containing many, many containing one. Through the paradox, in short, Jones makes the few characters he did name brothers to the unnamed millions.

In the last lines of *Whistle*, dictated as he was dying of heart failure, Jones brought his fellow feeling for soldiers to a climax of nearly unbearable intensity. His prose, always direct and unadorned, becomes sublimely simple. By this time, helplessly unable to cope with the frenetic getting and spending of the home front, Prell has committed suicide and Winch has gone mad. Strange, however, the sad-faced cook who always fed his men, has recovered and is shipping out to fight in France. Pacing the deck of the troopship one night on the North Atlantic, he realizes that he cannot go "into Europe with this new outfit knowing what he knows from the Pacific," and he jumps overboard. His body swells in the cold water, and he hallucinates that he is growing bigger until he is "bigger than the galaxy out in the universe."

And as he swells . . . this picture of a fully clothed soldier with his helmet, his boots, and his GI woolen gloves seems to be taking into himself all of the pain and anguish and sorrow and misery that is the lot of all soldiers, taking it into himself and into the universe as well.

Then he shrinks, back into himself, then into a sea horse, an amoeba, an atom. His last thought: "He did not know whether he would drown first or freeze." □

Brief Reviews



HARD DRIVING by Dermot Cole. Paragon House, \$21.95. The 1908 auto race from New York to Paris was a circulation-raising caper fomented by *Le Matin* of Paris with cooperation from *The New York Times*. There were six entries—three French cars, one German, one Italian, and, at the last minute, one American. The original plan called for an ice crossing of the Bering Strait (Roald Amundsen, when consulted, thought it could be done, given a supply of sledges, folding boats, and pem-

mican), but that lunacy was abandoned. Milder lunacies survived, for the enterprise was not the sort to attract sensible or even reliably honest men. Crews bickered, rules were abruptly altered, cheating was lavishly charged, and the American press held carnival while American roads (frightful) and American weather (appalling) whittled the field down to four. Absurd as the race looked at the time and in some respects still does, it established the viability of cars as long-distance transport vehicles. It also inspired the U.S. government to fix up its roads. Mr. Cole describes the entire trek with an unpretentious efficiency that makes for very good reading.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE REICH by Niklas Frank. Knopf, \$23.00. Mr. Frank is the son of Hans Frank, Hitler's governor-general in Poland, who was hanged for war crimes at Nuremberg. Mr. Frank's letter to his father is an outpouring of hatred and contempt so violent that one is tempted to label it pathological, for quotations from actual documents and diaries are interspersed with obscene and sadistic fantasies and speculations. Frank senior was a good Nazi—a murderer, a party sycophant, a liar, a hypocrite, a pious blabbermouth, a bisexual lecher, and a thief of everything from Gobelin tapestries to 200,000 pickled eggs. He also perpetrated bad verse, but that can hardly be blamed on the Nazis. Detestation of his father is not the whole motive for Mr. Frank's savage excoriation. He believes that the qualities that made Frank senior and the rest of the Nazi brutes what they were remain under the surface of modern Germany—that is, "an ancient, inbred, eternally recurring pleasure in imprisoning, torturing, and killing people." That perception frightens him. His eloquent and often sickening diatribe is an attempt to give a general warning as well as to exorcise his terrible ghosts.

THE DARK SISTER by Rebecca Goldstein. Viking, \$19.95. Henry James, taken seriously as a model, is a dangerous influence. Ms. Goldstein has not taken him seriously. She has pilfered his characters, his family, and his style with irreverent abandon, and tossed them into the novel being written by the protagonist of her own novel. That novel, Ms. Goldstein's, is basically about tensions

You deserve a factual look at...

Loan Guarantees for Settlement of Soviet Jews

Should the U.S. Play a Role in this Humanitarian Enterprise?

Only a few months ago, the world was able to watch the thrilling spectacle of the airlift of 15,000 Ethiopian Jews to Israel. But the rescue of the Ethiopians, heartening and important though it is, is really only a "sideshow" in the ongoing saga of this ingathering. The greatest challenge facing the Jewish state today, almost even more daunting than the implacable hostility surrounding Israel and the ever-present military challenge, is the ingathering of the Soviet Jews.

What are the facts?

■ For years it had been one of the great policy objectives of the United States vis-à-vis the Soviet Union to allow the free emigration of its citizens. Of all the nationalities in the Soviet Union, the Jews are by far the most endangered and the most anxious to leave the country. Finally, the gates have begun to open—a little slowly at first, but then wider and wider. Under U.S. immigration laws, only a small number of these Soviet fugitives are able to come to our country. The vast majority plan on settling in Israel. And that is as it should be. Because the state of Israel has one single purpose: the ingathering of Jews, especially those that are persecuted and who are in need, from all corners of the world. And it doesn't make any difference, of course, whether they are "Europeans" or whether they come from the Arab countries, from Asia or, as now in the case of the Ethiopian Jews, whether they are black Africans.

■ So far, about 300,000 Soviet Jews have arrived in Israel. A total of about 1 million are expected within the next three years. Since the population of Israel is about 5 million, that is equivalent to the United States having to absorb about 45 million new immigrants—more than the population of the states of California and New York combined—and that within a 3-year period! And the United States is a rich country and an immensely large one. Israel is a poor country. Its per capita income is less than \$10,000 per year and more than one-half of the country's budget is dedicated to defense. And it's small: the size of the country is one-half that of San Bernardino County in California. The Soviet immigrants come virtually penniless, because

The matter of the loan guarantees will be before Congress almost immediately. The United States, a country of immigrants just like Israel, has tremendous moral responsibility in this matter. As with all other financial assistance to Israel, the funds under this guarantee will be used only within Israel's 1967 borders. No funds will be used to settle Jews in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). But the United States must focus on the humanitarian nature of this enterprise. It must not be "linked" and must not be conditioned upon any political issues, such as the procedural questions of the peace process, the question of settlements in the administered areas, or any other "concessions". Israel, like the United States, is a beacon of liberty and of hope. The United States should approve the \$10 billion loan guarantee to Israel—its best friend and staunchest ally in the world—and should assist, virtually without risk and expense to itself, in one of the greatest liberation movements of our times: the exodus of 1 million Soviet Jews and their orderly absorption in Israel.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

\$ _____ A /35

My contribution is in the amount of \$50 or more. Please send me your booklet containing over 24 of the ads that you have published in national media over the last few years.

My name is _____

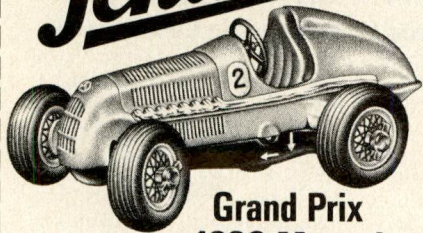
I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

ORIGINAL Made in West Germany

Schuco



Grand Prix 1936 Mercedes

5 1/2" long

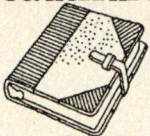
All metal body using 1930's tooling. *Features include:* rack and pinion steering, key-wind clockwork motor, visible working differential, metal wheels with knock-off hubs, and "changeable" rubber tires; car comes complete with speed jack, tool kit and spare parts.
In silver, red, blue or green with assorted racing numbers.

\$65

Shipping \$6 ea. In NV add 6% tax. **Satisfaction Guaranteed.**
Pay by: Visa, MasterCard, American Express or check.
Lilliput Motor Co. Ltd. P.O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447
Call: 1-800-TIN-TOYS (846-8697) Fax: 702-463-5581

Schuco

Beautiful Notebooks, Portfolios, Journals.



All Handcrafted.

Simply the finest. Select **leathers & Cloths.** All notebook sizes, incl. LEFAX/Filofax, Daytimers, Time/Design. Portfolios for all tablets. Acid-free paper journals. **Free catalog.** Call or write:

The Bindery on Main
Workbench 8B

208A Oak Street, Ashland, OR 97520
503/488-0196



American Library Association

Looking for the library?
Then follow this sign.
It's the new national
library symbol.
use your library

and influences among relatives—mother and daughters, sister and sister, father and everyone—but it touches on so many other topics that the reader constantly alternates between surprise and curiosity. There is a decided but ambiguous feminist element in the story. The heroine believes her theme to be "How the kinds of gifts that are celebrated in men are seen as ghastly monstrosities in women." Her publisher, a roarily radical feminist, orders her to "stop being so fucking reactionary." Publishers, reviewers, and agents all draw Ms. Goldstein's satirical fire, as do psychiatrists, spiritualists, advertisers, and a few innocent bystanders. The underlying intention of the novel is serious and the conclusion is macabre, but for most of its length the text is wittily eccentric.

THE TERRORS OF ICE AND DARKNESS by *Christoph Ransmayr. Grove Weidenfeld, \$18.95.* This novel is constructed in three layers. First there is a narrator, who is trying to find out what became of his acquaintance Mazzini, an Italian author who has disappeared in the Arctic. Then comes Mazzini, who was in the North because of his obsession with the Austro-Hungarian North Pole Expedition of 1873. Finally there is that expedition itself, which never reached the pole but produced records that the author quotes to fine effect, because a number of its members wrote well. (One of them, Sir Julius Payer, cartographer and commander on land, in fact wrote brilliantly of the fearsome beauty of the North and later turned to painting to record it. He was an amazing man and deserves a book to himself.) All these elements—narrator, missing Mazzini, antique expedition—are blended by the author into a discussion of Arctic exploration and an inquiry (predictably inconclusive) into the fascination that has lured to ice and darkness so many men who did not need to go.

CIRCULAR EVIDENCE by *Pat Delgado and Colin Andrews. Phanes Press, \$30.00/\$14.95.* For ten years Mr. Delgado and Mr. Andrews, both electrical engineers, have been examining the flattened circles and rings that mysteriously appear in fields in southern England. They have measured them, photographed them, and analyzed the various swirling patterns in which crops

are laid low. They have interviewed farmers, barely escaped arrest for trespassing, and listened to reports of UFO sightings, to which the locals seem unusually prone. They have resorted to dowsing and a psychic. They seem to have done everything possible except take deep soil samples (when a surface soil sample was carried home, the burglar alarm became deranged) and study the chemicals used by the farmers on whose land the phenomena appear. (The authors have been approached by scientists from a number of disciplines but "do not readily part with our often hard and expensively gained knowledge.") In addition to the many—often handsome—photographs of the manifestations, this report contains a summation of the theories advanced to account for the crop circles, explanations of the inadequacy of the same, and accounts of similar appearances worldwide. The circles remain provocative and inexplicable, for the only firm conclusion drawn by the authors is that neither wildlife nor human pranksters can be responsible.

BRIEF LIVES by *Anita Brookner. Random House, \$20.00.* When a novel opens with "Julia died," the reader is entitled to expect something in the way of tension or action, if only a family row over the will. Ms. Brookner provides nothing of the sort. Her narrator, Fay, has to consider herself a friend of Julia's, although she never liked that arrogant, self-centered, slyly catty ex-disease, and assumes that Julia found her boring despite a loose professional connection. Fay had been a promising singer, on radio, of the type of sentimental ballad popular in the 1940s, but gave it up when she fell in love with a handsome, energetic lawyer. The man had a batty and possessive mother and a house decorated in chichi by his divorced wife. Ignoring these impediments, Fay married him, committing herself to a life of meek obedience and suppressed resentment. It may be Ms. Brookner's intention to prove that a heroine who resembles a torpid jellyfish can be made appealing, but if so, it is a regrettable ambition. Julia—by far the best-realized, if also the nastiest, character in the novel—is right: Fay is boring, whether one views her as an individual or as a social specimen.

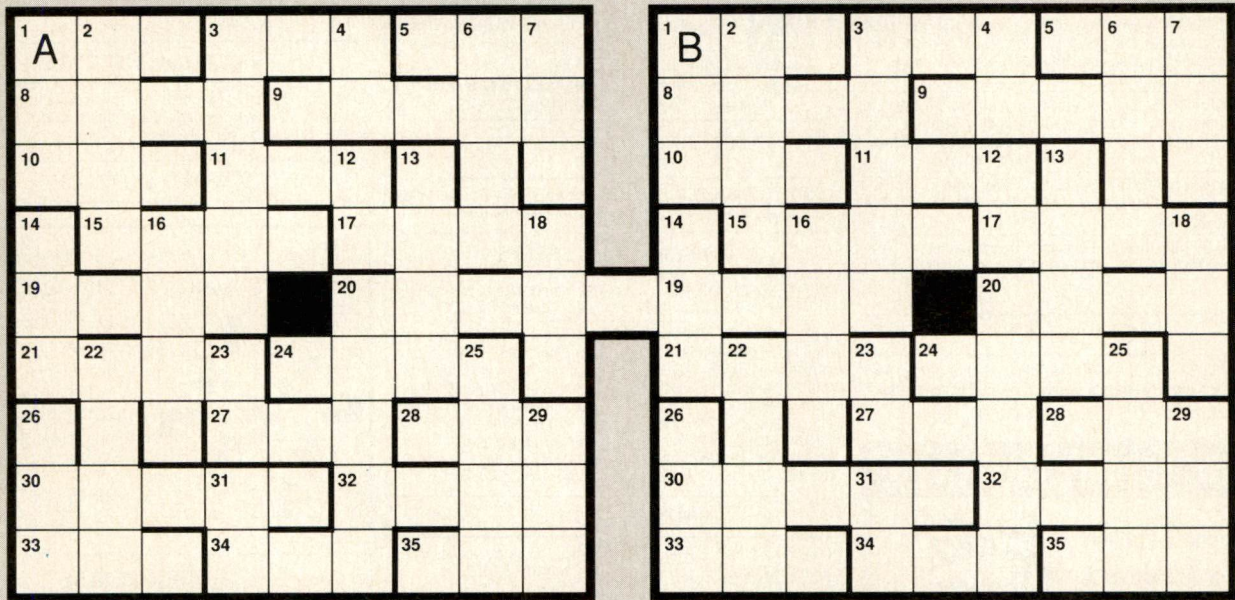
—Phoebe-Lou Adams

THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

MITOSIS

In replicating itself, diagram A shares half its material with diagram B. That is to say, each of the 38 clue answers is split into front and back halves, and each diagram gets 19 front halves and 19 back halves. When the answer pieces have been properly assigned to their diagrams, solvers will find that by adding a letter to the square joining the two, they can spell an appropriate nine-letter word reading from left to right. Answers include two proper nouns.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 118.

ACROSS

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>1. Brainy cryptic split into two parts (6)</p> <p>3. Weigh undersized Laker? (6)</p> <p>5. Cut of meat having red vein (6)</p> <p>8. Draw conclusions about Atlantic coastal city lower down (8)</p> <p>9. Like some rockets a GI must let loose (10)</p> <p>10. Talks about bridge's last tricks (6)</p> <p>11. Corrects me in finales (6)</p> <p>15. Distrusts religious groups keeping us quiet (8)</p> <p>17. Pilots aircraft's nose by way of hills (8)</p> <p>19. Makes bands arrange songs, holding tenor's debut back (8)</p> <p>20. Andalusian article found in red wine cabinet (8)</p> <p>21. Cutting show's first audience (8)</p> | <p>24. Chances for some music (8)</p> <p>27. Get back the heart of Chris Evert (6)</p> <p>28. Boxing champ spies woman's name (6)</p> <p>30. In cocktail, brown pigment is resting (10)</p> <p>32. Studies of geese sex changing (8)</p> <p>33. Workers run into folks from Warsaw (6)</p> <p>34. One refusing study—that is right (6)</p> <p>35. Stop to put a spare on? (6)</p> | <p>4. Little guy's race time (4)</p> <p>6. Shining silver trash (8)</p> <p>7. Endangered lives with king captured by Communist (6)</p> <p>12. Direction for brewing teas (4)</p> <p>13. Worker with a van full of rocks, also (8)</p> <p>14. Pet female auto? (6)</p> <p>16. Comedy's opening guarantees criticisms (8)</p> <p>18. Sneaks duck aboard ship (6)</p> <p>20. Person in an agreement to pace around hot spot (10)</p> <p>22. Awful ruler's head bone buried in pit (8)</p> <p>23. Good bit of corn equipment (4)</p> <p>25. Colder and wetter eels tire out (8)</p> <p>26. Adult strips, going back in a trance (6)</p> <p>29. Sort of a bigot, mad as I get (6)</p> <p>31. Reportedly dug with care (4)</p> |
|---|---|--|

DOWN

1. Some hear a bicultural language (6)
2. By bequest, gets into the woman's things? (8)
3. CEOs, by the way, eating liver? (10)

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

AUDIO/VIDEO

OLD TIME RADIO on cassette. Send for free list. Old Time Radio, 706 Northstar, San Antonio, TX 78216.

BED & BREAKFAST

SEE BOSTON from the inside. 100's of accommodations. Call for reservations or write for brochure: Greater Boston Hospitality, P.O. Box 1142, Brookline, MA 02146. Telephone: (617) 277-5430.

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

YOUR BOOK PRINTED. Superior workmanship at low cost. Free information and samples. Pine Hill Press, 700 Sixth Street, Freeman, SD 57029. (800) 676-4228.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED. All types. Company with 70-year tradition. "Author's Guide to Subsidy Publishing." (800) 695-9599.

GOOD USED BOOKS: wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social science, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send two dollars for listing of 25,000 titles and prices. Editions, Desk A, Boiceville, NY 12412.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Department YKU, 11 West 32nd Street, New York, NY 10001.

FREE CATALOG: Nature, natural history, environment, gardening, country living. Chickadee Books, Box 899, Mexico, NY 13114. (800) 322-3453.

MYSTERY LOVERS! New and recycled detective fiction catalogue. Grave Matters, Box 32192-AT, Cincinnati, OH 45232. (513) 242-7527.

CATALOGS

100% RECYCLED PAPER PRODUCTS for home and office. Over 77 products. Free catalogue from Atlantic Recycled Paper Company. (800) 323-2811.

NOW! ADVANCE YOUR CAUSE

Fundraise & Promote
For Your Business
Events & Conferences

Quality Imprinted
Apparel & Accessories

FREE CATALOGS



PO Box 8015 L
Oak Point Road
Trenton, Maine 04605

CALL TOLL FREE 800-669-5719

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

GET PAID FOR READING BOOKS! \$100 per book. Send name, address to Calco Publishing, (Department C-132), 500 South Broad, Meriden, CT 06450.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT: \$30,000-\$75,000+. All occupations! Free report. Employment International, Box 5730-YW, Lighthouse Point, FL 33074.

GOVERNMENT JOBS: \$16,040-\$59,230/year. Now hiring. Call: (805) 962-8000, Extension R-20061 for current federal list.

HOME TYPISTS. PC users needed. \$35,000 potential. Details. Call: (805) 962-8000, Extension B-20061.

FINANCIAL PLANNING

COMPUTER-ERASE BAD CREDIT free: instantly, legally. Add AAA credit "overnight"! Free details: Gold (AT), 13950 Ventura, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423.

GIFTS

CROSSWORDS CREATED for all occasions. SASE: CCC, Department A, 17 Emerson Way, Sudbury, MA 01776.

ORNAMENTAL, FUNCTIONAL: CALENDAR WHEEL on key chain. Accurate to year 2035! Solid brass. Send \$9.50 for one, or \$24.50 for three. Anabell Company, P.O. Box 70191, San Diego, CA 92167-0191.

EDUCATION/INSTRUCTION

SPEAK SPANISH, FRENCH or any of 59 languages as Diplomats do using same U.S. State Department easy, self-study cassettes/textbook. Up to 50% savings! Call for free catalog. Audio Language Institute, (800) 722-6394.

SCHOLARSHIPS, GRANTS, LOANS available for college! Our service searches national databases; locates sources you qualify for. (800) 872-1221, Extension 1600. Specify graduate/undergraduate.

PARALEGAL GRADED CURRICULUM. Approved home study. Most affordable and comprehensive. 100 years of legal training. Free catalog. (800) 826-9228. Blackstone School of Law, P.O. Box 871449, Department A, Dallas, TX 75287.



Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With AUDIO-FORUM's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skills. We offer foreign-language mystery dramas, music, games, dialogues recorded in Paris and more. Call 1-800-225-5400 for FREE 36-p. catalog, or write: **AUDIO-FORUM®**
Dept. 727, 96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437

HEALTH

CONTACT LENS REPLACEMENTS: Save up to 60%. Fast service. All brands. Guaranteed. (800) 833-7525, Department 600-12.

LITERARY INTERESTS

"A FRIEND WHO READS": the reader's newsletter. Bimonthly. \$10/year. AFWR, 1235 Wildwood Road, Boulder, CO 80303.

MFA IN WRITING AT VERMONT COLLEGE. Intensive 12-day residencies. July/January, on Vermont campus. Workshops, classes, readings, conferences, followed by non-resident 6-month projects in poetry and fiction, individually designed during residency. In-depth critique of manuscripts. Sustained dialogue with faculty. Post-graduate writing semester offered. Faculty include W.D. Wetherell, Deborah Digges. Contact: Roger Weingarten, MFA Writing Program, Box 764, Vermont College of Norwich University, Montpelier, VT 05602; (802) 828-8840.

MERCHANDISE

FINE LOOSE TEAS. Over sixty varieties. Write for newsletter: Upton Tea Imports, Box 159-C, Upton, MA 01568-0159.

MISCELLANEOUS

GOVERNMENT SEIZED vehicles from \$100. Fords, Mercedes, Corvettes, Chevys. Surplus. Buyer's guide. (805) 962-8000, Extension S-20061.

INVENTIONS/NEW PRODUCTS/IDEAS WANTED: Call TLCI for free information/inventors newsletter. (800) 468-7200. 24 hours/day. USA/Canada.

FAMILY TREE: Free research service literature. (508) 664-4149; or write: 23 Lindor Road, North Reading, MA 01864-1501.

THE INTERNATIONAL MIND EXCHANGE: Now forming an international network of discussion groups and newsletters, focused on idea exchange for enjoyment and stimulation. Not a political or religious organization. For information, send \$1.00 and SASE to: The International Mind Exchange, P.O. Box 9773, Baldwin, MD 21013.

GOURMET LAMB: Lean, naturally grown, vacuum-packed. Fresh frozen. Express shipped to you. (800) 767-LAMB.

MUSIC

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE™ for unattached music lovers. Nationwide. Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803. (800) 233-CMLS.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92674-3253. (714) 492-2976.

CAXTON BOOK SEARCH. Box 709, Sister Bay, WI 54234. Please send phone/address with wants. (414) 854-2955.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from \$1.00, you repair. Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Your area. (805) 962-8000, Extension GH-20061, for current repossession list.

WHY RETIRE TO FLORIDA? Over half of North Carolina retirees came from Florida; learn why! North Carolina golf & lake homesites from only \$10,900. Free literature. (800) 768-7358.

RECIPES

SEAFOOD RECIPES: Simple, superb, economical. \$5.00/SASE. Recipes. 14 Cooper's Road, Corner Brook, Newfoundland, A2H 3Y9, Canada.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA: Foxdale Village, lifecare in the tradition of fine Quaker life-care communities. Thoughtfully designed cottages are complemented by attractive dining facilities, auditorium, library and full medical protection. For information write: 500 East Marylyn Avenue, Department N, State College, PA 16801. Telephone: (814) 238-3322.

STAMPS/COINS

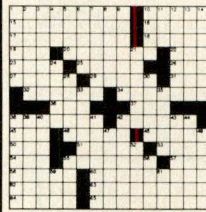
1,000 STAMPS. \$2.95. Guaranteed worth over \$30 at standard catalog prices! All different. 55 countries. Money back if not delighted. Approvals. Kenmore OM-465, Milford, NH 03055.

VACATION RENTALS

LONDON, ENGLAND: Two bedroom townhome, fully equipped. Flowering gardens. Seconds away buses and subway. \$820 weekly. Brochure: (407) 897-3400.

XWORD PUZZLES

FREE American-style & Cryptic Crossword Catalog!



Plus exclusive British imports. AND unique crossword collections you'll find nowhere else. Write: CROSSWORDS, Box 909-T, Bellmore, NY 11710. Or call:
1 (800) 659-9673, ext. 5

ORDER FORM

RATES: Word Ads: \$5.20 per word (minimum 15 words). Display Ads: \$430 per column inch. THE ATLANTIC's guaranteed paid circulation is now 450,000. Your classified ad will be reaching a greater audience than ever before. All advertisements must be accompanied by check or money order payable to THE ATLANTIC and must be received no later than August 5th for the October issue. Send us your ad copy (please type or print) with your payment and the coupon below.

Please insert my ad _____ times, beginning with the _____ issue.

Heading _____

Enclosed is my check for \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

Authorized Signature _____

Send copy and payment to:

The Atlantic

Classified Department
P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, Florida 34617
National (800) 237-9851 • Local (813) 443-7666

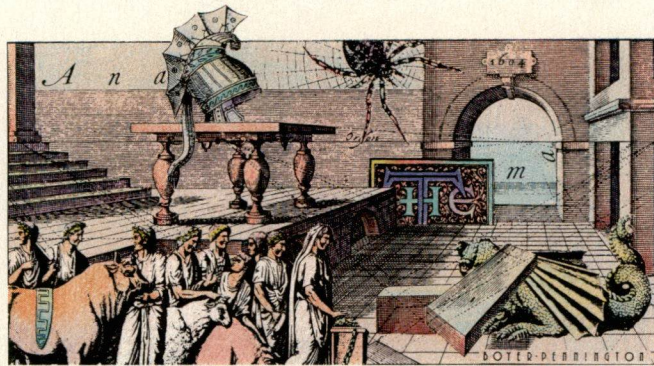
WORD HISTORIES

Etymologies derived from the files of the Dictionary of American Regional English

BY CRAIG M. CARVER

anathema

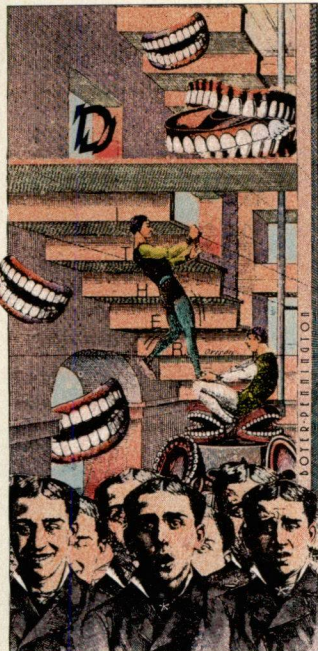
Amid a scandal involving First American Bankshares, of which he had been chairman for ten years, Clark Clifford, the consummate Washington insider and adviser to Presidents, was asked why, at the age of seventy-five, he had gone to work for a bank to begin with. "The suggestion of retirement is total *anathema* to me," he said. "I didn't want to go to Florida and rot." *Anathema* (someone or something cursed, shunned, or reviled) is from the classical Greek *anathema* (a votive offering), and means literally "that which is set up." The



word was used in the sense of "offering" in the Septuagint ("Judith offered for an *anathema* of oblivion all the arms of Holofernes, which the people gave her. . . ."—Judith 16:23, Douay version) and appears in English with this sense as

late as the seventeenth century ("Will not permit a [spider's] web—the very pattern, index, and *anathema* of supernaturall wisdom—to remain untouched"—Edward Topsell, *The Historie of Serpents*, 1608). Because a votive offer-

ing can be made not only for good purposes but also for evil ones, in ecclesiastical Greek and Latin *anathema* came to refer to "anything offered or devoted to evil, an evil or accursed thing" ("Neither shalt thou bring anything of the idol into thy house, lest thou become an *anathema*, like it"—Deuteronomy 7:26, Douay). In the Christian tradition, to be accursed is to be cut off from the Church and consigned to damnation—an implication that entered into the meaning of the English word in the sixteenth century. Its figurative secular sense has been common almost as long.



dither

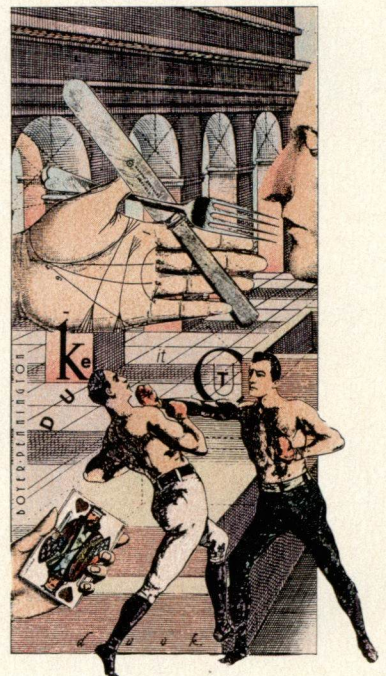
"Across this country people have started to transform the American school," President Bush remarked in a speech earlier this year. "They know that the time for talk is over; their slogan is: Don't *dither*, just do it." The original meaning of *dither* is "to shake, tremble, or quiver" ("So tremulous is she/*Dith*'ring both in heart

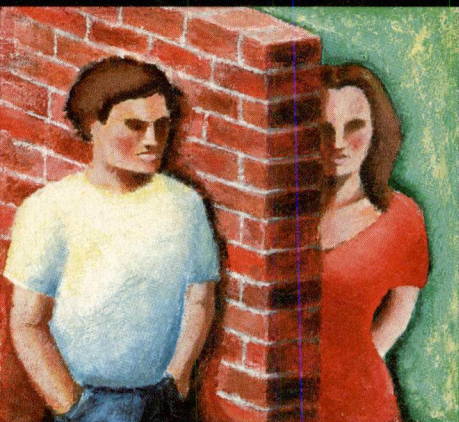
and knee"—Horace, *Odes*, in a 1666 translation, from the Germanic root **dud-* (to shake). From this root came several English words, including the Middle English *doten* ("to be weak-minded or deranged by reason of old age," hence *dote*, *dotage*, and *dotard*) and *doderen* (to shake, tremble), later becoming *dodder* and giving rise to the related terms *dadder*, *dudder*, and *didder*. From *didder* ("By his extraordinary chattering and *diddering*, one half of his Teeth dropt out"—*Cyrano de Bergerac's Comical History*, translated by Archibald Lovell, 1687), which is used chiefly in northern England and is the origin of *diddle* (to jerk up and down), came the midland and southern variant in which the pronunciation *-ther* replaced the older *-der*—as it did, for example, in *father*, *mother*, *feather*, and *hither*. It was not until around 1900 that the current sense of *dither*—"to vacillate or act indecisively"—developed, no doubt arising from the tremulousness of someone in a state of agitated indecision ("All newspapers are run by madmen, but the 'Watchman' merely *dithers*"—H. C. Bailey, *Mr. Fortune's Practice*, 1923).

duke it out

"I love *duking it out* with Tom and Dan and Peter." These are not just any Tom, Dick, and Harry but the news anchor-men of the three major networks: Tom Brokaw, of NBC; Dan Rather, of CBS; and Peter Jennings, of ABC. The speaker is Bernard Shaw, the anchorman at CNN, discussing his competition: "I talk to them all the time, socially, professionally. We always peel off into some corner when we're together on a story." *Duke*, meaning "a fist," comes circuitously from the title *Duke of York*. The early nineteenth century saw the development of Cockney rhyming slang, in which a word or phrase stands in for something that it rhymes with. For example, *holy friar* means "a liar," *trouble and strife* is a wife, and *Duke of Yorks* are forks. Because fork tines are like fingers and five fingers make a hand or fist, *Duke of Yorks*, or simply *dukes*, became hands or fists. *Duke it out* (to fight with the fists) is from the earlier *put up one's dukes* (1874; literally, "to raise one's fists to fight"). Although most etymologists accept the rhym-

ing-slang explanation of *duke*, it is possible that the term derives from *dookin*, which was gypsies' and thieves' cant for "fortune-telling." *Dookin* is from the Romany word *dukker* (to tell fortunes). Since a common method of fortune-telling was palm reading, *dookin* would have been interpreted as reading one's "dook," or palm, later confused with *duke*.





If you find it difficult
to talk about, write:

How to talk about AIDS
P.O. Box 303
Hartford, CT 06141



A policy to do more.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

Denys Cowan

HOME:

New York, N.Y. "Unlike most people here, I've lived in Gotham City all my life."

AGE: 31.

PROFESSION:

Graphic/comic book artist, DC Comics.

HOBBY:

"I have more fun than anyone has a right to. A hobby would just be rubbing it in."

LAST BOOK READ:

Robert Graves, The Greek Myths. "They were the original super-heroes."

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:

Drew the 50th anniversary edition of BATMAN. "It's like being a part of history!"

WHY I DO WHAT I DO:

"If you could live your dream AND draw your fantasies, wouldn't you?"

QUOTE:

"ZAP !! POW !!! %&##\$@*&@!!"*

PROFILE:

Soft-spoken, imaginative, dedicated. Works well in confined spaces.

HIS SCOTCH:

Dewar's "White Label," on the rocks. "Doing an issue of The Question is fun, but it's still one frame at a time. Which means when I finish, a Dewar's is definitely the answer."